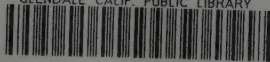


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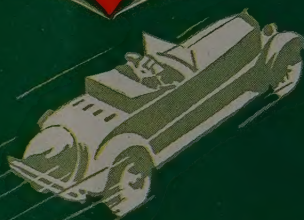
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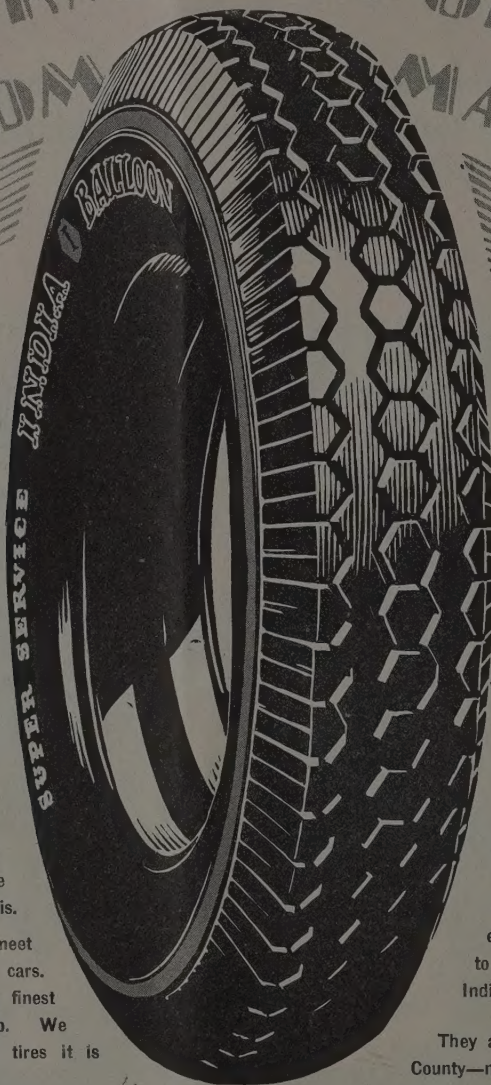
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INDIA SUPER SERVICE TIRES

TOURING TOPICS

Volume 20
Number 1



January
1928

Published monthly by the Automobile Club of
Southern California, 2601 South Figueroa Street,
Los Angeles, California

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Entered as second-class matter March 8, 1913, at the post office at
Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single
copies, 10 cents. Subscription rates: Members, first year, \$1.00;
renewals, 25 cents for six months; non-members, \$1.00 per year.

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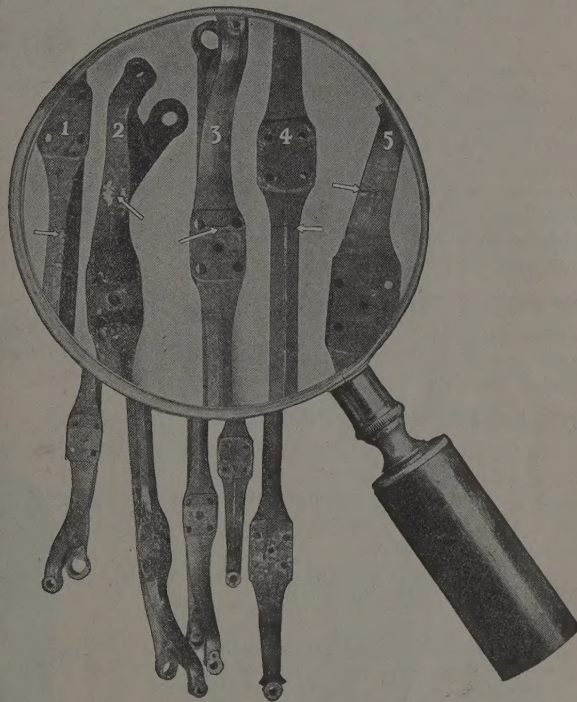
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A Picture that Gives a Powerful WARNING OF DANGER

Published by the J. S. Bushey Co.
in the interest of greater safety
for the motorist

Heating the front axle to effect wheel alignment is vigorously condemned by the leading axle and automobile manufacturers, because it frequently brings results such as illustrated below—and injury and possible death to occupants of cars in which these axles are in use.



What the Magnified Picture Shows—

- No. 1—Overheating has caused fracture indicated by arrow.
- No. 2—This axle was burned until metal turned white and soft.
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- No. 4—Heat applied to axle beam caused hardness at point indicated, and crystallization set in.
- No. 5—Fracture in axle, indicated by arrow, due to heat having been applied, which burned metal.

When you bring your car to the J. S. Bushey Company to correct premature tire wear, hard steering and other under-the-frame deficiencies, the necessary adjustments are made COLD. No heat is ever applied by the J. S. Bushey System of Wheel Alignment. For your safety and the safety of your family these facts warrant your consideration.

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NASH FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

Every Nash model—Advanced Six, Special Six and Standard Six—has the exclusive Nash *Two-Way* mechanical 4-wheel brakes, fully equalized. *Two-Way* means internal expanding front wheel brakes, external contracting rear. It means absolute safety, even though descending a mountain-side, with brake drums too hot to touch, for, because of the *Two-Way* principle of Nash brakes and their full equalization, the front and rear brakes compensate and balance each other as friction heats the brake drums. The front wheel brake drum expands away from the braking surface—the rear wheel drum toward it, thus obtaining self-equalization.

Nash 4-wheel brakes have fewer parts than other mechanical 4-wheel brakes (and mechanical 4-wheel brakes are as superior to the hydraulic type as cord tires are to the old fabric tires); are far simpler as a consequence, are absolutely positive, and *one wheel brake is NOT released when the car is rounding a curve.* Nash brakes work on all four wheels—*ALWAYS*—and *NEVER* affect steering control.

FOUR-POINT MOTOR SUSPENSION

Suspending the motor at four points instead of the conventional three not only is a stronger engine mounting, but avoids radiator and fender "shimmy."

TUBULAR-TRUSSED FRAME

Every Nash frame is tubular-trussed for extra strength without excess weight. The tubular cross member, as developed by Nash, offers five times the resistance of a plain member, to the twisting and wrenching of rough roads.

SEVEN-BEARING MOTOR

This is the world's smoothest type of engine, with a main bearing on either side of each throw and at each end of the shaft, thus holding the crankshaft securely throughout its entire length. The 7-bearing construction is more costly than the conventional 3 or 4-bearing types, but infinitely better, eliminating crankshaft whip and prolonging the life of the bearings, in addition to producing quicker acceleration and a smoother, quieter motor. *A six-cylinder car without a 7-bearing motor is nothing more or less than an obsolete automobile.*

PARKING BRAKE

The Nash parking brake (generally called the emergency brake, but not on a Nash, for Nash 4-wheel brakes are positive in operation) is mounted on a drum behind the transmission so that when the pressure is applied the braking effort is perfectly equalized through the differential, and its position keeps road dirt and water from reaching it. Oftentimes the motorist drives through fairly deep water, and in such cases wheel brakes are practically inoperative. Hence the two-fold value of the Nash parking brake high up behind the transmission—a reserve brake that may be depended upon when the wheel brakes are water soaked.

STRAIGHT LINE DRIVE

Nash power flows directly from the engine to the rear axle in a straight line. There are no angles along the Nash power route to waste energy.

BUDD-MICHELIN DISC WHEELS

The Budd-Michelin disc wheels used as standard equipment on all Nash cars possess strength and resiliency far beyond that of wooden wheels. A side blow that will demolish a wood wheel will cause a Budd-Michelin wheel to give and then spring back into true position. Due to the exceptionally light rim weight of Budd-Michelin disc wheels there is less "flywheel effect" than in other wheels, an important factor that contributes to more rapid acceleration and quicker deceleration.

The true running of a Budd-Michelin disc wheel gives longer tire life, and its convex shape not only protects the brake from external injury, as well as shielding it from dirt, gravel, mud and water, but adds to the beauty of the car by its symmetry. The cooling effect on the tires, resulting in

longer tire life, is quite noticeable, as the Budd-Michelin disc wheel radiates tire heat—something a wood wheel cannot do. Nash could effect great economy in manufacture by using wood wheels, as Budd-Michelin disc wheels are much more expensive (Michelin wheels are used as standard equipment on the smartest and most expensive cars in Europe), but Nash is not willing to compromise on quality. *The Budd-Michelin disc wheel is the only passenger car wheel that has ever received the endorsement of the Underwriters' Laboratories of America.*

RUBBER ENGINE MOUNTING

Nash has for years placed rubber cushions at the four points of motor suspension so that there will be no contact of metal upon metal, thus insulating the motor from road shocks, and at the same time tending in large degree to muffle the sound of the motor.

FAST, EASY STEERING

Steering is never tiring when you drive a Nash. By the use of a steering gear of special design Nash has accomplished easy steering and fast steering. When you turn a corner you will welcome the short wind-up of the Nash steering wheel—and the instant response.

VERTICAL KING PIN

By using a strictly vertical king pin (as shown in the illustration) friction is eliminated. Were the king pin set at an angle, friction and "shimmy" in the king pin joint would constantly be exerted by the weight of the car itself. But the advanced Nash king pin design eliminates weight friction and side strain, leaving the pin free as a steering pivot.

SECRET PROCESS SPRINGS

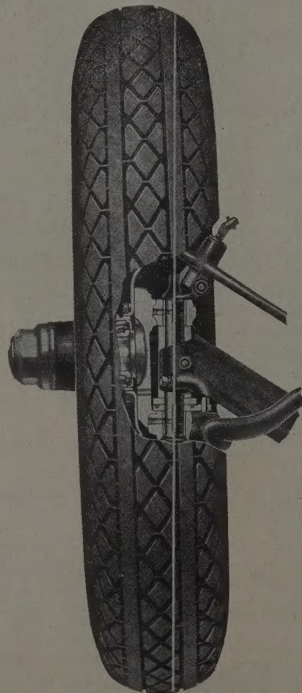
Every Nash model is cradled on new secret-process alloy-steel springs, which literally serve as soft, downy cushions that gently ease the car and its passengers over the irregularities of the road. They are individually "tailored" for each model.

VALVE MECHANISM

The valve mechanism of a Nash Special Six and Advanced Six motor is particularly noteworthy. The surface of the camshaft is traveled by the valve tappet which moves perpendicularly in the tappet guide. The movement of the valve tappets is communicated to the valve rocker arms by means of push rods which have a ball joint at each end. This construction is simple and accessible.

Why You Should Buy a NASH

All automobiles built today are *good* automobiles. But Nash is *more* than just a good automobile. It is a *better* automobile. And well balanced, with no detail of construction slighted in an effort to make one feature outstanding, despite the fact that, among many prominent Nash features, several, such as Nash 4-wheel brakes, 7-bearing motor, Budd-Michelin disc wheels, etc., are outstanding in the entire industry as well, regardless of price classifications.



The illustration above shows that the Nash king pin is vertical and that its centre line intersects the road near the center of tire contact.

TROY MOTOR SALES COMPANY

NASH Distributor for Southern California, Arizona and Southern Nevada

Eleventh Street from Figueroa to Flower

Los Angeles

TOURING TOPICS

A MAGAZINE FOR MOTORISTS

VOLUME XX JANUARY, 1928 NUMBER 1

CONTENTS

	PAGE
COVER DESIGN— <i>Painted by Mon Randall</i>	
THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE— <i>What's coming in future issues of TOURING TOPICS</i>	9
FRONTISPICE— <i>Oremus. Verses by K. T. O'Hara. Photograph by Fred R. Archer</i>	11
THE HIGHWAY OUTLOOK— <i>An Editorial</i>	13
✓ THE FILIBUSTERING 'FIFTIES— <i>The second chapter in the glamorous maritime history of the California coast. By George Wycherley Kirkman. Illustrations by Raymond P. Winters</i>	14
✓ THE WELLS OF SANTA ROSA OF THE FLAT ROCKS— <i>A description of Imperial County's extraordinary geological phenomenon. By Phil Townsend Hanna</i>	18
WHERE THERE ARE NO SPEED LIMITS— <i>Italy solves the problem of building super-highways by creating them as toll roads. By John Anson Ford</i>	21
WHEN IT'S JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE— <i>Parachute jumping not only has its thrills, but it's making flying much safer, too. By Andrew Boone</i>	22
✓ HARVESTING THE COAST SALMON CROP— <i>How the world's most popular seafood lives, multiplies and is marketed. By Emmy Matt Rush</i>	24
YOUR CLUB'S ACTIVITIES— <i>What the various departments of the Automobile Club of Southern California are doing</i>	27
BEAUTIFYING ROADSIDE MAILBOXES— <i>California artists contribute to the improvement of necessary domestic utilities</i>	28
THE VERDICT— <i>In which a normally safe and sane driver pays a penalty for his momentary negligence. By J. Allen Davis, associate counsel, Automobile Club of Southern California</i>	29
"GIVE ME A QUART—OF WATER"— <i>A discussion of the potentialities of water lubrication for the modern automobile</i>	30
RESOLUTIONS AUTOMOTIVE— <i>By Chester Newton Hess</i>	31
FORTHCOMING— <i>A calendar of future events</i>	32
ROTAGRAVURE SECTION— <i>Seven pages of photographs, including five selected prints from the Eleventh International Salon of Photography now proceeding at Exposition Park, Los Angeles</i>	



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on the body and metal parts of your car in many instances require new metal to put the car in the same condition it was before the accident. In most cases it is impossible to *repair* the door and hood panels like new.

Our complete equipment enables us to replace any metal part on the body or hood of your car with an exact duplicate, in most cases at no more expense than it would cost to repair the old one.

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The Editor's Own Page

AN implacable foe of mediocrity, more truculent perhaps when he discovers it in himself, now and then, than when it reveals itself in others, is Raymond P. Winters, whose paintings have adorned the covers of *TOURING TOPICS* for the past three years. This attitude toward his craft is the fundamental explanation of his phenomenal success as an artist and designer.

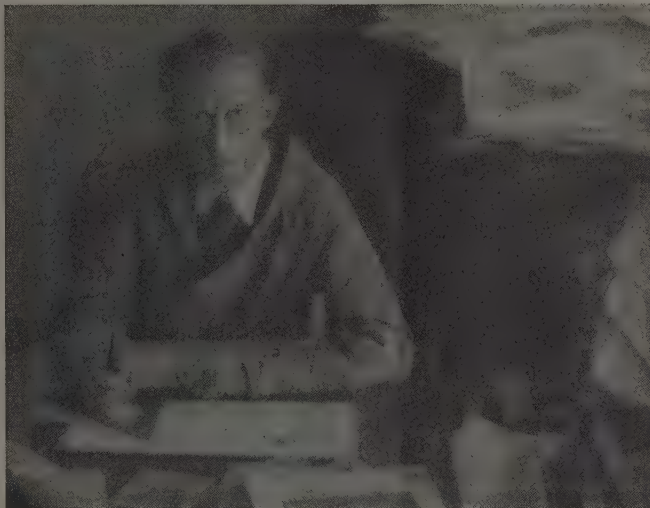
Mediocrity may have a place in the cosmic scheme of things; possibly it is a leavening agency devised to compensate for the flights of genius. But he doesn't purpose to admit it. Least of all will he tolerate it as an excuse for shoddy workmanship. A thing is good or bad; there is no middle ground. Only he expresses it far more colorfully—in an argot similar to that made famous by T. A. Dorgan, to whom, by the way, he bears an astounding physical resemblance. A painting or a drawing either is "the berries" or "all hokey." There is no compromise.

Ray started upward via the trusty show-card route, but he didn't tarry long on the way. Seven years ago when first he crossed my path he bore the enviable reputation of being trustworthy and his work was regarded as "foolproof" by large users of advertising art. In some lines he was unexcelled; in any line he would produce a creditable job. And more important still was the fact that a job was finished and ready precisely when he promised it. Such attributes were bound to bring him success in a guild where procrastination and indifferent workmanship is the rule rather than the exception. Now he turns down far more commissions than he accepts.

The north wall of his studio is solid glass and he looks out upon a forest of concrete and steel in the heart of Metropolitan Los Angeles. And with this prospect, he paints the seductive señoritas and dashing dons of California's past and the magical landscapes of the present. All of which only goes to prove that he is not only an irreproachable artist, an impeccable critic, and an exemplary golfer, but very much of a poet as well.

MUCH of the saga of the Indians of the Southwest, I venture, will be traced by anthropologists some day to that extraordinary optical phenomenon we call the mirage. The visions of the medicine-men, so frequently encountered in aboriginal legends, bear a suspicious resemblance to these curious illusions.

Fearful to far more civilized peoples, the harbingers of misfortune to unnumbered thousands who followed their siren lure, what awe they must have stirred within the consciousness of the savage! How



If you never saw an artist at work, take a look at this photograph of Raymond P. Winters, whose paintings have appeared on the cover of *Touring Topics* for more than three years

else could he explain them except as manifestations of the supernatural. He knew nothing of physics or the properties of light.

A lake in the heart of the desert that appeared and disappeared; a sailing vessel, a form he probably never had seen; green trees and verdure that sprung up from the plain only to vanish when approached—what could these be but the taunts of the gods?

Even among the conquistadores, Spanish and American, the mirage was inexplicable. Many who see them today don't understand them, yet they're relatively simple. In a forthcoming issue of *TOURING TOPICS*, Philip Johnston explains them in an article, *Sirens of the Sands*. He describes some of the more noteworthy ones and relates numerous instances where they have led men to destruction. When you've read



Senora Luiz Martinez and the gold-pan she used in the La Paz placer mines, sixty-five years ago. La Paz is one of the "ghost cities" of the Colorado Desert, described in an engaging contribution to the February issue of *Touring Topics*, entitled "Derelicts of the Colorado Desert," by Philip Johnston

his contribution you'll gain, as I did, a far better understanding of them.

THE Yankee trader, bringing fancy gew-gaws of one sort and another to California, in exchange for hides and tallow, during the years 1826 to 1846, I've always felt had very much to do with gaining this region for the United States. Since penetrating farther into the subject I've reached the conclusion that they actually were responsible for the ease with which our conquest was effected. Without the groundwork that they laid, plus the prevailing dissension among the natives, it seems improbable that the United States could have mustered and transported a sufficient establishment to accomplish the subjugation by force of arms.

Whether this be true or not the fact remains that the traders' influence was a tremendous one. California officialdom consisted of a succession of mercenary tyrants, the products of revolution and counter-revolution. Their chief source of revenue was tariff on imports, amounting to 100 per cent in most instances. Much of this found its way into private jeans.

The result was smuggling. The crafty Yankee pitted himself against the shrewd Latin. It was a case of Greek and Greek. I'm both proud and amused at my countrymen's accomplishments.

This was the golden age of California (not to be confused with the age of gold) and the traders were epical figures. The period and its chief players I have woven into an article, *Traders' Tricks*, which will be presented in a forthcoming number of *TOURING TOPICS*. If you get half the enjoyment out of reading it that I did out of writing it, we'll be all square, thank you.

IT'S hard to believe that one little fly coming into California on the stem, say, of a luscious Big Ben apple, might cause damage to the State's fruit crop totaling millions before it's progeny were eradicated. But State entomologists assure us solemnly and emphatically that it is possible, and they marshal irrefutable evidence to prove their case. Therefore, quarantine stations have been established at the California State line on all transcontinental highways where west-bound motorists must submit to inspection.

Howard C. Kegley details the disaster some of these pests have brought to agriculture and horticulture in other States, in an article *They Shall Not Pass* in February *TOURING TOPICS*, and explains the ends to which California is going to safeguard the products of her soil.

—P.T.H.

S & M Spot-Lites Road-Lites Oval-Lites

"FOR SAFETY"

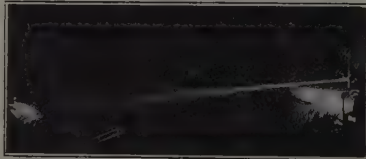
EVERY MOTORIST now depending solely on illumination from the ordinary type of headlamps has a vital need for S & M Better Lite-ing Units. Under present-day traffic conditions, headlamps alone are totally insufficient for motoring safety. This fact is impressively supported by the staggering toll of accidents due to faulty illumination. When your car is equipped with S & M Lamps—Oval-Lites, Road-Lites (Fog-Lites), and Spot-Lites, you are assured of complete illumination for SAFE driving on any kind of road, and in any kind of weather. Not only legal, but vigorously recommended by traffic officers—FOR SAFETY.

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Prices \$9.50 to \$13.00



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With Silver-Plated Reflector, \$9.00.

With 18-K. Gold-Plated Reflector, \$10.00.



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The tremendous beam of S & M Oval-Lite spreads 100 ft. wide at a distance of 75 ft.



Car equipped with two S & M Road-Lites (Fog-Lites) and Spot-Lites.



S & M OVAL-LITE
Price, \$13.00



Car equipped with S & M Oval-Lite and two Spot-Lites.



OREMUS

Verses by
K. T. O'Hara

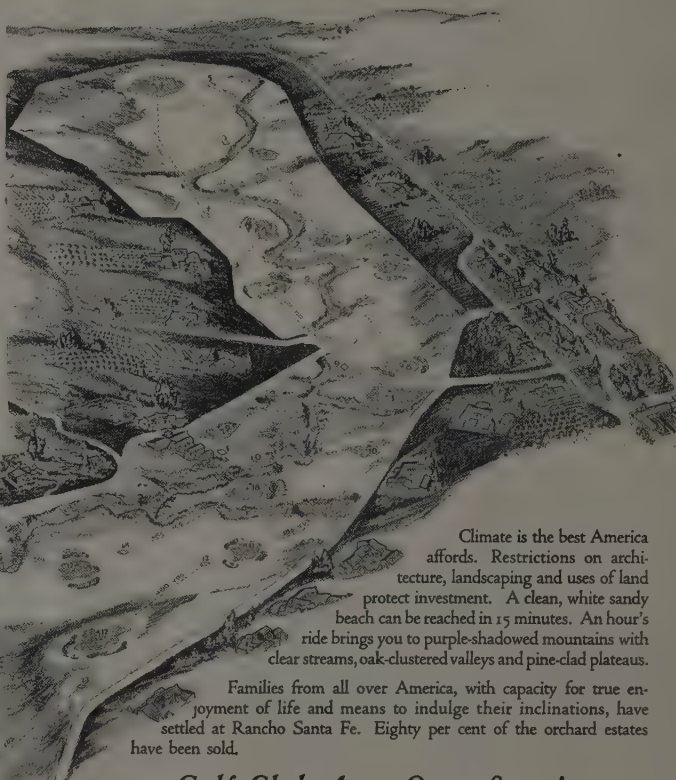
Photograph by
Fred R. Archer

GOD! Thank Thee for all things.
For earth and sky, for sun and sea;
For the clean air that always brings
A new-born wish for decency;
The rolling road; the smooth refrain
The engine sings; the sense of power
Without injustice, which in vain
Great monarchs sought; the evening hour
When all across the mountain tops
The red flame of the setting sun
Signals us, "Rest! Night has begun!"
For Thy Great Mercy, Lord, which stops
At nothing to protect us all:
We thank Thee, and sincerely pray:
Accept our homage while, today,
Thy Works hold us in thrall.

Now a GOLF COURSE at Rancho Santa Fe

IN the very heart of Rancho Santa Fe community of some 200 country estates in northern San Diego County the Rancho Santa Fe Country Club's golf course is now being built. It will be the center of a broad and brilliant social and recreational life, including not only golf but other diversions as well. A country club in fact as well as in name, with something for all members of the family to do.

On all sides are cheerful Spanish homes and grounds now coming into the fullness of their beauty and charm. Gorgeous gardens vie with native shrubbery in a blaze of floral color. Orchards of oranges, avocados and deciduous fruits will give a two-fold return—lavish beauty and generous income. In the wooded arm of a mesa overlooking the San Dieguito River are ancient haciendas lending a romantic touch. Woods and lakes give variety.



Climate is the best America affords. Restrictions on architecture, landscaping and uses of land protect investment. A clean, white sandy beach can be reached in 15 minutes. An hour's ride brings you to purple-shadowed mountains with clear streams, oak-clustered valleys and pine-clad plateaus.

Families from all over America, with capacity for true enjoyment of life and means to indulge their inclinations, have settled at Rancho Santa Fe. Eighty per cent of the orchard estates have been sold.

Golf Club Area Open Soon!

Smaller residential properties surrounding the golf course will be made available soon. Pre-subdivision reservations are now being made. Motor to Rancho Santa Fe now while choice is unrestricted. Stop at excellent La Morada Hotel in the Rancho Santa Fe village or mail coupon below for book of pictures and facts.

A Smart Interesting Strategic Course

Max Behr, well known golf course architect, working with a naturally interesting terrain and ample mechanical and financial resources is devoting his entire time to this 18-hole course, with the idea of making it one of the most strategic on the Pacific Coast.

Participating Memberships

There is no promotion in this club, no inner group taking profits, not even the customary 20 per cent selling expense. Every member is a pro-rata owner of 200 acres of land and improvements, 35 acres of which consists of residential property contiguous to the course.

Why Not a Second Club Membership Here?

For families wishing to spend their play-time together, Rancho Santa Fe Country Club is ideal. What could be finer than a week-end or vacation in the midst of such lovely surroundings?

Mail coupon for full information. No obligation. No salesmen.

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SAN DIEGO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA
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Easy to visit by Santa Fe Trains or by Motor to Solana Beach, on Scenic Coast Highway. Thence only five miles to Rancho Santa Fe.

S. R. NELSON, Mgr.,
Rancho Santa Fe, Calif.

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☐ I am interested in residential property.
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TOURING TOPICS

JANUARY, 1928



THE HIGHWAY OUTLOOK

ON THE threshold of a new year California motorists have the satisfaction of contemplating some notable advances in highway construction and maintenance. The outlook is good for still further improvement; in fact, it may be said that we have entered upon a new and better era of highway development in the West.

Out of the experiences and problems connected with the rapid increase in the use of automobiles—problems at times made worse by political interference—have come new and sounder policies which can be relied upon to create a huge and highly profitable highway investment for the people of this State. Because of its peculiar scenic and climatic advantages California has naturally remained in the vanguard of highway progress and must continue to maintain highway systems that will both stimulate its own travel and business and accommodate in increasing numbers a great multitude of visiting motorists.

Club officials touring the United States during the past year find indications of heavy travel to the Pacific Coast. There are more and better highways everywhere connecting important centers of the country. Potentially all these roads lead to California, bringing each year heavier travel and placing a greater burden on the State of California in the development of its own road systems. With highway arteries kept open through the winter to a southern or all-year route, travel through the southern gateway continues twelve months in the year. Once here, no matter at what season, the visiting motorists find ready and comfortable access to the entire Coast region via coast and inland roads.

The extent of California's highway prob-

lem may be gauged by the increase in the use of the highways. In 1912 California registrations were 88,699 and the paved road mileage consisted of a few hundred miles in the vicinity of large centers of population. Fifteen years later, the registration is 1,785,000. The paved road mileage has now been extended to a total of more than 7000 miles, the improved road mileage to more than 45,000 miles and a surfaced road mileage of more than 18,000 miles.

The past year has witnessed much in transportation improvement in widening highways, eliminating dangerous curves, separation of grades and construction of bridges. During the year a new type of road surfacing has been developed that will undoubtedly have an important and far-reaching effect on Western roads. This type consists of an oilbound gravel. Typical examples of such highways are found on the National Old Trails Highway between Victorville and Daggett, the Imperial Valley, the Lake Tahoe district, the Owens Valley road and others. The development of this oilbound gravel road which, under normal conditions, can be built for about one-fourth of the cost of paved roads, will make it possible to construct in California and elsewhere in the Western States a large mileage of serviceable, high speed, surfaced roads.

Another contribution to the development of highways has been the enactment of highway laws based upon sounder economic principles and the setting up of definite annual revenues for road construction and upkeep.

Thus the new year brings to motorists the gratifying assurance that strong measures have been taken to enable the State highway system to keep pace with the rapidly growing demands upon it.

The Filibustering 'FIFTIES

*A sketch of the numerous fortune-hunting expeditions
launched by venturesome Californians to
"liberate" Latin America—*

By George Wycherley Kirkman

IN THE early '50s, California was, perhaps, the most active region on earth. Hither had flocked adventurous spirits irresistibly attracted by the lure of gold, the craving for excitement and love of adventure no matter how perilous. Europe, South America, Mexico, distant Australia and even Asia all had sent their desperate quotas, often made up of highly undesirable citizens. Even the most sedate eastern towns and hamlets had sent their Argonauts hither; whilst the Far West furnished a still greater contingent of hardy and reckless adventurers, who had inherited the restless urge that had kept them and their forbears always on our farthest frontiers.

None of these thought of agriculture; they came here solely to get gold, make their pile, and then go home to lord it over their fellows. Hence, all were mere sojourners here; and although a majority of the Americans were honest enough chaps, with an innate regard for law and order, yet even this respectable class furnished its portion of thoughtless fellows who were ripe for any exciting adventure.

These newcomers found that the first gold-hunters had cleaned up the easy pickings; and that those who sought gold could only secure it by long hard work. As this was the last thing in the world that these second crop gold-seekers wanted, their restless eyes soon turned to other fields of enterprise, wherein treasure was to be had without real work, aside from mere fighting. To this many of the more reckless had not the slightest objection.

Thus, their thoughts soon turned to Mexico and Central America, wherein were known to be many gold and silver mines, now unworked or owned only by Spanish-Americans, whom the scornful Americans dubbed "greasers," and looked down upon with the inborn disdain of the Anglo-Saxon for all Latin races.



"Walker loaded his filibusters on board the *Caroline* and prepared to leave La Paz"

Our young up-and-coming nation then was full of pep and push, and was puffed up with pride over its recent conquest of Mexico. Expansion was in our very air; and Manifest Destiny was our watchword. By the force of American arms, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, and California had lately been torn from Mexico's domains; and Americans generally felt that our flag would yet fly over all Mexico and Central America—aye, even to Cape Horn, eventually. Bankrupt and torn by frequent revolutions, the governments of these Spanish countries were so weak as to excite the contempt and derision of our people, and especially of the large number of idle, restless, desperate spirits in California, whose penniless plight speedily led

them to casting their eyes about in search of treasure-trove.

The first evidence of this modern buccaneering spirit in California, where the Fighting 'Forties had now preluded the Filibustering 'Fifties, came in the shape of divers plots fostered among the large, idle floating population of San Francisco, from which was principally recruited the ten or twelve filibustering expeditions that sailed out of the Golden Gate during the '50s.

One of the plots was aimed at the Hawaiian Islands. The resurgence of the old buccaneering spirit differed from that evinced by the French and English who plundered Spanish America in past centuries, in that these reckless rovers not only craved gold and other treasure, as of yore, but back in the mind of even the wildest lay a craving for land—for the conquest of new territory for the American flag. To ignore this latter attitude is to do an injustice to the filibusters.

The Hawaiian plot so alarmed "The King of The Cannibal Isles," Kamehameha, that he sent a protest to our government; but, California's enthusiasm for this sea-adventure waned when the would-be recruits learned that little or no loot was to be had in Hawaii.

The next sort of consequence doubtless was conceived by some of the many graduates of Botany Bay then at large in San Francisco, to whose criminal elements they were most efficient additions. The steamers that returned to Panama from California in those days often carried millions of dollars worth of gold, thus offering tempting prizes for pirates of the high seas; hence it is not to be wondered at that presently some of the shining lights of the numerous saloons and wide-open gambling-houses of that then turbulent city devised a plot by which a ship was to be secured at Sydney, Australia. The vessel then was to sail to San Francisco, secure a deck-load of local pirates, and set out against the gold-laden

Illustrations by

RAYMOND P. WINTERS

steamers bound for Panama. But this piratical plot also fell through, mainly for lack of a capable Captain Kidd amongst these evil gentry, and the further difficulty of getting a ship.

In 1850, the Yuma Indians went on the war-path, thus creating such excitement and alarm in Southern California that the governor authorized Morehead to lead a volunteer force against them. Fired by patriotic zeal and the best Los Angeles whiskey, Morehead and his myrmidons sallied forth—breathing fire and flame—only to find, upon their arrival at the dread scene of action, that the stuff was all off, as Poor Lo was now on a peace footing again.

However, while on the Mexican frontier, Morehead got in touch with a revolutionary leader in Mexico, who invited him to lead an expedition into Mexico and help free that country from its tyrants—whose principal offense was that they were holding all the jobs. In those days Mexico was rent by repeated revolutions, fostered by ambitious politicians who fought not only for control of the Federal government, but that of the various Mexican States, many of which scarcely recognized, much less obeyed, the central government. Bankrupt and in a state of chaos, Mexico was in a parlous pass, and the Californians so despised it for this weakness, that such an invitation seemed to some almost like a crusade.

Hence, Morehead soon recruited a choice lot of "liberators," bent on freeing Mexico, and incidentally lifting any loot that was lying around. One band of these filibusters marched south to Los Angeles, and then went on to Sonora. Another band of heroes later made its way to La Paz in Lower California; and in May, Morehead sailed from San Francisco with a third noble army of American martyrs to the cause of liberty, and landed at Mazatlan. Many fell by the wayside, however, and the United States effectually prevented Morehead's receiving further recruits from California by issuing a proclamation condemning this wild foray. This put a damper upon Morehead's plans; so when the straggling bands of his men finally arrived on the scene of action they found that the status of local Mexican affairs had

so altered and the outlook for liberating was so poor that they now pretended to be mere miners who had been disappointed in their search for some mythical mines. Glad to get off with whole skins, they faded away into the dim horizon of obscurity and Morehead himself came near imprisonment at San Diego for his part in this wild venture.

According to all accounts, Los Angeles from 1851 to 1853 was the wildest and woolliest frontier town not only in California, but in our whole country. Horace Bell graphically depicts its desperadoes, in that California era "of gold dust, monte-games, free fights, revolver rule and bowie-knife society"; and he says this region was then overrun with "worthless desperate fellows who wanted only a horse, a good revolver and a monte 'stake' . . . All California was then largely a land of adventurers, drawn here by love of gold and excitement, and stirred by a reckless gambling spirit. We all were adventurers," he says, and adds as to the general California approval of filibustering—"Who should blame the man who shouldered a rifle, and went to the field, to maintain and vindicate the spirit of the times?" And Horace Bell knew whereof he spoke, for he himself went a-filibustering in Walker's Nicaraguan venture.

It was Aleck Bell, one of the most prominent men in Los Angeles at that time, who organized the first genuine filibustering ex-

pedition from California; most of his officers were from Los Angeles. Hence, Los Angeles rallied nobly to Bell's standard in 1850, when General Flores called upon him to aid him in "liberating" Ecuador.

Flores had been president of Ecuador, but his ungrateful people had risen en masse and fired him from his job *muy pronto!* Flores had departed by the light of the moon, thoughtfully taking along with him all of the Ecuador treasury that he had time to pry loose. He reached Panama in safety and, finally, San Francisco. He yearned to return to Ecuador, however, and the Presidential throne he had vacated. In this he was abetted by a wealthy nephew of Peru, who advanced Flores some 10,000 doubloons, to serve this sacred cause of Liberty.

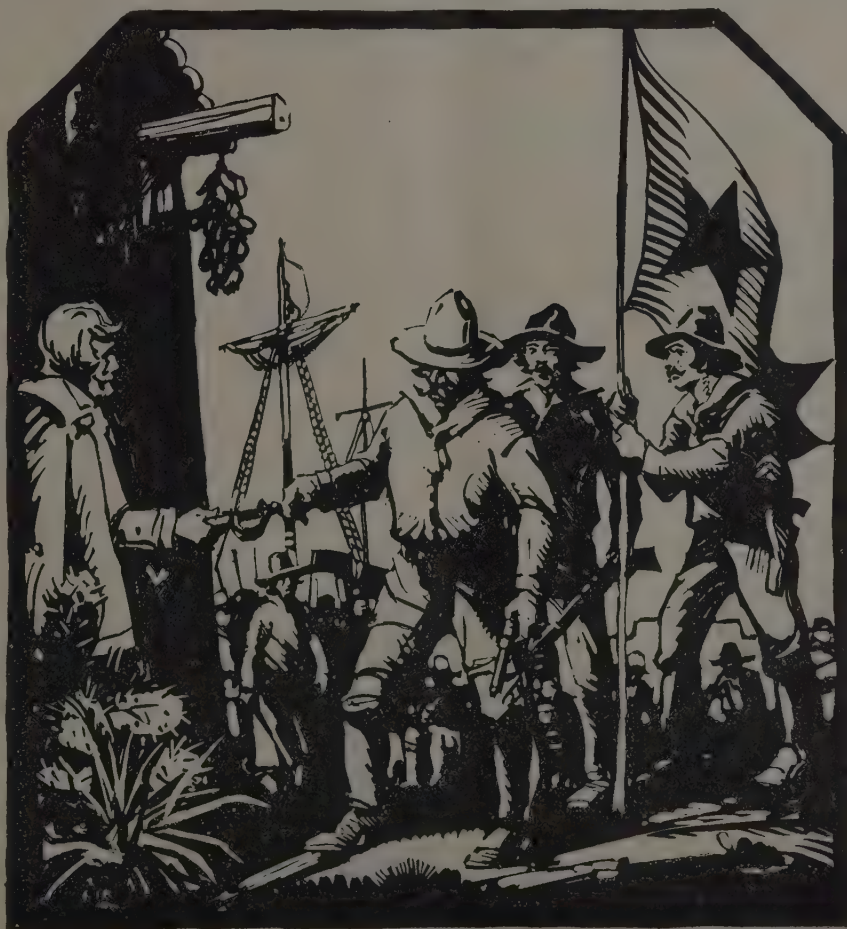
California was full of volunteer liberators, at so much per lib; so when Flores met Aleck Bell, these heroes nobly responded to the double call of duty and doubloons. Bell commanded this filibustering expedition, which was fitted out at the expense of Flores, who now bought the steamer *Lightfoot* to transport the crusaders to Ecuador.

There were some 250 men in Bell's army, the pick of California's fighting men, including some famous desperadoes, such as Jim Taylor, Billy Owens, and the McNabbs. In 1851 they embarked on the *Lightfoot*, which sailed from San Francisco

for Panama. Here they met up with those followers of Flores who had fled from Ecuador with him and a mercenary band of Spanish-American military adventurers. Flores had secured a steamer for this Panama contingent, and also had obtained a cannon-armed gunboat from Peru.

Convoyed by this warship, Flores' flotilla steamed southward, entered Guayaquil Bay, and ascended the Guayaquil River, where they bombarded the batteries ashore with eventual success. Flores' expedition then landed and captured Guayaquil, whereupon many flocked to Flores' banners, and he set out on his march to Quito. Our Californians were in a corps of their own, and they marched and camped apart from the main body of Flores' army.

One night the Californians heard sounds around them, as of men toiling hard at some labor, and the



"Landing at La Paz, Walker seized the astonished town and the governor, hauled down the Mexican flag, and hoisted a flag of his own devising, with a lone red star on a blue field"

rumbling of wheels as of artillery being hauled around. It was too dark to see what was going on, so they went to sleep. Next morning when they awoke they found themselves surrounded by a circle of entrenchments, manned by the rest of Flores' army, whose guns commanded the camp of our Californians! Soon an officer appeared and informed them that as soldiers they were n. g. and hence they were to be disarmed, taken to Guayaquil, and sent out of Ecuador. The cold night mists, coarse rations, and rough soldiering had about disheartened the Californians already; but this double-crossing made them mad enough to fight. Flores, it developed, had come to an arrangement with his political rival and now had no further use for the Americans.

The Californians were forced to capitulate. They were disarmed, marched back to Guayaquil under heavy guard, and thence shipped on one of Flores' steamers to Panama, without even a word of thanks from their erstwhile leaders. Out of those who had left Los Angeles, only three men got back to the city.

The re-percussion of this fiasco sufficed California for quite a while. The next two filibustering expeditions that left the State, therefore, consisted of discontented Frenchmen, who had been driven away from the mines by aggressive American miners. They thus turned their eyes towards other mining-fields, especially the rich mines known to exist in Sonora, but now abandoned because of the incessant Apache raids that desolated vast areas in Northern Mexico. Therefore, when one of their French countrymen, the Marquis Charles de Pindray, proposed to lead an armed expedition thither, they flocked to his standard.

The marquis had become bankrupt in France and had emigrated to San Francisco. A big man, of enormous strength, handsome features and quiet manners, he was both brave and spirited; and so, when the Mexican government offered land and mining concessions to such armed volunteers as would stand guard against the Apaches in the now depopulated northern part of Sonora, Pindray saw a chance to retrieve his fortunes.

The neutrality laws made it a grave offense to enlist soldiers in the United States for service in a foreign army, but Federal officials in San Francisco permitted Pindray and his 150 companions to sail out of the Golden Gate openly bound for Mexico. Pindray's expedition landed on December 21, 1851, at Guaymas, where the would-be Apache-fighters were received with the greatest enthusiasm by the Mexicans.

Pindray was given a land concession in the fine valley of Cocospera, on the northern frontier of Sonora, and was furnished with some supplies, ammunition, and the promise of financial assistance, which he never received. Pindray marched his men inland to Arispe, where he met the gov-

ernor of Sonora, who promised to assist in the campaign against the Apaches. Thence Pindray made a hard march of seventy-five miles westward to Cocospera, where his men went a-hunting for rich silver mines.

The Gallic adventurers soon showed reluctance to hunt Apaches, or obey Pindray's orders, and soon were on the verge of mutiny owing to the failure of the Sonorans to furnish them with food and other supplies as per agreement. The end of this expedition as an entity came at the village of Rayon one morning when poor Pindray was found dead in bed with a bullet-hole in his head. Whether he died a suicide or at an assassin's hand still is a mystery.

Pindray dead, his followers went off on their own. Some of them straggled back to the Mexican sea-coast. Others lingered around Cocospera, chasing golden mirages in the Sonoran deserts, until Raousset came along thither—whereupon they joined his expedition.

The second French filibustering expedition which left California, owed its origin to the political scheming of the French consul in San Francisco, who devised a plan—suggested to him by Pindray's adventure in Sonora—of securing a foothold there for France. In conjunction with the French minister to Mexico, he planned the founding of a French company, *La Restauradora*, which would settle armed French colonists in Northern Sonora to defend that frontier against the Apaches in return for land and mining concessions. And he found a tool ready to hand in the person of the Count Gaston Raoul de Raousset-Boulbon, an impetuous French nobleman who had emigrated to San Francisco.

The meteoric and romantic career of this French count rivals fiction. Bravery, pride, enthusiasm, energy were his; therefore, when Consul Dillon approached him, Raousset eagerly accepted his proposals, went to Mexico City in February, 1852, and presently secured a concession for *La Restauradora Company*, to work the rich

but now deserted Sonora mines. In return, Raousset was to lead a force of armed Frenchmen into Sonora and deal out death to the Apaches.

Raousset hastened back to Dillon in San Francisco with this concession; and they combined in securing some 260 French recruits, most of whom had seen service in the French army. Raousset sailed with them from San Francisco, and arrived in June, 1852, at Guaymas, where the Mexicans gave his men a grand welcome amidst the ringing of the church-bells in their honor. But the Mexican officials were jealous at this interference of their Federal government in the affairs of the province.

After delaying Raousset a month at Guaymas, the French marched towards the north Mexican frontier. Whilst camped at Saric, 100 miles northwest of Arispe, Raousset received an order from General Blanco to report to him at Arispe at once. Raousset started thither, but met some eighty of Pindray's men, who were hunting for a mythical mountain of silver. They told him that he was crazy to trust his life in Blanco's hands. He therefore sent an envoy to Blanco. This envoy presently returned with an ultimatum which nullified *La Restauradora's* rights. Raousset had to choose between obeying the Federal or provincial government, so he chose the former. Blanco thereupon declared that Raousset was an outlaw and his men were pirates!

Both sides prepared for hostilities. Intoxicated with his position as commander, Raousset now threw off all pretences to founding a mere French colony, and soon exhorted the Sonorans to rise and form a nation of their own. Blanco cut off his supplies, and now hastily collected all available troops at Hermosillo.

Angered at their government's failure to protect them, some of the Sonorans promised to aid Raousset in his soaring ambitions. On September 21, 1852, therefore, he proclaimed the independence of Sonora, hoisted a new flag that he had devised, and set out on the march for Hermosillo, 150 miles away.

Blanco had assembled about 1200 soldiers at Hermosillo, the chief city of Sonora, which Raousset now hoped to surprise and capture with his 250 ragged French adventurers, "half of whom are heroes, the other half bandits," he himself said. But many of them were old soldiers and speedily proved how well they could fight.

Hermosillo was strongly defended by a heavy force posted in a fort which commanded a bridge over which the French filibusters must approach the city, while 500 other soldiers were stationed at the Alameda. It looked like military madness for so small a force to attempt the place, but Raousset was fearless and his soldiers brave men.

"Vive la France!" they shouted, and charged headlong on the bridgehead. Such was the fury of that wild charge that the Mexicans soon broke and fled, leaving their dead and



"Hermosillo was strongly defended by a heavy force posted in a fort, while 500 other soldiers were stationed at the Alameda"

wounded comrades in the hands of the French. Raging like madmen, the French charged the force posted in the Alameda, which speedily left the city behind Blanco, who had leaped on a fast horse and now galloped off to Ures, leaving Hermosillo in Raousset's power. In this spectacular battle, the French had only seventeen men killed and twenty-three wounded, while the Mexicans' loss was 200 killed and wounded, beside many prisoners captured by the triumphant adventurers.

Great was Raousset's renown from this stunning victory so gloriously won. It was the brave count's splendid hour of high emprise, and Mexico and California thrilled with admiration at his brilliant military exploit. But as Raousset could not hold Hermosillo he agreed with the governor of Sonora to depart on condition that his forces might retire to Guaymas unmolested. Once at that port, Raousset arranged a status quo with Blanco, who hired a vessel and shipped the French filibusters back to San Francisco. Raousset proceeded to Mazatlan to recover from the desperate illness that had largely upset his plans.

The next California filibuster to break loose was William Walker, "The Grey-Eyed Man of Destiny," later famous as the "conqueror" of Nicaragua. He had observed the French raids on Sonora and had tried to join them, but had been curtly rebuffed by the Mexicans. Walker voyaged south in June, 1853, visited Guaymas, and came back with a new plan to invade Sonora by way of Lower California, where there were then no Mexican troops.

Boldly he opened a recruiting-office in San Francisco, and publicly proclaimed his intention of leading an expedition to "liberate" Sonora—and incidentally lift such loot as was to be had there. Many prominent men attended his semi-public meetings, for all California thoroughly approved of any plans for planting our flag further south.

A square league of land and the prospects of plunder were the alluring offers to volunteer liberators; and soon Walker's recruiting-office was crowded with as wild and picturesque a band of modern buccaneers, adventurers, criminals, drunks and tough-nuts as ever followed the old freebooters on their raids to harry the dons.

Speeches full of enthusiasm, hoarse cheers for liberty and loot, and blood-curdling war-whoops resounded around this crimson center of rampant adventurers, where a pushing, swearing mob jostled each other in their eagerness to join this spectacular adventure with Walker. Booted, bearded, heavily-armed, and exhaling the odor of rotten whiskey, they were a fearsome lot of pirates.

Outside this yelling mob of corsairs, other lieutenants of Walker's stridently shouted aloud their ballyhoo, as they peddled to one and all—who had the price—



"Raousset fought like a lion, but the French wilted under the storm of musketry and cannon"

the gorgeous bonds of the mythical and as yet unborn "Republic of Sonora and Lower California," which Walker had run off on a printing-press to furnish the funds for the fitting out of his expedition. All over San Francisco men laughed and bought the bonds. Money then was plentiful in California, and everybody gambled, more or less.

Arms, ammunition and stores were bought by Walker, who chartered the brig *Arrow* to carry his picturesque army of adventurers on their way. The Federal civil officials did not interfere, but the *Arrow* was seized by General Hitchcock, commanding U. S. troops in California, who was scandalized at this gross violation of the neutrality laws. However, nothing was done to Walker—reflecting therein California's enthusiastic approval of such expeditions; but many of Walker's roughnecks got cold feet.

Walker, therefore, changed his plans and on October 15, 1853, sailed out of the Golden Gate on the brig *Caroline*, with but forty-six filibusters aboard. He left orders that reinforcements should follow later, and publicly declared that he was bound for Guaymas and Sonora. Hearing this, the Mexicans hurriedly assembled a large force in Sonora, but Walker fooled them by sailing for Lower California.

Landing at La Paz near the southern tip of Lower California, Walker seized the astonished town and the governor, hauled down the Mexican flag and hoisted a flag of his own devising, with a lone red star on a blue field. He thereupon issued the following thunderous proclamation:

"The Republic of Lower California is hereby declared free, sovereign and inde-

pendent; and all allegiance to the Republic of Mexico is forever renounced.

William Walker,
President of The Republic of Lower California."

To curry favor with the Mexicans, Walker issued a decree abolishing customs duties. Another decree established the Code of Louisiana as the law of the new republic; and in still another he announced himself as president and other adventurers of this Spartan band as Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Secretary of the Navy, etc. In fact, in this "First Battalion of Independence" everyone was at least a general or a colonel.

However, Walker decided not to stay at La Paz, as the Sonoran officials might send a force across the Gulf of California and gobble him up. He loaded his filibusters on board of the *Caroline* and prepared to leave. Seeing him about to depart, the Mexicans attacked wood-gatherers he had sent ashore to replenish the fuel supply for the ship's galley. Walker turned the ship's lone gun on the town and landed with thirty of his men, fired on every Mexican in sight, and thus won the glorious "Battle of La Paz."

Walker then sailed away, rounded Cape San Lucas and sailed north to Magdalena Bay and Ensenada, where he made his headquarters. Ensenada is only a short distance south of San Diego. He was now safe from Sonora troops, and close enough to California to easily secure reinforcements. To the San Francisco newspapers, he sent a glowing account of the "Battle of La Paz," which concluded with: "Thus ended the Battle of La Paz, crowning our efforts with victory, releasing Lower California from the tyrannous yoke of declining Mexico, and establishing a new Republic!"

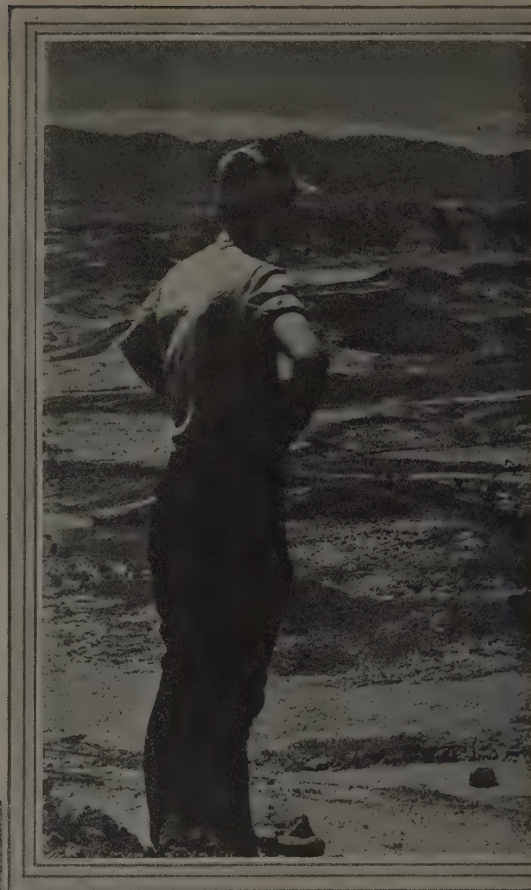
Vast was the excitement in San Francisco, where this thrilling news from the war-front glared in big head-lines in the newspapers, which praised Walker's noble feat, and welcomed the new republic into the list of the untterrified democracies. A recruiting-office was opened at Kearny and California streets, and over it was hoisted the red-star flag of the alleged republic, amid the frenzied shouts of an enthusiastic populace, who eagerly bought the bonds of the conquered land.

Striking while the iron was hot, Watkins, vice-president of the republic, enlisted some 300 of the local floaters, attracted by the promise of a league of land, with cattle enough to stock it and, greatest of all, a possible chance to plunder what loot might be found there.

Walker issued a noble "Declaration to The American People," justifying his course, but he was having a tough time to feed his filibusters at Ensenada, as the *Caroline* had only enough food for his own crew. As a necessity he plundered the granaries

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

The WELLS of SANTA ROSA of the Flat Rocks



Above—The Yuha basin is a veritable "No-man's Land," characterized by many who have traveled across it as the most repelling section of the entire Colorado Desert



Left—In one section of this curious plain, the prevailing concretions take on a disc-like form, resembling great scattered heaps of broken crockery

IT SEEMS to be a racial characteristic of the Latins to bestow lyrical and captivating titles upon the most repellant and prosaic objects. The devil, execrated and exorcised though he may be, is characterized by the delightfully mellow title of "*el diablo*" in Spanish and by the equally sonorous "*le diable*" of the French. The most vicious of all the cacti is known by the disarming Spanish name of "*cholla*"; the wolf and the bear by the much more euphonious titles of "*lobo*" and "*oso*." Even the vulgar expletives to which they resort have a far more palatable flavor than the stridently corrosive curses of English-speaking peoples or the percussive Teutonic gutturals.

The tendency is implicit. Nowhere is a better manifestation of it to be found than in the names with which the early Spanish explorers and occupants invested their establishments and points worthy of remembrance in California. Forbidding salt marshes become "*salinas*"; a canyon where starvation threatened acquires the innocently poetic title of "*La Cañada de Hambre*." The mellow "*Las Llagas*" immortalizes the wounds of Saint Francis, and the site of an early Indian cannibalistic orgy has taken the quite delicate and inoffensive name of "*Carne Humana*."

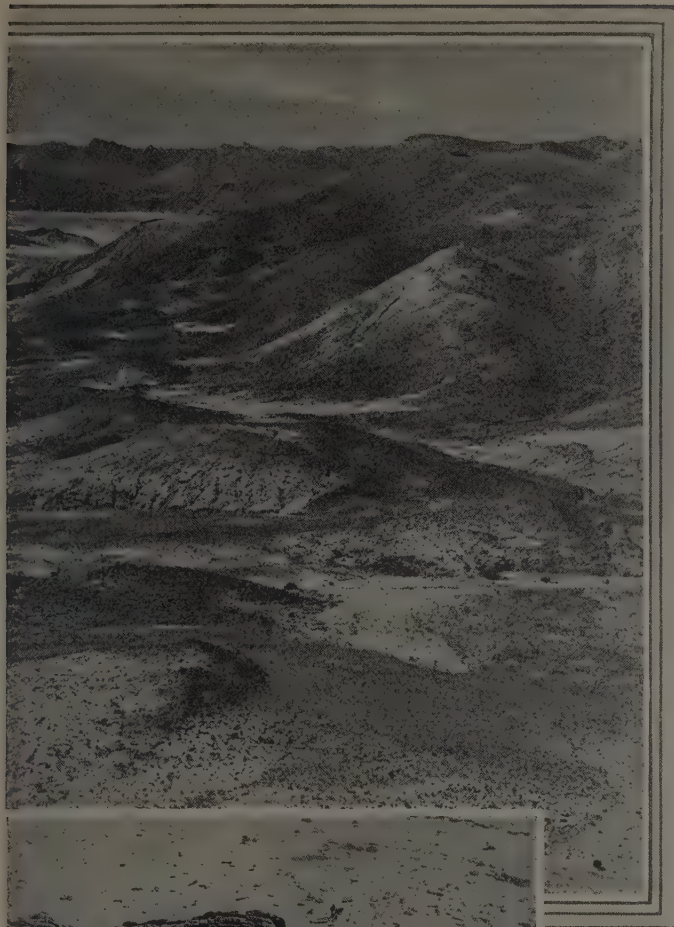
But the classical example is presented in the naming of what is presently known as the Yuha Well, a geological curiosity of southern Imperial County, rich in interest alike for the student of our mobile earth and for those who revel in the romantic and historical investiture of Spanish California.

The Yuha Well is situated in a basin of the same name approximately six miles south of Dixieland, a hamlet on the State highway between El Centro and San Diego. The basin is a bleak and desolate area of something like fifty square miles, rolling slightly in imperfect undulations, not much above sea level; virtually devoid of vegetation. The formation is predominantly

sandstone, uninteresting and unimpressive.

But here and there in orderly groups are to be found some of the most amazing rock concretions ever discovered in the United States.

Rock concretions, if I may be permitted the explanation, are a peculiar and rare geological phenomenon. Those of the Yuha plain consist of detached rocks of various shapes and sizes, chiefly spherical in shape and resembling petrified fruits, vegetables and flowers. As though neatly gathered together by design will be found in one locality, for instance, a cluster of globular shapes, varying from six inches to two feet in diameter, their surfaces exfoliating or peeling like an onion. Elsewhere, perhaps a hundred yards away, a totally different group will be found, spheroidal, or disc-shaped, reminding one of a pile of crude stone crockery. At still another point the prevailing shape will be cylindrical, lamina-



Left — Occasionally outcrops will be encountered, appearing like great books of stone, half buried in the sand

Below — In another region laminated concretions are found in profusion, reminding the adventurer of nothing so much as huge petrified cabbages

tions giving to the various units the form of huge jelly rolls. At yet another point one discovers outcrops of fractured and displaced strata giving the impression of a huge stone book.

Whence did such curious products of the earth emanate, and how were they formed? These are the questions that immediately perplex the visitor once he has mastered the awe that overwhelms him at his amazing discovery. The answer is relatively simple. The concretions are deposits from a mineral solution about a nucleus consisting of a shell, possibly, an insect, a leaf or a single grain of sand. The shape of the nucleus, geologists explain, determines the shape of the resulting concretion. James R. Duna in the *Manual of Geology* thus summarizes science's explanation:

"In concentric structure there is an aggregation of matter around a center, making, usually, spheres or flattened spheroids.

¶ *Don Juan Bautista de Anza named this curious geological phenomenon of Southern Imperial County in 1774—*

¶ *Explorers and traders passed in view of it for a century and a quarter after, oblivious to its singular characteristics—*

¶ *Now it is being re-discovered by those who want to see and know all of California's natural curiosities—*

By Phil Townsend Hanna

The form is usually dependent on growth by deposition from a solution around a center so that the growth is outward, or centrifugal. In ordinary concretions it is growth by accretion, and it sometimes produces a series of distinct concentric layers. . . . The form of the concretion is

not owing to any central control of the molecular deposition, but to the regular progress of the superficial accretion, and to the rate of supply of the mineral solution in vertical and horizontal directions, together with the shapes of the nuclei."

The Yuha region in the past doubtless was below the sea. Fossilized shells found in profusion in the vicinity testify to this probability. The concretions, it is believed, were deposited from solution about shells and thus acquired their extraordinary shapes. A similar phenomena, known as the "Petrified Pumpkin Patch" is located on the Navajo Indian Reservation in north-eastern Arizona.

The discovery of the Yuha concretions is particularly significant historically, for the first white man to gaze upon them was none other than Don Juan Bautista de Anza, soldier, pathfinder and explorer. To the wells that exist in their midst he gave one of those lilting names, "*Pozos de Santa Rosa de las Lajas*." (The Wells of Santa Rosa of the Flat Rocks).



But five of the California missions had been established when Anza made his first memorable overland journey from Sonora to Monterey. The prevailing means of transport between Mexico and Alta California was overland to the Gulf of California, thence either across the gulf and northward by land through Baja California, or by sea, doubling Cape San Lucas. The route was indirect, long, tedious and subject to the stormy vagaries of the unfriendly waters that separated the peninsula of Baja California from the mainland.

Even at the time Don Jose de Galvez was outfitting the Portola-Serra expedition for the conquest of California, Anza, a presidial captain of Tubac, had sought authority to conduct a land expedition from Sonora to Monterey. The authority was refused but some five years later the request was renewed. Endorsed by Father Serra and in the face of the obstacles to the existing route of transport which indicated the desirability of a newer and more direct contact, it was, this time, granted.

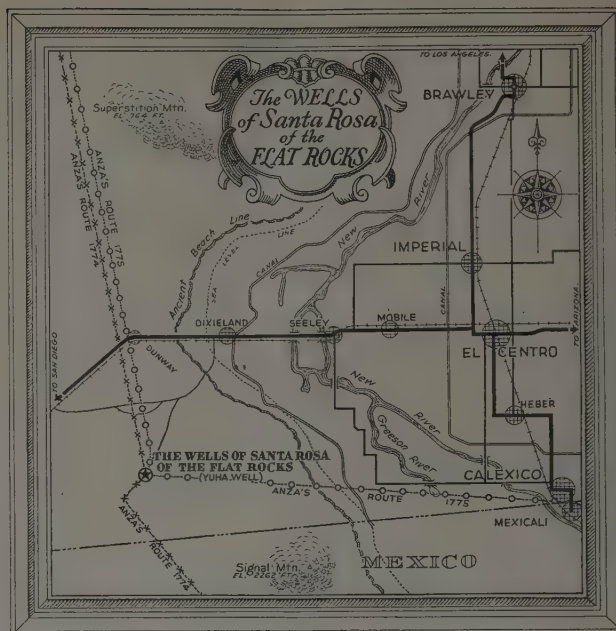
On January 8, 1774, Anza, with 20 soldiers and accompanied by Fray Juan Diaz and Fray Francisco Garces (the latter destined later to become an extensive explorer himself and a faithful historian as well), departed from Tubac.

Northward through the presidio of Altar, across the lands occupied by the Papago Indians the company progressed, suffering from Indian depredations and the sickness and hardships customary among those penetrating the *terra incognita* of unknown land. Over a portion of the present Arizona the party passed. Just one month, less a day, after leaving Tubac, Anza reached the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers. Two days later the journey

was resumed, crossing the Colorado in safety at a ford a short distance above the Gila, revealed to the party by the friendly Yuma Indian chief Palma.

Westward along the Colorado the party traveled to Pilot Knob, which Zoeth Skinner Eldridge in "*The Beginning of San Francisco*" declares Anza named "*Cerro de San Pablo*." Still proceeding southwesterly for some 11½ leagues, or approximately 28 miles, a rather large lake, doubtless formed from the overflow of the Colorado, was found. This was called "*Laguna de Santa Olalla*." Here was the extreme limit of the known land.

Not far to the westward were the treacherous sand dunes of what is now southeastern Imperial County—dunes that have defied railroad builders and road builders alike—constantly shifting mountains of impalpable grains, forty miles in length and from ten to thirty miles in width. Undaunted by the discouraging prospect, Anza set forth to cross this menacing land. But the dunes proved impassable and the party was forced to retreat.



The relation of the Wells of Santa Rosa of the Flat Rocks, now known by the more prosaic title of Yuma Well, to the highways of southern Imperial County, as well as the route of the two expeditions of Juan Bautista de Anza is shown on this sketch map

Placing much of the baggage and many of the animals in the custody of the friendly Palma, Anza resumed his journey, this time setting a course that would take him around the southern end of the dunes. Six days after leaving Santa Olalla for the second time Anza, guided by Indians, came upon the wells he named *Pozos de Santa Rosa de las Lajas*, and which now are known as Yuma Well. The date was March 8, 1774.

By digging two feet a quantity of excellent water was found and the thirsty caravan was revived.

One wonders what Anza's thoughts were as he gazed upon these barren hills strewn with such remarkable rocks. Certainly the surroundings impressed him more and proved him to have been a far more observant traveler than those who accompanied or followed him. Although numerous parties traversed the Anza trail in later years, I am unable to locate additional references to this geological phenomenon between Anza's journey and the desert explorations of contemporary writers.

Fray Garces, who accompanied Anza on both expeditions to Monterey, and Fray Fonte, who was chaplain of the second expedition, left rather complete diaries and yet neither were sufficiently impressed to record any reference to the Wells of Santa

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31)



For miles the slopes are covered with the peculiar sandstone concretions. Many are composed of spherical laminations or leaves, centering about a tiny nucleus, but frequently a group is found which, although globular in form, are stratified in composition



This photograph shows the practice of building the Autostrada around a village rather than through it, thus keeping the road free from local traffic

Where There Are No Speed Limits

By John Anson Ford

WITH leading highway engineers in many parts of the world grappling with the problems of automobile thoroughfares, it is interesting to find that Italy, a country as yet not greatly advanced in modern road building, should achieve one of the most remarkable feats in highway construction that is to be found anywhere on earth. After motoring 4300 miles in nine countries of western Europe, I reached the conclusion that the various "autostrada" connecting Milan, Italy, with near-by centers are the last word in traffic lanes. From the standpoint of speed, comfort and safety Italy has in truth achieved the super-highway.

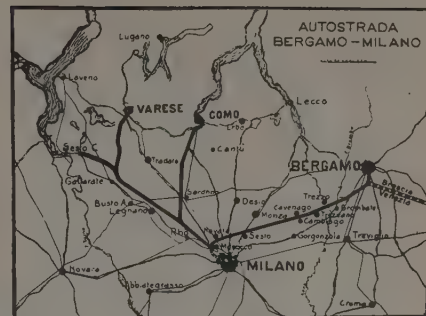
I am not certain that the autostrada type of road is suitable in all particulars to other countries, even our own. But when I pick up the daily paper from beneath the rose bush every Monday morning and read the unflinching list of Sunday automobile tragedies, I cannot help exclaim, "Speed the day



One of the toll stations with an officer collecting the necessary fee from a motorcyclist. "Alt" is the Italian word for "halt."

when every city has its autostrada." From such data as I was able to gather first hand it appears that the Milanese have achieved what many have said was impossible—a safe road without a speed limit!

Rumors of this magnificent modern cousin of the famous roads of the ancient



This map shows approximately 120 miles of Autostrada radiating northward from Milan—a whole road system without a dangerous intersection and no speed limit

Roman Empire reached us as we approached Milan from the south, where much dust had been the only handicap on a memorable jaunt through Bologna, Florence, Siena, and Rome. But we were tremendously surprised and delighted none the less, when on the northern outskirts of Milan our car was brought to a halt by a heavy iron gate beyond which stretched straight to the blue horizon a concrete highway thirty-five or forty feet wide. The same instant a courteous, uniformed gate-keeper appeared from the neat lodge hard by. There followed a conversation between us that would have been laughable indeed had anyone within earshot been able to understand my kindergarten Italian and his well-intentioned but lame English.

"Er keen?" he remarked questioningly and scratched his head as he stared at my radiator. I was puzzled. "Se, se," I replied, "keen car, but quantos liras, how much money, signor?" For I had mistrusted that the gate meant a toll, which for my sedan proved to be only about ninety cents. But still I had failed to comprehend my Italian friend's first remark, for I soon discovered that he was making a note of the name of my machine, and was not at all concerned with anything "keen"—thereby bringing us to the realization that here was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

Below—a new section of Autostrada under construction on the outskirts of Milan, showing the long slight gradients by which the road is carried under another thoroughfare. The "rise," barely discernible in the distance, carries the road over another intersecting highway



When It's JUMP FOR

SPEAKING of thrills, try jumping from an airplane speeding ninety miles an hour 2000 feet above old mother earth. Men do it and live to tell the story. In fact, parachute jumping has become more than an occasional or necessary evil. Many men interested in aviation indulge in jumping as an avocation. With some others it is almost a fetish. They live for deathly drops.

Recently I met a man who has jumped thirty-five times. One of these took him from a marine corps DeHaviland plane piloted by the famous Captain H. Denny Campbell, known as the world's safest flier, down into the Yosemite. Sergeant Archie Atherton, a rather small man in stature, leaped overboard with only a 24-foot silk 'chute to break his fall.

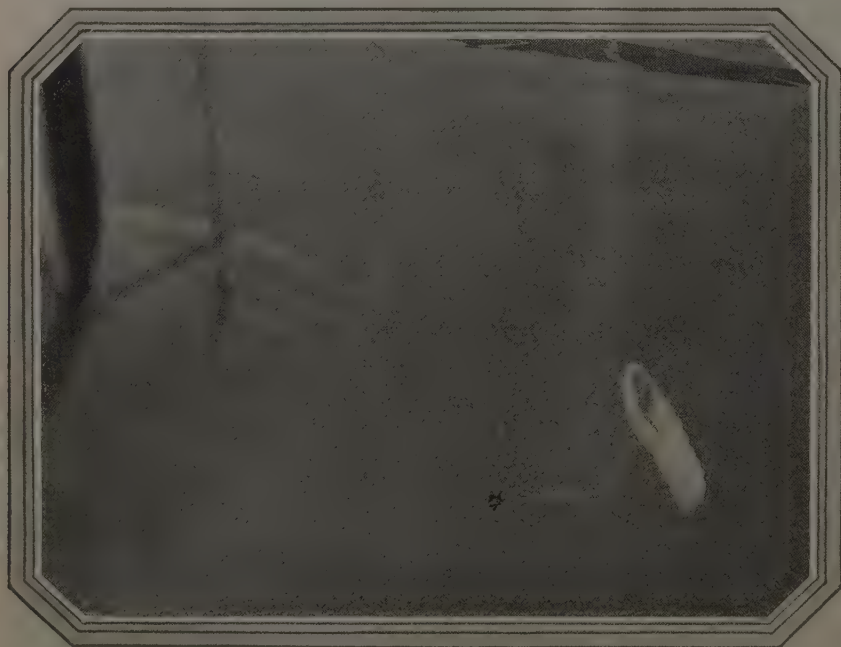
His was the first and last jump into the Yosemite. No other aviator who knows of Atherton's troubles that day will dare it soon. This marine tossed about as though in a storm. One air current carried him downward a thousand feet like a bullet. At the bottom of this down draft he struck an air bump so hard it cracked a tooth. There are your parachute thrills! Yet he landed safely.

People think of parachuting as very dangerous. It is one sport or art or craft where a miss is worse than ten thousand



(1) The Jump

'Chute jumpers purposely fall several hundred feet before opening up their parachutes. This guards against their becoming entangled with the 'plane



(2) Opening Up

Sergeant Archie Atherton of the Marine Corps in a remarkable picture taken just before his parachute opened over North Island at San Diego

miles. Yet you are safe in jumping from a burning or disabled airplane, if—

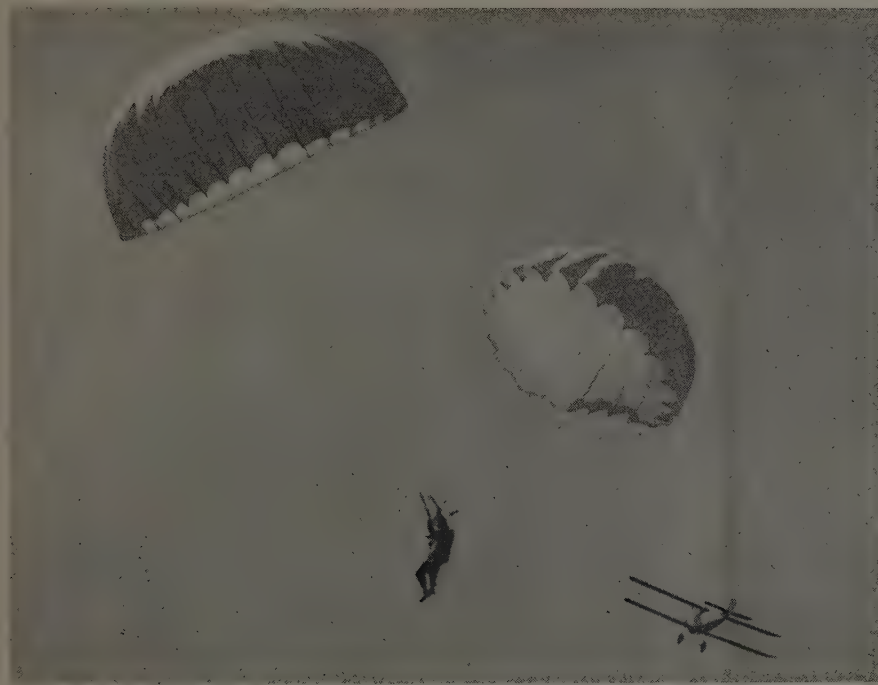
I have purposely written the "if" in ordinary letters. It should not be spelled in caps. Because the "if" in parachuting now is only an ordinary if, and it applies only to two things: "if" you use a 'chute approved by the government and "if" adequate care has been taken of it and the packing has been properly done.

Parachutes now are safe. Their failures are so remote and infrequent as to be almost negligible. Negligible from the point of view of statistics, that is. For the jumper one failure is enough.

Take the case of Atherton and his friend, Chief Petty Officer Bill Dodson, of the navy. They actually race each other to the earth beneath parachutes. Not long ago they electrified a holiday crowd by dropping from a plane simultaneously. They slipped and otherwise cavorted in an effort to beat each other down.

Ordinarily Atherton and Dodson prefer a height of about 1500 feet for their dropping contest. On such occasions they go up together in a big marine corps bomber and on signal drop from the wings. Dodson has jumped always for the sheer love of falling away from an airplane in full flight. He has jumped in Arizona, Cali-

YOUR LIFE



(3) Full Sail

A double parachute jump. Two men have jumped from a balloon on one 'chute but seldom does a man come down beneath two. Here is Bill Dodson under full sail

fornia and in eastern United States. Atherton has covered the entire United States with his parachute activities.

Of recent years Sergeant Atherton has become especially adept at making extended delay openings, falling frequently 1000 feet before pulling the rip cord. While Atherton may drop farther than Dodson before opening his 'chute, Dodson weighs twenty pounds more and has an uncanny skill in picking air currents to speed his fall.

Both jumpers use regulation navy parachutes, a type which has never been known to fail. This 'chute supersedes the type "A" parachute, once used by the navy. This was a back type pack, containing a 28-foot parachute made of straight cut Habutai silk weighing one-sixth of an ounce per square yard. The structure was made of forty panels or gores with forty braided silk cords of 250 pounds tensile strength each. The parachute had a 48-inch closable vent controlled by cross rubbers.

Navy jumpers using these 'chutes had considerable training and practice in jumping, but the bulk of this type and the fact that they were back packs made them unsatisfactory for service. The present seat type pack containing a 24-foot diameter service parachute followed. Experienced jumpers use the "24-chute" while begin-

*¶ Parachute Jumping
Not Only Has
Its Thrills—*

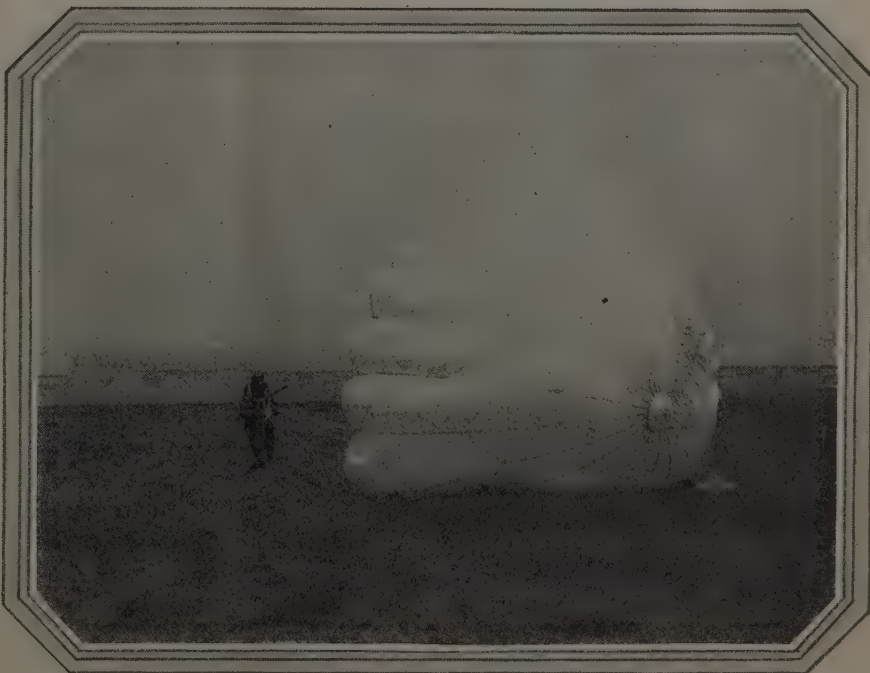
*¶ But It's Making
Flying Much
Safer, Too—*

By Andrew Boone

ners experiment with the 28-foot size.

There are three types of parachutes used at present with heavier-than-air craft. These are the seat pack, the lap pack and the training pack. The former is designed for pilots and other personnel who do not move around during flight. The seat pack contains a 24-foot 'chute weighing approximately eighteen pounds complete. This type pack is used as a seat cushion, thus removing all weight and bulk from the person of the aviator, except the harness which is necessarily worn with any parachute. Gunners and observers use the lap pack type. A gunner usually has the most available

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)



(4) The Landing

Upon landing, jumpers are instructed to face the direction of the drift and not attempt to resist while they are escaping from the harness



Seining is one of the most spectacular operations in the salmon industry. In the Columbia River, boats take out the great meshes of nets from islands in the river and let them into the water, to be drawn in by scores of teams of horses. When the seines reach the shore they are picked up by groups of men and transferred to wagons from whence they are re-transferred to scows which are towed to the canneries

Harvesting *the Coast* *Salmon Crop*

IN THE matter of deep sea food, the influence of the salmon cannot be overestimated. Regardless of the trend of appetite or fancy in fishes the salmon; perhaps, is man's greatest benefactor, for from this one source he receives his greatest supply of deep sea food. The salmon, therefore, is of the utmost importance to man from an economic, as well as sporting, point of view.

The name "salmon" derives from the Latin word "Salmo," literally meaning "the leaper," or, figuratively speaking, to leap or

to jump. These sturdy habitants of the deep certainly leap, and they certainly jump, in their efforts to seek the channels in which to procreate or propagate their own species on earth. In this respect the salmon, due to some curious twist of behavior, instinctively seeks fresh water channels for its spawn deposit. Because of this curious vagary among other things perhaps a more than ordinary interest centers about the salmon.

Inhabiting, as it does, fresh water channels for a certain period, and resorting to salt water when whim, fancy or nature dic-

tates, the question as to whether the salmon family originally was indigenous to fresh water or salt has been a controversial one. Scientists disagree and the layman, familiar as he may be with the fish, never has reached any definite conclusion. Every sportsman and industrial fisherman in the salmon region holds a different opinion. The general consensus of opinion, however, seems to favor the theory that their genesis was in the sea.

Fish seeking fresh water channels in which to deposit their precious spawn are

termed "anadromous." Hence the salmon, as a family, belongs to this particular clan of the deep. With almost human punctuality, when the time approaches for Mrs. Salmon to deposit her precious burden, accompanied by her mate—and thousands of others bent upon the same mission—this finny beauty of the deep may be seen meandering towards fresh water channels for the great adventure.

Helter-skelter the race up-stream begins. Pell-mell the race continues. And, finally, leaving the salt water of the ocean inlet or estuary far behind, the fish make their last mad dash upward through the shallow depths of fresh water. In their strenuous efforts to escape projecting rocks that line the bottom of mountain streams, the salmon leap and jump from the water. The sight of this annual marine parade, marching up and on into the seclusion of fresh water, bent upon their beneficial mission, bounding up and out of the surging waters to escape obstructions that may line their path, once seen, will never be forgotten.

After many weary miles of fasting, for it is averred that the salmon refuse all food during this period; after many painful lacerations of their bodies in the upward dash, their rendezvous is gained at last. And a busy time it is, in the quiet haunts of the upstream places, hidden away from the curiosity of the idle and protected from the invasion of the marauding.

Within the shallow sandy depths of the fresh waters, the female salmon, with an almost incredible canniness, prepares a cache. Reclining upon one side, with a steady motion of her little body, she begins to scoop a crib or trough.

When the crib or trough has been arranged to her own peculiar liking, the burden of spawn is deposited. It is at this point that her mate comes to her assistance. As soon as the female fish deposits her eggs, the male sheds a "milt" or so-called "soft roe," covering the spawn. Following this, with united effort the parent fish now take the precaution to carefully cover their spawn with the sand and gravel of the stream chosen for their operations. With a swift motion of their bodies they heap sand and gravel over the deposit until it is safely covered. The heap thus formed is referred to as a "redd."

The eggs of the

salmon vary in size with the age and size of the parent fish. Statistics gained at salmon breeding establishments reveal the startling information that a female salmon will produce 900 eggs for each pound of her own flesh. The eggs are tough and measure about a quarter of an inch in diameter. The time required to hatch them varies, of course, with the temperature.

How the World's Most Popular Seafood Lives, Multiplies and is Marketed

By Emmy Matt Rush

Thus, the period of incubation may be as short as seventy days, or as long as 150 days. The general rule, however, is that eggs deposited in the fall of the year are hatched the following spring.

In the spring of the year, the young fish, called "parr," may be seen enjoying the freedom of the fresh waters in which they were hatched. The parr, remaining in fresh water streams for a period of two years, then descend to the sea. During the third year of their curious and interesting career, the young salmon are scientifically known as "smolts." In the brine of the deep the young salmon rapidly develops, acquiring what is referred to as the "grilse" state. Sexual characteristics now develop, and in

due time the mature salmon follow the paths of their forebears.

The habits of the salmon of both major oceans differ but little. The salmon of the Pacific Coast is not unlike the salmon of the Atlantic. In one specific instance, however, they are entirely unlike, for the mother of the Pacific species dies as soon as she has made her deposit of spawn in fresh water runnels and cared for its incubation. This is the toll she pays for the privilege of motherhood! No such sacrifice is required of the salmon mother of the Atlantic.

In due season, along the Pacific, the salmon runs begin as far south as the Santa Ynez River in California, about fifty miles north of Santa Barbara. From the runnels of the Santa Ynez northward salmon may be seen leaping, bounding, jumping into mid-air, as the enthusiastic procession meanders upstream for the spawning beds.

The Klamath and Shasta in northern California, historic Umpqua, Willamette and McKenzie, and the rollicking River Rogue in Oregon, are the sportsman's paradise. The Columbia River is, of course, the dean of them all! The glacial streams of Washington, the waters of British Columbia, and northward into Alaska, all abound with salmon. Over the rapids and upstream they rush. Pell-mell! Helter-skelter! On, on, on, they rush, leaping up and over waterfalls and through the air to escape obstructions, and, the spawning beds arrived at, the spawn deposited and cautiously covered, the mother salmon dies.

Nature has planned it thus that the parr, in the spring of the year, thrown upon their own resources, may find the bodies of the dead mother fish awaiting them for food.

Truly a remarkable theory of mother love.

The habitat of the Atlantic salmon extends as far north as Iceland and Labrador, and as far to the southward as Connecticut in the United States, and Spain in Europe. It has been said that they ascend the river Rhine as far as Basel, covering a distance of 500 miles from the sea in their efforts to reach the spawning beds of their peculiar species.

The non-migratory species of salmon inhabit fresh water lakes of eastern Canada and the State of Maine. In their life habits they differ little from the sea-going varieties of both oceans excepting in the peculiar sacrifice of the moth-



Chinese butchers exhibiting their skill with the knife on freshly caught Royal King Chinook salmon. Each Chinese butcher handles tons of salmon daily

er for her offspring which is noted above.

We will consider here more specifically the Pacific Coast varieties of salmon and their tremendous economic influences. Varying localities, with varying moods, maintain certain local favorites. These localities stretch from the Santa Ynez River in California to the freezing waters of Alaska. The habitant fisherman along the Klamath and Shasta, and others in California, the famous McKenzie, historic Willamette, Rogue and Umpqua and the far-famed Columbia in Oregon; streams of Washington, finding their source in Mt. Rainier's glacial depths, seeking Puget Sound for their outlet—the Cowlitz, Nisqually, Snoqualmie, and many others, all maintain that their local salmon is the "king of them all." Crossing the border one encounters the famous Fraser River, the numerous ocean inlets, conspicuously the north arm of Burard's Inlet, Squamish Bay and the Squamish River, the beautiful Jervis Inlet, and others that amble through the rugged Selkirk Mountains. Finally, the waters of Alaska are reached. Through this vast and far-flung territory the annual parade of spawning salmon continues with the seasons and the years.

In Alaskan waters the famous "Alaska Red" ranks supreme, whereas the so-called "King" and "Royal Chinook"—the latter named after a local tribe of Indians—are highly esteemed. The species known as "Chum" wherever it is found, is considered among the packers to be the poorest grade of salmon. Above the Chum are the Dolly Varden, Coho, Tyee, and the Steelhead, a "salmon trout." Another famous species of the Columbia River known as the "Blue Back" come in smaller quantities, but the quality is without peer. The most beautiful fish in the salmon family is the far-famed Rainbow.

When that intrepid Boston mariner and voyageur, Robert Gray, first sailed up the Pacific Coast, he discovered the mouth of the Columbia River. This occurred on the 11th day of May in the year 1792. Gray found the American aborigine subsisting on salmon.

When Lewis and Clark, famous adventurers and explorers of a later period, worked their way westward from the Mississippi River bottom lands, they came down the Columbia from the east. They found salmon to be the principal food of the native Americans and their tribal clans domiciled thereupon. The early pioneers of this district necessarily were forced to subsist largely upon salmon.

Today, the native American tribal Indian families formerly living contiguous to the Columbia River, have disappeared with the march of Time, the white brother and civilization. The pioneer, too, is rapidly disappearing, but the salmon, immortal food product of the world, abounds in Pacific coast-wise streams. It sings with Tenny-

son's immortal brook, "Men may come and men may go," but apparently, it lives on forever.

Along the Columbia and its tributary streams, the salmon attains a length of from four to five feet, weighing from twenty to eighty pounds. The largest salmon in the history of the Columbia River salmon industry was captured in the spring season of the year 1925, weighing eighty-seven pounds. Last August, the fishermen on Sand Island gathered the biggest catch of salmon in the history of the industry, showing conclusively that certain rules and regu-



During the closed season on salmon, the canneries pack fruits and vegetables. Here is a group selecting choice blackberries for canning

lations maintained by the government in the matter of salmon conservation have not been in vain.

In considering the salmon as a food commodity, the statistics for the year 1925 are illuminating. The spring salmon pack of that year was a record-breaker, valued at \$5,285,279. And these figures represent only spring catch passing through the canneries along the Columbia and its tributaries. Wholesale prices, too! Retail figures, such as you or I pay at the corner market, would send this total soaring skyward. These figures represent a pack of 308,500 full cases of Royal Chinook and 34,000 cases of Silverside, two local species packed for the market houses of the entire world.

Aside from the labor involved, the fishing outfit, etc., the Columbia River salmon costs the packer approximately nothing if he chooses to do his own fishing. He simply secures a government permit to fish in the river as his needs, industrial and commercial, may call for. His outside crew haul in the fish, and the inside, or packing-house crew, does the rest. Of course, there is nothing to prevent him from buying his salmon from the local fisher-folk, regardless of whether the latter fish for the sport of the game or whether they, too, strip the river for a gain.

The spring season opens on May 1 and closes on August 25. The fall season opens on September 10, and closes on January 1. As the figures here quoted represent only

the spring pack, some estimate may be gleaned therefrom as to the actual output from the entire Pacific Coast salmon industry for the entire year. Certainly the lines of the salmon fisher-folk have fallen in pleasant places.

In the year covered by these statistics, there were operating in the salmon districts of Clatsop County, Oregon, alone, approximately twenty salmon canneries, employing approximately 5000 men during the open seasons. A corps of so-called salmon butchers are retained by each packer throughout the entire year, during both open and closed

season, regardless of the output. These butchers as a rule are Chinese. Their hands are protected against cuts or bruises. They are allowed to engage in no work that might injure their hands, as "fish poison" might result, with serious disaster to both the butcher and the packer.

The Chinese butcher prepares the salmon for the tins, and it will be readily seen that upon his technique and skill at cutting depends the economic handling of the fish. The actual process of canning the fish, however, is done by white women. The packers, as a rule, prefer the Chinaman as a salmon butcher, for the Chinese are scrupulously clean. They are honest and steadfast, and they may be relied upon; and, what is more to the point from the packers' viewpoint, the Chinese salmon butcher "knows his business."

One of the Columbia River packers confided that he had recently lost by death a "Chinese" butcher that had been with him thirty-five years! The Chinaman had so thoroughly won the confidence of his employer that during the last years of service he acted in the capacity of manager of the packer's Alaskan plant. An experienced butcher handles an average of fifteen tons of salmon per day!

The larger canneries in the Columbia River territory are equipping their plants with machinery that is the last word in efficiency and economy. This not only cuts the fish to fit the various sized cans, but it salts and packs them as well, and will average seventy-four cans a minute.

Although there are can labeling machines, this work is very often saved for the Chinese butcher. For after the work of his peculiar calling in the industry has been done, the matter of hand labeling the filled cans is turned over to him, thus keeping him occupied and at the same time protecting his hands against the risk of potential hazard in other departments of the plant.

In the matter of industrial importance in the salmon fishing game, the preservative process locally referred to as "mild curing" ranks second in importance. The mild curing process is more generally utilized for cold storage purposes.

The average "cured" pack in the Colum-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40)

TOURING TOPICS

Road & Scenery Section
For **JANUARY 1928**



RED ROCK CANYON

Propitious weather is making Red Rock Canyon a popular objective for week-end motoring parties. In addition to its natural sculpture, it contains many fine specimens of the Joshua tree, of which this is a sample. Photograph by Fred R. Archer

**FOR
COUNTRY
GENTLEMEN**

Along the banks of the San Dieguito River, shown here, on one of the oldest Spanish ranchos in California, is developing a community of modern rancheros that promises to revive, in a manner, the customs and spirit of the past



BIG TEJUNGA

Chaparral-covered and boulder-strewn, Big Tejunja has a distinctive atmosphere that makes it the retreat of many lovers of the hills. Photo by Paul W. MacFarlane



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SUNDOWN FROM THE PALISADES

The wrong step would be a long one if one missed his footing here, but who could be blamed when such an engaging view is present? Photo by Adelbert Bartlett

THRO THE CAM EYE

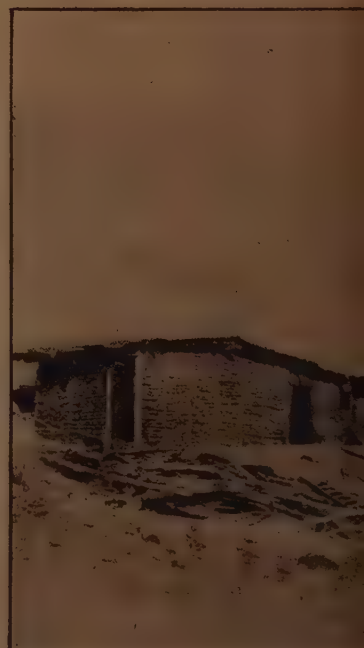
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HILLSIDE
Theo. S. Hurd, Riverside



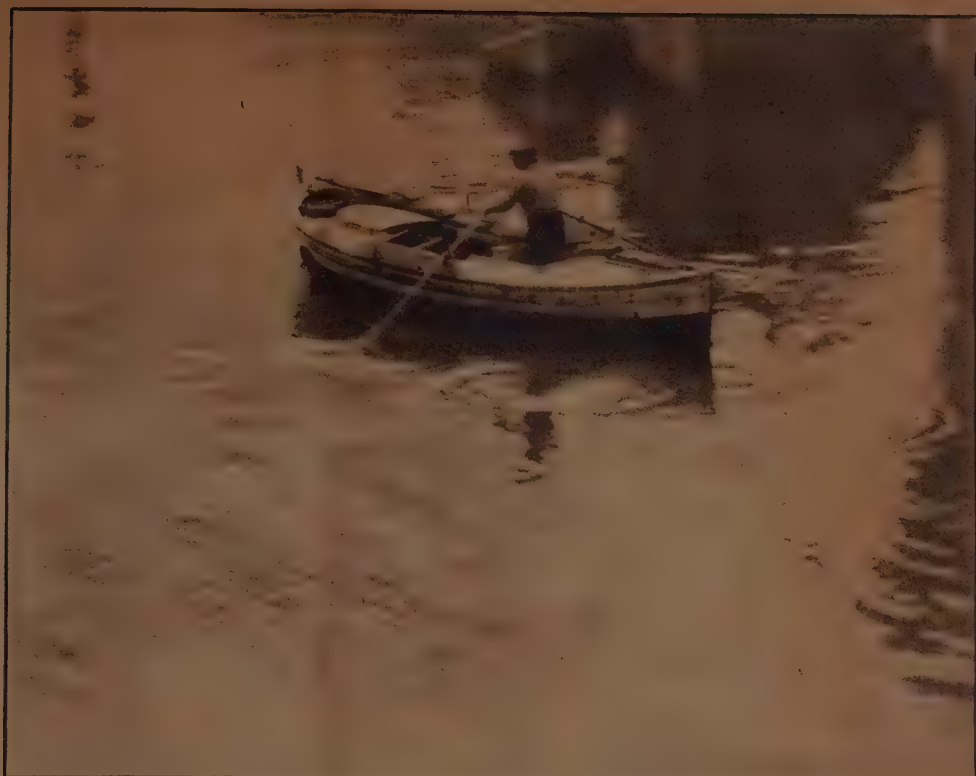
HIGH TIDE
C. J. Marvin
Los Angeles



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California pictorial photo-
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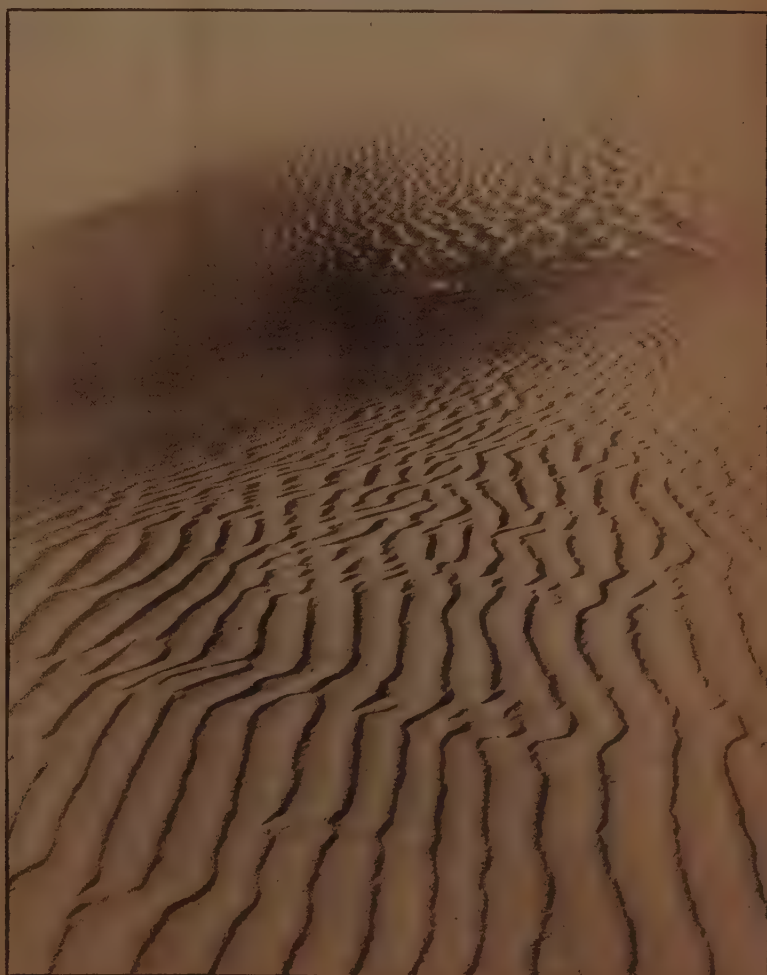


THE LONE BOATMAN
 / Clark W. Thomas, Los Angeles



HOME
 rling
 eles

SAND SYMPHONY
 Willard S. Wood
 Los Angeles





WINDSWEPT TREES

The wind really blows at times in the Owens Valley and the trees, in self-protection, adapt themselves, as has this group near Bishop. Photo by David J. Sheahan



AT CHATSWORTH LAKE

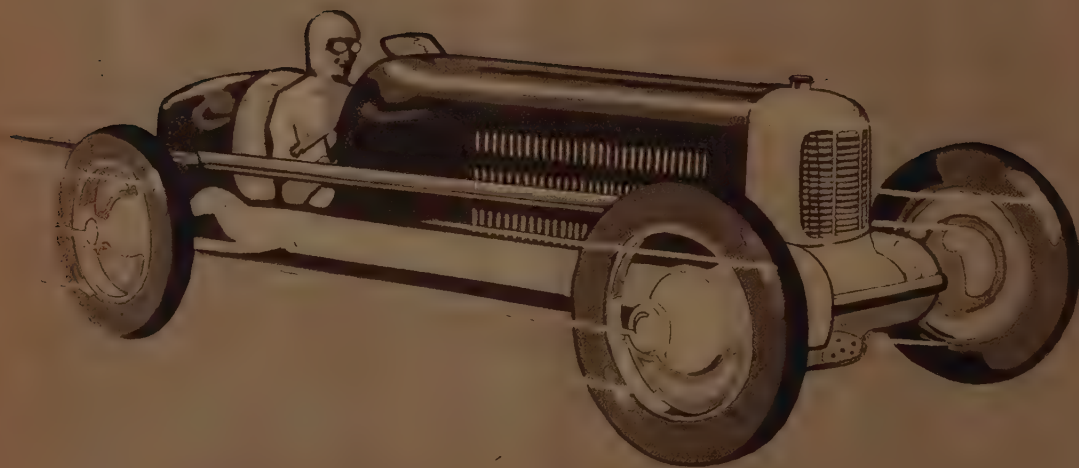
An occasional old adobe will be found in Southern California to remind us of pioneer days when mud was the most plentiful of building materials and glass and timber were luxuries. Photo by Will Connell



SWARTOUT SLOPES

A favorite rendezvous for winter motorists is the northern flank of the San Gabriel Mountains, including Los Angeles County Park and Swartout Valley, pictured here under a thin blanket of snow. Photo by Roy Hunter

RICHFIELD



**CHOICE OF THE
WORLD'S GREATEST DRIVERS**

Your Club's Activities

The Better to Help You

IN pursuance of its policy of extending its facilities for assisting members, the Club accomplished a notable expansion geographically on December 15 when the thirty-third branch office of the institution was opened at 1507 Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills temporarily pending the construction of a permanent home at Wilshire Boulevard and Bedford Drive.

The territory to be directly served by the new office embraces the city of Beverly Hills, Sherman, Westwood, and a portion of the territory lying south of Pico Street adjacent to Beverly Hills proper.

Many members may not be familiar with the fact that the branch offices of the Club are replicas of headquarters in miniature. All services available at the main office, virtually, may be obtained at any of the branches. Branch office service is available to, and at the disposal of, all members equally, whether they reside within the territory particularly served by that office or not.

* * *

"Full Coverage"

MUCH confusion exists in the minds of many motorists, we are informed, about "full coverage" insurance. Such a thing does not exist, the Insurance Department declares, for the term implies that the insured is protected against all contingencies and losses. Such a policy or group of policies is unobtainable. There are certain hazards insurance companies will not assume.

The term "full coverage," it is said by way of explanation, refers only to collision insurance and means that the insured is protected against damages to his car occurring as the result of accidental collision. The words are used to distinguish the policy from "deductible collision" insurance wherein the policy-holder is indemnified against losses occurring over and above a definite amount. There is, for example, what is known as "fifty-dollar deductible." The holder of such a policy who suffers a collision must pay the expense of rehabilitating his motor car up to fifty dollars. If the loss amounts to more than that sum, the Insurance Department pays the difference.

While "full coverage" in the mistaken sense of the words is not obtainable, the Club's Insurance Department does issue, at cost, almost every other type of automobile insurance. Included are: Fire, lightning and transportation; theft, robbery and pilferage; theft of extra equipment; collision and upset, property damage, including resultant loss of use; earthquake, windstorm, automobile plate glass, public liability and personal accident.

The motorist possessing all these policies approaches the ideal state of being "fully" covered—as close, at least, as he can at present.

* * *

A Month of Signing

WHAT the Sign Posting Department of the Club accomplishes each month, year in and year out, is indicated by the plain and unromantic report of the field engineer for November, indicating that dur-

When You Move

*M*oving one's chattels and goods in this age of iceless refrigerators, radios that perform more tricks than a Punch and Judy show, player pianos, and what not, is a complicated proceeding and not a little wearying and disconcerting. And then there's the vexation of having gas turned off and electricity turned on, and newspaper carriers, milk-men and water service officials to be notified. But onerous as these tasks are, all are necessary.

Not the least important, by long odds, is the matter of notifying the Automobile Club of Southern California of your change of address. The Club communicates vitally pertinent information to members from time to time and your correct address is a requisite. The validity of your insurance, too, is affected by a change of residence, as well as the regular receipt of TOURING TOPICS.

The next time you change your residence or the address in which your membership is held, remember that it is quite as essential for the Club to know it promptly, as for your green grocer.

ing that period 712 caution and warning signs were erected; 885 direction signs, 1894 temporary route and detour signs, and 5124 posts were painted. Despite contrary conceptions, all of the Club's sign posting has been financed by the membership. Of a certainty, here is a demonstration of the verity of the title that has been applied to the organization—"The Friend to All Motorists Since 1900."

* * *

Roadway Betterments

OBSCURED from direct contact with club members, the Engineering Department nonetheless performs in an invaluable fashion for motorists. Much of its work is in co-operation with city, county and State officials, with the principal motive of effecting road betterments, designed to make existing highways safer and more readily traversible, or to provide additional roads where traffic demands.

Some of its recent achievements have been of great benefit to all those using pub-

lic thoroughfares. Upon the recommendation of the department, the City of Los Angeles cut back the curb and widened the street at Glendale Boulevard and Effie Street, thus increasing the traffic capacity of Glendale Boulevard.

At the intersection of Santa Barbara and Second Avenues, upon the department's suggestion, the Los Angeles Railway erected guard rails along its right of way to prevent the recurrence of the frequent accidents that have occurred at that point in the past.

Several months of negotiation has culminated in the county's agreeing to open the north roadway of San Vicente Boulevard through the Soldiers' Home grounds at Sawtelle.

Most important of all, perhaps, is the fruition of its proposal that the City of Pasadena re-locate the road at the approaches to the bridge over Devil's Gate Dam, eliminating the dangerous curves that have existed heretofore.

Of aid to members of the Club in particular but, coincidentally, of benefit to all motorists, each of these justifies the Club's title, "The Friend to All Motorists Since 1900."

* * *

It's License Time

AS INESCAPABLE as death and taxes, for the motorist at least, is license renewal. The Club has made it as painless as possible through the operation of its License Bureau. Motor vehicle licenses for 1928 may be obtained at headquarters and the thirty-three branch offices until January 30 without penalty.

The Club's license service is rapid, courteous and devoid of the slightest unpleasantry. Last year we timed a group of license seekers at headquarters. From the moment they walked in the front door, check in hand, until they emerged with their new plates, the time expended averaged but a trifle more than five minutes.

One can't buy a toothbrush any quicker or any easier. There is no line, nor confusion, and there's ample parking space for members' cars in the rear of the headquarters building.

* * *

Order Out of Chaos

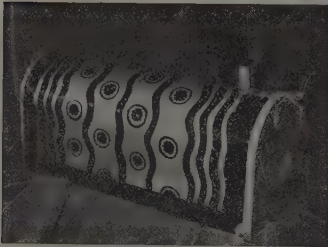
IT WASN'T so long ago that motoring through California cities, each with its own code of traffic laws required more mental dexterity than that possessed by a character analyst. In Santa Ana, perhaps, one parked at an angle; in Salinas, one headed in; in Redondo's business districts, possibly, one parked all day; in Redding's for but half an hour; in Petaluma, one might make any sort of turn one pleased; in Porterville,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

These mailboxes were designed by (top to bottom): Mrs. Lyla Harcoff, Santa Barbara; Clyde Forsythe, Los Angeles; Ernest Graham, Montecito; and Earle Van Boven, Santa Barbara



These mailboxes were designed by (top to bottom): Nikito Karpenko, San Francisco; Colin Campbell Cooper, Santa Barbara; Nikito Karpenko, and Edward Connaughton, Santa Barbara



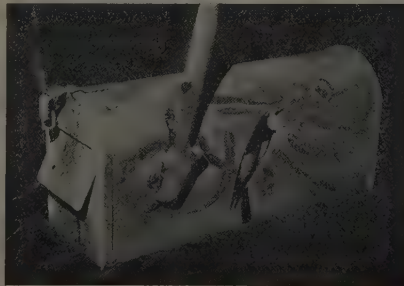
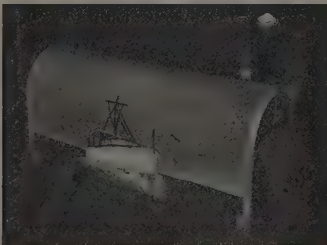
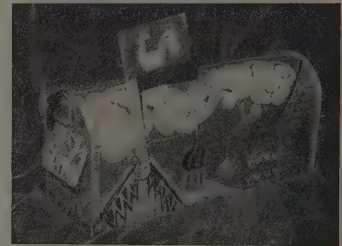
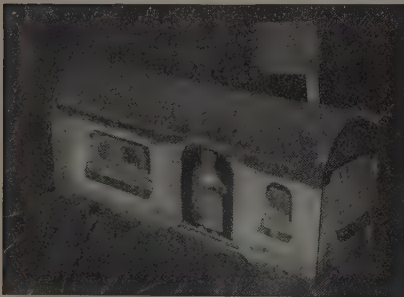
Motorists in the vicinity of Santa Barbara and Montecito in the future may not have their aesthetic sensibilities assaulted by such irritating clusters of mailboxes as these, as the result of the campaign of the Montecito Roadside Committee to improve mailbox design

Beautifying Roadside Mailboxes

BEAUTIFICATION of California highways through the elimination of unsightly billboards and equally irritating mailboxes is being sought by various groups of public-spirited citizens throughout the State. The latest and most novel move in this campaign has been taken by the Montecito Roadside Committee, composed of civic-minded residents of Santa Barbara's engaging suburb. It is directed at the presently atrocious clusters of rural mailboxes that line suburban roads.

Some little time ago, David Gray, Santa Barbara philanthropist, instituted a competition between California artists and woodcarvers for designs for rural mail boxes. Many submitted designs, a group of which are shown here. These were selected from Mr. Gray's collection, which was shown publicly for the first time at Santa Barbara's Hobby Show held during December.

All designs, it will be noted, are based upon the conventional and regulation government mailbox, but what can be achieved in making them delightfully artistic without impairing their utility is amply demonstrated.



THE VERDICT

In which a normally safe and sane driver pays a penalty for his momentary negligence—

By J. Allen Davis

THERE was an air of expectancy in the court room. The jury, behind locked doors, was deliberating. At any moment it might return and announce its verdict in favor of the crippled woman in the wheelchair being reassured by her husband and attorney. Whatever the outcome of the trial and any appeal which might follow, the case would establish a precedent.

It all went back to that misty evening when the little woman attempted to cross the street to mail her letter. About 7:30 that evening Marion Fenn left her home, walked half a block to the intersection, where she knew there was a marked pedestrian crossing, and before stepping from the curb looked to her left and saw only one machine approaching at some distance. Believing that she had time to cross, and that in any event the motorist would slacken speed, she stepped forward between the parallel paint lines marking the crosswalk. When Mrs. Fenn had almost reached the center of the street, having glanced to her right in the meantime and back to the left, she observed that the motorist had not slackened speed but was bearing down directly upon her. In a last desperate effort she jumped forward but was struck by the car and hurled to the pavement.

After many weeks in the hospital, under the best of medical and nursing care, she now faced life with a permanently injured spine. Of course, the driver had been arrested but was later released. This civil action was brought by Mrs. Fenn and her husband, who asked \$50,000 damages.

The successful young business man, Howard Clark, the defendant, realized that he was in a serious predicament. While he carried insurance that would cover him to the extent of \$5,000, any judgment substantially over that amount would sweep away his savings and possibly mean the loss of his business.

Following the accident he had felt extremely sorry for the mishap, expressed his regret to Mr. Fenn and sent flowers to the hospital. He wouldn't intentionally inflict pain and injury on anyone. He felt resentful, however, over what he considered the excessive demand of the plaintiffs. Not until the judge had instructed the jury that the defendant's conduct was negligent as matter of law did he fully appreciate that he might be in the wrong.

Certainly, at the time of the accident, he had been driving in his ordinary manner. Of course, his headlights had not been as bright as when he had new bulbs installed

and adjustments made twelve months previously. Then also, his brake bands had been a trifle loose, which prevented his coming to a full stop at the last moment. He had never been consciously aware of the new rule regarding pedestrian rights in crosswalks, which would probably be the turning point in the case. Driving leisurely along the residence street, at not over twenty miles an hour, other machines had repeatedly passed him. Because of his dim headlights, he did not see the plaintiff until she was well within the street. Becoming aware of her presence, he swerved slightly to the left, sounding the horn and assumed, of course, that the lady would stop and allow him to pass. During the last second, he made desperate efforts to stop, even succeeding in setting the emergency brake. Why hadn't Mrs. Fenn stopped? Why did she try to run in front of his swerving machine? Now he realized that the law took a different view of the situation.

The court had instructed the jury with reference to the speed regulations. Although the jury might believe that Howard Clark was driving only twenty miles an hour in a residence district, nevertheless the 20-mile limit was subject to the controlling qualification of the Vehicle Act, which provides that:



"Automobiles shall be driven at a careful and prudent speed, not greater than is reasonable and proper, having due regard to the traffic, surface and width of the highway, and no person shall drive at such speed as to endanger the life, limb or property of any person."

The court had substantially told the jury that if they were satisfied that his automobile headlights were dim, this constituted negligence. As if this was not enough, the court instructed the jury that the operation of the automobile with defective brakes, practically admitted in the testimony, also constituted negligence. The instruction which made it almost certain that the plaintiff would recover, was the one declaring the pedestrian's right of way in marked crosswalks.

Clark had not previously realized the vital importance of this rule. His attorneys had warned him when the jury went out that he might expect a verdict in any amount against him; that there would be little chance of reversing the case on appeal. The city ordinance recently adopted was quite clear and binding. The provision, as read by the judge, would remain fixed in his memory—

"It shall be unlawful for the operator of any vehicle to drive into any marked crosswalk while there is in such crosswalk upon the half of the roadway upon which such vehicle is traveling, any pedestrian engaged in crossing the roadway until such pedestrian shall have passed beyond the path of said vehicle."

There was no doubt as to the existence of the painted marks across the street at the intersection, although Clark had been unaware of their presence on the night of the accident until he had helped to pick up the limp form lying across one of the paint lines.

The court clerk rapped for order. The judge mounted his bench and the jury filed into the box. The foreman announced that they had reached a verdict. In written form it was submitted to the judge, then handed to the clerk, who read: "We, the jury, find for the plaintiff in the sum of \$20,000."

When judgment was entered against Clark in the sum of \$20,000, he was unable to pay the full amount immediately. His savings, with a loan and mortgage on his home and the liability insurance realized \$15,000, which was paid to the plaintiff. He gave his personal note for the remaining \$5,000 and this was finally paid off three years after the entry of judgment.

"Give me a Quart —OF WATER"

ISN'T it strange how some of the most intriguing ideas come to us on rainy days? It must be our greater caution in skiddy weather that stimulates the mind and sets into motion the more important trains of thought.

"When the rain comes a-pitter-patter," as the song goes, any wide-awake driver will note that something happens to the traction between the tires of his car and terra firma. Whereas formerly the tires gripped they now slip. Merely by stepping on the accelerator the rear wheels can be made to spin around like a crankshaft running in well-oiled bearings.

Every driver has observed this, but how many have put two and two together in a conscious effort to learn what it means? How many have stopped to realize that traction is, in reality, maximum friction, and that if water can cut down traction it can lessen friction? How many can see through the mist to the day when automobiles will be lubricated by water?

Water, water everywhere and not a drop for lubricating purposes. This is the situation. But why?

We are reminded by a tire chain manufacturer that "wet rubber slips." And how true it is! We know that a tire will slip round and round so long as there is power to drive it and plenty of water to lubricate it, and yet we seem appalled at the thought of filling the crankcase with water.

E. M. Williams of Elyria, Ohio, already has distinguished himself by running more than 133,000 miles without oil in his engine. Experiments are being conducted in an effort to produce an oilless metal or material. A leading bearing manufacturer has perfected a ball bearing spring shackle that runs the life of the car on one original oiling. There is a turbine in a power house on the Susquehanna River with rubber bearings. It is lubricated by water.

These are plain statements of fact that cause us to sit up and take notice. Industry is fighting friction, the foe of all mechanism, and there is good reason to believe that it is to be a fight to the finish with industry carrying off the laurels.

Strangely enough the automotive engineers are a bit leary of the idea. Radical as they may be in other lines of research they are plainly dumbfounded at the actual activity in the work of making water the world's natural lubricant. They know that several of the most expensive motor boats

A discussion of water lubrication—what it is, where it is being used and how it may revolutionize the design and manufacture of automobiles—

By Frederick C. Russell

have engines equipped with rubber bearings and lubricated with water. "True enough," they admit, "but—"

"But what?" asks the motorist. "If water can be used as the friction eliminating element in the power plant of a motor boat what is there to prevent its use for the same purpose in an engine that propels a motor car?"

I queried one of the leading automotive engineers in order to ascertain what, if anything, was being done in the automobile industry toward the elimination of grease and oil. "Is there any tough metal that will endure friction?" I asked. "Are rubber spring shackles an indication of the coming of the greaseless car? Is it possible to operate an engine without lubricating oil in a sub-zero atmosphere?"

To this the engineer replied: "I believe you need a consulting magician on this thing." That was not particularly encouraging, but as I read further into his letter I came to see that perhaps it was just the automobile industry that was lagging behind in this particular development—just that part of the industry interested in the development of the complete automobile.

Any motorist who has examined the inside of a popular shock absorber has seen evidence of the beginning of the oil-less car. The inventor of this device devoted many hours of time and spent a small fortune developing the round inserts that keep the brake of the device from being troublesome. Here is a part that must not be lubricated with oil or grease and yet one that must not work so dry as to grab or groan. Action must be positive yet smooth, and so there has been developed this special material for use as the inserts. These lubricate and yet they are not lubrication.

"No lubrication" announces a bearing company of New Britain in touching on some of the high spots of its ball bearing spring shackle. For four years this firm has been quietly devoting part of its energies to the development of a spring connection that would make all care and attention at these points superfluous. One by one the

specialists are offering their contributions to the car that will be free from the annoyance of lubrication.

Twelve points on the conventional car are taken off the lubrication chart by reason of these new shackles. When the shackles are mounted they are packed in grease. And that settles it.

Does this not suggest self-contained roller bearings for transmission cases, differentials and

wheels?

The rubber spring shackle is an excellent example of the latter picture. Many cars already carry this feature and one is certainly justified in hazarding the guess that within a comparatively short period of time rubber will be right into the vital parts of the automobile engine.

Owing to the factor of heat in the internal combustion engine it will be necessary to keep bearings cool. This can be done by using water in place of the conventional lubricant, forcing it to circulate just as oil now travels the labyrinth of pipes and leads through the crankshaft journals and up the connecting rods to the piston pins. In addition to assisting in keeping the rubber bearings cool water serves as an excellent lubricant. "Wet rubber slips," if you will remember the tire chain manufacturer's warning.

Is this something to be hailed as a blessing or as a great misfortune? It is difficult to say with any degree of certainty, for opinions differ widely and there is something to be said on both sides of the question. There can be no question that it is unfortunate that water freezes. Here we are fighting to get away from water cooling only to flirt with water lubricating.

Of course, just as in the case of the water-cooled car, it is a simple matter to add anti-freeze solutions to the water lubricant, but it is not clearly established just how the present varieties of anti-freeze would behave in their new environment and whether they would defeat the purpose of this new type of lubrication by damaging the bearings or other vital parts of the engine. In addition, there is the matter of cost of anti-freeze solutions. Unless the new lubrication methods are dirt cheap most motorists will prefer to patronize good old oil and grease.

To the writer's way of thinking, one of the most significant features of the whole subject is the fact that one of the babbled stern bearings on a Diesel-powered tug has already been replaced with a water-lubri-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33)

The Wells of Santa Rosa

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)

Rosa of the Flat Rocks.

Anza continued his journey to San Gabriel and on to Monterey, returned to Sonora and in 1775 conducted a group of colonists from Mexico to California, again passing *Pozos de Santa Rosa* and utilizing its waters.

General Stephen Kearney and his company of American soldiers who crossed the Colorado Desert in 1846 to aid in the conquest of California followed Anza's trail, but I am unable to find any reference to *Pozos de Santa Rosa* or the rocks for which they were named. Being sub-surface water, the general may have been unaware of the existence of the wells and so occupied with the task in hand as to be oblivious to a mere geological phenomenon.

John T. Hughes, historian of the expedition, thus speaks of the desert voyage:

"They passed the great Colorado of the West below the mouth of the Gila, which was deep and rapid; yet all got over safely and began the march upon the desert which was continued with little intermission three days and nights, when they came to the Carrisa (Carrizo), where they found a supply of water in a canyon of the mountains. Here they enjoyed the advantage of a little repose. Thence they marched over a rugged, rocky road, among hills and mountains, and after four days came to Warner's Rancho, during which they lost many animals and suffered much from hunger and fatigue, being compelled to subsist a part of the time on horse flesh."

The expedition passed in the vicinity about November 26, 1846, but neither the *Pozos de Santa Rosa* nor its peculiar rock garden seem

to have attracted attention or been worthy of comment. The overland stages followed and the Anza trail for half a century more became an important route through the Southwest, yet none seems to have remarked the presence of the strange rocks until the efflorescence of George Wharton James, the confirmed desert nomad and prolific writer on California. In the interim, *Pozos de Santa Rosa de las Lajas*, Anza's euphemistic title for this barren inferno, had acquired by some mysterious fashion the more prosaic name of "Yuha."

In his "*Wonders of the Colorado Desert*," copyrighted in 1906, James says: "On the Yuma and San Diego road after leaving Cameron Lake lies the Yuha plain, the most desolate, forbidding, barren and terrible part of the whole desert. It is largely volcanic, several cone-shaped peaks rising from the blackened plain beneath. It is below sea-level (?) and the rocks of the plain and the bases of the near-by western mountains are washed and eroded in a wonderful manner. A recent writer thus describes them: 'Mingling with the burnt stones and volcanic debris are rocks worn by the waves and shaped into hundreds of fantastic forms. There are many acres of these stone curiosities and certain sections of the fields seem devoted to certain shapes and figures.'"

"For instance, one passes through a region which he at once names the cabbage patch, for it presents the appearance of a field of those vegetables which have turned to stone. The waves have worn the rocks into round boulders about the size of the vegetable which they so much resemble, and have cut into the globes, laminat-

ing them in perfect imitation of the leafy layers of the garden vegetable.

"Another locality is devoted almost exclusively to dinner plates. Thousands of rounded, thin disks are scattered over the plain or are piled scores deep in singular piles, each piece shaped exactly like the crockery which adorns our tables, and quite as thin and symmetrical.

"Another section of this truly wonderful region is given almost wholly to dumb-bells. These vary in size from pieces weighing one or two pounds up to those seemingly calculated for exercising the muscles of a giant, and weighing 30 or 40 pounds. In almost every instance these natural dumb-bells are well balanced, the balls at either end of the connecting piece being of the same size and weight.

"There is, in this plain, an arsenal, also. While guns and swords and bayonets and powder were not to be found, there are thousands of cannon-balls varying in size from two- and three-inch balls to those fit for the big 13-inch guns of modern warfare, and all are of stone. All formed in nature's workshop.

"There are other objects innumerable. There are stone roses, stone lilies, stone tulips, stone leaves, stone birds, stone animals, stone quoits, stone ornaments in varied and unique designs, stone canes—in fact, an immense variety of things initiated in stone on the plain of Yuha.

"In the direction of Carrizo Creek, in one portion of Yuha, rise two hills or small mountains. One might mistake them, in the distance, for ancient craters, but when he approaches the eminences, he discovers them to be monuments to an ancient life—the records of species

now extinct. They are shell mountains; great beds of prehistoric bivalves which were left stranded when that ancient sea swept back from the region and left a dry and desolate land.

"One of these mountains, the larger one, is composed wholly of large rough shells, much larger but less elongated than the shells of the modern oyster, which, in some respects, they so much resemble as to lead to the suspicion that they are the remains of ancestors of our much prized bivalve.

"The lesser hill is composed of tiny shells of a prehistoric type of brachiopoda. Like the larger shells, they are found, except on the surface, in an undisturbed state, both valves of nearly every shell being found in position. Although the mollusk dwellers of these shells vanished several centuries ago, so perfect are the shells one almost expects, when he opens the valves of the shells, to find the living creature within."

Save for one or two minor errors, this is an excellent description of the region. The rocks of Santa Rosa were formed, of course, by accretion, as we have seen, that is, by building up rather than by erosion. I likewise question whether much if any of the Yuha plain is below sea-level. It varies, I should say, from a few feet to as much as several hundred feet above. But—this is being captious.

Travel upon the Yuha plain is inadvisable in the summer time, but during the fall and winter months it may be essayed by any motorist accustomed to driving over typical desert roads. It is redolent with historical and scientific interest for those who are seeking the old that is yet new and different.

The Motorist

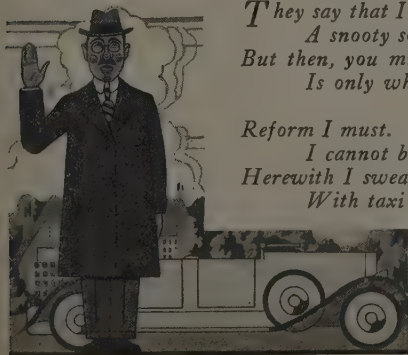
*A sinful driver I have been,
No better than the worst.
For my own habit—cutting in—
The, other chap I've cursed.*

*So I resolve to down this fault,
Forgiving smiles to wear.
At lawful stops I'll always halt,
But at truck drivers swear.*

The Chauffeur

*They say that I am too high hat,
A snooty sort of bird.
But then, you must consider, that
Is only what I've heard.*

*Reform I must. In sight of men
I cannot be a snob.
Herewith I swear I'll not again
With taxi gents hob-nob.*



RESOLUTIONS AUTOMOTIVE

By Chester Newton Hess

The Taxi Driver

*My life is one long traffic jam,
An intersection crush.
I never know quite where I am,
Or whither I will rush.*

*So don't blame me if from today
I'm out to get the dough.
Not me for just a chauffeur's pay—
I'd never sink so low!*

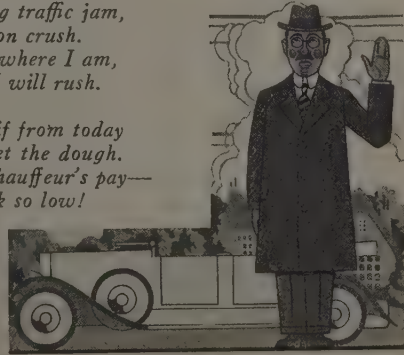
All

*Although apart in these our vows,
United pledge we give:
To fight the law that now allows
Pedestrians to live.*

The Truck Driver

*I guess I've been a reckless guy,
A hog for right o' way.
My aim was just for gettin' by
With murder every day.*

*Though I repent, I know that I
Am guilty, just the same.
But here's my humble alibi—
The motorist's to blame!*



The Filibustering 'Fifties

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

and herds of the local Mexican ranchers, rousing them to such a fury that they assembled under a bandit-leader named Melendez and roughly handled the filibusters in a fierce conflict at La Grulla. Walker was in a tight fix, and he heartily welcomed the arrival at Enseñada of Watkins and 100 noble liberators who had left San Francisco on December 7, 1853, aboard the brig *Anita*.

San Francisco thrilled at the grandiloquent news of the "Battle of La Grulla," and moneyed men advanced funds to further this noble crusade. "Californians to the rescue!" was the battle-cry in the city's every saloon. "Revenge for La Grulla!" "Hang Melendez!" "Mexican tyranny must be overthrown!" Such were the stirring slogans in its streets. Recruits bent on glory plus plunder, flocked to Walker's headquarters in San Francisco amid the beating of drums, shrieking of fifes and martial music of bugles.

Several hundred more liberators left for this new field of glory and booty and soon joined Walker, thanks to his advertisements in the *Alta California* of January, 1854, and the speeches in Sonoma and other California towns. Divers Angeleños also hastened to cross the border at San Diego and join Walker at Enseñada; and police and criminal courts throughout California rejoiced at their departure. Altogether, about 500 filibusters joined Walker, who was issuing decrees at the rate of four a day. One of these proclaimed religious liberty, another, "The Republic of Sonora," which was composed of the two States of Lower California and Sonora, in honor of which a new flag, with two stars on it, was hoisted and saluted.

Walker drilled his men, but mutiny was rife in the ranks of his discontented adventurers, who had only beef and a little corn to live on and were constantly harassed by Melendez' guerrillas. Fifty of the California adventurers deserted in a body, and marched north to Los Angeles. This so enraged Walker that he court-martialed and shot some others who deserted, which only added to the desire of most of the rest to make a quick get-away from this foolhardy adventure. When Walker now marched around the head of the Gulf of California and arrived at the Colorado River, after a terrible journey, most of his ragged, exhausted filibusters deserted him, and went across the border to Fort Yuma.

Walker had but thirty-five men left, and he saw the end of the invasion of Sonora. He therefore marched back to Lower California, only to find that the garrison of twenty-five men that he had left at San Vicente had been massacred by Melendez. The ragged and starving remnant marched to a point near San Diego, drove off Melendez by a furious charge, and surrendered to the U. S. military commander at San Diego, in Feb-



Forthcoming

A Calendar of Future Events

- JANUARY 1—New Year's Day Regatta, under auspices Coronado Country Club, Coronado, Cal.
- JANUARY 2—Tournament of Roses, "States and Nations in Flowers," Pasadena, Cal. East-West football game, Stanford vs. Pittsburg, Rose Bowl.
- JANUARY 2-31—Eleventh International Salon of Photography, Los Angeles County Museum, Exposition Park, L. A. Under auspices Camera Pictorialists of Los Angeles.
- JANUARY 3—Joint meeting of the Nature Club of Southern California and Southern California Academy of Sciences, Los Angeles Public Library, 7:30 p. m.
- JANUARY 6-8—Annual \$10,000 Open Golf Tournament, Wilshire Country Club, L. A.
- JANUARY 7-14—National Automobile Show, under auspices National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, Grand Central Palace, New York City.
- JANUARY 8—Public lecture, "My Wilderness Neighbors," Floyd W. Schmoce, naturalist, Mount Rainier National Park, at Southwest Museum, 3 p. m.
- JANUARY 9—"Earthquakes," a lecture by Dr. Oscar Lowell Triggs, Los Angeles Public Library, 8 p. m.
- JANUARY 15—Public lecture, "International Education," Dr. Alfred E. Longeuil, U. of C. at Los Angeles, at Southwest Museum, 3 p. m.
- JANUARY 16—Public lecture, "Domestic Architecture in Southern California," A. C. Weatherhead, U. S. C., Los Angeles Public Library, 8 p. m.
- JANUARY 17—Nature Club public lecture, "Autochromes of Selected Wildflowers of Southern California and Their Habitat," Ernest Williams, Camera Pictorialists of Los Angeles, at Los Angeles Public Library, 7:30 p. m.
- JANUARY 22—Public lecture, "Pre-historic Peru," Dr. A. L. Kroeber, University of California, at Southwest Museum, 3 p. m.
- JANUARY 29—Public lecture, Edward D. Lyman, president of the Southwest Museum, at the museum, 3 p. m.
- JANUARY 30—Last day to secure 1928 automobile licenses without penalty. Available at Club headquarters and thirty-two branch offices.
- FEBRUARY 4-11—Los Angeles International Horse Show, L. A.
- FEBRUARY 11-18—Second Automobile Salon, promoted by The Automobile Salon, Inc., Biltmore Hotel, L. A.
- FEBRUARY 16-26—Annual National Orange Show, Orange Show Building, San Bernardino, Cal.
- FEBRUARY 22—Washington's Birthday Regatta, under auspices San Diego and Southwest Yacht Clubs, San Diego.
- MARCH 7-11—Western Road and Equipment Exposition, Central Manufacturing District, L. A. Sponsored by Western Construction Equipment Distributors.
- MARCH 10-17—San Diego Auto Show, San Diego.
- MARCH 16-21—San Diego Industrial Week, under auspices San Diego Chamber of Commerce, San Diego.
- APRIL 20—San Diego Flower Show, San Diego.
- MAY 26—San Diego Industrial Pageant, under auspices San Diego Chamber of Commerce, San Diego.



ruary, 1854. Most of these gaunt adventurers came to Los Angeles, but their leaders were sent to San Francisco and placed on trial, only to be acquitted by a jury, in eight minutes, which shows how California felt about filibustering in the '50s.

California was mortified at Walker's fiasco, and showered him with ridicule, but when Count Raousset returned to San Francisco he was hailed as a hero by the Californians, who lionized him as the victor of Hermosillo. Raousset again went to Mexico City, and came to an agreement with Santa Anna, then dictator of Mexico. However, this resulted in a row between the two men. Santa Anna tried to seize Raousset, and the count escaped to the seashore by riding day and night. Santa Anna declared

him an outlaw, but Raousset got safely back to San Francisco and at once organized another expedition with the aid of the Mexican Consul Del Valle, who had just been authorized to raise a French colony to protect the Sonora frontier against both Apaches and the threat of Walker's invasion.

Del Valle had gone to the French consul at San Francisco, who had then called in Raousset, and between the three of them a truce was declared and a French expedition speedily organized. The British ship *Challenge* was chartered to carry it to Guaymas. However, our government opposed the founding of a French colony on our frontier and Del Valle was indicted for violating the neutrality laws. This so dismayed the French recruits that only 300 of them

sailed on the *Challenge* for Guaymas, with orders from Raousset not to start anything until he reached there.

Del Valle was tried and convicted, and this discouraged the enlisting of additional French recruits that Raousset had remained behind to secure. The French consul now was arrested and ordered to trial. This so alarmed him, lest Raousset be called as a witness, that he hurried the latter off secretly, the night of May 23, 1854, on the ten-ton schooner *La Belle*, with a few companions, some gunpowder and 250 carbines. Raousset had a stormy voyage, and his little craft ran aground on a reef off Santa Margarita Island, on the Lower California coast, where he had to live on shell-fish for ten days. Eventually *La Belle* was saved, and Raousset finally reached Guaymas, where his arrival created the greatest excitement and led General Yanez to gather all his forces to meet the menace.

Raousset had intended to seize Guaymas, entrench himself there, and use it as his base, but he found that his officers were loathe to turn over authority to him and their men only sulked when he tried to rouse them to seize the city. Raousset vainly tried to seduce Yanez from his allegiance to Santa Anna; but the latter dissembled, and went on gathering his forces until he felt strong enough to defy an ultimatum, which brought matters to a crisis.

The French filibusters now either must fight or give way. Raousset made them a stirring speech. "Vive la France," cried his followers, and advanced to the hopeless battle with Yanez' strongly-posted troops. Raousset fought like a lion, but the French wilted under the storm of musketry and cannon and presently they retreated and fled to the French consulate, where they surrendered under a promise of amnesty. However, the French vice-consul betrayed Raousset to Yanez, who had him shot on the beach at Guaymas on August 12, 1854, despite the earnest intercession of the U. S. Consul. Raousset died like a hero, before the firing-squad, after bravely exhorting it to do its duty and aim at his heart, and with him ended the filibustering adventures of the French then in California.

About 200 of them drifted north into Los Angeles in 1854, where they made themselves useful at various occupations and were welcomed by the Angeleños as a courteous and agreeable addition to local society.

Meanwhile Walker's reputation as a first-class filibuster spread to Nicaragua, whose two chief cities, Leon and Granada, were engaging in a bloody revolution. The Leonese were defeated, so they bargained with sundry Californians for armed aid, and made a contract with one of them to supply men and arms to this end. The Leonese heard of Walker and a deal was made with him to assume the contract. On May 3, 1855, he and sixty chosen comrades shipped out

of the Golden Gate aboard the *Vesta*, bound for Nicaragua. Many other California recruits in this desperate enterprise later sailed thither on the Panama steamers, posing as east-bound passengers.

Walker's adventures in Nicaragua fill a good-sized book, but suffice it to say here that, thanks to the splendid prowess of his Californians (a number of whom were well-known Angelenos) he and the Leonese completely conquered Nicaragua. In appreciation his grateful allies made him their general-in-chief. Not content with this, he soon usurped the presidential chair and ruled Nicaragua with a strong hand, backed by the bayonets of his Californians many of whom perished in these and later battles in that red-hot revolutionary center. Now in full power, Walker made many mistakes; quarreled with Vanderbilt, who cut off his supplies of men and munitions; and finally enraged the Nicaraguans so that they rose against him in 1857 and drove him out, greatly to the surprise of the United States, among whose people he was now a prime favorite and a great American hero.

Meanwhile another ambitious adventurer appeared in California, in the person of one Zerman, well known in Mexico as a Mexican admiral. He claimed to have a commission from some high Mexican Federal official appointing him governor of Lower California, a job then held by irascible old General Blancarte, who ruled his Mexicans with a rawhide, laid on hard and often, and obstinately refused to give up his job to Zerman or any one else. Zerman therefore now appealed to all California liberators now out of a job to help him overthrow this tyrant. Some hundred irresponsible Californians nobly responded.

Loading these precious patriots aboard the brig *Archibald Gracie*, Zerman sailed from San Francisco in October, 1855, and presently arrived at La Paz, where he landed and presented to frowning old General Blancarte his commission duly adorned with the Great Seal of Mexico. Blancarte only snorted, called a guard of his ragged ruffians, and had them pitch Zerman into the local calaboose. He forced

Zerman to write an order to his California filibusters to land without their arms, and assemble in front of the cuartel general. The wondering Californians obeyed this order; whereupon old Blancarte at once had them seized and thrown into the calaboose to keep their commander company.

Finally, these crest-fallen "champions of liberty" were shipped across the Gulf of California to San Blas, whence they were marched afoot to Mexico City, each carrying over his shoulder a heavy iron chain that was fastened to his ankle. They were put in prison at Mexico City and were treated kindly enough, and when the government had time to inquire what all the hullabaloo was about, they were set at liberty.

The next California filibustering expedition was that headed by Henry A. Crabb, a lawyer and a very prominent man who had served two terms in the State Legislature. He had his attention turned to Sonora by the relatives of his wife, the former Señorita Ainsa, whose family had been eminent there and had owned large estates in Sonora, until they were confiscated in one of the many revolutions of that turbulent province.

In 1856 he lead to Sonora, by way of Los Angeles, a colonization company of some fifty adventurous Californians, who thought they could benefit themselves there. In Sonora, Crabb met one of the big local bosses, one Señor P., whose rival was the governor, and against whom he now sought armed aid from Crabb, promising in return to facilitate Sonora's annexation to the United States.

An agreement soon was reached by the two men, in pursuance of which Crabb hastened back to California and organized the "American Colonization Company," in which about one hundred Californians enlisted. Some of them were prominent citizens, seven being or having been in the State Legislature, while others were miners. They graded fairly high as honest Americans, albeit they were an adventurous bunch. Nearly all of them were mounted and all were armed to the teeth, with rifle, pistol and dagger.

The main body of them marched

south to Los Angeles, and paraded its streets, until Crabb came down by steamer to San Pedro, on January 24, 1857, and joined his comrades here. Obtaining supplies, more horses, and some recruits from the Texans of El Monte, Crabb's expedition marched to Yuma, where he rested his men, and drilled them until March.

To deceive Mexico and the rest of the world, Crabb had announced that he was going to found a settlement in our new Gadsden Purchase, but after leaving Los Angeles, he and his officers exposed the real filibustering nature of this venture. A number of the men objected to this, and now came back to Los Angeles and took the steamer back to Northern California, as they said they had been deceived and had no taste for such a venture.

However, Crabb marched on into Sonora in March, and came to Sonoita, where he learned that his Sonoran ally, Señor P., had come to an agreement with his rival, Gandara, and that both were now out in strong force to oppose his further progress. Señor P. was afraid lest Crabb should betray his treachery to Mexico, so he planned to do away with him and his men. When Crabb announced his intention of proceeding with his enterprise, P. issued a blood-and-thunder proclamation calling on Sonora to rise, with the motto, "Death to the filibusters!"

Crabb knew little or nothing of this intent of his former ally. On April 1, 1857, while approaching Sonora, his little band of Californians was attacked on all sides by some 2000 Mexicans. Crabb rushed the town, posted his men in the adobe houses and for three days fought a desperate battle for life. At last his men were at the end of their ammunition, were without water and the roofs overhead were on fire. Crabb therefore surrendered under promise of a fair trial. Once they were disarmed and in the enemy's power, they were executed post haste. A detachment left behind also was massacred. Thus came to a terrible end the last Californian expedition into the tragic State of Sonora. A 15-year-old boy, Charley Evans, alone was spared and he presently trudged

wearily back to Los Angeles with this gruesome tale.

This cruel and crimson lesson cured Californians of the desire to invade countries with whom we were at peace and when Walker came here in 1859 to get recruits for a new attempt on Nicaragua he was given the cold shoulder. He went to New Orleans, and presently invaded Honduras, where he met with disaster, and surrendered to the captain of a British man-of-war, who broke faith by turning him over to the Honduran authorities, by whom he was summarily executed.

California thenceforth was free from filibusters until our peace was disturbed by General Vega of Mexico, who had been a Mexican agent in San Francisco in 1864, and there bought supplies for the Mexicans during their war against the French armies in Mexico. At that time, some Californians had joined the Mexicans, and some French in California had joined Maximilian's forces; but all that was now over, thanks to the intervention of the United States.

However in May of 1870, General Vega turned buccaneer himself by hiring and sending out a steamer with an armed crew to Guaymas, which was plundered of \$150,000 in goods and coin, together with some arms. This war-steamer now ran short of coal, and when the U.S. consul refused to sell this steamer the coal-pile stored at this port for use of U. S. warships, Vega stole the coal and made off with it. A warship started pursuit and pressed so hard that the crew of the raiding vessel ran it ashore. A boarding-party of blue-jackets promptly attacked and burnt the freebooter.

That was about the end of California's colorful chapter on filibustering, unless one excepts the crazy venture of Solo to Honduras, in the '80s, which showed that the California filibustering spirit was not yet dead. Nowadays, our Californians who feel a secret inclination for liberty seem to take it out in smashing speed records on land, sea and air; for the spirit of adventure is eternal in all spirited peoples.

"Give Me a Quart---of Water"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

cated rubber bearing. The Diesel engine operates on low grades of fuel that are nearer lubricating oil than gasoline, and yet this is one of the first engines to part company with the oil-lubricated bearing.

Clearly there are some revolutionary changes in the wind, developments that will affect the oil, rubber, metal and automobile industries in a variety of ways. Few persons realize just how much rubber is now being used for bearings, how much metal is getting along without any lubricant at all, and what the independent inventors and engineers are doing in their own small way to further the simplicity and reliability of the automobile.

The bearing I have mentioned in connection with the Diesel-powered

tug showed no signs of wear after ten months' operation. A point in favor of rubber for bearing purposes is that the coefficient of friction of steel on wet rubber is less than on an oiled babbitt surface.

"But will rubber carry the load which is imposed upon the conventional bearing?" the motorist may ask.

Experiments demonstrate that it will carry loads up to 375 pounds per square inch. And as for high speed efficiency it is capable of handling the situation up to 5000 revolutions per minute. An automobile engine that turns from 3000 to 4000 "r.p.m.'s" is still considered a high-speed type.

We are coming dangerously close to rubber bearings in car engines.

Rubber engine mountings are becoming commonplace and they are naturally suggesting further uses of rubber as a means of reducing vibration. Rubber bearings are said to take care of this admirably and also to encourage a sort of self-alignment. The very nature of rubber renders it freely adjustable to conditions.

And here is another interesting point that may revolutionize the automobile engine—a water-lubricated rubber bearing is impervious to sand and grit. Such hard foreign matter will not cut the bearing nor will it cut the shaft for the reason that it simply imbeds itself into the rubber. Later it works out at a time when it can do no damage.

Picture what this means, now that we have become so fussy over our engine lubricants, now that we strain and filter them and take such care to purchase only the best grades.

These new rubber bearings are known as "cutless bearings." The designation implies that they will stand for a great deal of abuse. It is rather easy to understand that a substance with such elastic properties will yield to shock and that as a result of this it saves itself much wear and tear. This is pointed out as the chief economy of this new development.

When Williams of Elyria, Ohio, drove his oil-less engine car into New York City recently, many per-

sons began to have a little more respect for water. They witnessed him driving for several miles through traffic that makes many an engine boil over, and they came to learn that for the past four years he has been running his 1919 model on nothing more lubricative than plain water. It was a revelation to many of them.

And yet what is so surprising about it? Williams uses a special alloy in the cylinders as well as in the various reciprocating parts. He claims that the material can be used in existing motor cars merely by making the necessary installation. No grease or graphite of any kind is used in the Williams engine or the metal which he has concocted, yet it remains reasonably cool with nothing but water to "lubricate" it.

Despite these actual demonstrations of the feasibility of water lubrication, or no lubrication at all, automotive engineers fight shy of the idea. Naturally they are judg-

ing the situation in terms of the average car owner who is the bread and butter of the automobile industry. One of the leading engineers concedes, however, that rubber is quite successful as a bearing material in marine practice.

Another laboratory expert says that if oil were not required on the cylinder bore and wrist pin where the temperature is altogether too high for rubber, there might be some possibility of this material being used for crankshaft bearings in automobile engines. "I would imagine," he explains, "that such bearings would have to be very large to carry the loads without too much deflection. It would be well to remember that the crankshaft bearings get quite hot sometimes, almost to the melting point of the better-classed babbitts."

It is conceded that rubber bushings might be quite satisfactory for water pumps. Lubrication always has been a problem with such pumps for the reason that it is

largely a matter of trying to mix hard grease with water. The heating problem is by no means as serious at a pump as it is in the cylinders.

A careful survey of the whole situation rather suggests that we are on a fair way to combatting friction inexpensively, but that there are many serious problems to be solved. We have seen piston metal progress from heavy cast iron through to aluminum alloys. We have seen platinum disappear from distributors and molybdenum step into the role which steel and iron have played so notably. We are witnessing the constant inroads which rubber is making on metal, and we are learning to finish metals to a point where the friction factor is far less of a problem. Unless the world of research deviates from its present course it should not be long before there will be many oil-less bearings, of both plain and ball types.

But it will be a problem. That,

however, is merely inspiration to the American experimenter. The harder the problem the more he loves to conquer it. And difficult problems are becoming easier all the time.

One of the most encouraging signs is the finer finishing of wearing surfaces. There was a time when cylinder walls were actually rough, but we learned to study them through the microscope and we found that what appeared to be smooth metal was hardly more than a surface of sandpaper. That introduced honing and lapping and other valuable finishing processes. Today it is quite feasible that we may produce cylinders so smooth that pistons will slide up and down them with so little friction that the spraying of water from the crankcase will serve to keep them cool.

Then water-lubricating will come in for serious consideration unless air-cooling conquers the land as it has the air. But that is another story.

Your Club's Activities

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

not at all. The wonder is not that so many motorists were incarcerated or fined, but that so few are vegetating in institutions for the feeble-minded.

No, the time isn't so far distant. It was just previous to the development of the Uniform Traffic Ordinance by the Automobile Club of Southern California. No boon of greater benefit has yet been bestowed upon the motorist. Many California cities are adopting it. In the future, not far away, the Legal Department of the Club believes, it will be universal. When that day comes, a most prepossessing handicap to Mr. Average Motorist will have been removed.

The Legal Department of the Club in drafting the Uniform Traffic Ordinance and pressing its merits before various municipalities sought first to be of service to Club members. In the accomplishment of its objective, it consciously aided every operator of a motor vehicle, member and non-member alike. Need more proof of its altruism and the truth of its expressive title,

"The Friend to All Motorists Since 1900," be furnished.

Where to "Out"

THROUGH the co-operation of the Club's Outing Bureau, Map Department, thirty-three branch offices, and various civic and public agencies, full information on the outing possibilities of Southern California has been amassed and will be made available shortly in the form of a new outing map of this region.

The map will present in detail hunting locations, fishing streams and lakes, picnic grounds, camp sites, swimming plunges, beaches, fishing barges, trolling boats, piers, gun clubs, hiking and pack trails and, in fact, all information necessary to the planning of an outing of a day or three months.

A Decrease in Thefts

DESPITE the influx of yeggs, banditti and thieves who migrate to Southern California at this season when bleak days make opera-

tion unprofitable and uncomfortable elsewhere, the Theft Bureau of the Club announces the cheerful tidings that November witnessed fewer automobile thefts in this region than during any previous month of the year. But thirty-two insured automobiles were stolen during that period and thirty of these were recovered. The lowest number of thefts of insured cars previously for any month of 1927 was forty-five.

The total recoveries effected by the Theft Bureau for the month amounted to fifty-two cars, thirty-six of these belonging to non-members.

The Winter Flight

WISE birds fly south for the winter; wise motorists fly west. The 1927 winter flight is on at an accelerated pace, the Forwarding Department of the Club announces. This service is an invaluable one for the motorist who desires to transport himself via Pullman to some distant objective but who wants his automobile when he gets

there. The department groups motor car shipments for common points—eastward or westward bound, via land or water—securing quantity rates for the individual shipper, which results in a measurable economy for him, and relieves him from the petty detail incident to arranging shipment and handling of the car upon arrival at its destination.

Some notion of the magnitude of the flight may be gained from the report of the department for the month of October, which shows that a total of twenty-two carloads of automobiles were handled for sixty-nine motorists, fifty-six of these being members of the organization, and thirteen being visiting motorists to whom the Club extends this service gratuitously.

The origin of westbound shipments is interesting. Of these twenty-two carloads, eight came from Chicago, five from New York, two from Denver, two from Detroit and one each from Pittsburgh, Des Moines, St. Louis, Cleveland and Minneapolis.

When It's Jump for Your Life

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

room directly in front of him and below the waist line, and the lap pack was designed with this fact in mind. Aviators consider the back pack as dangerous for observers and gunners when the pack is exposed to the slipstream of the propeller, as there is great possibility of the observer being dragged from the airplane.

Military and naval aviators have developed during recent months a system of parachute tactics which they believe will become as important to the individual flier as actual combat tactics. Under these 'chutes they seek safety from disaster. Not the least of these is being shot down by an enemy aviator while dangling beneath the silken 'chute.

After collapsing the 'chute an in-

dividual flier may drop away from even the fastest airplane. No gunner can train his weapon accurately on a dropping rock, and by pulling in certain shroud lines a jumper may fall like a plummet.

Naval aviators say the daring of Atherton and Dodson demonstrates the efficacy of a system of dropping fair sized combat forces behind enemy lines from aerial armadas. Such forces would include thousands of men all dropping full force several thousand feet, then releasing their 'chutes again near the ground for a safe landing, to be followed by a consummation of their missions on the earth.

To withstand the furious force to which a 'chute is subjected when a jumper suddenly releases it after

having fallen several hundred feet, the army and navy have developed parachutes designed to meet any jumping emergency. Hundreds of tests have been made and in no case where the parachute has been properly prepared has it failed.

Any civilian may use these 'chutes without prior instruction. All he need do is jump and pull the ring at the proper time. To provide this simplicity, the government laid down the following rules:

It must be possible for the aviator to leave the airplane when it is in any position.

The operating means must not depend upon the aviator falling from the airplane.

The parachute equipment must

be fastened to the body of the aviator at all times while in the airplane.

The operating means must not be complicated or liable to foul and must not be susceptible to damage through any ordinary service conditions.

The parachute must be of such a size and be so disposed as to give the maximum comfort to the wearer and permit him to leave the airplane with the least difficulty or delay.

The parachute must open promptly and must be capable of withstanding the shock incurred by 200 pounds falling at a speed of 400 miles per hour.

The parachute must be steerable

to a satisfactory degree.

The harness must be comfortable and very strong. It must also be sufficiently adjustable to fit the largest and smallest person.

The strength "follow through" must be uniform from the harness to the top of the parachute.

The harness must transfer the shock of opening in such manner as to prevent physical injury to the aviator.

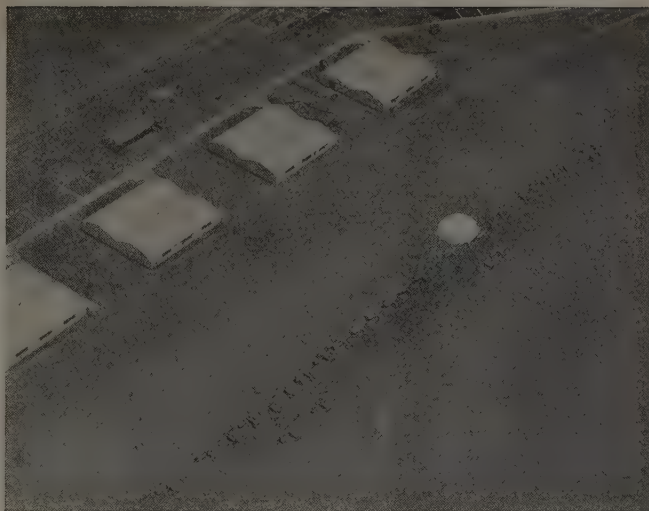
It should be possible for the aviator to get out of the harness, if necessary, during the descent, to prevent being dragged by the wind or when landing in water.

The parachute should be as simple as possible in construction and require the minimum of labor for repacking and servicing.

How should the civilian conduct himself in case of a forced jump?

"After jumping," says an experienced aviator, "one of the first things to do is to look up as soon as the 'chute opens to see whether the shroud lines are twisted. If they are they should be promptly untwisted.

"Parachutes are strong enough to remain whole at any speed at which they may be used provided deterioration has been prevented. In the army and navy 'chutes are inspected and repacked regularly, thus



This photograph shows a naval parachute jumper apparently about to land in the midst of a fleet of airplanes on North Island, San Diego. In reality, he is 2000 feet above the ground and will land several hundred feet from the ships

guarding against the appearance of any defects.

"When 'slipping' parachutes to move horizontally for any purpose, it should be remembered that little

progress can be made into the wind. For instance, if you are coming down over the middle of a river you should slip with the wind rather than against it.

"One who undertakes frequent flying always should use the same parachute, for in such a case he will take a personal interest in its care. Those who fly only occasionally will be accommodated by any 'chute properly inspected, for an adjustment to any person may be made hurriedly.

"Some fliers have proposed that harness and parachute be made detachable from each other. This idea has been worked on but no satisfactory solution has been found.

"Given proper care a 'chute's certainty of operation is 100 per cent. The importance of maintaining a 'chute in the best possible condition cannot be overemphasized, as a slow or non-functioning parachute may be worse than none at all. After one has jumped from an airplane it is too late to make corrections in the pack and chances are that jumper never again will need another 'chute.

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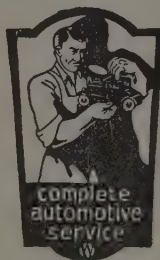
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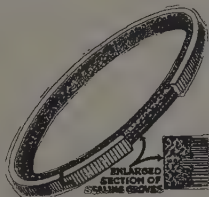
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'chutes I realize each time I fold one into its container that a life is at stake. It is important that reliable personnel have charge of all parachutes, both marine and civilian, for one slip spells death.

"From a few experiments by dropping a dummy from the rear seat of an airplane while in a tail spin, it was found that by releasing the dummy from the cockpit on the inside of the spin it took a course midway between the wing and tail, well clear of the airplane and was found to be 50 to 100 feet above the plane on its next turn in the spin.

"When jumping one should be careful not to pull the ring which releases the 'chute before being well clear of all obstructions. Should conditions permit, the simpler, safer and less sensational method is to climb out on a wing, pull the ring and allow the 'chute to open and drag you from the plane.

"From that point to the ground one should be very busy watching the drift, the probable landing place and the swing. If necessary, one can slide the parachute by pulling the shroud lines down about three feet on the side toward which you wish to slip. The jumper should feel no fear if the parachute is pushed nearly in the center, as it will open immediately by releasing the cords.

"Sometimes a jumper swings under his 'chute like a clock pendulum. He may stop this, however, by pulling down on the shroud lines on the rear of the swing, the same as in an ordinary child's swing. To avoid swinging on or off a building or tree, a pull on the shroud lines in the direction in which the jumper wishes to swing will bring safety here.

"The jumper should face the direction of the drift in landing and should avoid twisting around as the landing is made. He should land with his legs slightly bent to absorb the shock, and should not endeavor to stand up. The landing will be easier if he sinks in a loose position and rolls, if necessary, and in a high wind he should unstrap the breast strap, take his arms out of the shoulder strap and unfasten the leg straps while descending in order to be free of the harness on landing. This will prevent the 'chute dragging him on the ground."

The best parachute lesson one can learn is to wait until the plane has been cleared before pulling the ring to release the chute, but to PULL without hesitating when the proper time arrives. The ability of some people to pull the cord has been questioned by some older fliers, but it seems impossible any jumper ever would forget that detail. Man grabs instinctively when falling, the ring is the most available part of his harness and his very life depends on jerking it from the socket over the left hip.

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Alone, they are inadequate. Their use and application must be of the same distinctive high order.

Therefore, have your car refinished the better way — *The Thompson Way*, the way that has, since Duco's inception, established *Thompson's* as a standard of comparison.



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Body and Fender Repairing, Lacquering, Painting, Trimming, Seat Covers

Wrecked Cars Our Specialty
1220 So. Hope St., Los Angeles

Where There Are No Speed Limits

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

a traffic control conducted with painstaking detail.

We were more willing than ever to pass over the requisite number of paper liras and receive a receipt in return, which fortunately we retained else we would have had difficulty in leaving the autostrada at the far end of our memorable ride. We were headed straight for the Italian lake country which, incidentally, came nearer winning my heart away from southern California than any other place in the world that I have ever visited.

We had proceeded only a few miles on what we at once realized was an unusual highway when, with the roar of a wide open muffler that made one think of Barney Oldfield, DePalma and half a dozen other racers all in one, a big Fiat shot past us at terrific speed. I thanked my lucky stars that the road was wide and with a gasp turned to watch the vehicle thunder into invisibility as suddenly as it had appeared. Instinctively I looked both ways for a traffic officer. But the coast was clear. And before I knew it another car that seemed more like a rubber-tired cannonball than a motor vehicle went past like a streak. Almost the same instant we were overtaken from the rear by a third speed demon—every last man of 'em out to make the Twentieth Century Limited look like thirty cen-

times. The last one was a Lancia and the one before that a big German car, the name of which I could not make out.

"Well, dearie," I remarked to Mrs. Ford, "this evidently is no place for loiterers." And so for once in our lives we too opened 'er up and gave the little old motor everything we had in the way of "benzina," meaning the best Italian gasoline. It was hard to realize but at last, after having traveled nearly half way round the world, we were on a public highway where the sky is the limit so far as speed is concerned.

Ten or fifteen miles of unlimited speed was enough for us both. I preferred to slow down and study the conditions that made this veritable speedway so safe. They were not far to seek. Protecting either side of the splendid road, except in a few stretches far from habitations, were strong fences to keep out intruders. But more important still we soon discovered that there were no crossroads. Every intersecting highway, save those I shall mention in a moment, went either under or over the autostrada. And what magnificent examples of concrete construction these bridges and viaducts were. They are a credit to Italian highway engineering!

Another feature was the utter absence of corners and sharp curves.

For the most part the road was perfectly straight, but in one or two instances on this forty-mile section, there were slight curves, but these were so gradual as to offer no interference with the highest speed. We had not progressed far before we noticed signs such as "Legnano," which indicated the presence of a "way station" a mile or more farther on. These stations were located at highway intersections (not crossings), and each such auxiliary highway was shut off from the main thoroughfare by a heavy gate. No cars were permitted to enter the autostrada from these side roads without being admitted by the gatekeeper, who also exacted a nominal toll.

Just as American motorists have found that villages at frequent intervals on a through highway slow down traffic, so these Italian road builders have come to realize and circumvent that problem. Accordingly this super-highway skirts all intermediate villages. In some respects it makes travel less interesting, but for the commuter, or native motorist often making the run, this through arrangement is infinitely to be preferred to a road which at any moment may be blocked with a slow moving ox-cart or a donkey hauling a mountain of straw.

The Italians I found are tremendously enthusiastic about this type of road which they have developed.

Some matters of policy are yet to be determined by the State, which has shown remarkable progressiveness in the construction of these roads. One such issue has to do with converting old roads into super-highways, or constructing new roads from the ground up. It would seem that in most cases the latter policy will have to obtain, as it has in the two and a half years during which these autostrada have been in operation.

How far this type of highway will eventually extend is difficult to forecast. Definite plans are already under way for extending the road to Venice, a distance of about 200 miles from Milan. An even more pretentious proposal which has received serious international consideration is to run the autostrada northward through Switzerland and Germany to Hamburg, a distance of over 700 miles.

From the standpoint of patronage the roads have been a great success. The number of cars using the autostrada during the first few months of its history (late in 1925) was 500 per day. In 1926 the average patronage had increased to 1000 cars per day, and in 1927 it appeared that the daily patronage would again be doubled. All of this indicates that the tolls will be sufficient to take care of the roads' finances.

Quaker State Super refined

THE WORD "EASTERN" DESCRIBES ANY OIL.

—do not be indefinite in describing your oil as "Eastern." When you buy oil for your motor ask for Quaker State. It is refined exclusively from Pennsylvania Crude—the highest grade crude oil in the world. It will give you perfect lubrication.

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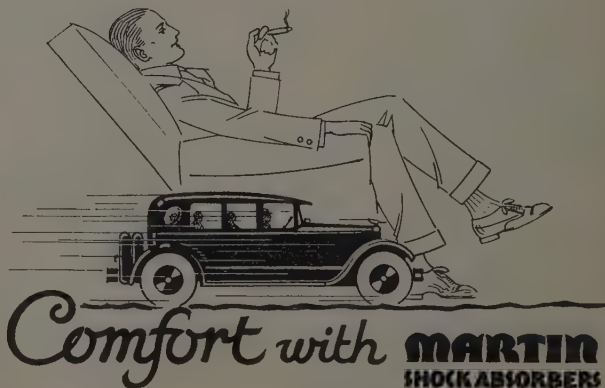
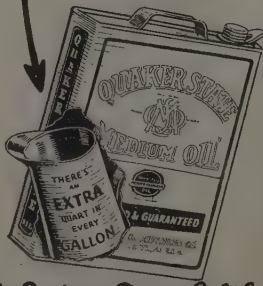
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Quaker State Medium 35c

Quaker State Heavy - 40c

Quaker State Oil Refining Co. of Calif.
654 East Sixtieth St. - 1140 Seventeenth St.
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The entire family will appreciate the installation of Martin Shock Absorbers on the car, because all can share in the greater riding comfort throughout thousands of joyous miles. All roads are alike to the Martin-equipped car, because it is really two shock absorbers in one. One action smooths out small jolts and waves in the road, while the other action smoothes the real chuck holes and bumps. Guaranteed for the life of your car.

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NO ONE KNOWS!

*—just how many automobile accidents there are
each year in the United States!*

IF you don't want to come any closer than, say, a hundred thousand or so, this estimate might give you some idea—

The National Conference on Street and Highway Safety estimated that in 1926 there were 23,000 people killed or fatally injured in motor vehicle accidents, and 700,000 people hurt.

In a good many accidents more than one person is hurt. Entirely aside from the regrettable loss of life or personal injury, there are numerous accidents which are never included in casualty figures, because the only injury is to someone's pocketbook.

Allow yourself ample margin and still you will appreciate that there were more than 1,000,000 occasions last year when some one was mighty glad that he did, or mighty sorry that he did not have one or more of the following insurance policies—

Collision and Upset *** *Property Damage, (including resultant loss of use)* *** *Public Liability, (injuries to others and death)* ***
Personal Accident, (death and disability and injuries to yourself.)

OTHER essential protection which your policies should cover are:

Fire, Lightning and Transportation; Theft, Robbery and Pilferage *** *Theft Extra Equipment* *** *Earthquake, Windstorm, etc.* *** *Automobile Plate Glass* *** *Chauffeurs' Compensation.*

DEPARTMENTS OF INSURANCE
Automobile Club of Southern California

FIGUEROA AT ADAMS, LOS ANGELES ** TELEPHONE BEACON 8600

Coast Salmon Crop

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)

bia River district for the 1925 spring season yielded 2605 tierces. A "tierce" of mild cured salmon contains 825 pounds of fish. The housekeepers of the world thus utilized 2,149,125 pounds of cured salmon from this area from the spring catch of 1925.

By some remarkable provision of nature, the salmon yield of the Pacific Coast does not decrease. On the contrary, it would seem to increase.

There is still another method of marketing the salmon. This is in the form of frozen fish. For this purpose the more plebeian steelhead is utilized. During the season of which we speak, 1,100,000 pounds of steelhead were purchased to be frozen at local freezing plants in the Columbia district.

The habitant fisherman profits first. His investment is inconsequential in dollars and cents. It requires approximately from \$1000 to \$2500 for a fisherman to get into the game with his own gear and equipment. When he decides to rent equipment and gear, he pays from 25 per cent to one-third of his season's catch.

The seasons come and the seasons go, but every season in the salmon fishing business brings with it its own peculiar and sometimes spectacular method of hauling the fish from the deep. This, too, is due to various causes. Weather conditions, one of the outstanding causes, is more or less responsible for the annual change in the method of luring the salmon from their lairs at the bottom of the deep. Rains, winds, high water, low water, all tend to create their own peculiar demands in this regard. Three methods, however, predominate. That is to say, certain conditions demand the use of the seine. Again, the fish may be trapped, whereas, on the other hand, the "gill net" is often resorted to. The 1925 spring season was pre-eminently a "gill net" season. The seine and traps predominated in the operations of 1924. More or less seining was resorted to during the 1927 season.

With the trend of modern science and machinery, Mr. Salmonpacker finds himself not so much at the mercy of the vagaries of the salmon as formerly. For most of the packing-houses of today have been equipped with machinery that, on short order, may be utilized for the canning of fruits, berries and vegetables. With certain specific ma-

chinery for closing the cans of varying sizes, the trek of the salmon into spawning beds other than those of the Columbia district will not paralyze the plants, for the packer in this territory is thus enabled to utilize his plant for other commodities. At the same time this arrangement likewise eliminates the

necessity of closing his plant during the "closed" season of the salmon industry, and enables him to retain his entire working forces throughout the year without loss. Out of such forethought in modern science and American ingenuity has American industry grown with world-startling strides.

The problem of heating the furnaces of the salmon canneries is solved through the forest resources of the State, although some of

the canneries are now using oil. Oregon abounds in large tracts of virgin forests of fir, and the wood of this tree is said to be the greatest of heat producing woods.

It is asserted that the former productive natural channels of the salmon within Puget Sound inlets in the State of Washington and the Fraser River region of British Columbia have fallen off very materially. In some instances certain of the species of these more northern waters have become almost extinct due to the unscrupulous onslaught of man. Alaskan waters during the spring season of 1925 showed some reduction in the percentage of the salmon run. However, the immense territory covered by his operations safeguards the Alaskan packer.

After nightfall, myriad lights gleaming from the fishing smacks that follow the salmon into their Alaskan haunts, twinkle heroically against the gray fog bank that rises like an earthbound wraith out of the depths of the glacial waters. Hundreds of these little vessels rock between the waves, wrapt in eerie silence, save for the lapping and the overlapping of the waters against their sturdy sides. Silent men sit at their helms, men accustomed to the age-old silence of their primeval environs. Faces bronzed and chiseled into stoic and profound strength by the elements of the Northland. Noiselessly they glide, to and fro, dropping a line here, drawing another there. The occasional tinkle of a bell. Otherwise all is quiet. Silence prevails. Silence primeval. And the industry of the salmon fisherman proceeds, far from the haunts of man.



A common enemy of the salmon, following it upstream to the fresh water spawning beds, is the shark. This baby shark was caught by the author in the north arm of Burrans Inlet, British Columbia

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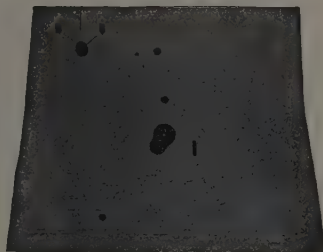
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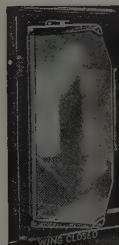
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OUR 15-COAT HIGH GLOSS GENUINE DUPONT DUCO FINISH APPLIED BY SPECIAL PROCESS WILL BRING YOUR CAR BACK TO THAT NEW CAR APPEARANCE, GUARANTEED FOR THE LIFE OF THE CAR NOT TO CRACK, CHECK, FADE OR LOSE ITS BEAUTIFUL LUSTRE.

THOSE WHOM WE COULD NOT TAKE IN DURING DECEMBER PLEASE COME IN AT ONCE AND MAKE YOUR RESERVATION. TIME REQUIRED FOR COMPLETE REFINISH: OPEN CARS, 4 DAYS; CLOSED CARS, 6 DAYS.

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(Duco Headquarters) Los Angeles, Calif.

Without obligation furnish me with cost of a 15-coat

Glossy Duco finish on my.....

(Name of car)

Name

Address

Routes and Rules for the Highway Patrol



THE HIGHWAY PATROL SERVICE CARS are not subject to call—they patrol daily the main thoroughfares of Southern California and service is rendered to Club members in distress on the highways when encountered.

¶ Mechanical first aid available for members consists of the following:

¶ Emergency repairs to a car disabled on the highways when it is possible to start same within a reasonable length of time. Patrolmen will not go into garages, private or public, to render service.

¶ Towing a disabled car (without dollies) free of charge to the nearest Official Garage, preferably on the particular route in the direction the patrol car is traveling, if it cannot be started on the road.

¶ In the event that the disabled car must be floated on dollies, patrolmen will arrange with the Club's nearest Official Emergency Road Service Station to tow same without expense to the member. (Refer to regulations printed elsewhere herein for Emergency Road Service.)

¶ Changing spare tires from rack to rim when car is operated by a woman driver unaccompanied by male companion. This service will not be rendered a man physically fit.

¶ Gasoline and oil will be carried by patrol cars and sold without profit to members.

¶ Patrol cars will not be permitted to deviate from their designated routes.

¶ Only competent mechanics, qualified to render mechanical aid, are employed on these cars.

¶ Medical first aid to injured persons consists of applying splints and bandages, and arranging for removal of injured persons from the scene of accident to the nearest hospital. Complete medical kits for emergency use are part of the equipment of each car. The patrol drivers have all undergone special training in Medical First Aid Work.

¶ Members are requested not to tip patrolmen for services rendered. Members are kindly requested to show their Club membership card when service is rendered, and to sign service report.

Where the Patrol Cars Operate

Patrol Car No. 72

This car patrols the highway between El Centro and San Diego daily—and covers the important roads in the Imperial Valley.

Saugus and Santa Paula to Ventura, returning to Los Angeles via Moorpark and Santa Susana Pass.

Patrol Car No. 64

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the route via Glendale, San Fernando,

Patrol Car No. 71

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. via Alvarado Street and Glendale Blvd. to Glendale; Verdugo Canyon to La Canada, Flint-

ridge, Devil's Gate Dam, thence to Pasadena and via Colorado Street to the San Gabriel Blvd., thence south to Downey, Norwalk. Buena Park and Garden Grove into Santa Ana; thence to Balboa and north over the Coast Highway through Huntington Beach. Seal Beach and Long Beach to Los Angeles, returning to Los Angeles via Wilmington and the Harbor Blvd.

Patrol Car No. 63

Leaves Visalia daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Inland Route south via Tulare and Delano to Bakersfield, retraces to Delano, then patrols the highway via Ducor, Porterville, Lindsay and Exeter to Visalia.

Patrol Cars Nos. 61 & 69

These two cars patrol the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. One car leaves Los Angeles and the second leaves San Diego daily at 8 a.m.

Patrol Car No. 73

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Valley Blvd. through El Monte, Puente, Pomona and Ontario to Riverside, then to Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, returning to Los Angeles via Foothill Blvd. and Pasadena.

Patrol Car No. 68

This car patrols the Highway between Los Angeles and Bakersfield—(off each Monday).

Patrol Car No. 70

Leaves San Luis Obispo daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Coast Highway north through Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel to the Monterey County line. Retraces to San Luis Obispo, then patrols south to Santa Maria and returns to San Luis Obispo.

Patrol Car No. 66

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the highway via South Figueroa Street, Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park and Long Beach Blvd. to Long Beach; thence to San Pedro, Wilmington and Redondo; returning to Los Angeles via Western Avenue, thence to Venice via West Adams Street, Washington Blvd. and Culver City, thence to Santa Monica, returning to Club Headquarters via Wilshire Blvd., Vermont Avenue and West Adams Street.

Patrol Car No. 67

This car operates on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Maria—(off each Monday).

OFFICIAL CAR FORWARDERS



The following forwarders have been carefully selected and have agreed to receive and distribute automobiles shipped from the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to them and to receive automobiles for shipment in consolidated consignment to the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN

advised to communicate with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA or the appropriate forwarder.

Alabama

MOBILE
Walker Storage Warehouse Co.,
926 Conti Street.

Arizona

PHOENIX
Automobile Club of Arizona,
217 East Adams Street.

TUCSON
Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Co.

California

LOS ANGELES
Automobile Club of So. California,
Adams and Figueroa Sts.

Colorado

DENVER
Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.,
1700 15th St., (and Denver Motor
Club, 1448 Tremont St., for infor-
mation only).

Florida

JACKSONVILLE
Laney & Delcher Storage Co., Inc.,
657 East Bay Street.

MIAMI
John E. Withers' Transfer & Stor-
age Co.,
1000-1012 N. East First Avenue.

Hawaii, T. H.

HONOLULU
Honolulu Automobile Club

Illinois

CHICAGO
Currier Lee Warehouse Co.,
427 West Erie Street.

PEORIA
Federal Warehouse Co.

Iowa

CEDAR RAPIDS
Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.

DAVENPORT
Ewert & Richter Exp. & Storage Co.

DES MOINES
Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.

FORT DODGE
Brady Transfer & Storage Co.,
Central at Sixteenth Sts.

SIoux CITY
Dougherty Storage & Van Co.,
409 Douglas Street.

WATERLOO
Iowa Warehouse Co.

Additional forwarders are being constantly added.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS
Indiana Terminal Warehouse Co.,
230 So. Pennsylvania St.

Kansas

WICHITA
Bryan Transfer & Storage Co.

Kentucky

LOUISVILLE
O. K. Storage & Transfer Co.,
801 West Main Street.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS
Importers' Bonded Warehouse Co.,
340 Bienville Street.

Massachusetts

BOSTON
Quincy Market Cold Storage Ware-
house Co.,
178 Atlantic Avenue.

Michigan

DETROIT
Michigan Terminal Warehouse Co.,
Brandt Ave. and Wyoming Road.

Minnesota

DULUTH
Duluth Van & Storage Co.
MINNEAPOLIS
Great Northern Warehouse Co.,
714 Washington Ave., North.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY
Southwest Warehouse Corporation,
Nineteenth and Campbell Streets.

ST. LOUIS
Automobile Club of Missouri,
4228 Lindell Boulevard.

Nebraska

OMAHA
Terminal Warehouse Co.,
702 South Tenth Street.

New York

BUFFALO
Larkin Co., Inc.,
680 Seneca Avenue.

NEW YORK CITY
Tooker Storage & Forwarding Co.,
281 Eleventh Avenue.

SYRACUSE
Great Northern Warehouse, Inc.,
350-360 West Fayette Street.

Ohio

AKRON
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

CINCINNATI
E. J. Robben, 954 West Fifth St. (and
Cincinnati Automobile Club, 8th
and Race Sts., for information
only).

CLEVELAND
Interstate Terminal Warehouse, Inc.,
1200 West Ninth Street.

COLUMBUS
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA CITY
O. K. Transfer & Storage Co.

TULSA
Tulsa Transfer & Storage Co.

Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA
Union Shipping & Forwarding Co.,
356 Drexel Bldg. (and Keystone
Automobile Club, 250 S. Broad
St., Keystone-Shubert Bldg., for
information only).

PITTSBURGH
Keystone Storage & Warehouse Co.,
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Texas

DALLAS
Dallas Transfer & Terminal Ware-
house Co.

EL PASO
El Paso Fireproof Storage Co.

FT. WORTH
Binyon O'Keefe Fireproof Storage Co.,
Eighth and Calhoun.

HOUSTON
Westheimer Transfer Co.

SAN ANTONIO
Scobey Fireproof Warehouse Co.
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Utah

SALT LAKE CITY
Jennings Cornwall Warehouse Co.,
337 West Second South St.

Washington

SEATTLE
Automobile Club of Washington,
1109 Pine Street.

OFFICIAL

The Hotels listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices. Members are advised



HOTELS

to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show cards. (A) American Plan. (E) European Plan.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LOS ANGELES			
Alexandria Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Cecil	(E)	2.50	1.50
Chelsea Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 4.00	
Coliseum Hotel	(E)	All Rooms with Bath	2.00 to 3.00
Hotel Figueroa	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
Olympic Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel Rosslyn	(E)	All Rooms with Bath	2.50 up
Hotel St. Paul	(E)	Single 3.00 up	Double 4.00 up
(All Rooms with Bath and Shower)			
Hotel Savoy	(E)		
Outside Room with Bath, 1 person		\$3.00	
Outside Room with Bath, 2 persons		\$4 to \$5	
Stillwell Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50
Hotel Stowell	(E)	2.00	
(Fireproof)		All Rooms with Bath	Cafe in connection
Ambassador	(E)	Outside room with bath 1 person	\$5.00 up
Hotel Trinity	(E)	2.50 & 3.00	1.50
Hotel Virginia	(E)	2.50 up	
Van Nuys Hotel	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	1.50 to 2.50
HOLLYWOOD			
Hotel Christie	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Gilbert	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	
Hollywood Plaza Hotel	(E)	Free Garage in connection	3.00 up
Village Inn	(E)	2.00 to 4.00 per day	
(All rooms with bath)			
(All rooms with bath)			Free Brick Garage
PASADENA			
Hotel Constance	(E)	3.00—5.00	
(All rooms with bath)			
MT. WILSON			
Mt. Wilson Hotel	(E)	4.00	1.50 up
(A)		7.50	5.00 up
GLENDAL			
Hotel Brand	(E)	1.50	1.00
SANTA MONICA			
Hotel Windermere	(A)	7.50	6.00
(E)		4.50 up	3.00 up

Inland Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

BAKERSFIELD			
Hotel El Tejon	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Euclid	(E)	2.00	1.00 up
Hotel Moronet	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Tegeler Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
Hotel Biltford	(E)	2.00 up	1.25 up
Hotel Willis	(E)	1.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
DELANO			
Hotel Kern	(E)	2.50	1.50
LEBEC			
Hotel Lebec	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00
(Elev. 3850 ft.)			
LINDSAY			
Hotel Lindsay	(E)	1.75 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50
PORTERVILLE			
Hotel Porterville	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
Free garage in connection			
SAN FERNANDO			
Porter Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
TAFT			
Savoy Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.75 to 2.50 up
Hotel Fox	(E)	2.50	1.75

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
TULARE			
Fox Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.75
Tulare Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK			
Giant Forest Lodge	(A)	8.50	6.00 to 6.50
2 persons		15.00	10.00 to 11.00
(Opens May 15th, 1928)			
VISALIA			
Hotel Johnson	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.75 to 2.00
Coast Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco			

ATASCADERO			
New Atascadero Inn	(A)	6.00 up	
(E)		2.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
BUELLTON			
Buell Tavern	(A)	3.50 per day up	
(E)		1.50 per day up	
LOMPOC			
Hotel Arthur	(E)	1.00 to 2.00	
LOS ALAMOS			
Hotel Los Alamos	(E)	3.00	2.00
LOS OLIVOS			
Mattie's Tavern	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up
OJAI			
El Roblar Hotel	(A)	6.00 per day up	
Foothills Hotel	(A)	7.00 to 10.00	
Pierpont Cottages	(A)	6.50 up	
PASO ROBLES			
Hotel Taylor	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel	(A)	6.50 up	5.00 up
(E)		2.50 up	1.50 up
PISMO			
Hotel Butler	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Olsen	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN LUIS OBISPO			
Anderson Hotel	(E)	2.50 per day up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Hotel Andrews	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Blackstone	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
The Motel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Free private garages in connection			
SANTA BARBARA			
The Samarkand	(A)	12.00 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Hotel Barbara	(E)	3.00 to 6.00	2.00 to 4.00
Hotel Californian	(E)	2.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Carrillo Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Upham Hotel	(E)	3.00	2.00
(A)		4.00	2.50
(E)		5.00	4.00
(A)		6.00	4.50
(E)		2.50	1.50 to 2.00
Hotel Virginia	(E)	2.50	
SANTA MARIA			
Santa Maria Inn	(A)	7.00 to 8.00	
Hotel Massy	(E)	1.75 to 2.00	
Hotel Bradley	(E)	2.50 up	1.25 to 1.50
Grill in connection			
Hotel California	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 up
SANTA PAULA			
Glen Tavern	(A)	4.00 to 6.00	
(E)		3.00	2.00
VENTURA			
Hotel Baldwin	(E)	2.50	1.50 and 2.00
Hotel Fosnaugh	(E)	2.50	
(All rooms with bath)			

Los Angeles—San Diego, Coast Route

DEL MAR			
Hotel Del Mar	(A)	7.00 up	6.00 up
FULLERTON			
California Hotel		2 to 2.50	1.50 to 2
LA JOLLA			
Hotel Cabrillo	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Casa De Manana	(A)	10.00 up	

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
OCEANSIDE			
Hotel Keisker	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
ORANGE			
Sunshine Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA ANA			
St. Ann's Inn	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	2.00
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO			
Hotel Capistrano	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
SAN DIEGO			
Albany Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
El Cortez Hotel	(E)	6.00 to 8.00	
U. S. Grant Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	
Hotel Churchill	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	
(E)		3.00 to 4.00	
Hotel Knickerbocker	(E)	1.50 to 3.00 per day	
(E)		3.50 to 8	2 to 3.50
Hotel Sanford	(A)	4.50 up	3.00 up
(E)		2.50 up	1.00 up
Hotel St. James	(E)	2.00 to 6.00	
San Diego Hotel	(E)	1.00 to 3.00 per day	
Maryland Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	1.50 up
(All rooms with Private Toilet and Lavatory)			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	
(All rooms with bath)			
Admiral Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
King George Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up
CORONADO			
Hotel Del Coronado	(A)	10.00 up	8.00 up

Los Angeles—San Diego, Inland Route

GLEN IVY			
Glen Ivy Mineral Hot Springs	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
Free garage in connection			
ONTARIO			
Ontario Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.50 to 3.00
Casa Blanca Hotel	(E)	2.50	2.00
RIVERSIDE			
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
HEMET			
Palomar Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50
VISTA			
Vista Inn	(A)	6.00	5.00
(E)		3.00	2.00

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

CLAREMONT			
Ye Claremont Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
(E)		3.00 up	2.00 up
FONTANA			
Fontana Farms Inn	(A)		5.00 up
GLENN RANCH, CAL.			
Glenn Ranch Resort		2.50 up	1.50 up
Housekeeping			1.50 up
Camping			.50 up
MONROVIA			
Leven Oaks Hotel	(A)	5.50 to 7.50	4.50 to 5.50
SAN ANTONIO CANYON			
Camp Baldy	(B)		1.50 up
SAN BERNARDINO			
Antlers Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
San Bernardino Mountain Resorts			
(Rim of the World)			
LAKE ARROWHEAD			
Lake Arrowhead Lodge			Closed for Season
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Pine Knot Lodge			(Closed for Season)

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Big Bear Lake Tavern		Closed for Season	
Highlander Hotel	(A)	6.50	6.00
Knight's Camp	(A)	7.00 up	
	(E)	1.50 to 5.00	

SAN BERNARDINO P. O.

Pinecrest Mountain Resort Hotel	(A)	7.00	5.00 up
		Housekeeping 5.00 up	

National Old Trails*(East of San Bernardino)*

AMBOY			
Amboy Hotel	(E)	1.50 up	Cottages 2.00 up

BARSTOW			
Hotel Melrose and Annex	(E)	2.50	1.50 up

KINGMAN, ARIZ.			
Hotel Beale Commercial Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 to 2.00
	(E)	2.00	1 to 1.50

LUDLOW			
Hotel Oasis	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up

NEEDLES			
Gateway Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SOCORRO, N. M.			
Hotel Val Verde	(A)	2.50 up	1.50 up
	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up

VICTORVILLE			
Hotel Stewart	(E)	2.50	1.00 up
Hotel Smith	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

BRIDGEPORT			
Bridgeport Hotel	(E)	1.50	
	(A)	4.50	

BISHOP			
Kittie Lee Inn	(A)	6.50	5.50

INDEPENDENCE			
Winnemamah Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50

LANCASTER			
Lancaster Inn	(E)	2.00	1.50

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LONE PINE			
Dow Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
MOJAVE			
Hotel Alton	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley*(Salton Sea Route)
Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix.*

BANNING			
San Geronio Inn	(A)	6 to 7.50	5 to 6.00
	(E)	3 to 4.00	2 to 2.50

BEAUMONT			
Hotel Mary May	(E)	2 to 2.50	1.50

BRAWLEY			
Planters Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Dunlack	(E)	2.50 up	
		(Air cooled and fireproof)	

COLTON			
Anderson Hotel	(A)	5.00	3.50
	(E)	2.00	1.50

INDIO			
Hotel Indio	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
The La Quinta	(A)	15.00	
		All Rooms with Bath (Closed for Season)	

PALM SPRINGS			
Desert Inn	(A)	10.00 up	

RIVERSIDE			
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up

REDLANDS			
Casa Loma Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50
	(A)	4.50 up	4.00 up

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway
(Borderland Route)

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
San Diego—El Paso and Points East.			
THE WILLOWS, SAN DIEGO CO.			
The Willows	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up

CALEXICO			
Hotel Reeder	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

DESCANSO			
Hulbard Grove Inn	(A)	4.25 up	3.25 up

PINE VALLEY, SAN DIEGO CO.			
Pine Valley Cabin	(A)	6.00 up	5.50
	(E)	4.00 up	3.00

(All modern conveniences)

Housekeeping Cottages.

EL CENTRO			
Hotel Barbara Worth	(E)	2.50 to 5	2 to 3.50

Hotel Casa Rey and Annex			
	(E)	1.50 to 2.00 per day	Without Bath

JACUMBA HOT SPRINGS			
Hotel Vaughn	(E)	3.00	2.50
		2.50	2.00

YUMA, ARIZ.			
Hotel Del Ming	(E)	3.50 up	2.00 up

San Jacinto Mountain Resorts			
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IDYLLWILD			
Idyllwild Inn	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 up

Miscellaneous Hotels and Resorts			
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TEHACHAPI			
Juanita Hotel	(E)	1.50 per day up	

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS			
Alexander Young Hotel	(E)	3.50 up	2.50 up

RAMONA			
Kenilworth Inn	(A)	3 to 3.50	



SAN FERNANDO ROAD, GLENDALE, CALIF.

San Fernando Road in Glendale**Wide—Smooth—Safe**

Paved with portland cement concrete—8 to 9 inches thick.

Smooth-Riding Always—

strong enough to withstand a crushing force of 3000 to 5000 pounds per square inch—the only pavement that combines these qualities.

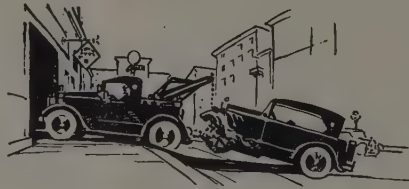
PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION548 South Spring Street
LOS ANGELES

Concrete for Permanence

Official Garages and State-wide Emergency Road Service

for Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Automobile Association

The Garages listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices.



Members are advised to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show their cards

How to Obtain Free Emergency Road Service

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Southern California
are designated by star and phone number

WHEN your car is disabled on the highway outside of Los Angeles, call the nearest official Emergency Road Service Station—listed here and in each issue of TOURING TOPICS. When your car is disabled in Los Angeles city, call Club headquarters, BEacon 8600. Always open. Zone limits heretofore prevailing have been removed and the Club offers emergency service when members call the nearest Emergency Station.

Give your name, address, membership card number, make of car, license number, location, and nature of trouble.

The mechanics on arrival will either start your car in 30 minutes mechanical labor or tow car to the Official Garage. (Elsewhere at your expense.)

This is an emergency service for members whose cars are disabled on the highways. Calls cannot be answered to start cars in garages.

Be sure to carry your membership card. No free service will be extended to persons who fail to carry paid-up membership cards.

The service will be extended to owners of commercial cars only when drivers thereof can produce a Club membership card

at the time service is requested. This service does not apply to trucks.

This service is for emergencies when disabled while actually on the road, and does not apply on mechanical or repair work at garages, nor include supplies or parts.

Tire service—changing spare tires from rack to rim—will be extended when car is operated by a woman unaccompanied by male companion, or a man physically unable to change tires.

Carry the current issue of the Club magazine, TOURING TOPICS, containing list of appointed garages in your car.

The Club's Emergency Road Service, as above outlined, applies only to the territory embraced by the thirteen Southern Counties of California. As a member of our organization, however, you are entitled to Emergency Road Service in Central and Northern California through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association (Northern Club) in accordance with rules and regulations established by them for their own members.

Members cannot be reimbursed for services secured from garages not under contract with the Club as Emergency Road Service Stations.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NOTE: This list is complete to date of publication. A revised list will be published monthly in Touring Topics. Carry the latest list in your car so it may always be available.)

Los Angeles

*A-1 Auto Sheet Metal Works, 3701 Moneta Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Advance Automobile Works, 991-999 West Washington St.
Arrow Garage, 1016 W. Vernon Ave.
Auto Centre Garage, 746 South Hope Street
Bernard & Johnson Garage, 1317 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Drive Garage, 439 Beverly Drive, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Biltmore Garage, 525 West 5th St.
Blue Ribbon Garage, 4500 South Main St.
Bozzani Motor Car Co., Cor. Sunset Blvd. and Broadway

Buick Garage, 1000 West Washington St.
Burlington Garage, 517 South Burlington St.
Carlton Garage, 5533 South Western Ave.
Clark-Wall Garage, 634 Wall St.
Clinton L. Clark Garage, 2219 West Pico St.
Choppinger Garage, 708 Merchant St.
The Detrick Garage, 545 Maple Ave.
De Luxe Garage, 534 South Union Ave.
Eddy's Fireproof Garage, 816 So. Grand Ave.
Ellsworth Cadillac Service, 1105 West Pico St.
Fifth Street Garage, 221 East 5th St.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

- *Gagen's Motor Service, 222 North Vermont, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Gold Arrow Auto Works, 2714 South Figueroa St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Grand-Adams Garage, 2325 S. Grand Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Harris-Davenport Super Service Station, 1000 So. Western Ave.
- *Hotel Clark Garage, 4th and Olive Sts.
- *H. & S. Garage, 2415 South Vermont Ave.
- *Herdina Garage, 12518 South Main St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Jack McArley's Garage, 4421 South Western Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Kreutzer Garage, 1801 South Hope St.
- *Loy's Garage, 3412 West Pico St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *L. A. Motor Service Garage, 2524 South Hill St.
- *Lincoln Park Garage, 3319 Mission Road, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Larchmont Garage, 241-243 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Manhattan Wheeler Garage, 606 S. Manhattan Place
- *Master Service Co. 811 So. Whittier St.
- *The May Co.'s Patrons Garage, 9th & Hill Streets
- *Montclair Garage, 4321 W. Adams, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Mt. Washington Garage, 4127 Pasadena Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Ready-Go Service Garage, 2701 South Figueroa St.
- *Reliable Mechanical Works, 320 Venice Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Schuler Auto Service Garage, 4708 W. Washington St.
- *Schuler Co. Garage, 3241 South Figueroa St.
- *Security Garage, 430 South Los Angeles St.
- *Snyder's Garage, 2459 Brooklyn Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Sonoma Motor Sales Co., 636 Maple Ave.
- *Southwest Auto Works Garage, 4274 S. Broadway.
- *Speer-Dodge Works, 1827 South Hope St.
- *Stewart's Garage, 4917 Whittier Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *260 So. Vermont Super Service Station, 260 South Vermont Ave.
- *Washington Park Garage, 18th and Grand Ave.
- *Welcome Garage, 329 Glendale Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Western Avenue Garage, 226 South Western Ave.
- *White Garage, 808 South Olive St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Wittner Garage, 528 Columbia Avenue
- *Woodward Garage, Pico and Alvarado Sts., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Wilmont Garage, 3144 Wilshire Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *Wolfe & Allen Super Service Station, 7726 S. Vermont Ave.
- *CARPINTERIA—Rincon Garage, Phone: 20-W
- *CAYUCOS—Cayucos Garage, Phone: Cayucos Garage.
- *CHATS WORTH—Alamo Garage, Phone: Owenmouth 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)
- *ENCINO—Encino Garage, Phone: Van Nuys 428-J
- *FILLMORE—John Opsahl Garage, Phone: 42 or 15
- *HOLLYWOOD—East Hollywood Garage, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *HOLLYWOOD—Classic Garage, 1262 No. Western Ave.
- *HOLLYWOOD—A-I Garage.
- *HOLLYWOOD—Mission Garage, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *HOLLYWOOD—Standard Motor Service, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *HOLLYWOOD—Fred R. Winnett Garage.
- *LOMPOC—Ruffner & Ruffner Garage, Phone: 74 (Day) 41-R or 169-W (Night)
- *LOMPOC—Ocean Avenue Garage.
- *LOS ALAMOS—Los Alamos Garage, Phone: 37
- *LOS ALAMOS—T. & T. Garage, Phone: 27
- *MOORPARK—Mission Garage, Phone: 20
- *NORTH HOLLYWOOD—Huffaker Garage, Phone: Lankershim 290
- *OJAI—City Garage, Phone: 4
- *ORCUTT—Orcutt Garage, Phone: 593-J-2
- *OXNARD—Slagle's Garage, Phone: 73 or 285
- *OXNARD—Buick Garage.
- *PASO ROBLES—Pioneer Garage, Phone: 247
- *PISMO BEACH—Pismo Garage & Mach. Shop, Phone: 6-W
- *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Berkmeyer Garage, Phone: 3
- *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Studebaker Service Garage, Phone: 601
- *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Kamm's San Luis Garage, Phone: 162
- *SANTA BARBARA—Arlington Garage
- *SANTA BARBARA—Huff's Garage, Phone: 701
- *SANTA BARBARA—Johnson's Garage, Phone: 3054
- *SANTA BARBARA—Carrillo Hotel Garage, Phone: 3900
- *SANTA MARIA—California Garage, Phone: 490
- *SANTA MARIA—Automotive Garage, Phone: 3
- *SANTA MARIA—Santa Maria Garage
- *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage, Phone: 233
- *SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage, Phone: 85
- *SATICOY—Satcoy Garage, Phone: 41
- *VAN NUYS—J. R. Wardlaw Super Service Station, Phone: Van Nuys 150
- *VENTURA—Neiderhauser Garage, Phone: 620-W
- *VENTURA—Ventura Garage, Phone: 1142
- *VENTURA—Reid's Garage, Phone: 176 (Day) 642 (Night)
- *VENTURA—Union Garage.

Los Angeles—San Diego Coast Route

- *ANAHEIM—Frahm's Garage, Phone: 799 (Day) 703-R (Night)
- *CORONADO—Guarantee Garage, Phone: Coronado 518
- *CORONADO—Pioneer Garage, Phone: Coronado 56
- *CORONADO—Woodward's Hotel Del Coronado Garage
- *CARLSBAD—Standard Garage, Phone: 12-J-12
- *CYPRESS—Cypress Garage, Phone: Anaheim 8711-R-4 (Day) 941-W (Night)
- *DEL MAR—Hotel Del Mar Garage, Phone: De Mar 88
- *DOWNEY—Fullerton's Garage, Mach. Shop, Phone: Downey 432 60
- *FULLERTON—Lillian Yaeger Garage, Phone: Fullerton 115 or 114
- *LAGUNA BEACH—Coast Garage, Phone: Laguna Beach 52
- *LA HABRA—Missouri Garage, Phone: La Habra 8-176
- *LA JOLLA—Pacific Garage, Phone: La Jolla 768
- *MONTEBELLO—B. & H. Garage, Phone: Montebello 345
- *NATIONAL CITY—Tutwiler's Garage, Phone: National 528 (Day) Randolph 3922 (Night)
- *NORWALK—Central Garage, Phone: 5582 (Day) 15361 (Night)
- *OCEANSIDE—Bo ulvard Garage, Phone: 27-J
- *OCEANSIDE—Oceanside Garage, Phone: 42
- *ORANGE—Acme Garage & Machine Shop, Phone: Orange 80
- *SAN DIEGO—Savoy Garage.
- *SAN DIEGO—Sixth Street Garage.
- *SAN DIEGO—Adair's Garage.
- *SAN DIEGO—Elite Garage.
- *SAN DIEGO—Dupree's Garage.
- *SAN DIEGO—Hi-Ho Garage.
- *SAN DIEGO—Mission Garage, Phone: Main 5101
- *SAN DIEGO—Price Motor Car Co.
- *SAN DIEGO—White Front Garage, Phone: Hillcrest 2562
- *SAN DIEGO—San Diego Garage.
- *SAN DIEGO—Crescent Garage.
- *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage, Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
- *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Congdon Motor Car Co., Phone: 131
- *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—White Garage, Phone: 41
- *SANTA ANA—Grand Central Garage, Phone: 2457
- *SOLANO BEACH—Cochran & Weiss Garage, Phone: Del Mar 93-J
- *TUSTIN—Tustin Garage, Phone: Tustin 11-J (Day) Tustin 155-R or 155-M (Night)
- *WHITTIER—J. W. Cox Motor Sales Co.
- *WHITTIER—Ternquist & Olson, Phone: Whittier 423-249
- *WHITTIER—L. G. Rienderknecht Garage.
- *YORBA LINDA—Liberty Garage, Phone: Placentia 8705-R-1

Los Angeles—San Diego Inland Route

- *BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage, Phone: Covina 64853
- *EL MONTE—Commercial Garage, Phone: 216
- *EL SINORE—Graham & Graham Garage, Phone: 72 (Day) 162 (Night)
- *ESCONDIDO—Escondido Garage, Phone: 406 and 157
- *ESCONDIDO—Central Garage.
- *ESCONDIDO—Guarantee Garage, Phone 68
- *FALLBROOK—Fallbrook Garage, Phone: Fallbrook 11-W
- *ONTARIO—Dietz & Graves Garage, Phone: 818 (Day) 1052 or 749-J (Night)
- *ONTARIO—Cochran & Nichols O. K. Garage, Phone: 197
- *ONTARIO—McGrady Bros. Garage.
- *PERRIS—Perris Garage, Phone: 213 (Day) 92 (Night)
- *POMONA—Opera Garage
- *POMONA—Elbery Reynolds, Jr. Inc.
- *POMONA—Wurfs Garage, Phone: 1424
- *PUENTE—Puente Garage, Phone: 532-21 (Garage) 554-91 (Residence)
- *PUENTE—Service Garage, Phone: 532-33
- *RIVERSIDE—California Garage, Phone: 3870
- *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage, Phone: 1000

Los Angeles—San Francisco Coast Route

- *ARROYO GRANDE—Barcellos & Morgan Garage, Phone: 15
- *ATASCADERO—Atascadero Garage, Phone: 74
- *BUELLTON—Buellton Garage, Phone: 31-F-13
- *CALABASAS—Calabasas Garage, Phone: Owenmouth 115-R-11 (Day) 115-J2 (Night)
- *CAMARILLO—Knob Hill Garage, Phone: 956-M-2
- *CAMBRIA—Service Garage, Phone: Cambria 11-F-2

Los Angeles—San Francisco Inland Route

- *BAKERSFIELD—Class A Motor Company, Phone: 133
- *BAKERSFIELD—Bakersfield Motors Co. Phone: 3322
- *BAKERSFIELD—Chester Avenue Garage.
- *BAKERSFIELD—East Side Garage, Phone: 990
- *BAKERSFIELD—Geo. Habersfelde, Inc. Phone: 702 or 703
- *BAKERSFIELD—California Garage, Phone: 621
- *BURBANK—Patterson's Garage, Phone: Burbank 268
- *DELANO—Geo. Habersfelde, Inc. Phone: Delano 1
- *DUBUA—Biswell, McDonald & Biswell, Phone: 12 (Day) 307 (Night & Sun.)
- *EXETER—Square Deal Garage, Phone: Exeter 46-R (Day) Exeter 27-W (Night)
- *FELLOWS—Fellows Garage, Phone: Black 362.
- *GLENDALE—Pellegrini Bros. Phone: Glendale 5080
- *LEMON COVE—Lemon Cove Garage, Phone: Lemon Cove Gar. bet. 7 a.m. and 6 p.m. Sunday 7 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.
- *LINDSAY—Cate & Woolmes Garage, Phone: Lindsay 60
- *MARIKOPA—Marikopa Garage, Phone: B-463
- *McFARLAND—King Garage, Phone: McFarland 13 (Day) 4-F-3 (Night)
- *McKITTRICK—McKittick Auto Supply Co., Phone: Main 61
- *MONTROSE—Evans Garage.
- *NEWHALL—White Star Garage.
- *PORTERVILLE—Dick's Automotive Service, Phone: 574 (Day) 414-R & 574 (Night)
- *RIDGE ROUTE—Ridge Road Garage, 15 miles from Saugus on Ridge, (Castaic P.O.)
- *SANDBERG—Sandberg's Garage, Phone: Sandberg Toll Station.
- *SAN FERNANDO—Cascade Garage, Phone: Main 184
- *SAN FERNANDO—Willis A. Rowe Auto Supply House, Phone: Main 41
- *SAUGUS—Wood's Garage, Phone: Saugus 38.
- *SHAFTER—Miller Bros. Garage, Phone: 4-W
- *TAFT—H. R. Kanode Garage, Phone: 220 1 (Day) 109-W (Night)
- *TULARE—Central Garage, Phone: Tulare 102
- *TIPTON—Rainbow Garage, Phone: Tipton 10
- *VISALIA—Main Garage, Phone: Visalia 980
- *VISALIA—Studebaker Garage.
- *WASCO—Wasco Garage, Phone: 12

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

- *ALHAMBRA—Eagle Garage.
- *ALHAMBRA—Harry T. Moore Garage, Phone: Alhambra 242 (Day) 3027-J (Night)
- *ALHAMBRA—E. C. Woodard Garage, Phone: 1956 (Day) 4386 (Night)
- *CLAREMONT—Foothill Garage, Phone: Claremont 4961
- *COLTON—Taylor's Electric Service Garage, Phone: 90
- *COVINA—Webber Garage, Phone: Covina 12111
- *FONTANA—Fontana Garage, Phone: Fontana 257
- *GLENDORA—Rowe Motor Service Garage, Phone: Covina 42004
- *HIGHLAND—Coy Garage, Phone: 35
- *MONROVIA—Ruechel Garage, Phone: Green 70 (Day) Black 389 (Nights, Sun. and Holidays)
- *RIALTO—Bo ulvard Garage, Phone: 204-J (Day) 204-W (Night)
- *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage, Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
- *EAST SAN GABRIEL—Barlow's Automotor Service.
- *SAN BERNARDINO—Central Garage, Phone: 271-82
- *SAN BERNARDINO—Draper's Garage, Phone: 271-63
- *SAN BERNARDINO—California Garage
- *SAN BERNARDINO—Tonneson's Super Service Station.
- *UPLANDS—Waterman Garage, Phone: 116-J

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

- *ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Central Garage & Machine Works.
- *AMBOY—Amboy Garage, No Phone.
- *BARSTOW—Barstow Garage, Phone: 26-M.
- *CLACKAMASH—Rabbit Brothers Garage.
- *GOFFS—Goffs Mercantile Garage, Phone: Goffs Garage.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Ford Garage.
KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Farrow Stackpole Auto. Co.
*LUDLOW—Murphy Bros. Tourist Garage.
MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO—Stendel's Garage
*NEEDLES—Old Trails Garage. Phone: Main 28
SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Becker's Transcontinental Garage.
*VICTORVILLE—Victorville Garage. Phone: 8-J
WINSLOW, ARIZ.—Bazel Motor Co.

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway (Borderland Route)

*EL CAJON—Robertson Motor Co. Phone: 101 (Day) 691 (Night)
*EL CENTRO—C. E. Coggins Garage. Phone: E. Centro 166
EL CENTRO—Barbara Worth Garage
*JACUMBA—J. R. Fowble Garage. Phone: Fowble Garage, Jacumba.
*LA MESA—La Mesa Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 145 (Night)
YUMA, ARIZ.—Super Service Garage.

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

*BISHOP—Smith Auto. Co. Phone: Bishop 81 (Day) Bishop 91-J (Night)
*BISHOP—Crescent Garage. Phone: 48-R (Day) 69-W (Night)
BISHOP—Watterson's Garage
*BIG PINE—Glacier Garage. Phone: 121
*BRIDGEPORT—Bridgeport Garage. Phone: Bridgeport Store
*INDEPENDENCE—Independence Garage. Phone: Bishop 25-4
*LANCASTER—Inn Garage. Phone: 1001
*LONE PINE—Mt. Whitney Garage & Livery Co. Phone: Bishop 21-1
*LONE PINE—Square Deal Garage.
*MINT CANYON—Baletier's Garage. No phone.
*MOJAVE—Andy Smith's Garage. Phone: 221
MOJAVE—Paul's Garage.
*MONO LAKE—Tioga Lodge Garage. Phone: Tioga Lodge (Summer Only)
*OLANGHA—Romero Garage.
*PALMDALE—Mission Garage. Phone: 17-W

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix

*BANNING—Dickinson Motor Car Co. Phone: 96 (Day) Main 82 (Night)
*BLYTHE—Valley Garage. Phone: 26
*BEAUMONT—Brown & Sons Garage. Phone: 774
*BEAUMONT—Beaumont Garage. Phone: Beaumont 782
*BLOOMINGTON—Bloomington Garage. Phone: 8710-R-1
*BRAWLEY—Plaza Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 709 (Night)
BRAWLEY—White Garage.
*COACHELLA—Inn Garage. Phone: 138
*INDIO—MacKenzie Motor Co. Phone: 3 Indio

*PALM SPRINGS—Bunker's Garage. Phone: Bunker's Garage.
*REDLANDS—Eddie Meyer's Garage. Phone: 102
*REDLANDS—T. N. Gibson Garage. Phone: Main 909
*RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
*RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870

Miscellaneous

*ARLINGTON—Arlington Garage. Phone: 9008-W (Day) 9315-W (Night)
BELLFLOWER—Bellflower Garage.
*BIG BEAR LAKE—McCroskey Garage. Phone: Pine Knot P.O. 36
*BIG BEAR LAKE—Jack Preston's Garage. Pine Knot P.O. Phone: Bear Valley 41
*CHULA VISTA—Helm Bros. Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 319-J (Day). 231-J (Night)
*CULVER CITY—Walker's Service Garage. Phone: 2555 (Day) 2516 (Night)
*COMPTON—National Garage. Phone: 491
*CORONA—Mission Garage. Phone: 2024 (Day) 1312-R-2 (Night)
*CRESTLINE P. O. (Crest of Waterman Canyon) Crest Garage, Phone 3 or San Bernardino 29200
*EAGLE ROCK—Dahlia Motor Service Co. Phone: Garfield 5291; Night, Albany 2948
*HEMET—Monte Vista Garage. Phone: 1030 (Day) 497 (Night)
HERMOSA BEACH—Camino Garage.
*HUNTINGTON BEACH—Security Garage. Phone: 2391
*HUNTINGTON PARK—Owl Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*HYWES—Schillings Garage. Phone: 332 (Day) 333 (Night)
*INGLEWOOD—Honer-Nash Motor Co. Phone: 339
*JULIAN—Julian Garage. Phone: Julian 1-J
*LONG BEACH—Park Garage. Phone: 322-62
LONG BEACH—K. & S. Garage.
LONG BEACH—El Camino Garage.
*LONG BEACH—Loyne's Garage. Phone: 652-76
LONG BEACH—California Garage.
LONG BEACH—Long Beach Motor Sales
*LONG BEACH—Forbes-Curtis & Warren Garage. Phone: 664-45
*LYNWOOD—Lynwood Garage. Phone: Compton 1131
NEWPORT BEACH—Ohowell's Garage.
*PASADENA—Eddie Motor Works. Phone: Terrace 1745
*PASADENA—Paramount Garage. Phone: Terrace 8787
PASADENA—Pasadena Storage Garage
*RAMONA—Ramona Garage. Phone: 35
REDONDO BEACH—Redondo Auto Works & Garage. Phone:
*REDONDO BEACH—California Garage. Phone: Redondo 2652
*SAN JACINTO—Record Garage. Phone: 120
*SOUTH PASADENA—Mission Garage. Phone: Elliott 2661 (Day) Sterling 7618 (Night)
SAN PEDRO—Goodrich Bros. Super Service Station.
*SAN PEDRO—William Lever Garage. Phone: 478 (Day) 946-W or 1648-J (Night)
*SANTA MONICA—Santa Monica Garage. Phone: 21523
*SAWTELLE—Slater's Garage. Phone: Sawtelle 31452 (Day) 31222 (Night)
*SIERRA MADRE—Sierra Madre Garage. Phone: Main 110
*TEHA CHAPI—Bartlett's Garage. Phone: 55-W
*TORRANCE—Ed's Service Garage. Phone: Torrance 161
WILMINGTON—Wilmington Garage.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Northern California

CALIFORNIA STATE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

(NOTE: Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California when touring in Northern California are advised to get in touch with the nearest office of the California State Automobile Association for their rules and regulations pertaining to this service.)

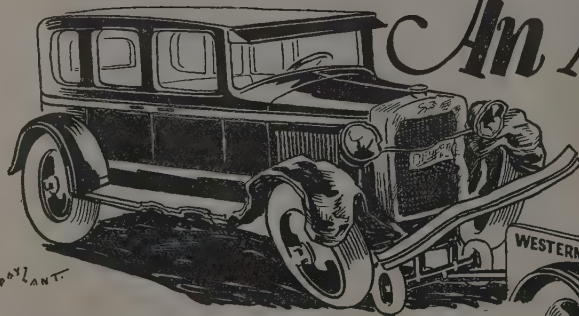
Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ADIN	Adin Garage	Adin Exchange	CAMPYONVILLE	C. O. D. Garage & Machine Co.	No phone
ALAMEDA	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, or Park St. Garage	Glencourt 4400 Alameda 386	CARMEL	Carmel Garage	(Day) Carmel 1112 (Night) 353-568-570
ALBANY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	CASCADA	Solomon Garage	Ringers Station at Big Creek
ALBION	Johnson & Larson	Albion 1-F-3 or 10-F-32	CASTROVILLE	Kings Garage	Castroville 4-J
ALTA MONT PASS	Mountain House Garage (nine miles west of Tracy)	Mountain House	CEDARVILLE	Western Garage	Cedarville Exchange
ALTURA	Modoc Machine Shop	(Day) Red 272 (Night) Black 622	CENTERVILLE	Centerville Garage and Mach. Shop	Centerville 39
ALVARADO	Alvarado Garage	Alvarado 28-W	CHICO	Service Garage	Chico 311-W
ANGELS CAMP	Central Garage	(Day) Angels Camp 32 (Night) Angels Camp Exch.	CHINESE CAMP	Chinese Camp Garage	(Day) Chinese Camp Exch.
ANTIOCH	W. A. Christiansen	Antioch 123	CROWCHILLA	Chowchilla Garage	Day & Night Chowchilla 4
ARBUCKLE	Aran Garage	(Day) Arbuckle 4-K (Night) 28-W	CLEMENTS	Service Garage	Clements Exchange
ARCATA	Sacchi Service Station	(Day) Arcata 109-W (Night) 245-J or 363	CLOVERDALE	Tire Shop Garage	(Day) Cloverdale 41 (Night) Cloverdale 118-J
AUBERRY	Auberry Garage	Auberry Hotel	CLOVIS	H. B. Owens Garage	Day & Night Clovis 4
AUBURN	R. & D. Service Shop	(Day) Auburn 220 (Night) 296	COALINGA	V. F. Oyster Auto & Mach. Shop	(Day) Coalinga 165 (Night) 326-J
AUBURN	White's Garage, Newcastle	(Day) Newcastle 110 (Night) 118	COLFAX	McClary Garage	Main 2-0
BASS LAKE	The Pines Garage	Shaw line, one long ring	COLMA	Bill's Garage, Daly City	Randolph 940
BAY POINT	Bay Point Garage	Bay Point 22	COLUSA	Universal Garage	Colusa 53-W
BECKWITH	Sierra Valley Garage	10-W	CONCORD	Concord Auto Service Co.	Concord 87; after 9 p. m., call 319
BELVEDERE	Belvedere Garage	Belvedere 37-J	CORCORAN	Corcoran Garage	Corcoran 441
BENICIA	Enterprise Garage	Benicia 214-W	CORNING	The Corning Garage	Corning 75
BEN LOMOND	Ben Lomond Garage	Ben Lomond 23; after 9 p. m. Ben Lomond 4-W	CORTE MADERA	Community Garage	(Day) Corte Madera 305 (Night) 147 or 395
BERKELEY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	COTATI	Fox Garage	Cotati 20-F-11
BIEBER	Oak's Garage	Bieber Exchange	COTTONWOOD	Cottonwood Garage	(Day) Cottonwood 7-J (Night) 8 p. m., send word
BIG CREEK	Solomon Garage	Rangers station at Big Creek	COURTLAND	Thomson Auto Repair Shop	(Day) 67; (Night) 66
BIGGS	Biggs Garage	Biggs 34	COVELO	Conelo Garage	Covelos 8-F-21
BLAIRSDEN	Mohawk Valley Garage	Blairsdan 4	COYOTE	Kruze's Garage	San Jose 119-J-1
BLUE LAKE	Blue Lake Garage	13-J (Day only)	CRESCENT CITY	Crescent City Garage & Mach. Works	Crescent City 441
(Humboldt Co.)			CRESCENT MILLS	Crescent Mills Garage	Crescent Mills Exchange
BLUFF CREEK	Cephart Bros. (Via Weitchpec)	1 long, 2 short & 1 long ring	CROCKETT	Community Garage	Crockett 326, 206-W or 206-J
BOLINAS	Bolinas Garage	Bolinas 3-W. If no answer, call Bolinas 12	CUMMINGS	Redwood Empire Garage (2 miles south of Cummings)	Laytonville 3-F-4
BOONVILLE	Line Oak Garage	Phone 8; after 8 p. m., send word	DALY CITY	Bill's Garage	Randolph 940
BRIDGEPORT	Bridgeport Garage	Bridgeport, Mariposa Exch.	DANVILLE	Davis's Garage	Danville 10-J
BUCK MEADOWS	Buck Meadows Garage	Buck Meadows	DAVIS	Davis's Garage	(Day) Davis 50 (Night) 50-W
BURLINGAME	Hillbrand and Caldwell San Mateo	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p. m. 457-W or 2031 (Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p. m. 895 or 673-W	DELTA	Vollmer's Garage	Vollmer's Ranch
BURLINGAME	Pattison's Garage, San Mateo	Tourist Garage	DIAMOND SPRINGS	Diamond Springs Garage	332-F-4
BURNAY	Tourist Garage	Tourist Garage	DIXON	Rossi Bros.	(Day) Dixon 115 (Night) 141-R
CALISTOGA	Wilber R. Snow Elec. Garage	Calistoga 50			

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
DORRIS	<i>Dorris Garage</i>	(Day) Dorris Exchange (Night) send word	MARIPOSA	<i>Fort Sumpter Garage</i>	Mariposa Exchange
DOS PALOS	<i>Ford Garage</i>	(Day) Dos Palos 63 (Night) 4405	MARTINEZ	<i>Allen's Garage</i>	(Day) Martinez 395 (Night) 748-W
DOWNIEVILLE	<i>Downieville Garage</i>	Downieville J	MARYSVILLE	<i>M. & K. Garage</i>	Marysville 468
DUBLIN	<i>Hansen Bros.</i>	Pleasanton 82-F-2	MARYSVILLE	<i>Sutter Garage, Yuba City</i>	(Day) Yuba City 1165 (Night) Yuba City 891-W and 628-
DUNSMUIR	<i>Dunsmuir Service Station</i>	(Day) Dunsmuir 177 (Night) Dunsmuir 54			Maxwell 130-W
DURHAM	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Durham 811-J-4 (Day & Night)	MAXWELL	<i>Highway Garage</i>	McArthur Exchange
ELK	<i>Matson & Dearing</i>	Elk 5-F-2	MCAURTHUR	<i>Highway Garage</i>	McCloud Garage
ELK GROVE	<i>Mack's Garage</i>	Elk Grove 62-F-3	MCCLOUD	<i>McCloud Garage</i>	McCloud Garage
EMERYVILLE	<i>C.S.A.A. Oakland Office</i>	Glencourt 4400	MENDOCINO CITY	<i>S. & E. Garage</i>	Mendocino City 14-J
ESCALON	<i>Seamon & Clark</i>	(Day) Escalon 44 (Night) 49	MENDOTA	<i>Mendota Garage & Mach. Shop</i>	Mendota 5-J
ESPARTO	<i>Central Garage</i>	Esparto 5-W	MERCED	<i>Lounsbury's Garage</i>	Mendota 107
EUREKA	<i>Eureka Garage and Service Sta.</i>	Eureka 2300	MERCED FALLS	<i>Barratt's Garage</i>	Kent Exchange (Day only)
FAIRFIELD	<i>Solano Garage</i>	(Day) Fairfield 227 (Night) 147-W, 147-J	MERIDIAN	<i>River Garage</i>	Tallac 2-F-11
FAIR OAKS	<i>Fair Oaks Garage</i>	(Day) Fair Oaks 15 (Night) 21-R	MEYERS	<i>Meyer's Garage</i>	(Day) Middletown 8
FALL RIVER MILLS	<i>Pioneer Garage</i>	Pioneer Garage	MIDDLETOWN	<i>Herrick Garage</i>	(None after 10 p.m.)
FERRDALE	<i>Peterson's Service Station</i>	(Day) Ferndale 102-W (Night) 72-R	CAMP MIDPINES	<i>Camp Midpines Garage</i>	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-47
FIREBAUGH	<i>Valley Garage</i>	(Night) send word	MILL VALLEY	<i>Eveready Garage & Elec. Co.</i>	(Day) Mill Valley 407 (Night) 155-J
FOLSOM	<i>People's Garage</i>	(Day) Main 49 (Night) Main 1187	MILVILLE	<i>Fawcett & Bartell</i>	Central at Millville
FORESTVILLE	<i>Forestville Garage</i>	Forestville 8-F-2	MINERAL	<i>Mineral Garage</i>	Minkler Garage
FORT BIDWELL	<i>Fort Bidwell Garage</i>	(Day) and (Night) 174 122	MINKLER	<i>Minkler Garage</i>	(Day) 12-F-13
FORT BRAGG	<i>Pacific Garage</i>	Fortuna 22-W	MODESTO	<i>Silva Motor Car Co.</i>	(Night) Sanger 155-W
FORT JONES	<i>Scott Valley Garage</i>	Day and Night 711	MONTEREY	<i>Monterey Garage</i>	Modesto 1130
FORTUNA	<i>Fortuna Garage</i>	Fresno 3-3719	MONTGOMERY CREEK	<i>Young's Garage</i>	Monterey 224 and 225
FOWLDER	<i>Baxter Bros. Garage</i>	Fresno 551	MORGAN HILL	<i>Jos. J. Verge Garage</i>	Bass Telephone Line
FRESNO	<i>A.B.C. Garage</i>	Galt 21-J	MOSSDALE		Morgan Hill 291. If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South
FRESNO	<i>Auditorium Garage</i>	Redwood Inn	MOSSDALE		Stockton 27-J-3
GALT	<i>Service Garage</i>	(Day) Gazelle 18 (Night) Call Res.	NAPA	<i>Jos. J. Verge</i>	(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W (Night) 4-F-3
GARBERVILLE	<i>Redwood Garage</i>	Gerber 24		<i>Moore Bros. Garage</i>	Morgan Hill 291
GAZELLE	<i>Gazelle Garage</i>	(Day) Geyserville 25-W (Night) 12		<i>Napa Motor Supply Co.</i>	Stockton 27-R-1 (Day) Napa 202 (Night) 683-R, 872, 950-W and 362-R
GERBER	<i>Chapman's Garage</i>	Gilroy 32	NAVARRO	<i>Navarro Garage</i>	No phone
GEYSERVILLE	<i>Lampson's Garage</i>	Paystation, Gold Run	NEVADA CITY	<i>Nevada City Garage</i>	Nevada City 133
GILROY	<i>Pacheco Pass Garage & Super Service Station</i>	Gonzales 41-W	NEVADA CITY	<i>Kneebone Motor Sales Co., Grass Valley</i>	Grass Valley 119
GOLD RUN	<i>Pine Grove Service Station</i>	Grass Valley 119	NEWCASTLE	<i>White's Garage</i>	(Day) Newcastle 110 (Night) 118
GONZALES	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	Nevada City 133	NEWCASTLE	<i>R. & D. Service Shop, Auburn</i>	(Day) Auburn 220 (Night) Auburn 296
GRASS VALLEY	<i>Kneebone Motor Sales Co.</i>	Elk 5-F-2	NEWMAN	<i>Patchetts & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	Newman 6 and 7 (No Night Phone)
GRASS VALLEY	<i>Nevada City Garage, Nevada City</i>	Grenada 18	NEWMAN	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage, Gustine</i>	(Day) Gustine 6 (Night) Gustine 60-J
GREENFIELD	<i>Greenfield Garage</i>	(Day) Gridley 211 (Night) 233	NICOLAUS	<i>Nicolaus Garage</i>	Main 17-F-5
GREENWOOD	<i>Matson and Dearing</i>	Guerneville 15-J	NILES	<i>American Garage</i>	Niles 67
GRENADE	<i>Grenada Garage</i>	Brooks Exchange	NORTH FORK	<i>Brownie's Auto Repair Shop</i>	(Day) Main 3240 (Night) Main 5350-W
GRIDLEY	<i>Fance's Garage</i>	(Day) Gustine 6 (Night) Gustine 60-J	NORTH SACRAMENTO	<i>Carlson's Garage</i>	(Day) Novato 77 (Night) 72 & 433
GROVELAND	<i>Sierra Garage & Service Station</i>	(Day) Newman 6 & 7 (No Night Phone)	NOVATO	<i>Peoples Motor Sales Company</i>	Glencourt 4400
GUENNEVILLE	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage</i>	Half Moon Bay 9-W	OAKDALE	<i>Pedersons Garage</i>	(Day) Orange Cove 8 (Night) 28 & 44-J-4
GUINDA	<i>Guinda Garage</i>	Hanford 400	OAKLAND	<i>C. S. A. A. District Office</i>	Orrick Exchange
GUSTINE	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage</i>	Hayfork	ORANGE COVE	<i>Orange Cove Motor Company</i>	C. S. A. A. Dist. Office
GUSTINE	<i>Patchetts & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	Hayward 725	ORICK	<i>Park Garage</i>	Oakland 688
HALF MOON BAY	<i>Isadore Garage</i>	(Day) 41; (Night) 112-294-J	ORINDA	<i>Orinda Parke Garage</i>	(Day) Orland 89 (Night) 194-A
HANFORD	<i>Erwin Motor Co.</i>	Fresno 2-J-3	ORLAND	<i>Nock Auto Company</i>	(Day) Oroville 9 (Night) 104
HAYFORK	<i>Hayfork Garage</i>	Hollister 143	OROVILLE	<i>Bradley Auto Works</i>	Pacific Grove 6
HAYWARD	<i>Moon Garage</i>	Hopland 21	PACIFIC GROVE	<i>Pacific Grove Garage</i>	Darwin Sales
HEADSBURG	<i>Standard Machine Works</i>	(5 miles west of El Portal Indian Flat via Merced)	PARADISE	<i>Paradise Super Station</i>	Paradise 9F-12
HELM	<i>Helm Garage</i>	(Day) Lone 41 (Night) 7	PATTERSON	<i>Patterson Garage</i>	(Day) Patterson 45 (Night) 133
HOLLISTER	<i>Tiffany Motor Co.</i>	Irvington 5-J	PASCADERO	<i>Pescadero Garage</i>	Pescadero 7-J
HOLYLAND	<i>Central Garage</i>	Isleton 258	PETALUMA	<i>Hill Plaza Garage</i>	Petaluma 26
INDIAN FLAT	<i>Indian Flat Service Station</i>	Jackson 104-W	PETROLIA	<i>Shell Service Station and Garage</i>	Glencourt 4400
IONE	<i>Tonni's Garage</i>	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) Sonora 16-W	PIEDMONT	<i>C. S. A. A. Oakland Office</i>	Pittsburg 150
IRVINGTON	<i>Corey's Garage</i>	1223	PITTSBURG	<i>W. & W. Garage</i>	(Day) Placerville 153 (Night) 250
ISLETON	<i>Owl Garage</i>	Kelseyville Exchange	PLACERVILLE	<i>Placerville Garage</i>	(Day) Pleasanton 108 (Night) 203 or 82-F-2
JACKSON	<i>Davies Garage</i>	Kenwood 2-F-3	PLEASANTON	<i>Hanson Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Plymouth 21 (Night) 7-W
JAMESTOWN	<i>J. L. O'Neil's Garage</i>	(Day) Kerman 354 (Night) Kerman 421	PLYMOUTH	<i>Alpine Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	Point Arena 41-W
JANESVILLE	<i>Janesville Garage</i>	(Day) Kerman 263 (Night) 25	POINT ARENA	<i>Point Arena Garage</i>	Point Reyes Sta. 4-J
JARVISVILLE	<i>Jarvis Garage</i>	King City 31	POINT REYES STA.	<i>Silacci & Cheda</i>	Napa 4-F-3
KENWOOD	<i>Meads Garage</i>	(Day) Kingsburg 71 (Night) 249	POPE VALLEY	<i>Pope Valley Garage</i>	Portola 7-W
KERMAN	<i>Plaza Garage</i>	(Day) Laton 37 (Night) 34	PORTOLA	<i>Portola Garage</i>	Quincy 99
KERMAN	<i>Service Garage</i>	Laytonville 10-J	QUINCY	<i>Erwin's Garage</i>	(Day) Red Bluff 186 (Night) 128-A and 245-M
KING CITY	<i>El Camino Garage</i>	Lemoore 223	RED BLUFF	<i>Paul's Garage</i>	Redwood 753
KINGSBURG	<i>Wilson & Shering</i>	Lincoln 18	REDDING	<i>Hersey's Garage</i>	(Day) Redwood 1681 (Night) 732 or 523
KNIGHT'S LANDING	<i>Knight's Landing Garage</i>	Litchfield 502	REDFORD CITY	<i>Sequoia Garage</i>	Requena
LAKEPORT	<i>Call (unbar) Garage Kelseyville</i>	(Day) Livermore 106 (Night) 197	REDFORD CITY	<i>Osborn Bros. Garage</i>	Richmond 841
LATON	<i>Laton Garage</i>	(Day) 25 or 33 (Night) 91 & 21-R	REDFORD CITY	<i>Sidwell's Garage</i>	(Day) Rio Vista 45 (Night) 51-J
LAYTONVILLE	<i>Tillford's Garage</i>	(No Night phone)	REDFORD CITY	<i>L. H. Byron's Garage</i>	(Day) Riverdale 7 (Night) 42
LEMOORE	<i>Sillano Motor Co.</i>	Lodi 155	REDFORD CITY	<i>Rodeo Garage</i>	Crockett 801-F-2
LINCOLN	<i>Service Garage</i>	(Day) Los Altos 12 (Night) 175	REDFORD CITY	<i>Rosville Bros.</i>	Rosville 203
LITCHFIELD	<i>R. Q. Deal Garage</i>	Los Banos 85	REDFORD CITY	<i>Central Garage</i>	(Day) Main 9290 (Night) Capitol 765-R
LIVERMORE	<i>Valley Garage</i>	Los Gatos 271	SACRAMENTO	<i>Union Garage</i>	Capitol 13140
LIVINGSTON	<i>Shaffer Motor Co.</i>	Los Molinos 30	SACRAMENTO	<i>Napa Valley Garage</i>	(Day) St. Helena 150 (Night) 150-J
LOCKFORD	<i>Central Garage</i>	Morrell Garage	SALINAS	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Salinas 490
LODI	<i>Tourist Garage</i>	(Day) Main 1-J (Night) 1-W	SAN ANDREAS	<i>Mother Lode Garage</i>	(Day) San Andreas 40-W (Night) Shurtliff's Office
LOOMIS	<i>Loomis Motor Co.</i>	1 long ring	SAN ANSELMO	<i>Durham Garage</i>	(Day) San Anselmo 3133 or San Rafael 944
LOS ALTOS	<i>Depot Garage</i>	Madera 240			
LOS BANOS	<i>Kaljian Garage</i>	(Day) Manteca 64 (Night) 194-R			
LOS GATOS	<i>Gateway Garage</i>				
LOS MOLINOS	<i>Los Molinos Garage</i>				
LOWER LAKE	<i>Morrell Garage</i>				
LOVALTON	<i>White Garage</i>				
MACDOEL	<i>Macdoel Garage</i>				
MADERA	<i>Standard Garage</i>				
MANTECA	<i>Main Highway Garage</i>				

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
SAN BRUNO	Cabin Garage	(Day) San Bruno 160 (Night) 650-R	TAHOE CITY	Sierra Garage & Machine Shop	Tahoe City 11-W
SAN FRANCISCO	C.S.A.A. General Office	Hemlock 3400	TAHOMA	Tahoma Garage	Tahoma Garage
SANGER	William Epps	Sanger 163	TOMALES	Tomales Garage & Mach. Wks.	Tomales 3-W
SAN JOSE	San Jose Buick Co.	Ballard 6600	THORNTON	New Hope Garage	Thornton 9-J
SAN JOAQUIN	Chevrolet Garage	(Day) Fresno 63 (Night) 1118	TRACY	Highway Garage	Tracy 157
SAN JUAN	San Juan Garage	San Juan 52-J	TRANQUILITY	Brickett Garage	Tranquility 147
SAN LEANDRO	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, or Palace Garage, San Leandro	Oakland 688 San Leandro 930	TRINIDAD	McConaha and Spinas Garage	Trinidad 1
SAN MARTIN	Hall's Garage	Main 1	TRUCKEE	R. & B. Garage	Truckee 114
SAN MATEO	Pattison's Garage	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 895-M or 673-W	TUDOR	Blair Bros.	38-J-31
SAN MATEO	Hildebrand and Caldwell	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031	TUOLUMNE	Simon's Garage	Tuolumne Exchange
SAN RAFAEL	Cebalo Garage	(Day) San Rafael 1268 (Night) San Rafael 376-J	TURLOCK	Scales Garage	Turlock 132
SANTA CLARA	San Jose Buick Co., San Jose	San Jose 6600	UKIAH	Upper Lake Garage	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 407
SANTA CRUZ	Marks & Leonard	Santa Cruz 357	UPPER LAKE	Vaca Auto Supply Co.	Upper Lake Exchange
SANTA ROSA	Central Garage	Santa Rosa 518	VACAVILLE	Lewis Garage	(Day) Vacaville 2 (Night) 206 or 90-W
SARATOGA	G. E. Tarlton	(Day) Saratoga 133 (Night) 136-R	VALLEJO	Valley Springs Garage	Vallejo 232
SATTLEY	Yuba Pass Garage	Sattley Pay Station	VALLEY SPRINGS	Vollmer's Garage	Valley Springs 8
SAUSALITO	Rosa's Auto Repair Shop	(Day) Sausalito 408 (Night) 368-R	VOLLMER'S	L. G. Lawrence Garage and Service Station	Vollmer's Ranch
SCOTIA	Scotia Garage	Scotia Operator	WALNUT CREEK	Kammeyer & Crowell	(Day) Walnut Creek 19 (Night) 146
SEBASTOPOL	Tough Bros. Garage	Sebastopol 1188	WALNUT GROVE	Booth Motor Company	Courtland 272
SELMA	Eugene H. Mayes Garage	(Day) Selma 20 (Night) 207-R or 432	WATERFORD	Appleton Garage	1-W
SIERRA CITY	Sierra Garage	W	WATSONVILLE	Inside Garage	Watsonville 82
SMITH'S RIVER	Buckner's Garage	Smith's River	WEAVERVILLE	Day's Garage	Black 43
SOLEDAD	Johnson's Garage	Soledad 17-W	WEED	Mountain Service Station	(Day) Weed 9 (Night) 129
SONOMA	Garry Garage	(Day) Sonoma 30-J (Night) 142	WEOTT	Wm. Fraser Service Station	Weott Exchange
SONORA	J. L. O'Neil Garage	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) 16-W	WESTWOOD	Westwood Garage	Westwood 212
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO	Service Garage and Mach. Shop	(Day) So. City 118-W (Night) 765-W	WHEATLAND	P. M. Reedy	Wheatland 31-J
STIRLING CITY	C. G. Wolohen Garage	Toll Station	WILLIAMS	Central Garage	Williams 8
STOCKTON	Oranges Bros. Garage	Stockton 398 and 7121	WILLITS	Steele's Machine Works	(Day) Willits 71-J (Night) 1167
STOCKTON	Towris Garage	Stockton 124	WILLOWS	Willows Motor Sales Co.	Willows 96
SUNNYVALE	Sunnyvale Garage	Sunnyvale 150	WINTERS	Winters Garage	Main 2
SUSANVILLE	Smith Auto Co.	332-B	WOODLAND	Electric Garage Co.	Woodland 123
SUTTER CREEK	Oneto Bros. Garage	(Day) Sutter Creek 59 (Night) 52	WOODSIDE	Woodside Garage	(Day) Redwood 1378-W (Night) 367-J
			YOSEMITE ALL-YEAR HIGHWAY	See listings under Merced, Bridgeport and Mariposa	
			YREKA	Transfer's Garage	Yreka 89
			YUBA CITY	Sutter Garage	(Day) Yuba City 1165 (Night) Yuba City 891-W and 628-J
			YUBA CITY	M. & K. Garage, Marysville	Marysville 468



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TOURING TOPICS *for February 1928*

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This Issue: Flower Fields of Southern California *Derelicts of the Colorado Desert*
By LENA SCOTT HARRIS By PHILIP JOHNSTON

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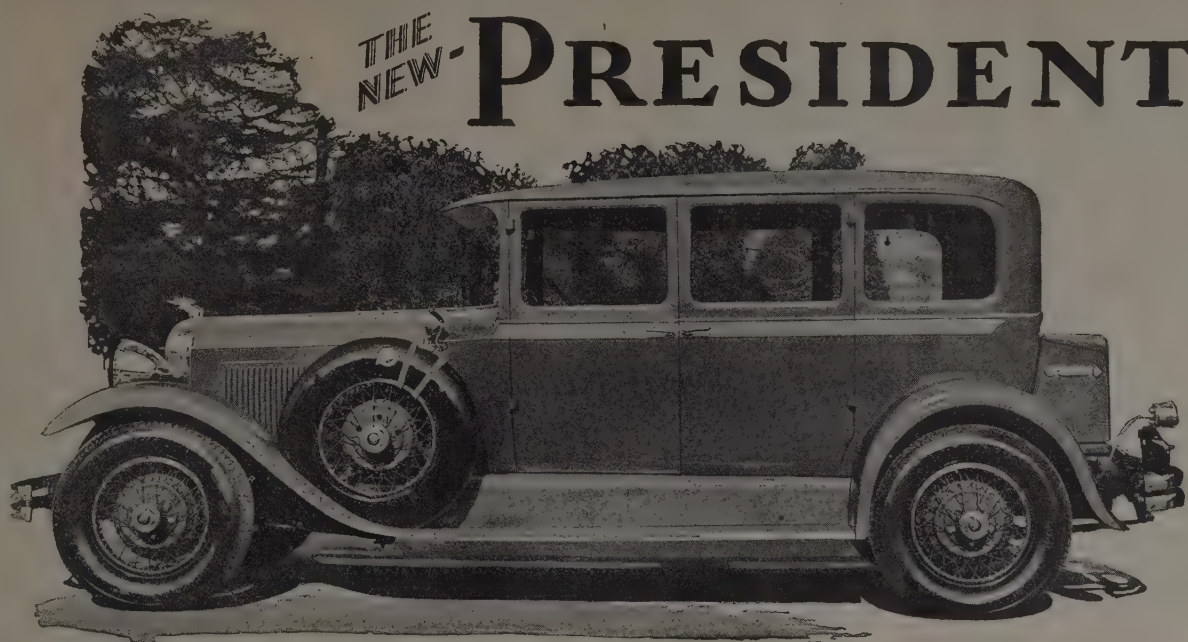
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TOURING TOPICS

Volume 20
Number 2



February
1928

Published monthly by the Automobile Club of
Southern California, 2601 South Figueroa Street,
Los Angeles, California

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Entered as second-class matter March 8, 1913, at the post office at
Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single
copies, 10 cents. Subscription rates: Members, first year, \$1.00;
renewals, 25 cents for six months; non-members, \$1.00 per year.

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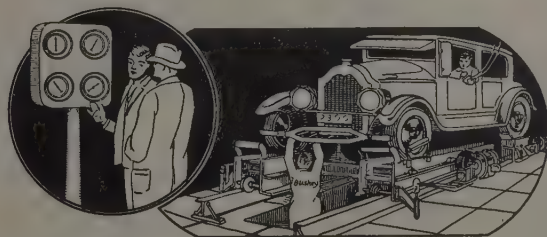
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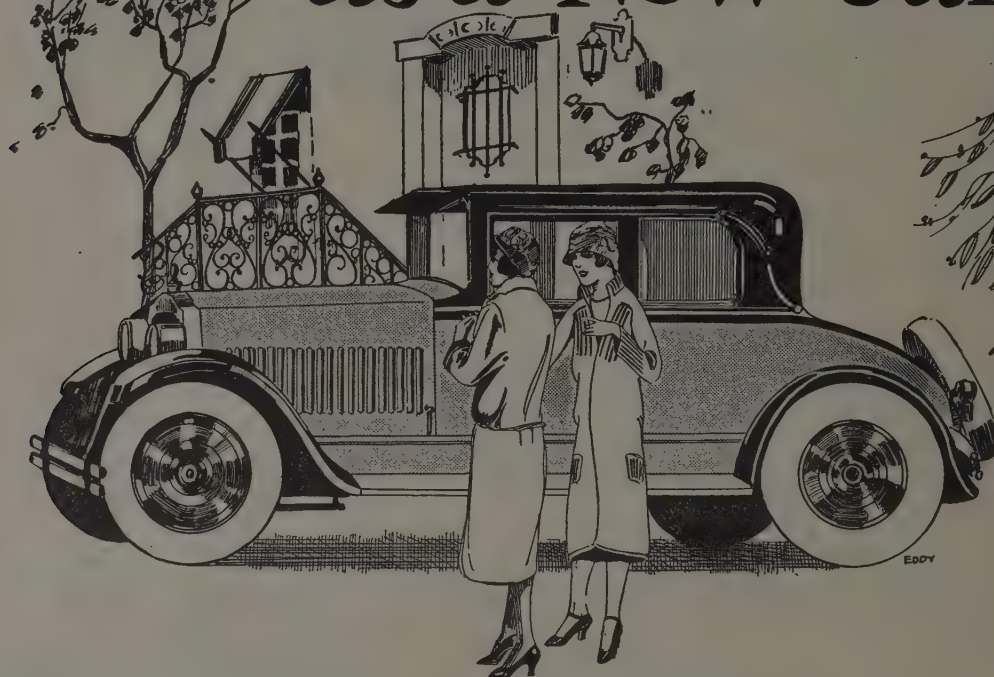
TOURING TOPICS

VOLUME XX *A Magazine for Motorists* NUMBER 2

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1928

	PAGE
COVER DESIGN— <i>Painted by Raymond P. Winters.</i>	
THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE— <i>Intimate glimpses of Touring Topics contributors and contributions</i>	9
FRONTISPIECE— <i>Spring in the Desert. Verses by Arthur Truman Merrill. Photograph by Paul W. Macfarlane</i>	11
EDITORIAL— <i>Highway Manners</i>	13
✓ DERELICTS OF THE COLORADO DESERT— <i>Being a description of certain Southern California mining camps—once thriving but now abandoned. By Philip Johnston</i>	14
✓ TRADERS' TRICKS— <i>How the influence of Yankee merchants helped win California for the Union. By Phil Townsend Hanna. Illustrations by Raymond P. Winters</i>	19
✓ WILDFLOWER FIELDS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA— <i>A survey of the location of our native floral growths, with a description of the more common species. By Lena Scott Harris</i> ..	22
THEY SHALL NOT PASS!— <i>Why California is so relentless in its war on destructive pests. By Howard C. Kegley</i>	26
YOUR CLUB'S ACTIVITIES— <i>What the various service agencies of the Automobile Club of Southern California are doing</i>	28
THE ART OF THE COACH-MAKER— <i>A group of linoleum-block prints of the exhibits at the Los Angeles Automobile Salon, by Kenneth McLellan</i>	29
SKID, SLIDE, SHIMMY AND SWAY, or the importance of learning one's "four S's" — By Frederick C. Russell	30
THE SPRING VOGUE IN MEN'S ATTIRE— <i>By Jack Worthington. Drawings by Victor Mall</i>	32
FASHION'S FOIBLES FOR SPRING— <i>By Opal Haynes. Drawings by Victor Mall</i>	33
ROTAGRÄVURE SECTION— <i>Seven pages of pictorial photographs, including two pages of pictorial studies of the San Bernardino Mountains, by Karl Struss</i>	

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The Editor's Own Page



Karl Struss and the magical camera from which emerge those remarkable pictorial photographs that have appeared in *Touring Topics* for several years

pleasing composition and the value of light and shade that won for his pictorial photography such widespread acclaim.

But though his vocation is with the films, his avocation continues to centre about pictorial work. Seldom does he resort to the conventional, in subjects, and if he does, he deviates so far from the conventional practices of photography that the ultimate result becomes very different. His knowledge of the potency of light is little short of phenomenal. By the use of appropriate filters he photographs with the red, the yellow or the blue rays of the sun's light, in accordance with the demands of the subject.

When *TOURING TOPICS* inaugurated its pictorial section, Struss was one of the first among pictorial photographers to contribute. Few issues have appeared in which he has not been represented. He ventures

to be supplied the fast growing metropolis. As a consequence voyages from Boston to San Francisco in a hundred days, or thereabouts, were frequent.

The spirit of the period, early San Francisco, life aboard these famous clippers—all have been incorporated in *Ships, Men and Gold*, a sketch of this glamorous period in California's maritime history, by J. S. Gorby. This contribution to Californiana will appear in a forthcoming issue of *TOURING TOPICS*, with illustrations by J. Duncan Gleason, the renowned local painter and illustrator, whose ship and sea paintings have been commended by so many critics.

SOUTHERN California motorists who recall the gala wildflower display hereabouts last Spring and who wish again to enjoy the colorful hillsides and canyons at their best will do well to note *Wildflower Fields of Southern California*, by Lena Scott Harris, in this issue. The author is familiar with the native habitat of the choicest of blooms and here tells where they may be found.

Last year was a remarkable one from a wildflower standpoint. It hardly seems probable that the present will see as splendid a crop, but a plentitude of rain may again create an ideal condition for their development. If nature lovers' wishes obtain, such will be the case certainly.

It is not amiss even at this early date to emphasize again the necessity of wildflower conservation. Regardless of how profuse the blooms may be, ruthless and careless gathering will bring eventual extermination.

If you want your children and grandchildren to enjoy this gayest of all Southern California's moods a few years hence, restrain your enthusiastic impulse to pluck every posy in sight. There are sufficient flowers to satisfy the normal demands of every one who goes afield, but not enough to blanket every automobile in this corner of Christendom, year on year.

DIFFERENT from the Colorado and the Mojave, different from the Black Rock and the Painted, different, as a matter of fact, from any other desert in the Southwest, is the Amargosa.

At some period of geological antiquity probably a part of Death Valley, but now paralleling it, the Amargosa (which is Spanish for bitter) is an eerie and engaging region. Even its geographical prominences bear astounding titles—Skull Mountain, Skeleton Hills, Spectre Range, etc.—but you'll have to read *Something Different in Deserts*, appearing soon in these pages, really to appreciate this strange land.

—P.T.H.

WHERE he to have achieved no more in the transitory period that constitutes man's life upon this planet than to invent the photographic lens that bears his name, Karl Struss would have been entitled to the plaudits of the multitude. In the design of this lens Struss made, perhaps, the greatest single contribution to the advancement of pictorial photography since Stieglitz initiated his noted revolt against the smug, self-sufficiency of his fellow-craftsmen twenty years and more ago.

The Struss lens brought shockingly different concepts of the photographic art, and its maker promptly was characterized as an anarchist and viewed distrustfully by the conservatives. But his device, intelligently utilized, revealed the lyricism latent in even the most prosaic objects. Struss photographs thus became the vogue of captious New York.

When moving-pictures began to draft competent artists for service behind the camera as well as in front, Struss became a camera-man. I'm told that he's one of the highest paid, and most sought-after in the business. I believe it. His moving-picture photography evidences the same intimate knowledge of

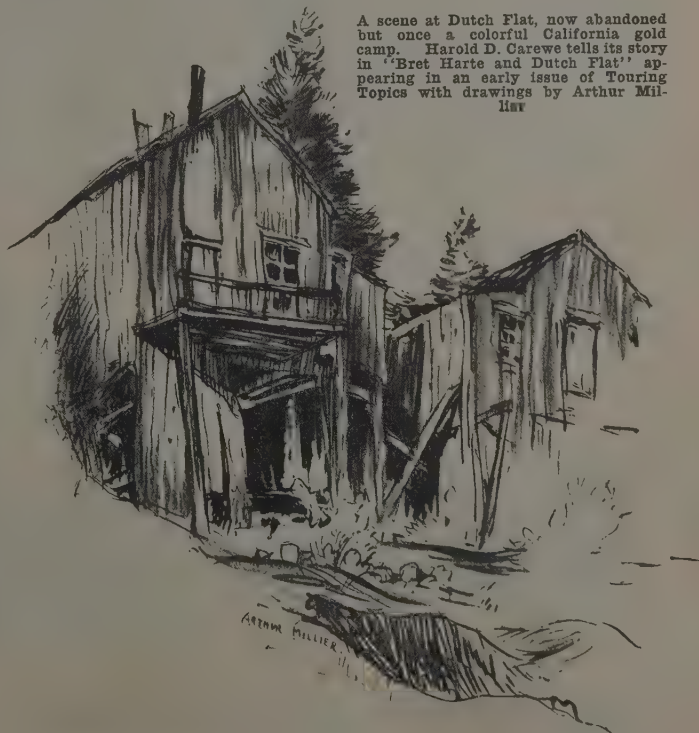
vision, and when he returns he brings to us a group of engaging prints, a friendly gesture of co-operation to the Automobile Club of Southern California, which he so much admires.

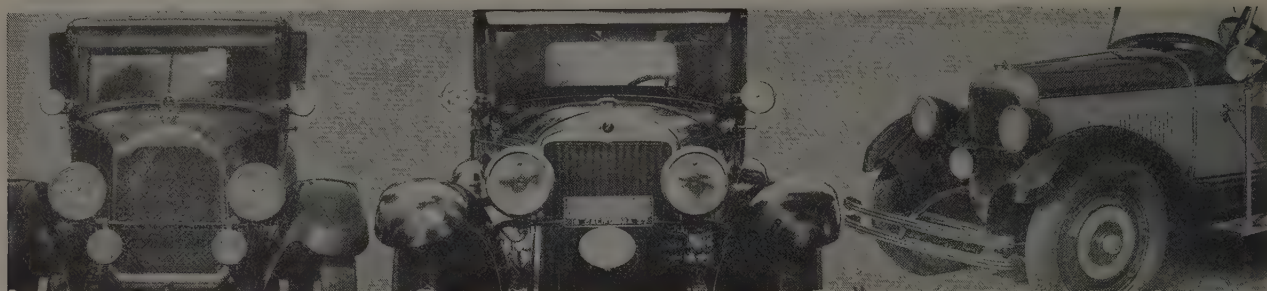
In the rotogravure section of this issue will be found five of his stimulating prints, made on a recent journey through and about the San Bernardino Mountains.

AFTER the traders came the clippers to the California coast—bringing gold-crazed argonauts literally by the thousands. Down the Atlantic, their silvery wings outflung, around Cape Horn or through Magellan's treacherous strait and up the Pacific to the cove of Yerba Buena that overnight almost had become San Francisco, outgrown the velvet pants of a sleepy Mexican pueblo and been metamorphosed into the most chaotic community on the North American continent.

The clippers raced each other like wheeling sea-birds, and all raced the common foe of time. Their human cargoes must be landed before the golden streams of the Sierra ceased their generous outpouring. Food, clothing and the essentials of crude civilization had

A scene at Dutch Flat, now abandoned but once a colorful California gold camp. Harold D. Carewe tells its story in "Bret Harte and Dutch Flat" appearing in an early issue of *Touring Topics* with drawings by Arthur Miller.





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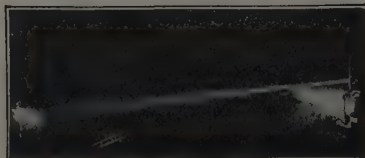


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The S & M Oval-Lite sweeps the curves 100 ft. wide at a distance of 75 ft. Illustration shows illumination by one only Oval-Lite without headlights.



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How a single S & M Fog-Lite, with new lens, illuminates right half and side of road for distance of 100 ft. ahead of car. Vital illumination—For Safety.



Spring in the Desert

Verses by
Arthur Truman Merrill

Photograph by
Paul W. Macfarlane

*Like the rusty bronze of a copper kettle
The rattler coils in the sun;
The lizard lies, an emerald green,
On the armored blade of a cactus,
Or, blushing red, on its bloom;
The coyote sprawls at the mouth of his cave
Maw-sick of his carrion-trove,
And sheds his coat of the winter gone.
Bees buzz in the thralls of the yucca cups,
And midges dance o'er the fetid pool.
The gorgeous dyes of the desert floor
Are like the robes of a medicine-man,
Or the loom of a Zuni maid.
Old Chief Lone Man squats in the sun,
Back propped 'gainst an orange cliff,
He mutters anon, or smokes or sleeps in the sun;
And miles up there in the desert sky
A vulture specks the blue.*

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(Shaded portions in map now undergoing development)

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TOURING TOPICS

FEBRUARY, 1928



HIGHWAY MANNERS

HOW can it be explained that some men who are uniformly courteous and unselfish, considerate of others at home and elsewhere, quick to step aside for another pedestrian as a matter of politeness, in fact, gentlemen in the true sense of the word, become so transformed when driving an automobile that they become selfish and inconsiderate, ready to steal another's right of way and callous to the convenience and safety of other drivers and of pedestrians? Truly, the psychology of the steering wheel is beyond understanding.

The attitude of the driver of a motor vehicle has become a national problem. It is much graver than a merely interesting psychological question. Whether or not the boorish complex that dominates a man only when he is driving tends to undermine the fine qualities of his character, facts and figures that cannot be disputed show that it is taking an appalling toll of life.

Selfishness and thoughtlessness cause a majority of all motor vehicle accidents. Of the staggering list of motoring fatalities far more than half could have been readily averted by ordinary care and decency. The wilful, the reckless, the incompetent we shall undoubtedly have with us always. Because of these there must be wise and careful legislation and enforcement, with probably a continued tightening up of the granting of drivers' licenses. Inasmuch, however, as the majority of accidents are caused by those who know better and are capable of driving in a manner to avoid accidents, the chief problem, it would seem, is to find some method whereby the innately decent and competent drivers

shall acquire a personal sense of responsibility that avoidable accidents will be avoided. For, as repeatedly declared by TOURING TOPICS, public safety on the highways can be achieved whenever motorists earnestly desire it.

Recent statistics of highway accidents compiled by the public safety department of the Automobile Club of Southern California are far from reassuring. Deaths among children of school age were 11 per cent less in 1927 in Los Angeles city and county than in 1926. A decrease was also shown in the previous year, so it is a fair conclusion that this bright spot in the accident record is due to the intensive safety educational work in the public schools.

The record of fatalities among adults tells a darker story. The number of fatalities increased 13 per cent in 1927 over that of 1926. Jay-walking, negligence of motorists at grade crossings, speeding in 15-mile zones and violating the right of way are disclosed as the most prolific causes of accidents. Most of these must be classed as avoidable and therefore needless. Less than 1 per cent of the fatalities listed were charged to defective equipment.

So the toll of life and property grows from year to year in the face of warnings, legislation and educational campaigns. In Southern California there are approximately 1,000,000 motor vehicles, according to registration. It would seem that motorists generally must of necessity recognize the gravity of the situation to such an extent that they will curb selfishness and thoughtlessness and thus eliminate the major portion of highway accidents.

Derelicts of the COLORADO Desert

IN THE history of the Southwest there are no annals more entrancing than those which deal with the discovery and development of some of its rich mineral districts, and relate the subsequent appearance of the picturesque mining towns which have been immortalized in song and story. Some of these, still inhabited, are relics of a past that is colorful and dramatic. Others, forsaken by those who built them and made them famous, have become derelicts of other days in an age of relentless progress. For those the tale should end with a requiem. Their passing has been complete, the ghost cities of the wasteland, and with them have passed the roistering characters who gave their names immortality.

Of those dead towns there are some where buildings yet remain to bear witness to their years of prosperity; others have yielded to silent decay, or have fallen vic-

tims to vandals, and little is found to tell of their former glory. They have become mere legends remembered only by a few old men and women who, in the days of their youth, trod the streets which have since reverted to the wilderness. Such a fate overtook La Paz, the Queen of the Colorado.

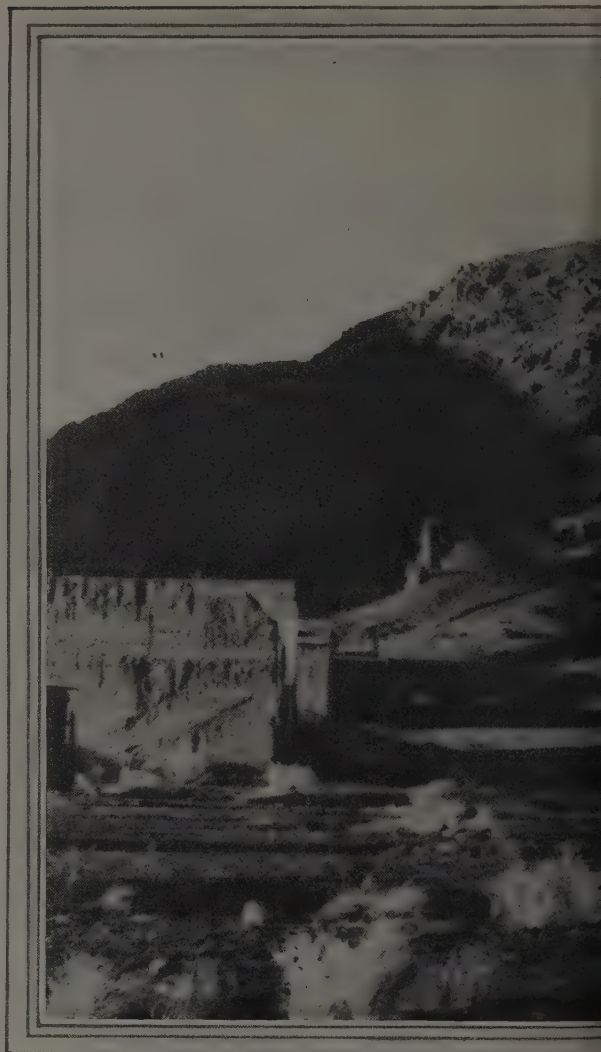
Back in 1862, when the basin of the Colorado was but little known, four Mexican prospectors, Jesus Contreras, Felipe Amavesca, José M. Coz and Ramón García, set out from Fort Yuma with a pack outfit of burros to explore the country lying to the northward. Following the tortuous course of the river, they examined the mountains and valleys on the east side for precious metals. At a

The main street of once-thriving Calico. The beautiful

point about ninety miles above the fort, they found placer gold, coarse dust and nuggets that were easily recoverable by dry panning. In due time the news of the discovery spread, and large numbers of gold-seekers, most of them Mexicans, journeyed to the scene of the "strike."

Ensuing months proved the district to be quite extensive, and one of the richest ever discovered. Laboring with the most primitive of implements, the miners succeeded in obtaining quantities of gold which in those days meant fabulous wealth. Travel to the new placers was slow and arduous. Transportation of life's necessities was accomplished solely by means of the burro, and the newcomers were perhaps the most poverty-stricken of all the optimists which sought for gold in the early days. Hence their "outfits" were the most unpretentious of any who ventured into the fastness of the desert, consisting of the trusty cap-and-ball rifle, a frying pan, a gold pan, blankets and a few simple items of food, of which the principal one was *frijoles*. Save for the gold pan, they had no tools of the miners'

Formerly a roaring camp of 2500 people; today a mere shell, abandoned and falling in decay, such is the history of Tumco





Mountains, from which the camp took its name, are seen

trade, and were greatly handicapped. The barrel of the faithful rifle did duty as a crowbar, and its iron-shod butt served as a hammer. The frying pan was used as a community dish, when a group squatted in a circle around it, partaking of its contents with knives, sticks, or the implements that God gave them.

Nevertheless, they were a carefree lot, those Mexican miners, and their dealings with each other were characterized by fraternal good will. Strange as it may seem, disputes over claims, so prevalent in most other mining camps of the West, did not occur in La Paz. Frequently a miner, finding a rich placer, would fire his pistol several times into the air as a signal to all within hearing to come and share with him his good fortune.

Discoveries followed rapidly one after the other. Among the richest of these may be mentioned Juan Ferrar Gulch, Old Man Placer, Middle Camp, La Cholla, Plumbosa, and The New Water—all dry placers.

In due time, when the district had become quite populous, a town was built and

Being a description of certain Southern California mining camps—once thriving but now abandoned

By Philip Johnston

given the name La Paz, an appellation that seemed to be in keeping with the spirit of its citizens. The site was about four miles east of the river, and six miles above the present site of Ehrenburg, on a large lagoon connecting with the river, which offered safe anchorage for the steamers that made the hazardous voyage up from the gulf, laden with cargoes of food and other necessities. The buildings were all constructed of sun-dried brick, or adobe, the handiest and cheapest material in a land where timber was practically non-existent, save for a few mesquite and willow trees fringing the banks of the river, which were fashioned into roof beams.

Social life was in keeping with the traditions of that day. Miners laden with "dust" and nuggets,

desiring an interlude to their toil, would seek it in saloons and dance halls which made their appearance as soon as the town came into being. Hilarious indeed, and

hectic were some of those parties. Music and song, with pistol shots marking time, told of hearts that were merry. And the miners, having no desire to hoard the gold they had, continued to celebrate until it was exhausted, when they returned to their claims for more.

La Paz seems to have enjoyed immunity from the terrorism of "bad men" and their gun play, so characteristic of many other contemporary mining towns. Founded by Mexicans, these Latins formed the bulk of its population for years. The Americans who came later seemed to respect the established precedent, and La Paz remained true to its name.

In the little desert hamlet of Quartzite, sixteen miles east of the site of old La Paz, lives Señor José Martínez, a native of that city, with his wife and his mother. Sixty-five years ago, the latter, at the age of twenty-two, journeyed with her husband from La Cienega, Sonora, to the placer diggings on the Colorado River, where she helped him pan gold, and shared in all the vicissitudes of the early mining camp. Her memory has become dim with age, but her son is well versed in the lore of that city of long ago, and recounts many interesting tales of its heyday.

The largest nugget from that district,

Forty miles north of the Salton Sea is the ghost town of Dale, a prosperous mining-camp of twenty years ago





Above—Few buildings now stand on the site of old Picacho, located on the west bank of the Colorado River. Successive floods have ravaged the town, and a thick growth of mesquite masks its remains

according to Señor Martinez, was found by an American named Geer. Valued at about three thousand dollars, it constituted a modest fortune in those days. It was smuggled from the country secretly by its finder, who, by reason of sad experience in other mining camps, feared robbery.

"But they no do it," said Señor Martinez. "Everybody's pretty good that time."

Miners journeying from their diggings to La Paz, laden with "dust," when meeting others who were going in search of wealth, would proudly display their treasure, and tell of their experiences in acquiring it, with no fear of being robbed.

True to the principles of economic law, a plentiful supply of gold and a scarcity of life's necessities made for high prices. Flour, coffee and sugar sold for a dollar a pound; a bunch of sulphur matches brought thirty-five cents; eggs were a dollar and a half a dozen, and if a man wanted a chicken dinner, the fowl cost him five dollars. Steamer fare to Fort Yuma was fifteen dollars.

There were no banking facilities, and a thrifty man who revolted at the custom of squandering gold over the bars, had only the alternative of placing his wealth in a *caché*. Tradition has fostered the belief that several of these treasure troves are still intact, awaiting the spade of the lucky finder.

Chief among the business men of La Paz was Manuel Ravenna, an Italian who was proprietor of a combination saloon, store and hotel. Years of prosperity enabled him to amass considerable wealth, consisting of gold coin and bullion, which he buried in an ore bucket. Later, he died without revealing its location, and many attempts were made to find it. According to Señor



Left—Unique is the architecture of this house at Picacho Mine. Thorny stems of the ocotillo have been nailed to upright posts, inside and outside, and the interstices filled with small stones



The site of the Tumco cemetery is a sweep of desert landscape, barren beyond description, stretching far away to meet a range of mountains rugged and sere as a lunar landscape

Martinez, these were all unsuccessful until sixteen years ago, when two Spaniards and a German struck it rich to the amount of \$65,000.

In its prime, La Paz was no mean city. Estimates of its greatest population range from 3000 to 5000. At one time it was a contender for the honor of being made capital of the Territory of Arizona. Unfortunate in its location, the city was a victim of floods from the Colorado, and the population moved to a new townsite a few miles

south, which was named Ehrenburg. Thus came the end, and dissolution was rapid and complete.

Today, the traveler who visits the old townsite will see little to indicate the former size of La Paz. Indeed, its very location is difficult to find without a guide. A few ruined walls of adobe, overgrown with desert vegetation, are all that remain to lend verisimilitude to the tales of its former glory. Save for the sighing of a vagrant breeze through greasewood and mesquite, and the wail of a coyote, silence holds complete sway.

II.

Picacho, twenty-five miles north of Yuma, and on the west side of the Colorado, is another of the early mining camps that was located by Mexican prospectors. Its discovery was contemporary with that of La Paz, and its early history had much in common with that city. Reputed to be the richest placer in

the State, many stories are told of wealth that was found there.

"A man could sit on a horse," said one of the old timers, in relating his stories to the writer, "and see gold shining up from the bed-rock. Often it was possible to scrape up ten dollars' worth of 'dust' in a single handful. Owners of claims hired men to pan for them, paying wages of ten dollars a day. Any man who failed to pan out at least three hundred dollars of gold in a day, got his time. Two boys who

owned a claim, J. B. Martinez and Adolfo Sombrano, recovered \$1100 in one day."

During the first few years of its existence, Picacho was even more like a bit of Old Mexico transplanted to American soil than was the larger town seventy miles upriver. Craving diversion of the kind they had known in their own country, the Mexicans constructed an arena for bull fights. Great pomp and ceremony attended these contests, which were well attended by miners from all sections of the country. For days prior to the dramatic entry of the torador and his antagonist into the ring, a general redistribution of the gold brought into camp would be effected by scores of gambling games. Grouped around a blanket spread on the ground which served as a table, the miners would untie buckskin bags, pour out their stakes of gold dust, and the game usually lasted until the result was decisive.

Gay indeed, and vividly picturesque, were the *bailles* of old Picacho. Thrumming guitars, accompanied by the clatter of castanets, supplied music for the dancers, who frequently prolonged their merrymaking into the hours of daylight. But the grandest *baille* of all, held once a year to commemorate the independence of Mexico, began on the sixteenth of September, and usually lasted a week. All of these affairs were featured

by a lavish use of *cascarones*, hollow egg shells colored in brilliant hues, and stuffed with confetti. These, brought to the dance by the basketful, would be purchased by the men who broke them over the heads of the women they most admired. The belle who had the largest number broken over her head was regarded as the most popular of all.

Large numbers of Americans later came into the district, and prospected the surrounding hills for the lodes of gold in which the rich placers had their origin. The discovery of several of these gave Picacho a longer lease on life than had been enjoyed by La Paz. Large stamp mills were erected, and the town became prosperous. In the middle '90s the payroll amounted to more than \$40,000 a month, which was paid in gold coin, brought from Yuma by horseback.

The largest mill in the district was wrecked by a curious accident. The gov-

by a Mexican, who came to the rescue with a lariat and hauled them out, dripping with profanity and muddy water, and considerably sobered. The coachman for the senators was a former stage driver who took great pride in displaying his expert marksmanship. According to reports, it was customary for him to shoot out the candle after retiring.

Several killings took place in Picacho, the most noteworthy of which had for its principal actor one Pete Burke, the town marshal. An ardent believer in the doctrine of preparedness, the officer frequently indulged in pistol practice, which at times was rather spontaneous, without regard to time or place. Standing with his back to the bar in one of the saloons, Pete drew his revolver from its holster, and with index finger through the trigger-guard he twirled it several times, pinwheel fashion; then he took aim at a knot in the ceiling and fired. But the knot was hard and the bullet

Below—This quaint monument in the cemetery at Calico is eloquent of the rigors of desert existence. Painted letters stand out in relief above the surrounding surface of wood which has been carved away by wind-driven sand



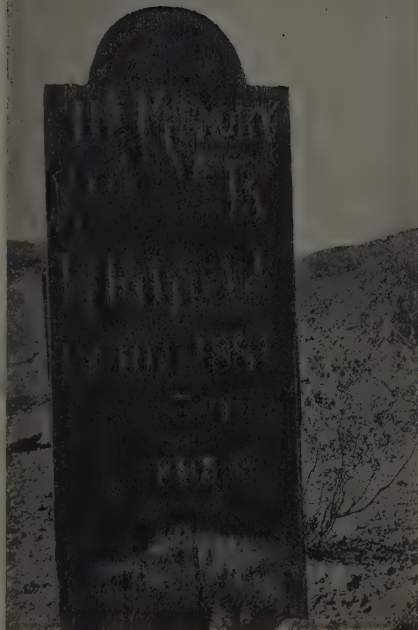
Concord stages that plied between Picacho and Yuma, a quarter of a century ago. Photograph by courtesy of Billy Horan, Yuma

ernor on the steam engine got out of order, the flywheel burst, and the fragments crashed through the walls of adobe as though they had been cardboard. Sections of the roof were torn off by chunks of steel that flew over the mountain behind the mill, and across the river in front of it. Fortunately, no fatalities resulted, but the Mexican population, believing that the end of the world had come, was thrown into a wild panic.

Later, the ownership of the largest mine was acquired by two United States senators, who made several visits each year to their property. Life at the national capital seemed to have required a degree of circumspection and sobriety that palled on the distinguished gentlemen, who made their sojourn in Picacho an occasion for celebrating with strong drink. It is said that these two partners, while in their cups one day, were walking arm in arm along the bank of the river. Their course described a series of irregular curves, the last one of which overlapped the high bank. Fortunately for them, their sudden disappearance was noted

glanced, continuing its career over a low partition where it fetched up in the torso of a Mexican engaged in a game of monte, who immediately cashed in his checks for all time. Cries for vengeance arose, and Burke fled for his life, seeking the managers of the mine. After a hasty conference, it was decided that Burke's only chance for safety lay in immediate surrender to the justice of the peace, who lived several miles distant. En route to the justice's house, the party was surprised by a mob of Mexicans. The object of their wrath leaped from the buckboard in which he was riding and tried to escape, but he was pursued into a blind barranca, and shot to death.

One of the large properties at Picacho, upon the death of its owner, passed to two heirs, one of whom started a suit to obtain full possession. Meantime a third party named Dorsey obtained an option from one of the heirs and built a mill, which he operated for some time. Finally, the other heir placed an attachment on the mill, and set out from Yuma with the sheriff who was to serve it. In some manner Dorsey



had been apprised of his intentions in time to arrange for a steamer to come up from Yuma. During the night all the machinery of the mill was quietly loaded on the boat, and when the sheriff arrived the next morning he was just in time to see the steamer disappearing around a bend in the river. Later, the mill was set up on the Arizona side of the stream, on another property.

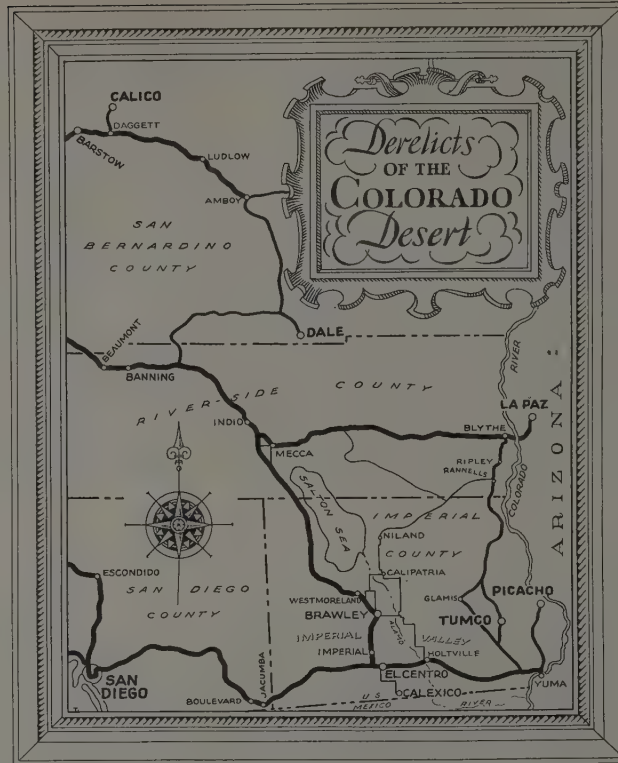
Five miles from the town of Picacho was the Picacho Mine, located within a short distance of the lofty peak from which the district gets its name. Years ago a railroad was built connecting the mine with the mill near the river. After a long period of operation the railroad was torn up and nothing but the old embankments remain at the present time to indicate its former location.

Deserted by her citizens, a victim of successive floods, Picacho has all but vanished. On the flank of the mountain, out of reach of lapping waters, a few buildings still remain. Of the saloons and stores, however, there is no trace; the former townsite has been almost completely reclaimed by thorny mesquite. Within a stone's throw of the former main street, the broad Colorado flows silently toward the gulf. On either side of it rise desert mountains, boulder-strewn and chasm-riven, composing a scene in which the forbidding is blended with wild, exotic beauty.

III.

Tumco, known in its early days as Hedges, situated five miles north of Ogilby station on the Southern Pacific, was a mining town of considerable importance thirty-five years ago, when her population approached 3000. Today, a single man presides over her remains, which have been picked clean by numerous biped vultures with motor trucks. Yet, while they have done their worst, the town has not been totally erased from the landscape. Numerous walls of adobe, masonry foundations, together with vast quantities of splintered boards and timbers bear witness to her former size and importance. The setting is a narrow desert valley, between two small ranges of barren mountains.

On a ranch near Yuma resides a man who was formerly constable and saloon keeper of Tumco. His rem-



iniscences of the town when she was a "roaring camp" rival in human interest and dramatic qualities the stories of Bret Harte.

The district was discovered by a Swedish track walker who frequently went on excursions into the mountains along the railroad, seeking indications of mineral wealth. In the chocolate-colored rocks north of Ogilby he made a rich strike, and forthwith ceased to count ties. The claims passed through several hands, each successive owner doing additional development, until finally Tumco boasted a huge mill, containing 140 stamps—the largest in the United States. Miles of underground workings yielded millions in gold, a goodly portion

of which, paid to the miners in wages, found its way over the bars of the four saloons. For the size of the town, the saloons were not many, but they made up in activity for what they lacked in numbers. The company owned the finest saloon in town, a large stone building which contained the last word in furnishings. But in its endeavor to keep the place orderly the company lost many of its customers, who preferred to patronize three saloons that were located in a hollow on the outskirts of the town. Known by the significant name of "Stingaree Gulch," it was the scene of plenty of gun fights and killings, which differed only in minor details. While recounting some of these to the writer, the former constable bared both arms, disclosing a scar on each just above the elbows.

"One night," he said, "a hot argument arose in a card game, and a Mexican drew two knives. I went over to the table to try to settle it, and the Mexican jumped from his chair and came for me. As I raised my arms to try to disarm him, he drove both knives through them, and pinned them to the wall. By this time my partner saw that I was in for a bad time of it, and came to the rescue with his six-shooter. The Mexican whirled to face him and he shot him five times through the heart. At the first shot, the Mexican clutched at the spot where the bullet had entered, and the other four bullets cut off all of his fingers.

"There was a butcher in town who had been educated to be a priest. He was a peaceable sort of a fellow, and was well liked by all of us. It was the independence day of Mexico, and all the Mexicans of camp were celebrating. One of them rode up on horseback to the place where the

butcher was at work, and lassoed him. The horse happened to be an ornery one, and the butcher was afraid that he might be dragged and seriously hurt, so he cut the rope with one of his knives. This enraged the Mexican, who jumped from his horse and started to choke the butcher. The Mexican was a giant in strength, and of course it was up to the butcher to defend himself, and this he proceeded to do, using the tools of his trade for that purpose, with all the expertness a man gets



At Quartzite stands this quaint old adobe, formerly a stage station between Prescott and La Paz. Water was at such a premium in this region that a charge of twenty-five cents was levied on each team that drank at the well

(CONTINUED ON
PAGE 37)

Traders' Tricks

How the influence of Yankee merchants helped win California for the Union—

By Phil Townsend Hanna

Illustrations by Raymond P. Winters

NERO fiddled while Rome burned, according to popular tradition. California fandangoed while Yankee traders drove the opening wedge for American conquest, as a matter of historical fact.

The similarity ends there. Nero and the Yankee traders were but symbols of a climacteric in the course of peoples.

At the outset, the contest in California was merely one between avaricious and unscrupulous petty officials of a remote and little respected province of Mexico and nimble-witted Yankees who had learned the art of sanding sugar and manufacturing wooden nutmegs from such adepts as Phineas T. Barnum, Esq.

As the flag always follows trade, commercial conquest shortly became political conquest. The galaxy of Boston ships that found California such a lucrative field for barter were the real conquerors of this terrestrial Eden. The Bear Flag revolt and the skirmishes of Frémont, Stockton and Kearny, with their pitifully small legions, were but incidental.

The province was lethargic and secretly sympathetic toward the Americans even though they did characterize them with the opprobrious title of "gringos." Had the natives resisted, a larger armed force, perhaps, than America could readily have mustered and transported to the Pacific Slope would have been necessary to effect the subjugation.

The traders had won the fight before the military went through the motions. The Californians had found a ready market for their hides and tallow, and American gadgets of all types and kinds had captured their vanity.

The first trading ship that entered the port of Monterey did more to hasten the day when 2,000,000 motorists would scurry from Siskiyou to San Diego than all the sorties of the combined forces of the navy and military establishments in 1846.

It is not my purpose to belittle the gallant efforts of the professional fighting force. They were heroic, dramatic and romantic, but their drama and romance has been so mag-

nified that the true perspective has become distorted and the undeniable influence of the traders obscured.

The first American to come to California, it must be remembered, came by sea. He may have been Peter Pudget in the *Catham* as early as 1794. Probably he was a trader. The first American to enter California by land was Jedediah Smith in 1826. He, likewise, was a trader. American settlement showed a gradual acceleration as the years came on.

From 1794 to 1848 probably not less than seventy-five or a hundred different American trading vessels sailed California coastal waters, many of them making biennial voyages. Between 1800 and 1848 hides exported totaled 5,000,000 and tallow 10,000,000 arrobas (28,000,000 pounds) it has been estimated, with a gross value in excess of \$25,000,000.

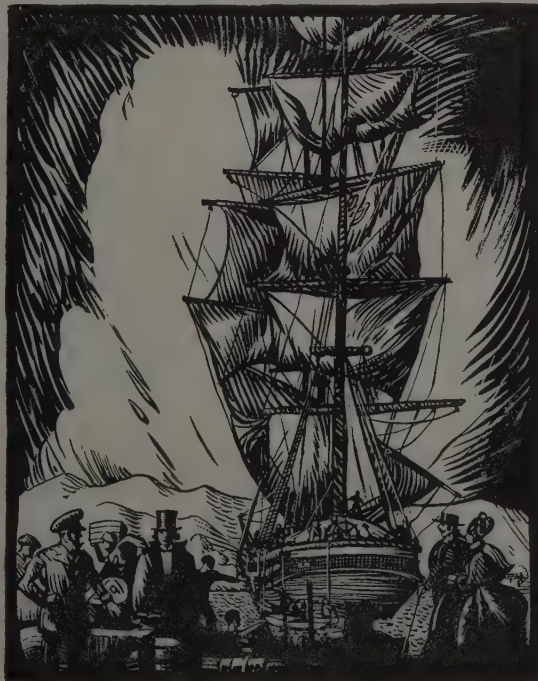
It was a profitable business, but not with-

out distressing vicissitudes. California land under Spanish and Mexican rule had no monetary value nor did the products of the land. Taxation for the maintenance of government, therefore, centered about import duties, and these were not based on the requirements of economical administration, if we are to believe the Christian gentleman who was the first American alcalde of Monterey, who assures us that "revenues derived from these enormous imposts have passed into pockets of a few individuals, who have placed themselves, by violence or fraud, at the head of the government, and have never reached the public in any beneficial form."

In general, customs duties approximated 100 per cent; on many articles this figure was exceeded; on some few not reached. Unbleached cotton selling in the United States for six cents a yard, cost fifty in Monterey. Plain knives and forks were ten dollars a dozen; coarse cowhide shoes (made from California leather in New England factories, undoubtedly), three dollars a pair. The duty on the coarsest hat, irrespective of the material from which it was made, amounted to three dollars.

Trading, under such an arbitrary and unjust tax schedule, became an insurmountable handicap. The traders followed the obvious course for relief—circumvented the officials by various subterfuges and stratagems, including forthright smuggling.

No obloquy attached to it. It was the thing to do. The "best citizens" of the period engaged in it, just as many of the "best citizens" of the present condone the illicit manufacture and consumption of eighth-rate booze. Prior to 1811, while California was under Spanish dominion, trading was virtually prohibited. Smuggling, therefore, became necessary to the trader who would dispose of his stock. Later this ruling was enforced much less stringently and with the coming of the Mexican governors, who made no pretense of enforcing the prohibition, smuggling became an expediency to evade outrageous duties, rather than a necessity.

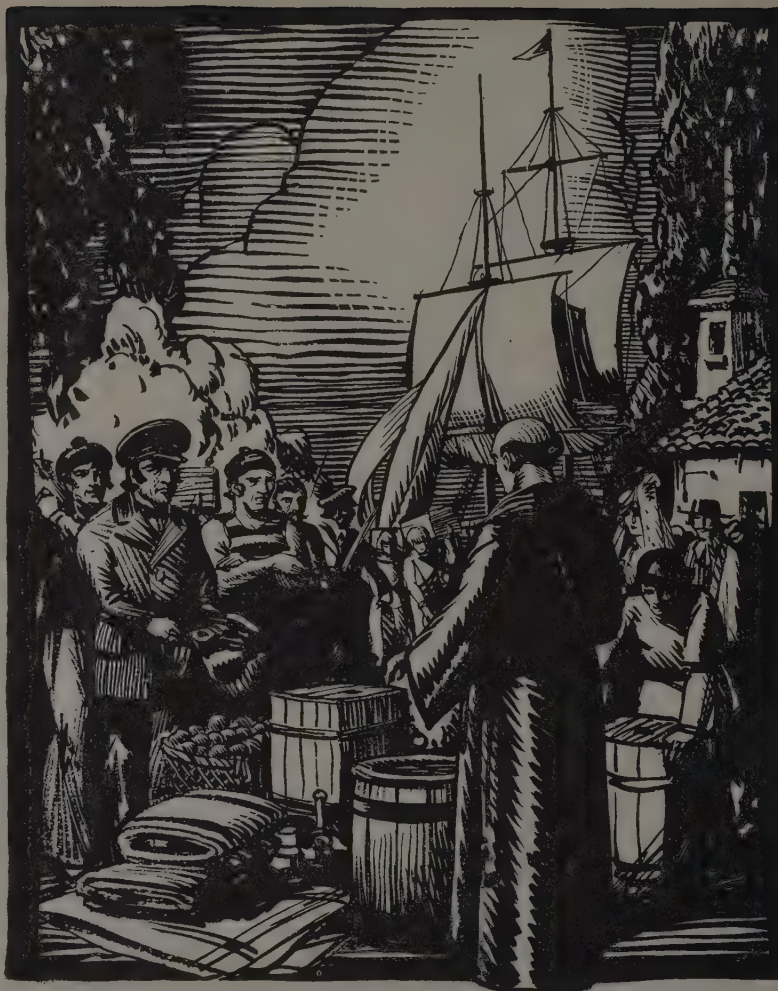


"After entering their vessels at Monterey, supercargoes rigged up typical stores on shipboard where the Californians could inspect their wares"

The governors changed, seemingly, as frequently as the seasons. There were twelve between 1822 and 1847. Each appeared to have divergent notions about the regulation of commercial relations. The traders, perforce, became agile and adept in circumvention.

All vessels were required to enter Monterey, declare their cargoes and arrange to pay the requisite duties before they were permitted to proceed to other ports to trade. Regular ports of call were Yerba Buena (San Francisco), San Jose, Monterey, Santa Barbara, San Pedro, San Juan Capistrano and San Diego. The vessels almost always came from the south; the channel islands of Santa Catalina, Santa Cruz and San Nicolas thus became convenient points for the landing of goods which could be retrieved after the duties were paid on a scanty cargo. Not infrequently exchanges of cargoes were made at sea, or land caches made at lonely points along the coast. Cave Landing on the San Luis Obispo County shore was a favorite retreat. One company of shippers even went so far as to erect a warehouse here for the storage of undeclared merchandise. Huge rings, imbedded in the rocks and to which small boats were moored, remain today as silent witnesses to this illicit practice. There were no Mexican war vessels in California waters to strengthen the arm of the impotent authorities.

Juan Bandini, who lived to belie the title of "decayed gentleman" that Dana imposed upon him in *Two Years Before the Mast*, himself was accused of smuggling, deposed from the office he occupied as visitador of customs houses, fined, and his goods confiscated. The incident is redolent of political chicanery. Bandini had been named customs house inspector; Angel Ramirez, the incumbent, declined to recognize his authority and, in turn, accused Bandini of smuggling. The incident involved merchandise valued at \$2,000, which had been brought to San Diego from Acapulco by Bandini. An investigation by Judge Castillo Negreta revealed that they had been landed without payment of duty. Bandini, thereupon, was removed from office, the commodities in question were confiscated



"The padres were excellent customers, albeit shrewd in concluding bargains"

and he was forced to contribute \$700 to the provincial treasury. This is the price the young Californian had to pay for his political ambition and his effrontery in seeking the removal of the customs house to its logical location at San Diego.

Even Abel Stearns, *pontifex maximus* of Los Angeles, was not free from the stigmata of this then unlawful practice. Stearns maintained a large warehouse at San Pedro and was suspected of importing undeclared merchandise from Santa Catalina Island. He was haled into court a time or two, but on each occasion was acquitted.

The receptions accorded vessels entering the port of Monterey were as varied as the regulations governing commerce. The ship that first bore Alfred Robinson into the port in 1829 was greeted with a shot across the bow, the customary warning of the presidio to proceed no further without official permission. Robinson was supercargo or business manager for the company owning the vessels on which Dana sailed. In 1836 he married one of the De la Guerras, around whose old home so much of the cultural life of Santa Barbara now revolves. She was Ana Maria de la Gracia de Dios Leonora De la Guerra y Carrillo. Dana

witnessed the event and drew a comparison between the dancing of the Yankees and the Californians, rather unfavorable to the former. Robinson, he declared, cut a "ridiculous figure" in a "tight, black, swallow-tailed coat, just imported from Boston, a high stiff cravat, looking as if he had been pinned and skewered, with only his feet and hands left free."

In the majority of instances the traders were required to unload their entire cargo for inspection and appraisal at Monterey. Adroit and diplomatic supercargoes, by dispensing divers gifts among officials, often avoided compliance with this onerous task. William Heath Davis was one of these. In his *Sixty Years in California* he describes the procedure. The inspection aboard being arranged for, Davis relates:

"The customs house inspector was a curious old Mexican who had lost his teeth, and his sentences were mumbled in a queer way; but he was polite and gentlemanly withal, and while going

through the formality of looking about the vessel to examine her, I accompanied him. The main hatch was off, and I said that if he wished to go down into the hold, I would have a ladder brought for his accommodation, and that he should be assisted down. He replied that he was not very particular. I remarked that there were a good many scorpions among the cargo. . . . When I mentioned scorpions, he stepped back, really frightened, and making up a ludicrous face, declared vehemently that he had no desire to go into the hold. . . . The duties on the cargo amounted to \$10,000." The latter figure represents about one-third or one-half what they probably should have been.

Inspection of cargoes on board ship nurtured the petty corruption that seemed inherent among Mexican officialdom. Davis tells of another incident with great gusto. On one occasion he entered Yerba Buena with the *Don Quixote* before repairing to Monterey. The sub-prefect thereupon placed a guard aboard to prevent any portion of the cargo being landed.

"Soon after the guard was placed on board," Davis writes, "one of us who knew him very well, approached him and told

him we were going to lock him up in a state-room. 'What?' said he in surprise, 'What's the matter?' We laughed and told him not to be alarmed, and he soon understood, apparently, what we were aiming at. He was told that he could have his supper and could take his smoke, and then go into the state-room, where he would find a nice bed, a bottle of Madeira, a bottle of aguardiente, cigars, and everything to make him comfortable, and that the door would be locked and the key taken away, and he was to go to sleep and take it easy, and in the morning he would be let out and given \$20 in gold.

"Accordingly, after finishing his supper and his cigar, he went into the state-room, as desired, the door was locked and the key was laid aside, and nothing further was heard from him till the next morning. We put on all the boats and men, and during the night worked industriously and landed about half our cargo, all the more valuable goods—silks, etc., on which the duty was the highest, and a large quantity of sugar. The tide favored us, and we put the goods on the beach near Spear's store, and the men rolled them in. We ceased our labors about 4 o'clock in the morning, well satisfied with our night's work."

For a time while he was resident at Yerba Buena in 1843, 1844 and 1845, Davis unblushingly confesses to utilizing the boat of the customs' agent, Benito Diaz, a friend, for smuggling. He dealt then chiefly with the whalers, buying cottons, calicos, handkerchiefs, etc. These he had landed in great casks, in which false bottoms had been installed at a depth of eighteen inches. This compartment was filled

with pilot bread, for the inspection of customs officials, the balance of the cask containing valuable merchandise. Davis alleges that this was a favorite means of tax evasion with Yerba Buena merchants!

Boston traders usually kept two vessels in the trade. They were dispatched to the Pacific together, traded together for two years or until a full cargo of hides and tallow was assembled, for one vessel, when it returned to New England. The ship remaining continued to gather hides until the other returned when it too would return to the Atlantic. Each vessel usually spent from eighteen months to two years on the California coast, visiting each port three or four times a year. All hides were cured and stored at "Hide Park," a row of rough warehouses on the beach in San Diego Harbor.

The supercargo was the big figure in the business. Buyer, seller, financier and diplomat—he was all these and more. Much of the time he traveled overland, buying hides and tallow, collecting accounts, notifying the rancheros and the padres of the itinerary of the vessels in his charge. Hides and tallow were delivered at the nearest port. Upon the ship's crews fell the task of loading them and delivering merchandise purchased on shore. Often this was a formidable task. At Santa Barbara, for instance, ships were forced to anchor three miles offshore. Every hide and every pound of merchandise had to be transported by small boat.

At San Pedro and San Juan Capistrano the labor of transporting exchanged commodities was an arduous one. The hides, as Dana explains, could be thrown from

the palisades to the beach, but the purchases of the natives had to be carried up steep, rough and narrow trails on men's backs.

A pickling and drying process was utilized to cure the hides. They were immersed in sea-water, then staked out upon the beach in the sun, where every vestige of hair and flesh was removed by scraping. When ready to go aboard a crew and a small boat went ashore, the small boat remaining outside the line of breakers while the crew struggled through the surf, carrying the hides, one at a time, upon their heads. Tallow was shipped in hide bags.

After entering their vessels at Monterey supercargoes rigged up typical stores on shipboard where the Californians could inspect their wares. The merchandise was highly diversified. A typical cargo would include: Brown and white cotton yardage for shirting and sheeting, prints of good quality and fast and vivid patterns, cotton and silk handkerchiefs, velveteen, fustian, muslin, bishop's lawn, cotton lace, cassimere, cassinet, flannel, linen goods, cotton, woollen and silk stockings, gown patterns, cashmere shawls, hardware, tinware, earthenware, glassware, needles, cotton and linen thread, sewing silk, hats, boots and shoes, ready-made clothing, Scotch griddles, knives and forks, thimbles, hoes, spades, shovels, window-glass, nails, furniture, tea-trays, carpeting, oil-cloth, artificial flowers, false pearls, beads, gold and silver lace, perfumery, iron pots and kettles, candlesticks, sickles, silver hunting-watches, firearms, powder, spirits of all kinds, teas, coffee, sugar, spices, raisins, and molasses.

The padres were excellent customers, al-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)



"The traders circumvented the officials by various subterfuges and stratagems, including forthright smuggling"



A vermillion blanket of California poppies viewed across a canyon in the rolling Tehachapi foothills not far from Caliente. This field was in full bloom during early April last year

color spread along the immediate sides of the highway, on the mesas, on the hillsides, in the canyons, along the sea cliffs, and on the sand. He investigates and is interested. He gathers some of the most attractive ones, takes them home and seeks to find the name. If there are school youngsters in the party or in the home they can hand out an amazing amount of information, for in every school there is an earnest teacher who is passing on her knowledge of botany, making the children know the flower first and then love it. Conservation is vital, and is a text that should be preached at every opportunity by the lover of flowers, for it is the only avenue by which we may return, year after year, to enjoy this feast of color.

Perhaps the coast and its canyons are selected for a day's trip. Traveling south from Newport toward Laguna Beach the motorist finds the sand ver-
bena (*Abronia um-*

Wildflower Fields of Southern California

A survey of the location of our native floral growths,
with a description of the more common species—

By Lena Scott Harris

JUST now, we in California are thrice blessed, for we have a network of magnificent boulevards, far-flung miles of wild flowers in uncharted loveliness, and the spirit and urge of our much loved out-of-doors to send us in search of them. February, March and April are the finest months, but there is not one month in the cycle of twelve that does not bring its quota. To be sure, we may plan a flower expedition to a territory where we are positive that flowers abound—and a spring rain may have laid the blossoms low or a subdivisional era may have closed in and a town started!

Most interesting and instructive is the prodigal hand of Nature that fairly saturates our mountain-tops, canyons, valleys,

desert slopes and plains, and on down to the line of the sea, each in its season, with our native wildflowers. We have only to select the route, and the flowers are there to greet us. If there is a desire to familiarize oneself with the general form and color of the flowers before going in quest of them, or in identifying those found, there is a permanent exhibit of some 200 life-size studies in accurate color at the State Building, Exposition Park, Los Angeles, that may be consulted. The common name, as well as the Latin name and the habitat, will be found with these studies, offering a vast deal of information.

The motorist who goes out for a day or a week-end trip reads as he runs and is struck, primarily, by the great masses of

bellata), rose purple, with slender, prostrate stems and roundish leaves; then a representative of the evening primrose family (*Oenothera spiralis*), its stems radiating from a central rosette, bearing many lovely, clear yellow blossoms, that make patches of reflected sunlight atop the sand dunes; the flaunting mission mallow (*Lavatera assurgentiflora*), a native of the Santa Barbara Islands, but much used along the coast as a wind break, almost tree-like, with leaves resembling the maple, the petals a lively magenta overlaid with crimson lines from apex to base that gives it a most arresting color scheme. There is the fig marigold (*Mesembryanthemum aequilaterale*), whose literal meaning is "mid-day blossom," with stems several feet long, leaves three-sided,

flowers terminal and of rose purple hue, all forming great mats, like colorful rugs thrown about. They festoon themselves over the cliffs and slip down the sands to the high tide line.

Another close-to-the-sea member is the ice plant (*Mesembryanthemum crystallinum*) with its many branched stems and its crinkle margined leaves covered with tiny, bead-like drops that give it an oddly festive air, its petals, ranging from reddish to white, being many and surrounding, singly, the greenish center filled with yellow anthers. In appearance it is much like the sea anemone. On both sides of the boulevard, in the small canyons, and on the cliffs, are masses of golden bloom, set off by clear green foliage—the sunflower (*Encelia californica*), with its yellow petals, disc flowers of purplish brown, these disc flowers each like a slender tube with yellow styles protruding. Carry an ordinary reading glass and have a look at this flower before you call it “common.”

On the inland side there is a tapestry effect—wand-like blue lupine (*Lupinus longifolius*), the Latin “lupus, a wolf,” advancing the theory that they rob the soil of its fertility; nodding *Brodiaea* (*Brodiaea capitata*), often wrongly called wild onion, usually bluish purple but a pure white head sometimes making a new note of color; splashes of California poppies (*Eschscholtzia californica*); delicate lavender nightshade (*Solanum umbelliferum*), shallowly five-petaled and with five pairs of curious, greenish glands near the base; widely branching heliotrope (*Phacelia*), with its bluish lavender flowers; pink mallow (*Sphaeralcea fasciculata*), with its cone of



The ocatillo, olive-green with crimson blooms at the very tips of its wand-like branches, bears the common names of “candlewood” and “the Devil’s chair.” These specimens were photographed in Sentenac Canyon, eastern San Diego County, where they grow profusely, during April last year

golden brown anthers—a gay, dancing mass, that takes what it wants from the sun and the spray of the sea.

Not far from San Juan Capistrano there is another color scheme that is far reaching—the common yellow mustard (*Brassica campestris*), a naturalized European weed. The slender interlocking and interlacing branches are scarcely discernible beneath the storm of light yellow blossoms that toss about and fill the air with fragrance. The

honey content is not large but is quite strong, and is not desirable as a too large proportion in the comb when sage honey is later added by the bees. Large quantities of seed are used commercially each year.

In the neighborhood of Del Mar one finds fine specimens of the bush poppy (*Dendromecon rigidum*), with four deep yellow petals, and very stiff and erect leaves. They are probably at their best late in April. Here also is the sea dahlia (*Coreopsis maritima*), a perennial belonging to the sunflower family and closely resembling our cultivated single yellow dahlia. At the Torrey Pines preserve there is a most interesting group, not only of the unique pines but of flowering native shrubs and the many wildflowers that travel in their company. Near the coast is the scarlet monkey flower (*Mimulus cardinalis*), and farther back the common monkey flower (*Mimulus guttatus*), covers vast areas. The impish faces of these little flowers often grin at one from steep banks where they cling and sway in the wind. There are some forty members of this branch of the flower family, and they range through many colors and dwell in many territories of the State.

On the Linda Vista mesa, near the old sight of Camp Kearny, are magnificent spreads of the California poppy (*Eschscholtzia californica*), and on the bare fields in the neighborhood of lower Otay reservoir there are masses of the showy owl’s clover (*Orthocarpus densiflorus*), swinging millions of magenta heads. Close by are the shooting stars (*Dodecatheon clevelandii*), which, in structure, much resemble the cultivated cyclamen, the petals turning abruptly back from a brown “beak” that protrudes from the center. Lyons Valley has



A field of mixed thistle sage—brilliant purple in color—and buttercups—canary yellow—in bloom at the foot of White Wolf grade, near Arvin, in Kern County, late last April

hosts of phacelias, including the Amazon of the family, *Phacelia grandiflora*, which is from two to three feet high. Its petals, sometimes two inches across, are bluish lavender, shading to white at the center, its anthers of yellow on deep purple filaments making a striking note of color. This variety is exceedingly good to look at but is best left in its glory as it grows, for the stems contain a fluid that leaves a stain like iodine upon whatever it touches.

Along the west coast, on the beautiful hills of the Palos Verdes Ranchos and about Redondo one can spend hours meeting flower friends—almost a hundred varieties being garnered in one day last year by exceptionally well informed school youngsters. Perhaps the owl's clover (*Orthocarpus densiflorus*) is the most prominent of the family, for thousands of the swaying, plume-like spikes make a continuous blanket of soft magenta, showing only a hint of the green of stems and lance-like leaves. Close examination, with a fair amount of imagination assisted by tiny cream petals and crimson dots, shows an occasional "owl's head" in the fully developed individual blossom. This is not Indian paint-brush, as it is so frequently but erroneously called. Vying with this colorful member is the delicate cream cup (*Platystemon californicus*), branched from the roots, with widely spreading, slender, hairy stems; the petals, four, of a soft cream and having a center filled with a pom-pom of numerous stamens.

The Malibu road and Topango Canyon furnish still other stores of flowers. Along the roadside is the well-known "Jimson" weed (*Datura stramonium*), coarse and rank, with its soft green leaves and the extremely showy, bell-like flowers in the forks of its branches, and its oddly swirled buds.

These flowers frequently are six inches across. Beside it is the aggressive morning glory, or bindweed (*Convolvulus*), clear white, the stems traveling many feet and twining over wire fences and brush—to the great discomfiture of those with whom it is much out of favor, and who dub it a "noxious weed." In the little sandy canyons running back are glorious spikes of Indian paint-brush (*Castilleja latifolia*), its scarlet making vivid splashes among the new underbrush. In Topango Canyon are fine specimens of the perennial herb, Venegasia (*Venegasia carpesioides*), of the sunflower family, being especially fine in the shaded spots. Blue-eyed grass (*Sisyrinchium bellum*), sometimes called "nigger babies" on account of the fading petals curling up into little round balls, the lovely Godetia (*Godetia bottae*), with its satiny lavender petals that fade to white at the center where there is a rich purple spot, and the lilac Mariposa (*Calochortus splendens*), which is much the same color but easily distinguished on account of having but three petals—all these live as neighbors. In many of the Beverly canyons subdivision has transplanted

great quantities of the wildflowers to the confines of the lovely estates, great masses of them being carefully hoarded on many a hillside and in canyons natural and enhanced by beautiful landscape work.

A drive into the Arroyo Seco is always of interest, no matter what time of year, but there are few great masses of flowers and they come a little later than those nearer the coast. The exquisite background of ferns, of which there are about twelve varieties, the moss, and the large number of flowering shrubs, make a lovely study, and the flowers that have their homes between the mouth of the Arroyo and the Switzer



For several miles between the railroad track and the highway that connects Ontario and Riverside, this ribbon of evening primroses will be found in bloom during April and May

A vast and seemingly endless cloth of vivid yellow encillas, emerald hills and a scintillating ultramarine sky—this vista near Hemet drew the plaudits of thousands of motorists early last April



relay station are worth seeking. Just before entering the arroyo one sees the pearly heads of the everlasting (*Anaphalis margaritacea*) with its woolly white stems; wild buckwheat (*Eriogonum fasciculatum*), which comes third in value as a bee plant after the white and the black sage. Down in the sandy bed of the stream are the sun cups (*Oenothera ovata*), whose petals are golden yellow and whose stems are not stems at all but elongated calyx tubes, and with its feet in the stream is miner's lettuce (*Montia perfoliata*), its numerous stems rising from root leaves, and which, near the top, have a disc formed of two united leaves, pierced by the slender stalk that supports the delicate white flowers.

The exquisite toothwort (*Dentaria integrifolia*) known also as milkmaids and in England as ladies' smocks, is among the earliest flowers, its four rather round petals usually pure white but sometimes pink shaded, the stems and undersides of the leaves purplish. This will be found both below and above the relay station. Other flower faces are the yellow bleedingheart (*Dicentra*), also known as Dutchman's Breeches; the peony (*Paeonia*

brownii), with its quantities of rich green leaves, many times divided, the petals being quite thick and leathery, of a deep wine red, almost black, the edge touched with a line of yellow, and all partially folding over the delicate green pistils and yellow stamens; the wall flower (*Erysimum asperum*), whose orange petals are most colorful; the prickly phlox (*Leptodactylon californicum*), having pinkish lavender flowers and short, needle-like leaves set closely along the stem; the interesting Chinese houses, or innocence (*Collinsia bicolor*), the flowers growing in tiers, or stories, upon the foot-high stalks, the lower lip being rose purple or violet and the upper one lilac or white.

A little later, in the gravelly wash on the old rock crusher road, there are hosts of the charming Indian pink (*Silene californica*). Its vermilion makes a high color note, appearing in the open up to a foot high and pushing through bushes up to three feet or more. The petals are five, deeply four cleft, the anthers rising airily above.

All roads lead to poppies, sooner or later, for the charmingly brilliant State flower flings its gold over the hillsides, the valleys, and even into the desert. The Spanish title, "*Copo de Oro*" or cup of gold, is most beautifully placed, for millions upon millions of these lovely golden chalices gather the sunshine during the daytime hours, fold it away in their closed petals for the night, and then about mid-day flood the land with a sea of gold. It is both annual and perennial, and is called *Eschscholtzia* for "Dr. J. F. Eschscholtz, college friend of Adelbert von Chamisso, German poet and naturalist, and his companion on Kotzebue's scientific voyage around the world," according to Dr. Jepson.

Both Australia and India have naturalized it to a very large extent. The flowers run the gamut of yellow—from deep copper and orange to straw color or nearly white, the four fan-like petals rising from a collar-like rim that is sometimes touched with a line of red. The bud is most interesting in that it is formed of the sepals, which are united, making a close, pointed, green cap, which, as the flower develops, separates from the receptacle and is pushed off by the imperious golden petals. When the seed stage is reached there remains only the tiny rim, or collar, with the slender, two- to three-inch seed pod rising directly from it. The bluish green leaves are many times divided and form a lacy background for the satin sheen of the petals.

Although there are fine specimens in almost every direction there probably could be no more inspiring a sight than that furnished by the miles upon miles of blossoms that reach perfection between Grapevine Station and the territory south and east of Bakersfield. The world and his friends are invited each year by Kern County to visit this magnificent spectacle—the gold of the Poppy, the blue of the Lupine, the soft yellow of the Suncup—with myriads of other colorful blossoms to blend the landscape into a truly stupendous picture done in flowers.



On the road that skirts Palm Springs and leads into Indio, the desert flowers are uncommonly superb. The cerise sand verbena mingles with the yellow brittle bush in a kaleidoscope of color. Various specimens of desert flowers may be found here from early March until late in May

In this vast flower picture are the evening primrose (*Oenothera hookeri*), with its golden flowers often climbing a four-foot stalk; purple Brodiaea (*Brodiaea capitata*); baby blue-eyes (*Nemophila menziesii*); acres of blue lupine, set off by the white petals of evening snow (*Linanthus dichotomus*) which opens late in the afternoon and closes in the morning, and by the popcorn flower (*Plagiobothrys*), most dainty and fragrant. Here, too, is the charming member of the Gilia family (*Gilia tricolor*), with its petals of lilac, its throat with five deep purple spots, and its tube of yellow—called "bird's eyes" by the youngsters; tidytips (*Layia platyglossa*), with sulphur yellow petals tipped with white and with black anthers making a fine ascent in the deep yellow disc flowers; close by its next of kin, *Layia glandulosa*, pure white with yellow center. Scattered through the vast area of owl's clover (*Orthocarpus densiflorus*), is the glint of canary yellow of the Malacothrix (*Malacothrix californica*), the deeper yellow of golden girls (*Chaenactis lanosa*) and the delicate beauty of cream cups (*Platystemon californicum*). Chinese houses (*Collinsia bicolor*), with its whorls or "stories" of two-toned flowers, and the yellow forget-me-not, or "Fiddleneck," (*Amsinckia intermedia*), are neighbors.

One particular mass of thistle sage (*Salvia carduaca*), with Bear Mountain in the distance, is an almost awe-inspiring sight. Stems and leaves are of very soft, white green, the latter being armed with thistle-like spines on the edges. Woolly balls surmount the stems, bristling with sharp, pointed, brownish spines, and graced with exquisite lavender flowers, each lower petal of which is delicately flounced with white, and whose anthers are brilliant orange—a strangely lovely combination.

One does not have to be a botanist to thoroughly enjoy these scenes. Last year one motorist filled his car with friends sev-

eral times, getting an amazing thrill when he could bring his guests suddenly around a corner, fairly stunning them with the blaze of color that lay below Grapevine,—and he does not know a Brodiaea from an evening primrose.

And the desert's gift of flowers! If you have not included a run through the Colorado Desert via Beaumont, Banning, Palm Springs, Indio, Mecca, Brawley and El Centro to San Diego you have much in store, and a drive through Mint Canyon to the lower end of Antelope Valley, Elizabeth Lake, and through Palmdale and Lancaster into the Mojave Desert will give a feast of color. For most of us, the flowers of the desert hold a great fascination, for they come out of the silence that speaks and flood their petals with the vibrant, veiled colors of this intriguing land.

The desert lily (*Hesperocallis undulata*), the only one of its kind, is most exquisite, blooming only after a season of much rain. The bulbs sometimes lie dormant for three years, being from eighteen to twenty inches below the surface. They send up a stout, bluish green stem, sometimes two feet tall, from a cluster of long, folded, grey-green leaves, white margined and wavy along the edges, and very narrow. On this stem there are from four to eighteen lovely lilies, from two to three inches long, clear white with a band or strap of lavender-green from apex to base of petal on the outside, topped with many unopened buds showing a decided purple tinge. They have a quite delicate fragrance, which permeates even the spirit-like dried one that has been in my studio for over a year. They are more abundant near Mecca, in March and April.

In striking contrast to the aesthetic lily is the ocotillo, or flaming sword (*Fouquieria splendens*), the only genus, whose grayish, furrowed stems rise to a height of from six to twenty-five feet, all spring-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36)

Automobiles lined up for inspection at the quarantine station of the California State Department of Agriculture at Yuma



THEY Shall Not Pass!

*Why California is so relentless in its
war on destructive pests—*

By Howard C. Kegley

HALT! Have you any sweet potato weevils, European corn borers, Japanese beetles, or Mediterranean fruit flies?"

This challenge, repeated every hour of the day at fourteen crossing points on the eastern border of the State of California, greets the ears of half a million persons every year as they reach the State line and undertake to enter.

It is the war cry of the State Bureau of Plant Quarantine and Pest Control. California is out to get the pests and diseases which prey upon fruits and vegetables, and the most effective way to protect herself against their ravages is to keep them out. There are at least ten notorious plant pests, which have never been admitted to California, that could easily cost the fruit and vegetable growers of this State a billion dollars a year.

Economically, in a fruit, plant, seed and

vegetable growing State of such importance as California, an invasion by the Japanese beetle would be decidedly more serious than an outbreak of yellow fever, because medical science has learned to control yellow fever, bubonic plague and typhoid, but entomologists have not yet learned how to control the Japanese beetle.

In Delaware and New Jersey, where the beetle gained a foothold some years ago, because of the admission of an imported plant upon which it was concealed, it has progressed steadily at the rate of ten miles a year, despite efforts of State and Federal quarantine officers to eradicate it. No effective method of destroying it has been devised. It has such a wide range of hosts that it can go from one tree or plant to another.

California in recent years has been going into the cotton business on an extensive basis. This industry extends from below the Mexican border to points as far north as Fresno. The cotton boll weevil and pink boll worm have not yet invaded the cotton fields of this State, but there has, during the last ten years, been a cotton district under strict quarantine near Tucson, Arizona, so the pest isn't so far away, and quarantine officers are determined that it shall not be admitted. Government economists have estimated that the boll weevil has for years caused the cotton growers of the South a yearly loss not less than \$300,000,000.

The probability is that if these pests, or others of their ilk, get into California from the east they will do so by catching a ride with cross-country motorists or by bumming their way in on freight trains. Westbound freight trains have for years been stopped at points outside the State and all cars which

have carried raw cotton or cotton seed from States other than California, were fumigated.

Plant pest control is much easier to administer through the railroads than it is on the transcontinental highways, because the railroads are vitally interested in protecting one State from the dangerous insects of another.

In an average year more than 150,000 automobiles cross the eastern border of California, westward bound. In these automobiles are approximately 500,000 people. From one-fourth to one-half of these touring parties are campers, from every State in the Union, drifting here and there, buying their provisions wherever they happen to need them, and cooking them at the roadside; spreading their blankets upon the weeds and grasses in a dozen States, and pitching their tents under the pines, the elms and the apple trees alike.

Is it then any wonder that when a touring party crosses the Colorado River at Yuma, the quarantine officers lift its sack of vegetables out of the car, examine a sweet potato under the microscope, and find that it is swarming with sweet potato weevils from infested districts in the Southern States? It may be that the sweet potato was purchased in New Mexico. It probably was shipped there by freight from Georgia. The important thing is that it is not to be permitted to come to California and raise a family of pests.

During 1926, automobile parties crossed the east line of California, headed west, at the rate of 13,211 per month. In 1927, the first eight months indicated an average of 16,500 automobile parties per month.

Editor's Note

Citizens of California will applaud the diligence with which the State Department of Agriculture is prosecuting its campaign for pest control, even though it may mean, at times, a momentary annoyance to the individual motorist. Mr. Kegley herein emphasizes the danger to one of the State's leading industries that would develop were it not for the quarantine inspection imposed on automobiles entering the State. The Automobile Club of Southern California urges its members and friends to lend full and cheerful co-operation to this necessary and commendable work.

These figures show how rapidly the problem is growing.

An army of inspectors defend the western shore against invasion via the steamship route as well as guards the southern and eastern borders against invasion via the vehicular routes. The Oregon line is not a serious menace, but some precautions are taken there to bar out certain pests.

Just recently a great hue and cry went up because the U. S. Department of Agriculture barred out shipments of grapes from Spain. Importers contended that this was done to favor California, which produces 90 per cent of the grapes grown in the United States. It was explained by experts that because of the prevalence of

Mediterranean fruit fly in the vineyards of Spain any shipment of grapes from that country would be a serious menace to many branches of the fruit industry in this country, because the Mediterranean fruit fly has such a wide variety of hosts. It was particularly important to stop such shipments, not to protect California from competitive marketing, but to safeguard against a withering pest invasion a State that has been seventy-five years building up an industry producing grapes valued at from \$45,000,000 to \$90,000,000 per year.

Only a few weeks ago some woman in a party motoring across country to Los Angeles was compelled to surrender to a quarantine inspector at Blythe a gunny bag filled with fragrant pine needles which she had gathered in the forests of New Mexico. She planned to make herself a nice, smelly pine-needle pillow when she reached Los Angeles. It was exceedingly difficult to make her understand that the needles came from a region infested with white pine blister rust, a disease which California is particularly desirous of avoiding because of her extensive pine forests, from which come a great deal of lumber and wood pulp.

It takes all sorts of people to make a motoring season, and the party just behind the Detroit millionaires may be a family of Negroes from Chattanooga. More than likely, before starting for California in their old rattle-trap the colored folk went out to the cotton gin and filled up a few gunny sack pillows with raw cotton, and perhaps stuffed a few old straw ticks with the same stuff, to soften their camping places along the way to sunny California.

It grates on the nerves of the poor folk mightily when the inspectors at the end of the big river bridge draw out their pillows and mattresses, and toss them on the fire, but it is just as essential to do so as it would be to burn the bedding from a smallpox pest-house. The raw cotton is practically certain to be filled with boll weevils or pink boll worms, if it came from any of the Southern States, and it could easily start a boll weevil epidemic here which would cost

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35)



Above—Burning contraband hay containing alfalfa weevil, at a quarantine station located on one of the principal transcontinental highways entering California through the Sierra Nevada Mountains



Right—Shaking alfalfa weevils out of camp blankets at the same Sierra quarantine station

Your Club's Activities

Brutal Officer Jailed

THE motorist is not a reprehensible criminal who may be maltreated at will, and without provocation, for some minor infraction of the motor vehicle laws, a Riverside County deputy sheriff discovered recently after he had attacked one of the household of a member of the Club.

The difficulty developed when the motorist was stopped on a charge of reckless driving on the Box Springs Grade by the deputy sheriff who was engaged in prohibition enforcement work. The reckless driving consisted in the motorist's operating his car at something like fifty miles an hour. Instead of making a peaceable arrest, however, the officer took the occasion, it developed, to attack the motorist. A second special officer who was in the vicinity and witnessed the assault, interfered and rescued the motorist, who was lodged temporarily in jail.

The Legal Department of the Club thereupon interested itself in the case and a charge of brutality was filed against the officer. A jury returned a verdict of "guilty" promptly, and the officer was sentenced to six months' hard labor, a judgment from which he has taken appeal.

* * *

Shipping to Europe

EVEN this early in the season the Official Forwarding Department of the Club is beginning to receive numerous inquiries from members for information about shipping their cars to Europe. Twenty-seven solicited the department during December and this number, it is anticipated, will be greatly amplified as spring and thoughts of foreign travel arrive.

The department is possessed of full information on the problems of foreign motoring and equipped to give members who would tour the continent the same invaluable assistance that has gained for it such an enviable reputation as an automobile shipping agency in the United States.

* * *

Traffic Jam Helped

THE painful, time-devouring and irritating traffic congestion that has obtained on Los Feliz and Glendale boulevards in the vicinity of the Los Angeles River has been remedied considerably as the result of a traffic survey and study conducted by the Engineering Department of the Club. The study concluded with the recommendation that sufficient police officers be assigned to the congested areas to control traffic and prevent, insofar as possible, cutting-in, turning from the wrong lane of travel, and similar traffic-delaying tactics of impetuous and thoughtless motorists. Seven officers now work in the region and the flow of

vehicles has been greatly expedited.

The campaign to secure the widening of streets at important points is continuous. Upon the suggestion of the department the curbs have been cut back at the intersection of Seventh Street and Boyle Avenue and Boyle and Stephenson Avenues. At both of these intersections the tracks of the Los Angeles Railway were located so close to the curb that vehicular traffic was delayed while street-cars were making the turns. The reconstructed curbs are so located that vehicles can turn concurrently with the trolleys.

* * *

Succor for the Stranded

SOME indication of the alacrity with which the Emergency Road Service of the Club operates is shown by the fact that for 4018 calls answered during December, the average time spent by the emergency crew from the moment they left the emergency road service station until they returned, after having rendered first aid, was fifty-three minutes. Often the crews must travel as much as ten or twenty miles to assist the motorist in difficulty. Taking this into consideration the record established is a neat tribute to the efficiency and dispatch with which they conduct their work.

The festive Christmas spirit was not untinged with tribulations for 265 motorists

who, of necessity, were forced to call upon the emergency road service for assistance on Christmas Day. However, the availability of this dependable aid on the gayest day of the year should convince the most skeptical of the unfortunates that there is, after all, a Santa Claus.

The Highway Patrol, which is operated in conjunction with the Emergency Road Service, made itself most useful at Pasadena during the Tournament of Roses and the Stanford-Pittsburgh football game. Seven cars were assigned to traffic direction work and performed in a praiseworthy fashion, according to officials.

* * *

Uniform Law Favored

BEARING a close resemblance to the uniform Traffic Ordinance prepared for California cities by the Automobile Club of Southern California and widely adopted hereabouts, a Model Uniform City Traffic Ordinance has been drafted by a committee of one hundred traffic experts from all sections of the United States, according to a representative of the Legal Department of the Club who recently returned from Washington after participating in the conference that developed the plan.

The model law which, it is hoped, will operate universally in the United States eventually, covers the subjects of authority of local police in directing traffic, traffic signs and signals, pedestrians' rights and duties, stopping, standing and parking; and vehicle movement and regulation.

* * *

New Spanish Trail Maps

IT is difficult for the layman to conceive how vitally road improvement that changes the alignment of highways affects the road maps and signs of the Club. The sign problem truly is a big one. But that's another story—one we'll tell some other time. The map problem is little less imposing. Recent changes in the alignment or location of the Old Spanish Trail have necessitated the drafting of entirely new strip maps for the map book of this popular and important transcontinental highway. In the publication are contained forty-two strip maps and a vast number of these have been revised by the Map Department.

* * *

Signs of Spring

UNDENIABLE signs of spring are prevalent at Club headquarters, where the Outing Bureau is actively engaged in extending its outing information service in preparation for the outing season.

Of prime importance will be the new edition of the bureau's auto camp book, locating and describing the public camp grounds of California and those along the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)



The Club's cheery slogan, "The Friend to All Motorists Since 1900," was flashed to the thousands who passed headquarters at Adams and Figueroa Streets, Los Angeles, during Christmas week, through the medium of this illuminated sign. With gaily lighted shrubbery about the building a charming scene was created that attracted much favorable comment.



DESERT SMOKE TREES

An anomaly of the desert is the silver-gray smoke tree, the feathery plumes of which so much resemble wisps of smoke arising from the sand. Photograph by Clyde Champion



The approach
to Los Angeles
County Park



Motor-boating on
Lake Arrowhead



A sea of fog
seen from the
Rim of the
World

Am 1 San Bern Moun

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studies o
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Snow-capped
summits seen
from Cajon
Pass



On the heights
above City
Creek

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ALONG THE SAN DIEGUITO

Once a Spanish arcady, now the country retreat of discerning Southern Californians—such is the history of the region along the San Dieguito River, stretching back from the river at Del Mar



AFRICAN BUT NOT AFRICA

This photograph might have been made at Tunis or Algiers, but it wasn't. It's just a view from the Santa Monica palisades. Photograph by Adelbert Bartlett



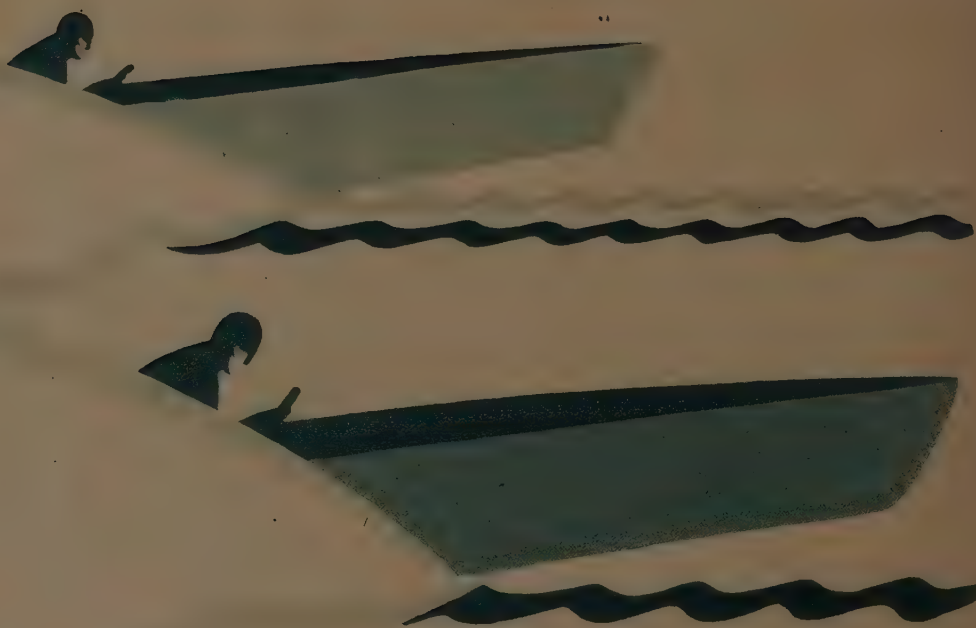
WHEN THE STORM KING REIGNS

The summit of Old Baldy isn't the most pleasant place to be when a storm descends, but it's decidedly interesting if one can dodge such little things as hail, snow and frequent lightning flashes. Photograph by Gordon Wolfe

WO NEW



WORLD'S RECORDS AT SAN DIEGO



Driven by Ralph Snoddy, intrepid hydroplane pilot and exclusive user of Richfield Gasoline and Richlube Motor Oil, Miss Spitfire "V", owned by Miriam Hood Rand, won the unlimited class 151 hydroplane races at San Diego, December 10-11, and established a new world's record in this class of 55.42 m.p.h. Harry A. Miller's Angeles "I", also driven by Snoddy, won the 151 limited event and also established a new world's record of 47.12 m. p. h. for this class. Both Miss Spitfire "V" and the Angeles "I" are powered by Harry Miller motors and both used Richfield Gasoline and Richlube Motor Oil exclusively.

R I C H F I E L D

Left—A removable arm-rest, popular and most practical, is one of many compelling features of this Lincoln sport phaeton, the body of which is by Locke. Right—An all-weather cabriolet built by Fleetwood on a Cadillac chassis. This model is quickly convertible from an aristocratic cabriolet to a comfortable, enclosed-drive equipage



The Art of the Coach-maker

THE fine art of the automobile coach-maker finds its highest expression in the custom-built motor cars which are being exhibited at the Second Automobile Salon, at the Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles, February 11-18.

Fourteen manufacturers of American and European automobiles are represented, and nineteen renowned body builders, including Brewster, Brunn, Derham, Dietrich, Fisher, Fleetwood, Holbrook, Judkins, Le Baron, Locke, Murphy, Rollston, Weyman, Willoughby, Castagna, Sala, d'Ieteran Freres, Kellner, Hibbard and Darrin, and Million-Giuet.

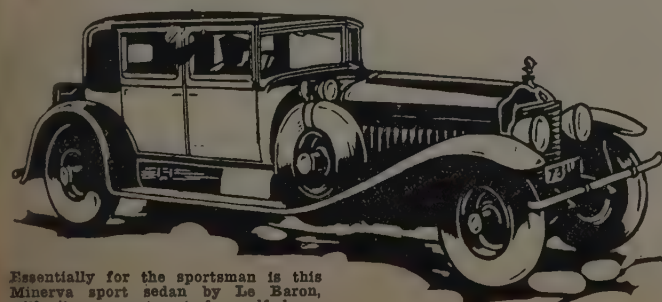
Some of the models displayed are shown here in linoleum cuts by Kenneth McLellan.



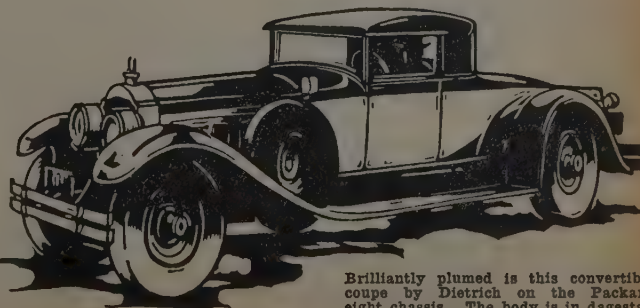
This Stutz three-window sedan by Le Baron seats six normally and may be quickly transformed into a chauffeur-driven limousine by raising a concealed window dividing front and rear compartments



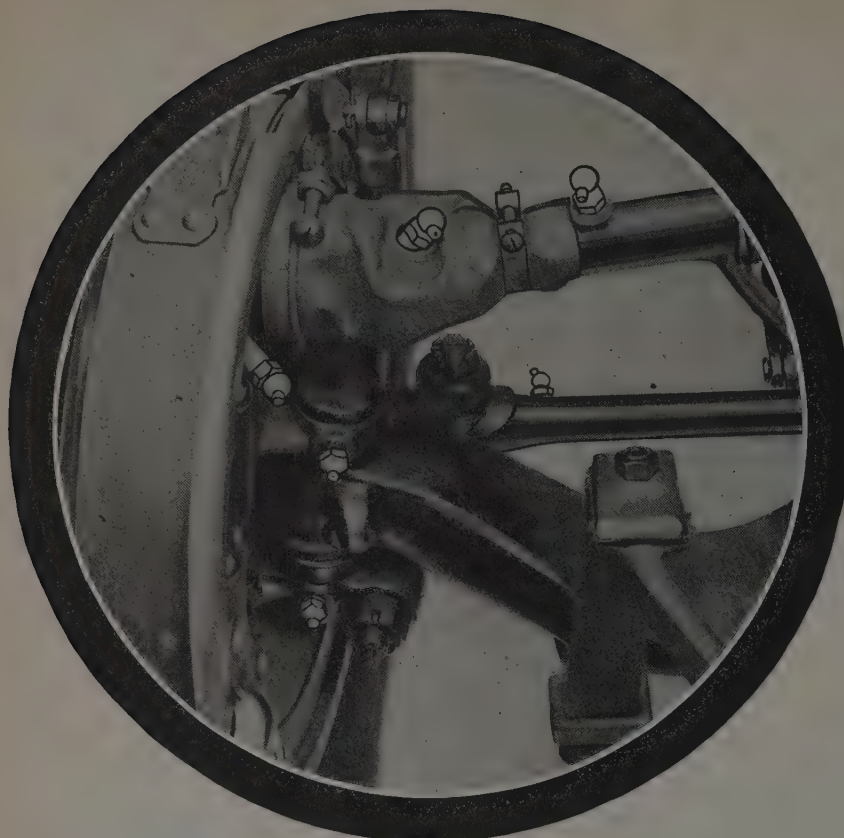
A custom-built, all-weather town car body by Dietrich on a Franklin Airman chassis. The severely chaste lines so distinctive with this car have been retained by the coach-maker



Essentially for the sportsman is this Minerva sport sedan by Le Baron, with its compartment for golf bags, clubby seats and smoking accessories



Brilliantly plumed is this convertible coupe by Dietrich on the Packard chassis. The body is in dagestan and Peter Pan blue



Greater unsprung weight in the form of four-wheel brake equipment, larger tires and heavier front axles, has made shimmy a problem for the car designer as well as for the owner and driver. One way to avoid shimmy is to keep the kingpin bushings well lubricated. Wear at these points will upset a well-designed front end.

HAVING learned the "three R's" in the days of real sport, the grown-up boy with the great toy known as the automobile is now busy trying to master his "four S's." Once upon a time he was stumped by readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic; now his problem is skid, slide, shimmy and sway.

"Don't tell me I don't know my skidding," challenged one car owner who felt that he knew more than his professor. "I've just had a taste of it on my way downtown. Tried to make a quick stop, slammed on the brakes and went straight into the rear of a truck."

"That was a slide!" I retorted. "Drop around some time and we'll have an impromptu lesson on skidding."

Millions of automobile drivers talk about shimmy and know just about as much concerning the subject as the drawing room conversationalist who mentions calculus for the effect it may have on his audience. Sway, though a very important and constantly troublesome factor, isn't even so much as honored by passing thought. On the automobile highways of today it is as Sanskrit.

All four of these subjects tie up into a knot of knowledge that goes a long way toward giving an automobile owner and driver a better understanding of his car, not to mention the matter of safety. Skid-

ding, sliding, shimmying and swaying are not merely matters of faulty design but are controlled in varying degree by the sort of driving that goes with a car. You can make fairly well designed front wheels shimmy and the best of cars can be thrown into skids and slides. How a car is steered over its course largely determines the degree of swaying.

Granted that a car is well designed in the first place it is a relatively simple matter to change it through service and use, as well as by altering its original equipment, so that it will indulge in any one of these deplorable habits. Change the type, sizes or weight of the front tires and shimmy may develop. Let the rear tires get smooth and sliding will follow. Allow the brakes to get out of equalization and skidding will follow as surely as night follows day. Attach the wrong kind of shock absorbers and the chances are that an otherwise steady riding car will sway, especially when rounding corners.

It is well to have a clear definition of these four annoyances. Shimmy, for instance, is not front wheel wandering, waddling or wobbling. It is a definite and sudden breaking out into a swiveling action of the front wheels in a way that seems to be wholly beyond the driver's control. It is not, as many imagine, confined to high speed, though it is more terrifying when one is driving fast and probably has been

Skid, Shimmy

—Or the Impo

One's "A

By Frederi

viewed as a high speed ailment for that very reason. A great many cars have wobbling front wheels from various causes and some of the best of machines are afflicted with waddling. In many cases with such troubles the driver is not even aware of it. He can never mistake a shimmy, however.

A skid—a real one—is any uncontrollable movement of the car off a straight course and while the wheels are still on the ground. Rolling over or turning turtle cannot be classed as skidding, although they frequently follow the latter. The chief point to remember is that in a true skid the car starts to move in such a way that further application or action of the brakes has no effect on the course the car is taking, while frantic efforts to correct the car's wild course through manipulating the steering wheel are of no avail.

I do not mean to say that your handling of the steering wheel and the brakes is ineffective while a skid is brewing, or perhaps when it is just starting. Skids can be stopped or encouraged. They can be made less serious or worse. But once the car is in a real skid there is little the driver can do to stop it.

In a genuine skidding process it does not necessarily follow that the rear wheels will swing around to where the front ones ought to be. In these days of four-wheel brakes, especially if they are well equalized, it is very likely that the rear of the car may not be encouraged to describe a circle. Better distribution of weight over the four wheels of a car is making for less spectacular skidding and thus some of the most serious skids of the day are more in the nature of a slide. The complete car, rather than just the rear end, slides sidewise. But here is where the skid differs from the pure slide:

Sliding, strictly speaking, is partially controllable. Once a car has started to skid, however, there is little the driver can do but trust to luck. This can be appreciated by sketching two brief pictures, one showing a driver trying to get out of a slide, the other revealing him struggling to stop a

Slide & Sway

ance of Learning ur S's"

C. Russell

skid.

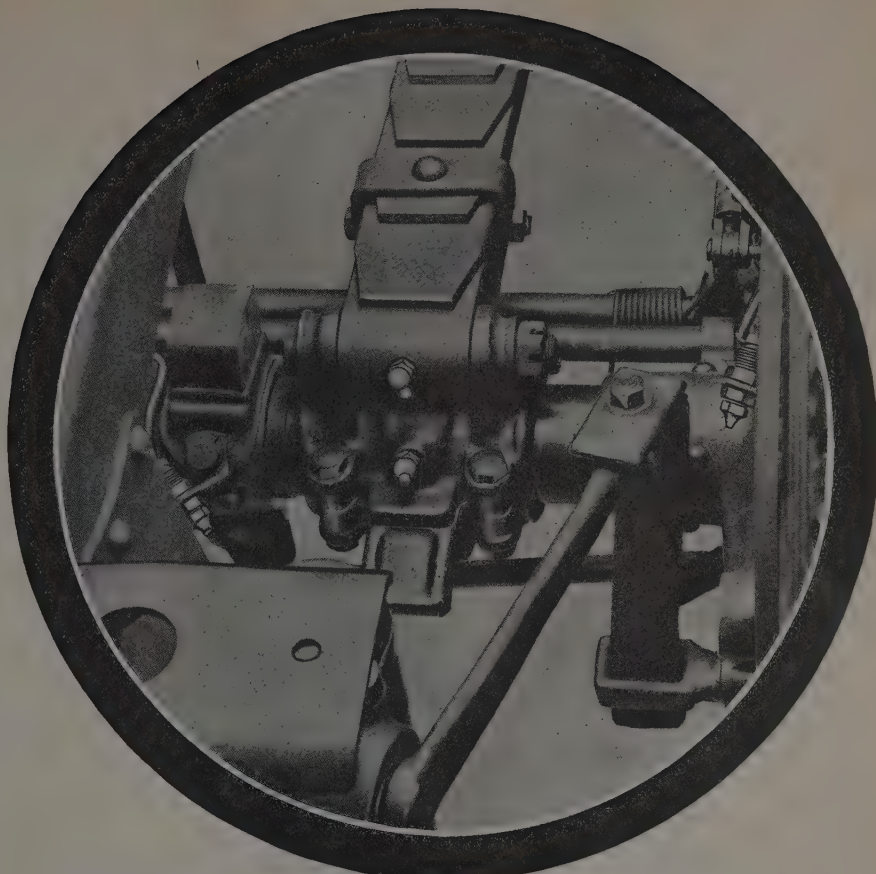
Let us say that he finds it necessary to make a quick stop on wet cement. His brakes are well equalized but his tires are too smooth. He steps on the brakes suddenly and the car starts to slide straight ahead as the wheels lock.

The stage is set for a dangerous slide and for the moment he is a bit panicky. Then he remembers that wet pavements and smooth rubber do not make good brakes so he releases his foot from the brake pedal, allows the wheels to rotate again and then promptly presses the pedal again. This time the car gives up a much larger portion of its momentum, but still is inclined to slide. Noting the results of his experiment he releases the brake pedal and presses it again several times in quick succession, and the car comes to a standstill just in time to avoid an accident.

While he was keeping the brakes braking instead of allowing the tires to attend to the job—and fail at it—he was taking other precautions. There was a slight tendency for the car to get off the straight course and perhaps enter a skid, but he corrected that by steering slightly in the direction the car's rear seemed inclined to go. This is just the reverse of one's natural inclinations, and it demonstrates very clearly the necessity of knowing these subjects intimately.

Suppose his brakes had not been in good condition and that he had encouraged the tendency to skid by turning his front wheels to the left when the rear of the car started to slide around to the right. Suppose he came out of the first stage of his panic to find his car sliding sideways. Isn't it plain that it would have made no further difference in the course of the car whether he held the brakes on or released them or whether he steered a little to the right or to the left? The wheels would then have been in positions where their ineffectiveness in controlling either speed or direction was at a maximum.

By cutting the front wheels sharply at this stage of a skid very expert drivers are



Sway is checked by efficient spring control devices, but they must be kept efficient by regular, periodical inspection and service

able to produce some important effect, but they are hardly within the reach of the average man who drives a car. If, for example, the car is sliding sideways into another vehicle, and rear end is half way around to its right, the sudden cramping of the front wheels to the extreme left position will make the car turn at least a half circle. This brings the car into a position where it is sliding straight backwards though in the forward line of travel. By then handling the brakes and the steering carefully the driver may be able to bring it to a standstill without a collision.

On the other hand if he finds it advisable to keep the car from swinging all the way around or finds that too much sideways sliding may result in upsetting the car the skillful driver would turn the front wheels as far as possible to the right so as to exert every influence possible to correct the skid.

Equally as important as driving in connection with the mastering of these four pests is intelligent servicing. Much front wheel shimmy is directly related to failure to watch the tire pressures. Much skidding is due to lack of attention to the brakes. Much sliding is traceable to neglect of the tires. Sway is more a matter of driving, design and equipment but it can be aggravated through failure to keep the springs in the right condition or the shock absorbers in adjustment.

The matter of spring care in connection

with shimmy is particularly striking. A great many owners seem to think that they ought to keep the springs as well lubricated as possible, never realizing that it is friction between the spring leaves that plays so important a role in car comfort. The forces of compression and recoil on the springs must be taken care of and so they are dissipated, among other ways, in the form of friction. This friction, however, must be neither too high nor too low in value; and experience now demonstrates that it is apt to be at too low a point due to over-lubrication of the spring leaves.

If front wheels could travel a smooth road with nothing to upset their tranquility there would be little danger of shimmy, but as matters stand the wheels are subjected to terrific strain and shock. The springs are the car's natural shock absorbers and if they do not absorb the shock that compresses them, the unsprung weight of the car which includes the wheels, axles, brakes and a large percentage of the steering mechanism, tends to go "wild." Unless the front design is built with a view to taking care of this, the front wheels are quite apt to break into a shimmy.

One test of a car, to prove whether or not shimmy has been licked in its design, is to drive it fast with one of the front tires quite soft. This ought to suggest to the car owner the importance of keeping front tire pressures equal and of keeping them high

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35)

THE SPRING VOGUE IN MEN'S ATTIRE

By Jack Worthington

Drawings by Victor Mall



Fashionable business suit for the well-dressed man of today compared with the smart suit worn by the "dandy" of 1874, proving that fashions also move in cycles. Today's suit is of the two-button type in reddish brown twist with overplaid of tan, notched lapels and rope shoulder. Courtesy Matthes Inc., Hollywood

66 **T**HE knees have it." Not the beautiful, dimpled knees of the ladies of fashion which Paris has really ordered covered, but the bony, knotted knees of our own sex, if one may judge by the number seen last fall at the famous games in Scotland. Of course it's jumping too far ahead to predict that men may actually go bare-kneed, but some have really been seen attired in queer looking shorts with knees in full view, and accompanied by odd coats when playing golf, not so very far from here.

Yes, it doth appear that the "ladies from hell" are setting some styles and all because so many Englishmen garbed themselves—His Royal Highness included—in Scotch kilts and tartan doublets when roaming about the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

You'll have to admit that plaids are absolutely right and are really very popular, not only those fearfully wonderful creations noted in men's scarfs, but the more subdued almost invisible plaids which vary the monotony of the lounge suit. Now, as the lounge suit is everybody's suit—or rather, as everybody must have a lounge suit, more people are interested in this special type and its latest variations.

When we are searching around the musty book stalls of the second hand book stores, we often come across some very quaint and curious volumes. Among some recently discovered was a fashion magazine of the vintage of 1847, printed in the *Rue de Faubourg*, Paris, and depicting some dandies of that period. One wore a vest of bluish plaid, trousers in solid light shade and coat of a darker hue. Another reversed the order by wearing trousers of the plaid, while the third flaunted a stylish stock of some other tartan. Quaint, say you? Yes, but we move in cycles and here we are after all these suns and moons, clamoring for mixed suits and gayest of plaids.

But the business suit of today, with its indistinct plaid is not at all loud, a thing you can hear coming before you see it, but on the contrary it bespeaks conservatism in every line. For here is man's opportunity to indulge in color combinations which are harmonious, which please the eye, and which add to the general scheme of things the much sought-after variation of detail.

There are plaids on the borders of the new kerchiefs, very beautiful color combinations on backgrounds of white linen or crepe, on mauve or oxblood linen, many of the linen handkerchiefs carrying satin stripes intermixed with the plaids, while some of the very smart ideas consist of all-over-plaid designs in varying shades of the same color. Verily, the modern man's kerchief is a thing of beauty, even if it does not carry a lace ruffle, as did those of our forebears.

Much more can be said for the plaids of the newest scarfs, for these can be much more daring, even more so than the necktie, with which a man has been wont to express his color craving when he could do so in no other way with impunity. The idea of large Scotch plaids in woolen scarfs is a gesture after the heart of many a young man who would be very smart and warm on his outing trips. Nor need one look to the woolen scarf alone to satisfy the "color complex," for the silk version offers endless varieties of plaids in every conceivable color with which the human peacock may adorn his neck in his effort to look just right and, incidentally, keep out the "cauld blasts," even as Bobbie Burns with his plaidie.

By plaids is meant, of course, checks in all their variations as well as the tartans and combinations thereof. So the older man can select those of more subdued hues, if he fears to ape the college man too much, for there are patterns to delight the heart of all men of all ages in all climes.

Neckties? Not so noticeable in color, but much more harmonious in general effect, in all the popular colors, so blended as to make a restful picture for the eye to dwell upon. Stripes and figures, but the stripes so mixed with figures as to become almost indistinct; not the bold stripes of yesterday. Then, too, smallish figures are very new and extremely popular, for they combine color with harmony and can be worn with almost any suit whether plaid or solid color.

Did you, perchance,
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)



A plaid silk scarf in a daring color scheme with which a man may express his craving for color and the newest hat for spring with a rather high crown and upturned brim, with a jaunty ribbon bow in the back giving it just the right touch of modernity.

FASHION'S FOIBLES FOR SPRING

By Opal Haynes

Drawings by Victor Mall



A cape ensemble, such as the one we have above, is the highlight in spring fashions, and although it will perhaps not be popular enough to become common it will undoubtedly be favored enough to remain chic throughout the season. This one is of patterned tweed worn with a plain kasha blouse



Although her party frocks are as frilly and frivolous as her own great grandmother's were wont to be, the modern girl's play togs are severe and boyish. Behold this gold frock of "crochet djersa" with the new lacy stripe. The new "spatees" which are worn to keep out the cold when motoring or to protect the hose on rainy days are the very epitome of winter sports accessories and are extremely popular. They are of jersey cloth

"**VERITE**," writes indefatigable Madeleine from that gayest of fashion centers, "mademoiselle is now of a modesty most *extraordinaire*! Not only the knees covered, but much care with the lip-stick; it is not seen in public no, *jamais*! And more often one sees *toutes les femmes* with the appealing gowns, feminine—you say!" And Madeleine is ever a splendid barometer of fashions. Her quick eye notes the changes, sees the straws blowing in the wind, and if we can only take her word for it, we can anticipate the modes.

The *chapeau* this spring is really a thing to conjure with, for it may be one of a hundred styles and yet be decidedly in the mode. Individuality, a word which means so much, is the keynote of hat fashions. You may select a hat which simulates the waves in your hair when it has been freshly *marcelled* or you may prefer one of the new polka dot felts with very large dots and a rather wide ripple brim, the whole in lovely pastel shades. The chamois-weight felts are delightful both in coloring and style and will be draped to fit the head as formerly, with the tiniest of brims and perhaps a little eye veil to give the eyes of madame a touch of mystery.

Hats for sports are rather wide of brim, thus giving the necessary shading for the

eyes, and to say that some of the decorations are unique, is putting it mildly. There is, for instance, the glass doll, suggested, no doubt, by the craze for the "Josephine Baker" dolls which originated in Paris, where that dusky and interesting dancer is dancing the wildest and most fantastic steps and, incidentally, setting the world of fashion agog. Be that as it may, we have dolls on our hats, that is, if we do not have little flat feathery birds and flowers appliqued thereon. Oh! not real birds, just little feather appliques which are not made from bird feathers at all, so I am assured.

Straws of course are better than ever—one loves that new "toweling" straw hat for golfing—with its wide ripple brim all in the natural color and the combination straw and felt *chapeau* which is, in truth, a favorite touch of spring.

"*Voici le moment*," says Madeleine, "for mademoiselle not to roll the stockings; *non*, but she must adorn the leg with most fantastic of *les bas* for the sport and *la promenade*, if she would be *comme il faut*; or she may wear the new spattee, for cold weather or the rainy day." Yes, the rains come and we must be prepared, but in reality we wear these new sport hose, spattees and what not, more for style than for protection from the elements here in sunny California.

The spattee, which is the latest version of this sports accessory, is made in many styles, the most popular being the model which has a slide fastening, although the pull-on jersey type is very neat and smart looking with its fancy knitted top in gay colors to match the sports ensemble. If one does not care for spats, there are heavy lisle sports hose patterned with diamond



When a silk kerchief, about the size of a man's pocket handkerchief, is tied tightly about the neck, it may appear to be for the purpose of protecting one from the sun's rays or winter's blasts—but more than likely it is there primarily for style's sake

designs and others with the new knee decorations which is very elaborately done in plain lisle sports hose.

And now it does seem that if we must be really boyish in appearance, our only chance is to play golf, ride or partake of any one of the many outdoor pastimes, for the "mannish girl indoors" is *passé* and a really feminine type has taken her place. With frilly dance frocks and formal dinner gowns elaborately trimmed, with long sweeping sashes and trailing drapes, the fashionable woman of today beguiles and charms and does her utmost to look the graceful-clinging vine, although far be it from anyone to accuse her of premeditation in this matter of dress. Rather, it should be said, it is merely a reaction. And now we have outdoor clothes for out-of-doors and the more feminine expressions in *habillements*, in the home or at the more formal social functions.

The woman who motors will find a very unusual array of stunning suits and ensembles from which to choose her spring outfit, and of these the outstanding innovation is the cape ensemble which effectually mates two fabrics, such as a plain kasha blouse,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)

Seek Light on Lighting

By J. Allen Davis

SUBSTANTIAL improvement in motor vehicle headlamps should result from the systematic study and experimental investigation in the field of motor vehicle illumination now being carried on by the United States Bureau of Standards in cooperation with the Society of Automotive Engineers. This research boldly attacks the troublesome problem of headlight illumination.

The experimental investigation is being conducted from two principal viewpoints: First, to provide lamps with sufficient illumination and so directed as to reveal objects at such a distance ahead that a motorist will be enabled to drive with safety at night time. Second, to provide the same illumination when facing approaching headlights but with a minimum of danger and discomfort to the approaching driver.

Headlight development always has been and now is faced with the great difficulty of meeting both of these requirements. The two propositions are to a large extent in conflict and experience with existing equipment has amply demonstrated the need for further study and investigation of the fundamental principles of motor vehicle il-

lumination. Headlights have probably been the subject of more criticism by the motoring public and by engineers as well, than any other feature of standard automobiles. While the criticism has been well founded, the complexity of the problem has delayed satisfactory solution.

California motorists have not suffered in any larger measure in this respect than the motorists in other States. The California Vehicle Act sets forth advanced specifications for headlamps and requires that all such devices be submitted for test and approval as to conformance with such specifications. Only approved devices may be sold or used on motor vehicles.

Frequently, members of the automobile club, in complaining of headlight glare, have urged the passage of new laws or stricter enforcement by enforcement officers. The passage of additional laws will not of itself remedy the situation. The enforcement officers are diligent in seeking to remedy conditions. Enforcement will, of course, check the operator with only one headlamp lighted and is partially effective to require readjustment of headlamps emitting excessive glare.

Motorists are more and more realizing the need for frequent adjustment of headlamp equipment. Suggestion has been made that a driver upon observing an approaching vehicle with only one headlight or with headlamps clearly out of adjustment, blink his own headlights as a warning signal to the other driver that something is wrong with his lights. While this courtesy is to be commended, a driver would of necessity be kept extremely busy should he signal every other driver whose headlights are imperfect.

The Society of Automotive Engineers devoted its summer meeting to a consideration of headlight problems. Many papers were presented and discussed concerning present headlight evils and remedial measures which might be adopted. Report was made concerning conditions in various States. Pennsylvania authorities reported that "We have slightly more than 50 per cent of our headlamps in proper adjustment." Reports from other States indicated a large percentage of headlamps in actual use not in proper adjustment.

Speakers at the meeting attributed much of the difficulty to com-

plicated methods of adjustment, altogether too technical for the average motorist to understand or manipulate. The difficulty was pointed out of preparing understandable instructions for adjustments. The need for better trained technical experts at headlight adjusting stations was also emphasized.

Reports of the meeting disclosed the general consensus of opinion that there is no accessory or part of a motor vehicle which would be so universally condemned by the average user as the headlight equipment.

It is an encouraging sign that manufacturers and electrical experts, as well as the public, are dissatisfied with present headlight illumination. The Bureau of Standards, the Society of Automotive Engineers and other illuminating societies are to be congratulated on their action in investigating the entire problem, having for its purpose the determination by thorough experimental methods, of an appropriate standard of highway illumination. The conclusions will unquestionably be of great benefit to motorists and increase the safety and convenience in night driving.

Traders' Tricks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

beit shrewd in concluding bargains. They maintained stores at the missions and their stocks were necessarily large. They traded too with the ranchers and the trappers. Davis asserts that they showed good judgment in their purchases, were strictly reliable and that "it was a pleasure to deal with them."

When Father Antonio Peyri of Mission San Luis Rey came aboard the *Brookline* of which Robinson was supercargo, "we thundered forth a salute, and proceeded to show him the different parts of the vessel. Particularly did we call his attention to our trade-room, which had been fitted up with shelves and counters, resembling, in its appearance, a country variety-store. The amount of his purchases testified how vastly he had been pleased."

Although the principal medium of exchange was hides and tallow, there was some gold. The padres had most of it. Davis tells of visiting Don Jose Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega at Santa Barbara on numerous occasions when "Noriega took me to the attic to his house where he kept his treasure, the room being used exclusively for that purpose. There was no stairway, the attic being reached by a ladder, which was removed when not in use. In this room were two old-fashioned Spanish chairs, and ranged about were twelve or fifteen *coras*—strong, compactly-woven baskets, of different sizes, made by Indians, the largest holding, perhaps, half a bushel—all of

which contained gold, some nearly full. The money amounted to a considerable sum in the aggregate. I was astonished to see so much coin in the possession of one person in a country where the wealth consisted mainly of horses and cattle. The old gentleman said that the attic was the safest place in which to keep it. I asked him how he managed to collect so much gold, and he replied that it was the accumulation of all the years he had been on the coast. The Spanish soldiers, when they were paid off, spent their money freely, and he had supplied them with what they wanted, having carried on a store of his own."

Noriega was an exception to the rule. The majority of the Californians were rich beyond conception in livestock and land but few possessed any quantity of gold or silver.

Now and then a flagrant smuggler was captured and punished. Captain William S. Hinckley was arrested and the *Corsair*, his ship, was seized at Monterey in 1839 as the result of certain indiscreet utterances in Nathan Spear's store about evading the customs laws. A thorough inspection of the *Corsair* was made and Hinckley was interrogated rather pointedly. His powers of persuasion and certain courtesies extended the officials, Davis declares, won him liberty.

The seizure of the *Loriot* and the arrest of A. B. Thompson, supercargo, at Yerba Buena on a smug-

Forthcoming

A Calendar of Future Events

FEBRUARY 4-11—Los Angeles International Horse Show, Ambassador Auditorium, L. A.

FEBRUARY 5—Public lecture, "Among the Hopis," Harry James, chief of the Trail Finders, at Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, 3 p. m.

FEBRUARY 11-18—Second Automobile Salon, promoted by The Automobile Salon, Inc., Biltmore Hotel, L. A.

FEBRUARY 12—Public lecture, "What is Intelligence?" Dr. Frederick P. Woellner, University of California, Los Angeles; at Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, 3 p. m.

FEBRUARY 16-26—Annual National Orange Show, Orange Show Building, San Bernardino, Cal.

FEBRUARY 19—Public lecture, "Cities of the Sand," Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, director of the Museum of New Mexico and of the Museum of Anthropology, San Diego, at Los Angeles County Museum, Exposition Park, Los Angeles, 3 p. m.

FEBRUARY 19—Public lecture, "In the High Sierra," Clinton Churchill Clarke, at Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, 3 p. m.

FEBRUARY 20—Public lecture, "Politics and Business," Hon. Rex B. Goodcell, presented by L. A. County Civic Federation, at Los Angeles Public Library, 8 p. m.

FEBRUARY 22—Washington's Birthday Regatta, under auspices San Diego and Southwest Yacht Clubs, San Diego.

FEBRUARY 26—Public lecture, "Contributions of the American Indians to Culture," Mrs. May Montoya Jones, secretary of the American Indian Woman's Club, at Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, 3 p. m.

MARCH 7-11—Western Road and Equipment Exposition, Central Manufacturing District, L. A. Sponsored by Western Construction Equipment Distributors.

MARCH 10-17—San Diego Auto Show, San Diego.

MARCH 16-21—San Diego Industrial Week, under auspices San Diego Chamber of Commerce, San Diego.

APRIL 20—San Diego Flower Show, San Diego.

MAY 20—San Diego Industrial Pageant, under auspices San Diego Chamber of Commerce, San Diego.

gling charge in 1833, was equally farcical. The cargo and sails were removed to the presidio after a skirmish aboard ship, but all were released after a short period.

The *Franklin*, a Boston ship, was at San Diego in 1829 when customs officials, becoming suspicious of her actions, ordered a search. The captain resented the inspection and decided to run for it.

"Her flight from *Puerto de San Diego*," says Robinson, "was thought miraculous, running, as she did, the gauntlet of a heavy battery within pistol-shot of the cannon's mouth, and yet escaping without injury. On she sailed, leaving her enemies in the distance, little heeding their guns, till, once more rolling to the swell of the mighty ocean, she approached *Punta de la Loma*, when a light cloud was seen to emerge from her side, and the report of her cannon came reverberating from the neighboring hills, as if in derision of a government of such weakness and pusillanimity."

So seriously did officialdom take the smuggling situation that for some years prior to 1838, it was unlawful to build any seaport structure nearer the water than 200

varas (550 feet). The thought was that transportation of contraband was thus made more difficult if not impossible.

Santa Catalina Island afforded a favorable rendezvous for exchanging cargoes. Dana tells what he witnessed at Santa Barbara and, incidentally, throws some light on the seizure of the *Loriot*:

"The second day after our arrival, a full-rigged brig came round the point from the northward, sailed leisurely through the bay and stood off again for the southeast, in the direction of the large island of Catalina. The next day the *Avon* got under weigh, and stood in the same direction, bound for San Pedro. This might do for marines and Californians, but we knew the ropes too well. The brig was never again seen on the coast, and the *Avon* arrived at San Pedro in about a week, with a full cargo of Canton and American goods.

"This was one means of escaping the heavy duties the Mexicans lay upon all imports. A vessel comes on the coast, enters a moderate cargo at Monterey, which is the only customs house, and commences

trading. In a month or more, having sold a large part of her cargo, she stretches over to Catalina, or other of the large uninhabited islands which lie off the coast, in a trip from port to port, and supplies herself with choice goods from a vessel from Oahu, which has been lying off and on the islands, waiting for her. Two days after the sailing of the *Avon*, the *Loriot* came in from the leeward, and without doubt had also a snatch at the brig's cargo."

Not only was it necessary for the traders to match wits with officials, but they had many other problems as well, not the least serious of which was an, at times, hostile sea. The "southeaster" was the bane of sailor-men and very frequently during the winter months, often at a time when trading was brisk, vessels had to flee to sea to escape destruction.

Not all the captains, unfortunately, were good navigators. The story is told of one who brought his vessel into San Diego harbor when several other ships were lying-to. He was unable to make his anchors hold and crashed into one of the moored craft. Several

hours later he paid a visit to ascertain the damage done. As he came alongside, the mate of the damaged craft, it is related, called down the gangway to his captain:

"Captain Thomas has come aboard, sir!"

Sailors were amused and the incompetent captain very much disconcerted when a rumbling voice floated up from below:

"Has he brought his brig with him?"

American occupation altered trade relations almost immediately. Customs duties dropped to a maximum of 50 per cent. The necessity for smuggling thus being wiped out, the illicit practice soon was reduced to a minimum.

For a quarter of a century the contest between officialdom and the traders was keen. The Yankees, as so often proves to be the case in a battle of wits, proved victorious. Californians were introduced to Americans and American products and capitulated. Any attempt to evaluate the factors that brought California within the Union must grant superior weight to the influence of the shrewd and thrifty New Englanders.

Skid, Slide, Shimmy and Sway

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

enough to overcome any shortcomings in the design of the car.

A thing that greatly affects the behavior of the front wheels is a rather technical feature of design known as castor. If you could see the layout of the front wheels under a magnifying glass you would see that they fit under the car very much as a castor fits under a piece of furniture. The wheels are placed a little ahead of the vertical line drawn through the wheels that would parallel the radiator, for instance. The front wheel of a bicycle illustrates this excellently. This castor effect aids steering and assists in keeping the front wheels steady. This can be demonstrated by means of varying adjustments on some of the spring control devices.

If you are interested in such things you have doubtless noticed that most of the devices that attach to the front axles are connected with a strap which pulls on the end of a bar attached to the axle. This bar provides the leverage action, while the spring, brake or fluid of the instrument itself provides the power to check the recoil of the spring. Naturally this power

is affected by the amount of leverage which, in turn, depends upon the length of the bar.

The writer recently experimented to find out just how delicate a matter shimmy is and how closely related it might be to the care and adjustment of the car. With a shorter pair of bars attached to the front axle and the leverage decreased the front wheels shimmed, whereas when longer bars were used the wheels were steady. By increasing the forward and upward pull on these bars the effect was such as to tilt the front axle so as to increase the castor effect.

Castor can be permanently increased by raising the springs at the back of the front axle and by placing a wedge of metal between the master leaf and the axle. This is advisable only in extreme cases.

Where spring control devices are adjustable for power without changing the permanent leverage the situation is simplified. If the wheels do not hold steady it is then merely a matter of holding the axles tighter to the frame, checking the recoil of the springs to better advantage and increasing the castor through increasing the

forward and upward pull.

Speaking of spring control devices brings sway into the picture again. If a strap breaks on one of the instruments used to control the recoil of the springs the car is quite apt to sway badly if curves are taken at a good speed, especially if the breakage is over one of the rear wheels. This again illustrates the close tie of relationship between service and safety. A driver who might be quite careful in his steering and who would not be likely to encourage his car to sway through his own mistakes in driving may come careening around a corner just because he has not taken the trouble to check over his equipment.

Where controls are of the air pressure type it is important to see that there is the right amount of pressure in each instrument. While such devices generally have an easier motion than those which exert a pre-loading effect on the springs, any tendency to allow the car to sway usually can be traced to allowing the pressures to fall to too low a point. All of which continues to support the belief that the troubles that appear to have imme-

diately causes really have remote causes. Many a sway—or the skid that follows—can be traced to overlooking such a point in the maintenance of the car.

If a car starts to sway and if the driver is not careful how he steadies the car again he is apt to throw it into a skid. This is true especially when swinging around curves at even moderate speeds when the highways are slippery. The weight of the car tips to one side and if the car itself is curving the other way we have a situation similar to that which develops when the rear of the car won't stay in place during the process of stopping. With all cars rolling along at higher speeds sway is a factor which is becoming more and more important.

This is not the whole story by any means. There is plenty of calculus and rhetoric to be digested, but those car owners who master the fundamentals are assured a high type of success in their life of motoring.

Learn your "four S's" and you can speed with the satisfaction that safety accompanies you.

They Shall Not Pass!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

the cotton growers millions of dollars a year.

Many motorists camp at night in the open country, in a verdant field, or alongside the road. They spread their blankets in green pastures or fragrant meadows. As a result of this the northeastern part of California is now suffering from a serious invasion of the alfalfa weevil. It was brought in on the blankets of a cross-country motor-

ing party which unintentionally picked it up while camping in a Utah alfalfa field, and scattered it broadcast when the blankets were shaken out in California.

The weevil is in several of the intermountain States, particularly Utah, Idaho and eastern Oregon. It is believed to have been spread from one district to another, on several occasions by bales of alfalfa tossed carelessly in the back end of

a wagon for horse feed along the road, and by packing hay around dishes and household goods for shipment from one State to another.

California maintains a strict quarantine against navel oranges from Arizona. In California the orange industry is worth from \$65,000,000 to \$100,000,000 a year, and the citrus trees are not annoyed by any of the major plant pests. Arizona has the navel orange worm,

which works its way under the navel scar on the fruit and enters it, making it unfit for market. Three counties in Texas have the Mexican fruit maggot, which gets inside the fruit and ruins it. Both of these pests have thus far been kept out of California. If either of them should get a foothold here the loss might easily amount to \$100,000,000 a year.

Another horticultural scourge

which the inspectors are constantly on the lookout for, and which they stop at the State line almost every hour in the day is the citrus canker, from Florida. This bacterial disease, which is generally carried on the skins of citrus fruit, is under strict quarantine, and has been since it was introduced in Florida, years ago, through a shipment of seedling trees from Japan.

Since 1914 the Department of Agriculture has been conducting a campaign of citrus canker eradication in Florida, and during that time 15,158 mature fruit trees and 342,260 nursery trees in that State have been uprooted and burned. It has been estimated that the campaign against this disease, in all of the gulf coast States, has cost \$20,000,000, without any compensation being payable to the growers for loss of trees or crops.

People traveling westward either in automobiles or trains buy Florida citrus fruits in other States and carry them along to lunch on until they cross the line into California. Candy and fruit vendors on the trains are required to turn their stocks in at the State line and proceed through California with California fruits. Motorists who reach the State line with citrus fruit grown outside of California are very apt to lose it when the inspector comes along. Should the disease get a start here there would be no way to eradicate it other than uproot the treasured groves of the famous orange belt, a procedure which would cost untold millions.

Motor tourists are of several varieties. The most dangerous variety, according to the quarantine officials, is the family headed for California with the canary bird, the hound dog, the ukelele, the Martha Washington geranium, and the rose bush that grew by the back stoop.

Sometimes the rose bush and the geranium get by, but this business



of moving plants and shrubs from one State to another is not one which should be encouraged, because some are brought from districts where serious pests exist, and it is necessary to destroy them. Some pests live for a time on a fruit tree and then spend the remainder of their lives on a weed or in the earth around the roots of a plant. White pine blister rust starts on the pine tree, but completes its life cycle on the black currant or gooseberry bush, and, singularly enough, it cannot complete its cycle on the pine tree.

An innocent-looking potato in a soap-box on the running board of an auto—a sweet potato, a cluster of Arizona cotton bolls picked up for a souvenir, a Florida orange, a Texas citrus fruit, or any one of a dozen things that motorists may want to bring along when they come to California could start a scourge infinitely more dangerous and destructive than a forest fire.

California meets these cross-country tourists at the eastern border in a spirit of friendliness, but with firm determination, and asks

them to unload their baggage for inspection. Quarantine stations are maintained at Fort Yuma, Blythe, Daggett, Beckwith, Benton, Dog Valley, Doyle, Eagleville, Coleville, Sattley, Stateline, Truckee, Woodfords and Calneva, by the California State Department of Agriculture.

A few of these stations are at the California end of the big bridges across the Colorado River. The others are along the Nevada State line, chiefly for protection against alfalfa weevil entry from Utah and Nevada. Fort Yuma, the most southerly crossing on the Colorado River, is perhaps the most important gateway into California from the east. Truckee and Stateline are the most important in the north. During July of 1927 there were 5179 inspections made at Fort Yuma, 5288 at Stateline and 4969 at Truckee.

Touring parties drive up to these quarantine stations, unload their baggage, and then sit in the shade while the inspectors are doing their work. Sometimes there are six or eight cars in a row, awaiting in-

spection. The travelers generally seem glad to stop for a few minutes, especially during hot weather, to get a drink of water or inquire about routes.

Most of the travelers are willing to co-operate with the quarantine officers, and render them every assistance by promptly and completely unrolling or unpacking baggage and camping equipment to speed up the work so that other motorists will not be delayed. Occasionally, according to reports, some motorist is obdurate and refuses to have his baggage inspected without a search warrant.

Under such circumstances the inspector tags the automobile as being quarantined, and refuses to allow the party to proceed. Once in a long while some motorist turns back and crosses the line into Arizona or Nevada, rather than submit to rigid inspection. During September of 1927 the service inspected and passed at the eastern border 751 lots of plants, vegetables and seeds. Those which have pests or diseases or can be traced to infested areas are burned.

California does not stop at maintaining strict quarantine at the eastern border, the Mexican line and the western shore. She maintains county quarantine. At each county line, excepting certain northern counties which are chiefly engaged in mining, there are highway signs which warn the motorist that if he has any plants, trees, vegetables or seeds he must stop at the quarantine station by the side of the road and have them inspected before he crosses the line into the next county.

Having more than a billion dollars invested in fruit orchards and vegetable gardens, upon which many States in the union are dependent to a certain degree, particularly for fresh garden products during the winter months, California has a right to expect motorists to heartily co-operate in this great undertaking, and nearly all of them do.

Wildflower Fields of Southern California

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

ing from a common root crown and armed with rigid spines of brown. Small round leaves in rosettes are set about the wand-like stems, and a six- to fifteen-inch panicle of startling scarlet blossoms, each about an inch long, set closely together, and each showing a throat full of vivid yellow anthers, terminates the branch. It is gracefully wicked, with its flaming flowers and sturdy thorns, when set in motion by the desert winds. It frequents mesas and sandy washes.

Marching fantastically up the sides and over the top of the ridges of blown sand are regiments of desert verbenas (*Abronia villosa*), with its purplish pink blossoms having tiny white "eyes," grey-green leaves slightly wavy margined and stems flushed with pink. Attending these is the primrose (*Oenothera trichocalyx*), low growing, with its clear white petals shading to a soft yellow at the base and the flowers of a day turning to pink. "In age the ascending, curving stems, tend to approximate

at the tip, the plant becomes loosened from the soil and so forms a roundish 'basket,' which rolls along under the wind and so scatters the seed," declares Dr. Jepson. Close by is another of the primrose family (*Oenothera scapoidea*), with spikes from six inches to a foot tall, with seed pods erect, and the blossoms in clusters at the top of the spike, petals white or pinkish and with crimson or maroon dots in the throat.

Scattered through are great quantities of the lovely desert sunflower (*Geraea canescens*), from one to two feet high, the branches covered with white hairs, the leaves and bracts also definitely outlined with the same diminutive hairs. The petals are bright yellow with a much deeper shade appearing in the disc flowers. The quaint outlining of white on leaves and buds makes a fanciful departure from the regulation green of most foliage.

If there are regiments of ver-

berna there are battalions of the artistic brittle brush (*Encelia farinosa*). In a wide, sweeping way, they make a wave of delicate white green, topped with glorious light yellow, across the stretches of sand. The individual plant usually branches from a trunk, and is from one to four feet in height, the short branches almost completely hidden by the frosty green leaves, giving a compactly rounded top, from which spring the long, naked flower stalks. These stalks are quite like so many very tall stilts, upon which balance the dancing yellow heads. It belongs to the sunflower family and is most attractive as an individual and as a fine bit of color that fades to an almost impalpable silver when form loses itself in the great perspective of the desert.

Not so profuse but most interesting is the strangely colored and strangely marked desert mallow, or "five spot" (*Sphaeralcea rotundifolia*), whose cup-shaped petals are pinkish lavender on the outside, much lighter on the inside, with a

strawberry red splotch at the base of each petal, and with a finish of pink anthers. The stems are red, the leaves a bronze green, and both quite hairy. There is also the apricot mallow (*Sphaeralcea ambigua*), whose brick red petals, notched at the apex, and with anthers of purple, are well set off by the soft green of the rounded leaves. This also frequents the slopes of the desert ranges. On the mesas and in the canyons are the long, slender branches of pale face (*Hibiscus denudatus*), still another of the mallow family, whose very pale lavender flowers are closely set against the stem toward the top.

In the Mojave Desert especially are found the desert candle (*Strep-tanthus inflatus*), a member of the mustard family. They are from one to two feet high, and the stout, hollow, inflated stem, clasped about the base by long, narrow, very upright leaves of white green, much resembles a yellow wax candle. For a "wick" the candle has tiny flowers of royal purple, which fade

quickly to white as they scatter sparsely down the stem, furthering the illusion by looking like drops of melted wax.

The desert's gifts of flowers tell a wonderful story—a story of great hidden treasures, of mighty power to produce, of vast riches in the

silent sands, let loose, like the sudden smile of a most austere and queenly mistress.

We should regard this great, far spread garden as ours—ours to enjoy and not to desecrate. How many motorists have you seen with running-boards dripping with dis-

carded blossoms, or with front fenders cradling armloads of wilted, shattered flowers that surely cry out against the ruthless harvesting? There are flowers a plenty that we may gather, enjoying the mere beauty and fragrance of them or reading the stories that

they present to studious and interested minds, but we should graciously keep in mind the thousands of others who may pass along the same road and the seed time which will hold the glory to be unfurled another year.

Derelicts of the Desert

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

from long experience.

"As soon as he could find me, he told of what had happened, and I knew that there was danger of his being lynched by the Mexican's friends. It was my duty to see to it that his case came before the proper authorities, and that he did not become a victim of mob violence. I explained to him that we might be in for a tough time of it, and that our only chance was to arm ourselves and be ready to stand the mob off when it came. Meantime, I would wire for the sheriff in San Diego. He was willing enough to go on with this program, so I got my two guns, a forty-five Colt and a thirty-three Winchester, and all the ammunition I could find. He took the rifle and I had the six-gun, and we sat up all night in a room behind doors that were locked and barricaded. I afterward learned that there was plenty of talk of lynching, but word got out that the butcher and I were ready to shoot it out to the last, and no one seemed to be willing to lead the mob to the attack.

"Late the next day, the sheriff arrived with several deputies, and took the butcher away. In due time he was tried and convicted on a charge of manslaughter, but was released from San Quentin after serving eighteen months."

According to the former constable, there were no undertaking accommodations in town, and the death of a citizen was followed by a funeral totally lacking in pomp and circumstance. A spring wagon he owned did duty as a hearse, and hauled the deceased to the cemetery on a barren hillside a half mile away.

"One night," he continued, "when there were lots of games going on, a priest came into my place and told me that he was going to build a church in Tumco, and was looking for contributions.

"How much do you need?" I asked him.

"I lack \$300 of having enough," he answered.

"Then I walked over to the safe and counted out that amount in twenty-dollar gold pieces, and gave them to him.

"Here it is," I said. "Take it and build your church; but don't interrupt any of the games."

"About this time, a tragedy occurred in the desert that to this day has never been explained. A span of horses fully harnessed, came across the sandhills, and were found in the desert south of Tumco by a miner, who brought them into town. They were almost famished for water, and we had to give it to them a little at a time.

"An Indian tracker and I started out on the trail of those horses to find out what had happened to their

owner. Fortunately there was no wind blowing that day, and the tracks were plain in the sand, leading westward. After we had gone about twenty miles, we found the body of a woman. She had been dead for several days, and there was nothing on her by which she could be identified. The tracks of the horses continued westward, and we followed them six miles farther, and found the body of a man, and four miles farther on the body of another man. There were no papers on either of them to show who they were, but it was plain that all of them had perished from thirst. Four miles beyond the body of the last man, we found their buckboard. There was nothing in it that had any value as evidence except a tobacco can filled with 'phoney' jewelry.

"For years the county authorities tried to find out who those people were, but to this day nothing is known about them. Their fate is still one of the tragic mysteries of the desert."

Tumco has fallen victim to the general mining depression. Ore in plenty remains in the rugged mountains surrounding her, but its recovery long ago ceased to be profitable. In its many buildings, wrecked and ruined by vandals, the visitor plainly sees "finis" inscribed as the epitaph of this once picturesque town.

IV.

Seven miles north of Daggett, on the flank of the Calico Range, stand the remains of a town of the same name. The site is unusual in its picturesque setting. To the north rise the mountains, lofty, rugged, and colored in vivid hues of be-

wildering variety. Southward the foot of the mountain falls away in a gentle slope; undulating ridges, covered with numerous workings bound it on the east, and the western limits of the town are sharply defined by a precipice. The main street rests on the backbone of a ridge that slopes up to meet the rocky mountainside. Fifty years ago, when Calico was in her prime, and the population numbered 3500, scores of residences were built on both sides of the principal street, scattered in haphazard fashion over the undulating ground to the east, and clinging precariously to the rim of the precipice on the west. Her twelve saloons did a rushing business night and day, with three shifts of miners who were eager to swap their wages for liquid refreshment, and to lay stakes on the gaming tables. Those who knew the Calico of old aver that she was the liveliest mining town in Southern California.

The keystone to the prosperity that made Calico great was the unprecedented price of silver, which at that time was quoted as high as a dollar and forty-eight cents per ounce. The mountains that bulk high to the northward were full of it. Several fortunes that later figured in the industrial development of the southland, had their origins in this district. Two men who later founded one of the largest petroleum corporations in the west, made their first "stake" in Calico.

A young man had just graduated from medical college in an eastern State. While trying to decide where he would begin his practice, he received a letter from a friend, also a physician, who was practicing in Calico.

"There is plenty here for a doctor to do," he wrote. "More, in fact, than I can handle alone. I hope that you can come out here to make your start."

Forthwith the neophyte journeyed to Calico, where he had a very successful and interesting practice for several years. Now a well-known physician in Los Angeles, he frequently takes pleasure in relating incidents that took place in that interesting mining camp of long ago.

"A great many of my patients," he said, "were victims of gunshot wounds. Stories of these cases would vary only in the details, but a synopsis that would cover the most of them might be as follows: Lots of liquor . . . a game of poker . . . an argument . . . fireworks. I remember one case that I treated that was unusually interesting.

"The unenviable title of most noted ne'er-do-well belonged to a man by the name of Tobler who, through his fondness for drink, had gone from bad to worse, until he became a mere hanger-on in the saloons, waiting for someone to give a general invitation to the bar which would provide him with free liquor.

"A woman in Calico owned several claims on which the assessment work was in arrears. Now claim-jumping was not the rule in this district, and moreover, there was no one who had a desire to dispossess the woman of her property. But a certain San Francisco company got wind of the status of her claims, and, lacking the scruples and chivalry possessed by Calico citizens, proceeded to jump them. Tobler was hired as foreman for the assessment work to be done, and was given a small retaining fee. Not having had a job for several months, he was fairly overcome with joy at his unexpected good fortune, which he proceeded to celebrate in the usual manner. His tongue loosened by drink, he told all and sundry of his new position, withholding none of the essential details. Among his auditors were several of the woman's friends, who lost no time in carrying the news to her.

"In due time, Tobler organized his crew of miners, and set out for the claims to do the work, taking along, in addition to the necessary food supply, a goodly quantity of liquor, part of which he consumed while en route. Arriving at their destination, the miners found the woman standing guard over the claims with a rifle. Across the road she had made a mark which she pointed out as a "dead line," giving the men to understand that unpleasant consequences would befall any who crossed it.

"Now the miners who accompanied Tobler were entirely sober, and decided that discretion was the



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You, too, may know that all day long your children are growing in health and alertness up in the clear, delightful highlands of Beverlyridge . . . where the Santa Monicas overlook Beverly Hills to the blue Pacific.

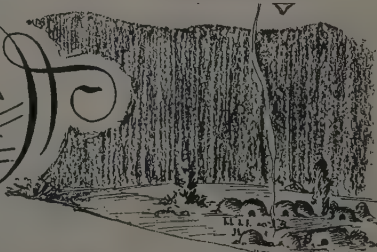
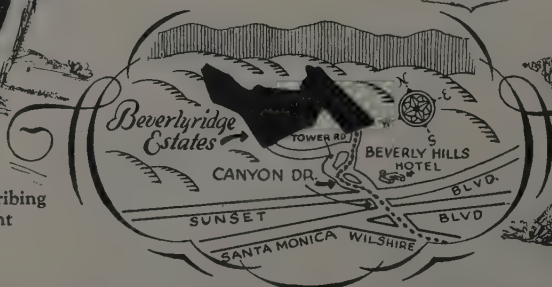
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An illustrated booklet, describing Beverlyridge will be sent you upon request.



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better part of valor. But their chief, being well under the influence of drink, displayed no misgivings for his own safety and advanced across the line in spite of repeated warnings from the woman. The first shot made a slight wound in his thigh, but he did not pause. The second shot made a flesh wound in his arm, but also failed to halt him. Number three, however, which was evidently aimed at his heart, inflicted a serious wound in his left side. Then it dawned on him that his reception was distinctly lacking in cordiality.

"For several weeks I attended Tobler, and finally he recovered. The last I saw of him, about a year later, was in a saloon, where he was waiting for someone to buy drinks for the house. The woman went on trial in San Bernardino, but the result was a foregone conclusion—she was acquitted.

"The most tragic incident that happened during my residence in Calico concerned an old prospector who was known as 'Dad.' He seemed to be as aged as the desert itself. Long hair, almost white, fell to his shoulders, and a beard of the same color reached almost to his belt. He tucked his pants into his

boots, and wore a red shirt, just as Bret Harte's characters did. In short, Dad was the last of the old-timers of that district.

"Fortune smiled on Dad one day when he made a rich strike some distance north of Calico. A short time later, he sold the claim for \$5000, and arrived at Calico, on his way to the 'inside' where he planned to spend his declining years in comfort. The news of the sale he had made preceded him, and when he arrived in town, he was met by two gentlemen of exceedingly friendly address, who invited him to be their guest at a saloon, where he could break the long dry spell that his sojourn in the desert had entailed. After a few drinks, the prospector readily assented when one of his hosts suggested a game of poker. With two professional gamblers, alert and highly efficient, against a simple old man, befuddled with liquor, the result was obvious. After the victim's pockets had become emptied, the gamblers were astonished to see him take off one of his boots, rip open the lining, and extract therefrom a sheaf of bills. But at last the old man was completely broken, and one of the sharpers handed him

twenty dollars with the advice that he make himself scarce around Calico.

"Carrying his blankets on his back, Dad went to an empty shack, where he 'slept off' the effects of his celebration. Finally he awoke, in possession of his faculties, and with a full realization of his predicament. Feeble with age, he was no longer able to endure the rigors of desert life, and the little 'stake' that was to have meant comfort during his few remaining years was gone.

"After two or three days, friends who had seen him go to the shack became solicitous when they did not see him reappear, went to investigate, and found that the old man had hanged himself to a rafter. Hardened as they were to the seamy side of life in a mining camp, this tragedy made a deep impression on the miners, and the gamblers who had so heartlessly despoiled poor old Dad suddenly came to the conclusion that it would be wise for them to seek other fields for harvest."

Such are the tales they tell of Calico before she died. The end came suddenly with a sensational drop in the price of silver, which

made the mines unprofitable. A general exodus of her citizens followed, and the town became a ghost of the desert, with empty dwellings and untrodden streets. Many of the buildings were wrecked, and later a fire destroyed much of the business section.

In the Calico of today, little remains to indicate its former size and its population has shrunk to one permanent resident; yet the visitor will find much of interest. Typical of their time are the few buildings of adobe, nestling at the foot of the brilliantly colored mountains. One, a mere shell with roof and floor long since removed, has the remains of a large oil painting inside the wall. The visitor can imagine that this picture, now faded by years of exposure, once looked down upon convivial scenes.

Across the canyon bounding the town on the west, lies the cemetery, unique among many of its kind in the desert. Located on a rocky bench overlaid with a thin covering of soil, the graves were necessarily shallow, and a large heap of stones was reared over each one to prevent disturbance by wild animals. Monuments of marble or granite were unknown in Calico,

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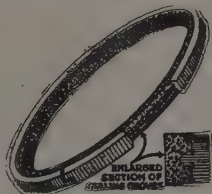
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LOS ANGELES

and epitaphs to the deceased were painted on wooden slabs. After nearly half a century of exposure they have become startling examples of erosion by wind-driven sand; the unprotected surface of the wood has been cut away, while the painted letters have remained intact, and stand out in relief, in some cases an eighth of an inch above the surface of the slab.

Continuing up the canyon, the visitor will be treated to scenes of ever-changing grandeur and magnificence. The walls increase in height until they form a stupendous chasm, cleaving into the very heart of the mountains. Old workings are everywhere in evidence— heaps of rock debris taken from shafts and tunnels by a generation that has passed on. Evidences of human activity on every hand, together with the unbroken silence, produces an effect that is uncanny. That abyss seems to be haunted with the spirits of the roisterous characters of old who made Calico famous.

V.

Forty miles north of Salton Sea is the ghost town of Dale, which, twenty years ago, was a prosperous mining camp. Located in the most desolate fastness of the Colorado, and reached by dim roads that are frequently impassable, Dale has been immune to the ravages of vandals. The lean, gray coyote walks up the street without fear of molestation, for not in his memory have those buildings been tenanted. Small though it is, Dale holds unusual interest for the hardy traveler who crosses the miles of desolation surrounding it. For here is a saloon, little changed since the last drink passed over its bar. The old bottles stand on the table, in the corner is a water cooler, a safe rests against the wall, and a pool table adorns the center of the room. An old clock hangs askew on the wall, long since forgetful of time.

In the postoffice nearby, ancient envelopes, yellow and brittle, gather dust in pigeonholes. Old papers litter the floor as though someone had hurriedly rifled the place, and escaped with the loot.

Entering the deserted houses, one may find a few articles of clothing scattered about, just as they were left years before, when the owners bade a final goodbye to their homes. And over all the silence is unbroken, save when a vagrant desert wind swings the gaping doors on their screeching hinges—a sound that is uncanny beyond all words.

Who were the builders of this town? Why did they abandon it? The latter question is answered by the history of San Bernardino County, which states that refractory ores, scarcity of water, and difficulty of transportation combined to make the district unprofitable. Beyond conjecture, perhaps, is the first

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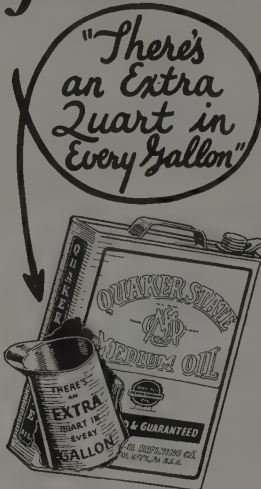
It is not just the best policy to ask for "Eastern" oil. The word "Eastern" is descriptive of any oil and the motorist has no recourse.

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part of the question, for long since have the builders disappeared, leaving behind them no record of their activity. Imagination, then, must serve to reconstruct the comedies and tragedies, the hopes and disappointments that befell those people ere they yielded to the inexorable law of the desert, and relinquished their homes to its sway.

And so the ghost cities of the wasteland, silent and deserted, bear witness to the life of another day. The inhabitants, actors in dramas which will ever live in lore and song, have departed for all time, but the places of their abode will remain shrines to a past that abounded with all the romance of the old West.

Your Club's Activities

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

Pacific Highway in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. An innovation this year will be the publication of a similar book devoted to the camps along the principal transcontinental highways.

Representatives of the bureau were engaged during January in a reconnaissance expedition to Lower California for the purpose of amplifying existing data on the recreational potentialities of the region.

* * *

Incoming Visitors

THE eyes of the motoring world are on Southern California, and the desire to motor here and enjoy this great land is uppermost in the thoughts of many. During December, for instance, the Tour-

ing Bureau of the Club received 615 inquiries from motorists of the east and middle west contemplating motor tours to the Southland, and asking for information about roads, scenic attractions and touring conditions. To each of these the bureau responded with a personal letter presenting the desired information, extending an invitation to come, and offering the services of this organization to the visitor.

The Club has been an indefatigable worker for the upbuilding of Southern California. Besides being "The Friend to All Motorists Since 1900" it might well be titled "The Friend to California Since 1900," for it recognizes its obligation to the community and pays it.

Men's Attire

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

think neckwear intended to escape the limelight? Far from the truth. Hear ye! Hear ye! Snakes have given up the effort to frighten milady and have invaded man's domain, masquerading in the form of neckties. 'Tis a fact. Following the fashion of our frontier cowboys, who were wont to display a rattler's skin in lieu of a hat band, as mute testimony, no doubt of their prowess in giving these dangerous fellows their "quietus," man of the present day is having his neckties fashioned from python, cobra and other well known species of snake-dom! By the time our own rattlers are being so used, the fad may have become too common and then a new one will have to be started, for we must have something different every minute or so.

When deciding on colors for men, green has for years been among those taboo in everything except ties, but now we see it in many shades not only in ties but in suits and shirts as well. A green tie, that is, a light green, may correctly be worn with a golden brown or oxblood suit, and a pale green shirt is very smart, indeed, and unusually becoming to men with light hair and eyes. Oh, yes, certain colors are for certain men, just as they are for women, don't make any mistake about that. Periwinkle blue is a new color that is said to be raging in London and 'tis a fair bet that it will soon be very popular over here. So, if blue is your color, wake up, you may be ahead of the crowd but you will be awfully right.

Fashion's Foibles

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

which may be worn with a cape and skirt of patterned wool or tweed. If a jacket is preferred it may be not only of the woolen fabric but also of printed velvet or plain velvet posed over a plain kasha or jersey skirt.

There are three-quarter length coats and seven-eighths coats, as you like it, but the coat built on cape lines is distinctly new and swagger. The furless coat takes precedence for sports and country wear, for the fox neckpiece can be worn when it's unusually chilly and discarded when not wanted.

The modern woman clings tenaciously to the boyish type of dress for outdoor sports, however frivolous may be her party frocks. A favorite is the two-piece model of "crochet djersa," an attractive new material which has a fascinating

lacy stripe and can be had in any of the new spring colors. Another model which is well liked for golf is of embroidered kasha, the top made in "sweater coat" fashion and the skirt pleated from plain material.

As spring advances, we will see all the colors of the rainbow represented in the new sports togs, and, as if a solid pastel shade were not gay and lovely enough in itself, the lively miss will add—and very properly, too—a brilliantly colored scarf in one of the new Scotch plaid or futuristic designs. A smaller kerchief, about the size of a man's pocket handkerchief, may be tied tightly around the neck, ostensibly to ward off a too persistent sun but in reality to add more gayety to the costume, for scarfs are worn this season with more rhyme than reason.

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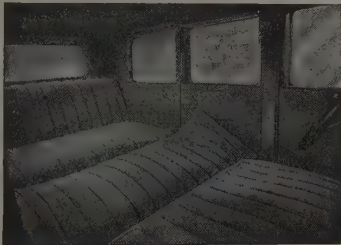
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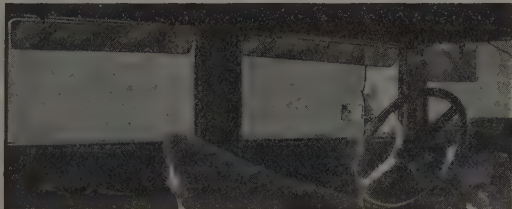
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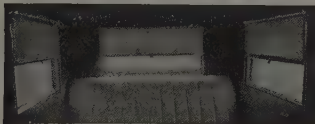
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Let us protect your car by having the worn or rusted parts refinished with DUCO, fenders repaired, body dents taken out, upholstering or top repaired; and we will at the same time WATER-PROOF and make the top of your car like new with DU PONT DUCO HIGH GLOSS TOP FINISH, WITHOUT CHARGE. To preserve the top of your car and guard against leaks, it should be water-proofed and redressed at least once a year.

Ask the Automobile Club or Insurance Company's adjuster for an order on PACIFIC DUCO to make your fender or body repairs the next time you have a damage, and we will WATERPROOF and RE-FINISH the top of your car WITHOUT CHARGE.

We carry a complete assortment of the latest colors in BRUSH DUCO for woodwork, new or old, Furniture, Floors, Walls and Metal Work. We show you how to apply it with a brush.

PACIFIC DUCO AUTO FINISHING CO., Inc.

E. G. GARRITY
President

BERT PUGH
Vice-President

2217 Beverly Blvd. (Formerly West First St.)
(Just west of Alvarado Street)

DUNKirk 1208

DUNKirk 1209

Pacific Duco Auto Finishing Co., 2217 Beverly Blvd.
(Duco Headquarters) Los Angeles, Calif.

Without obligation furnish me with cost of a 15-coat

Glossy Duco finish on my.....

(Name of car)

Name

Address

Routes and Rules for the Highway Patrol



THE HIGHWAY PATROL SERVICE CARS are not subject to call—they patrol daily the main thoroughfares of Southern California and service is rendered to Club members in distress on the highways when encountered.

¶ Mechanical first aid available for members consists of the following:

¶ Emergency repairs to a car disabled on the highways when it is possible to start same within a reasonable length of time. Patrolmen will not go into garages, private or public, to render service.

¶ Towing a disabled car (without dollies) free of charge to the nearest Official Garage, preferably on the particular route in the direction the patrol car is traveling, if it cannot be started on the road.

¶ In the event that the disabled car must be floated on dollies, patrolmen will arrange with the Club's nearest Official Emergency Road Service Station to tow same without expense to the member. (Refer to regulations printed elsewhere herein for Emergency Road Service.)

¶ Changing spare tires from rack to rim when car is operated by a woman driver unaccompanied by male companion. This service will not be rendered a man physically fit.

¶ Gasoline and oil will be carried by patrol cars and sold without profit to members.

¶ Patrol cars will not be permitted to deviate from their designated routes.

¶ Only competent mechanics, qualified to render mechanical aid, are employed on these cars.

¶ Medical first aid to injured persons consists of applying splints and bandages, and arranging for removal of injured persons from the scene of accident to the nearest hospital. Complete medical kits for emergency use are part of the equipment of each car. The patrol drivers have all undergone special training in Medical First Aid Work.

¶ Members are requested not to tip patrolmen for services rendered. Members are kindly requested to show their Club membership card when service is rendered, and to sign service report.

Where the Patrol Cars Operate

Patrol Car No. 72

This car patrols the highway between El Centro and San Diego daily—and covers the important roads in the Imperial Valley.

Patrol Car No. 64

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the route via Glendale, San Fernando,

Saugus and Santa Paula to Ventura, returning to Los Angeles via Moorpark and Santa Susana Pass.

Patrol Car No. 71

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. via Alvarado Street and Glendale Blvd. to Glendale; Verdugo Canyon to La Canada, Flint-

ridge, Devil's Gate Dam, thence to Pasadena and via Colorado Street to the San Gabriel Blvd., thence south to Downey, Norwalk, Buena Park and Garden Grove into Santa Ana; thence to Balboa and north over the Coast Highway through Huntington Beach, Seal Beach and Long Beach to Los Angeles, returning to Los Angeles via Wilmington and the Harbor Blvd.

Patrol Car No. 63

Leaves Visalia daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Inland Route south via Tulare and Delano to Bakersfield, retraces to Delano, then patrols the highway via Ducor, Porterville, Lindsay and Exeter to Visalia.

Patrol Cars Nos. 61 & 69

These two cars patrol the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. One car leaves Los Angeles and the second leaves San Diego daily at 8 a.m.

Patrol Car No. 73

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Valley Blvd. through El Monte, Puente, Pomona and Ontario to Riverside, then to Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, returning to Los Angeles via Foothill Blvd. and Pasadena.

Patrol Car No. 68

This car patrols the Highway between Los Angeles and Bakersfield—(off each Monday).

Patrol Car No. 70

Leaves San Luis Obispo daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Coast Highway north through Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel to the Monterey County line. Retraces to San Luis Obispo, then patrols south to Santa Maria and returns to San Luis Obispo.

Patrol Car No. 66

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the highway via South Figueroa Street, Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park and Long Beach Blvd. to Long Beach; thence to San Pedro, Wilmington and Redondo; returning to Los Angeles via Western Avenue, thence to Venice via West Adams Street, Washington Blvd. and Culver City, thence to Santa Monica, returning to Club Headquarters via Wilshire Blvd., Vermont Avenue and West Adams Street.

Patrol Car No. 67

This car operates on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Maria—(off each Monday).

OFFICIAL CAR FORWARDERS



The following forwarders have been carefully selected and have agreed to receive and distribute automobiles shipped from the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to them and to receive automobiles for shipment in consolidated consignment to the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN

CALIFORNIA at the lowest costs obtainable. Members and motorists contemplating shipment of automobiles to or from Southern California are advised to communicate with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA or the appropriate forwarder.

Alabama

MOBILE
Walker Storage Warehouse Co.,
926 Conti Street.

Arizona

PHOENIX
Automobile Club of Arizona,
217 East Adams Street.

TUCSON
Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Co.

California

LOS ANGELES
Automobile Club of So. California,
Adams and Figueroa Sts.

Colorado

DENVER
Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.,
1700 15th St., (and Denver Motor
Club, 1448 Tremont St., for infor-
mation only).

Florida

JACKSONVILLE
Laney & Delcher Storage Co., Inc.,
657 East Bay Street.

MIAMI
John E. Withers' Transfer & Stor-
age Co.,
1000-1012 N. East First Avenue.

Hawaii, T. H.

HONOLULU
Honolulu Automobile Club

Illinois

CHICAGO
Currier Lee Warehouse Co.,
427 West Erie Street.

PEORIA
Federal Warehouse Co.

Iowa

CEDAR RAPIDS
Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.

DAVENPORT
Ewert & Richter Exp. & Storage Co.

DES MOINES
Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.

FORT DODGE
Brady Transfer & Storage Co.,
Central at Sixteenth Sts.

SIOUX CITY
Dougherty Storage & Van Co.,
409 Douglas Street.

WATERLOO
Iowa Warehouse Co.

Additional forwarders are being constantly added.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS
Indiana Terminal Warehouse Co.,
230 So. Pennsylvania St.

Kansas

WICHITA
Bryan Transfer & Storage Co.

Kentucky

LOUISVILLE
O. K. Storage & Transfer Co.
801 West Main Street.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS
Importers' Bonded Warehouse Co.,
340 Bienville Street.

Massachusetts

BOSTON
Quincy Market Cold Storage Ware-
house Co.,
178 Atlantic Avenue.

Michigan

DETROIT
Michigan Terminal Warehouse Co.,
Brandt Ave. and Wyoming Road.

Minnesota

DULUTH
Duluth Van & Storage Co.

MINNEAPOLIS
Great Northern Warehouse Co.,
714 Washington Ave., North.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY
Southwest Warehouse Corporation,
Nineteenth and Campbell Streets.

ST. LOUIS
Automobile Club of Missouri,
4228 Lindell Boulevard.

Nebraska

OMAHA
Terminal Warehouse Co.,
702 South Tenth Street.

New York

BUFFALO
Larkin Co., Inc.,
680 Seneca Avenue.

NEW YORK CITY
Tooker Storage & Forwarding Co.,
281 Eleventh Avenue.

SYRACUSE
Great Northern Warehouse, Inc.,
350-360 West Fayette Street.

Ohio

AKRON
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

CINCINNATI
E. J. Robben, 954 West Fifth St. (and
Cincinnati Automobile Club, 8th
and Race Sts., for information
only).

CLEVELAND
Interstate Terminal Warehouse, Inc.,
1200 West Ninth Street.

COLUMBUS
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA CITY
O. K. Transfer & Storage Co.

TULSA
Tulsa Transfer & Storage Co.

Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA
Union Shipping & Forwarding Co.,
356 Drexel Bldg. (and Keystone
Automobile Club, 250 S. Broad
St., Keystone-Shubert Bldg., for
information only).

PITTSBURGH
Keystone Storage & Warehouse Co.,
600 Second Avenue.

Texas

DALLAS
Dallas Transfer & Terminal Ware-
house Co.

EL PASO
El Paso Fireproof Storage Co.

FT. WORTH
Binyon O'Keefe Firep. Storage Co.,
Eighth and Calhoun.

HOUSTON
Westheimer Transfer Co.

SAN ANTONIO
Scobey Fireproof Warehouse Co.
(Receiving only).

Utah

SALT LAKE CITY
Jennings Cornwall Warehouse Co.,
337 West Second South St.

Washington

SEATTLE
Automobile Club of Washington,
1109 Pine Street.

OFFICIAL

The Hotels listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices. Members are advised



HOTELS

to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show cards. (A) American Plan. (E) European Plan.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LOS ANGELES			
Alexandria Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Cecil	(E)	2.50	1.50
Chelsea Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 4.00	
Coliseum Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	
Hotel Figueroa	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
Olympic Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel Rosslyn	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel St. Paul	(E)	Double 3.00 up	
(All Rooms with Bath and Shower)			
Hotel Savoy	(E)	Outside Room with Bath, 1 person	\$3.00
		Outside Room with Bath, 2 persons	\$4 to \$5
Stillwell Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50
Hotel Stowell	(E)	2.00	
(Fireproof)			
Ambassador	(E)	Outside room with bath 1 person	\$5.00 up
		Outside room with bath 2 persons	8.00 up
Hotel Trinity	(E)	2.50 & 3.00	1.50
Hotel Virginia	(E)	2.50 up	
Van Nuys Hotel	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	1.50 to 2.50

HOLLYWOOD			
Hotel Christie	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Gilbert	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	
Hollywood Plaza	(E)	3.00 up	
Village Inn	(E)	2.00 to 4.00 per day	
PASADENA			
Hotel Constance	(E)	3.00—5.00	
MT. WILSON			
Mt. Wilson Hotel	(E)	4.00	1.50 up
GLENDALE			
Hotel Brand	(E)	1.50	1.00
SANTA MONICA			
Hotel Windermere	(A)	7.50	6.00
	(E)	4.50 up	3.00 up

Inland Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

BAKERSFIELD			
Hotel El Tejon	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Euclid	(E)	2.00	1.00 up
Hotel Moronet	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Tegeler Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
Hotel Willits	(E)	2.00 up	1.25 up
DELANO			
Hotel Kern	(E)	2.50	1.50
LEBEC			
Hotel Lebec	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00
LINDSAY			
Hotel Lindsay	(E)	1.75 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50
PORTERVILLE			
Hotel Porterville	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN FERNANDO			
Porter Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
TAFT			
Savoy Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.75 to 2.50 up
Hotel Fox	(E)	2.50	1.75

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
TULARE			
Fox Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.75
Tulare Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK			
Giant Forest Lodge	(A)	8.50	6.00 to 6.50
	(A)	15.00	10.00 to 11.00
(Opens May 15th, 1928)			
VISALIA			
Hotel Johnson	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.75 to 2.00

Coast Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

ATASCADERO			
New Atascadero Inn	(A)	6.00 up	
	(E)	2.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
BUELLTON			
Buell Tavern	(A)	3.50 per day up	
	(A)	1.50 per day up	
LOMPOC			
Hotel Arthur	(E)	1.00 to 2.00	
LOS ALAMOS			
Hotel Los Alamos	(E)	3.00	2.00
LOS OLIVOS			
Mattel's Tavern	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up
OJAI			
El Roblar Hotel	(A)	6.00 per day up	
Foothills Hotel	(A)	7.00 to 10.00	
Pierpont Cottages	(A)	6.50 up	
PASO ROBLES			
Hotel Taylor	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel	(A)	6.50 up	5.00 up
	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

PISMO			
Hotel Butler	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Olsen	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN LUIS OBISPO			
Anderson Hotel	(E)	2.50 per day up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Hotel Andrews	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Blackstone	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
The Motel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
(Free private garages in connection)			
SANTA BARBARA			
The Samarkand	(A)	12.00 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Hotel Barbara	(E)	3.00 to 6.00	2.00 to 4.00
Hotel Californian	(E)	2.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Carrillo Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Upham Hotel	(E)	3.00	2.00
	(A)	4.00	2.50
	(A)	5.00	4.00
	(E)	6.00	4.50
Hotel Virginia	(E)	2.50	1.50 to 2.00

SANTA MARIA			
Santa Maria Inn	(A)	7.00 to 8.00	
Hotel Massy	(E)	1.75 to 2.00	
Hotel Bradley	(E)	2.50 up	1.25 to 1.50 up
Hotel California	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 up
SANTA PAULA			
Glen Tavern	(A)	4.00 to 6.00	
	(E)	3.00	2.00
VENTURA			
Hotel Baldwin	(E)	2.50	1.50 and 2.00
Hotel Fosnaugh	(E)	2.50	
(All rooms with bath)			

Los Angeles—San Diego, Coast Route

DEL MAR			
Hotel Del Mar	(A)	7.00 up	6.00 up
FULLERTON			
California Hotel		2 to 2.50	1.50 to 2
LA JOLLA			
Hotel Cabrillo	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Casa De Manana	(A)	10.00 up	

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
OCEANSIDE			
Hotel Keisker	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
ORANGE			
Sunshine Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA ANA			
St. Anna's Inn	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	2.00
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO			
Hotel Capistrano	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
SAN DIEGO			
Albany Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
El Cortez Hotel	(E)	6.00 to 8.00	
U. S. Grant Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	
Hotel Churchill	(E)	3.00 to 4.00	
Hotel Knickerbocker	(E)	1.50 to 3.00 per day	
	(E)	3.50 to 8	2 to 3.50
Hotel Sanford	(E)	4.50 up	3.00 up
	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up
Hotel St. James	(E)	2.00 to 6.00	
San Diego Hotel	(E)	1.00 to 3.00 per day	
Maryland Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	1.50 up
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	
(All rooms with bath)			
Admiral Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
King George Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up

CORONADO			
Hotel Del Coronado	(A)	10.00 up	8.00 up

Los Angeles—San Diego, Inland Route

ELSNORE			
Amsbury Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50
	(A)	5.50 to 6.50	4.50
GLEN IVY			
Glen Ivy Mineral Hot Springs	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
(Free garage in connection)			
ONTARIO			
Ontario Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.50 to 3.00
Casa Blanca Hotel	(E)	2.50	2.00
RIVERSIDE			
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
HEMET			
Palomar Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50
VISTA			
Vista Inn	(A)	6.00	5.00
	(E)	3.00	2.00

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

CLAREMONT			
Ye Claremont Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
FONTANA			
Fontana Farms Inn	(A)		5.00 up
GLENN RANCH, CAL.			
Glenn Ranch Resort		2.50 up	1.50 up
Housekeeping			1.50 up
Camping			.50 up
MONROVIA			
Leven Oaks Hotel	(A)	5.50 to 7.50	4.50 to 5.50
SAN ANTONIO CANYON			
Camp Baldy	(E)		1.50 up
SAN BERNARDINO			
Antlers Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50

San Bernardino Mountain Resorts

LAKE ARROWHEAD			
Lake Arrowhead Lodge			Closed for Season

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Pine Knot Lodge			(Closed for Season)
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Big Bear Lake Tavern			(Closed for Season)
Highlander Hotel	(A)	6.50	6.00
Knight's Camp	(A)	7.00 up	
	(E)	1.50 to 5.00	
SAN BERNARDINO P. O.			
Pinecrest Mountain Resort Hotel	(A)	7.00	5.00 up
		Housekeeping	5.00 up

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

AMBOY			
Amboy Hotel	(E)	1.50 up	Cottages 2.00 up
BARSTOW			
Hotel Melrose and Annex	(E)	2.50	1.50 up
KINGMAN, ARIZ.			
Hotel Beale	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 to 2.00
Commercial Hotel	(E)	2.00	1 to 1.50
LUDLOW			
Hotel Oasis	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
NEEDLES			
Gateway Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.00 to 1.50
SOCORRO, N. M.			
Hotel Val Verde	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
VICTORVILLE			
Hotel Stewart	(E)	2.50	1.00 up
Hotel Smith	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway			
BRIDGEPORT			
Bridgeport Hotel	(E)		1.50
	(A)		4.50
BISHOP			
Kittie Lee Inn	(A)	6.50	5.50

INDEPENDENCE			
Winnedumah Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
LANCASTER			
Lancaster Inn	(E)	2.00	1.50
Hotel	Plan	Bath	Bath
LONE PINE			
Dow Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
MOJAVE			
Hotel Alton	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley

(Salton Sea Route)

Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix.

BANNING			
San Geronimo Inn	(A)	6 to 7.50	5 to 6.00
	(E)	3 to 4.00	2 to 2.50
BEAUMONT			
Hotel Mary May	(E)	2 to 2.50	1.50
BRAWLEY			
Planters Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Dunlack	(E)	2.50 up	
		(Air cooled and fireproof)	
COLTON			
Anderson Hotel	(A)	5.00	3.50
	(A)	2.00	1.50
INDIO			
Hotel Indio	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
The La Quinta	(A)	15.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	
PALM SPRINGS			
Desert Inn	(A)	10.00 up	
RIVERSIDE			
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
REDLANDS			
Casa Loma Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50
	(A)	4.50 up	4.00 up

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway

(Borderland Route)

San Diego—El Paso and Points East.

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
THE WILLOWS, SAN DIEGO CO.			
The Willows	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up
CALEXICO			
Hotel Reeder	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
DESCANSO			
Hulburd Grove Inn	(A)	4.25 up	3.25 up
Housekeeping Cottages			
PINE VALLEY, SAN DIEGO CO.			
Pine Valley Cabin	(A)	6.00 up	5.50
	(E)	4.00 up	3.00
		(All modern conveniences)	
		Housekeeping Cottages.	
EL CENTRO			
Hotel Barbara Worth	(E)	2.50 to 5	2 to 3.50
Hotel Casa Rey and Annex	(E)	1.50 to 2.00 per day	Without Bath
YUMA, ARIZ.			
Hotel Del Ming	(E)	3.50 up	2.00 up

San Jacinto Mountain Resorts

IDYLLWILD			
Idyllwild Inn	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 up

Miscellaneous Hotels and Resorts

TEHACHAPI			
Juanita Hotel	(E)	1.50 per day up	
HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS			
Alexander Young Hotel	(E)	3.50 up	2.50 up
RAMONA			
Kenilworth Inn	(A)		3 to 3.50



COLORADO STREET—PASADENA, CAL.

Smooth Rigid + Safe

Pavements of Portland Cement Concrete have all the qualities that are vital to the comfort and safety of the motorist. These qualities endure, too—for maintenance is built into the concrete pavement.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

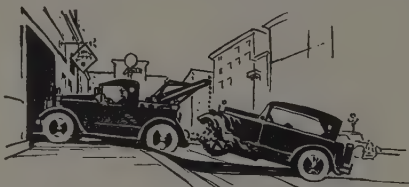
548 South Spring Street
LOS ANGELES

Concrete for Permanence

Official Garages and State-wide Emergency Road Service

for Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Automobile Association

The Garages listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices.



Members are advised to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show their cards

How to Obtain Free Emergency Road Service

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Southern California are designated by star and phone number

MEMBERS with their disabled cars on the road outside of Los Angeles are requested to call the nearest Emergency Road Service Station—listed here and in each issue of *TOURING TOPICS*. In or near Los Angeles City call Club headquarters, BEacon 8600—always open.

☐ Give your name, address, membership card number, make of car, license number, location, and nature of trouble.

☐ The mechanics on arrival will either start your car in 30 minutes mechanical labor or tow car to the Official Garage. (Elsewhere at your expense.)

☐ This is an emergency service only for members whose cars are disabled on the highways. Calls cannot be answered at the Club's expense to start cars in garages.

☐ Service cannot apply to employees or friends of members who do not belong—even when such employees or friends are operating the member's cars, as Club service follows the member and not the car.

☐ Be sure to carry your membership card. No free service will be extended to persons who fail to carry paid-up membership cards.

☐ The service will be extended to owners of firm or commercial cars only when the drivers thereof can produce a Club member-

ship card in their own names. This service does not apply to trucks of any make.

☐ This service is for emergencies when disabled while actually on the road, and does not apply on mechanical or repair work at garages, nor include supplies or parts.

☐ Tire service—changing spare tires from rack to rim—will be extended when car is operated by a woman member unaccompanied by male companion, or a man physically unable to change tires.

☐ Carry the current issue of the Club magazine, *TOURING TOPICS*, containing list of appointed garages in your car.

☐ The Club's Emergency Road Service, as above outlined, applies only to the territory embraced by the thirteen Southern Counties of California. As a member of our organization, however, you are entitled to Emergency Road Service in Central and Northern California through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association (Northern Club) in accordance with rules and regulations established by them for their own members.

☐ Members cannot be reimbursed for services secured from garages not under contract with the Club as Emergency Road Service Stations.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NOTE: This list is complete to date of publication. A revised list will be published monthly in *Touring Topics*. Carry the latest list in your car so it may always be available.)

Los Angeles

A-1 Auto Sheet Metal Works, 3701 Moneta Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Advance Automobile Works, 991-999 West Washington St.
Arrow Garage, 1016 W. Vernon Ave.
Auto Centre Garage, 746 South Hope Street
Bernard & Johnson Garage, 1317 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Drive Garage, 439 Beverly Drive, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Biltmore Garage, 525 West 5th St.
Blue Ribbon Garage, 4500 South Main St.
Bozzani Motor Car Co., Cor. Sunset Blvd. and Broadway

Buick Garage, 1000 West Washington St.
Burlington Garage, 517 South Burlington St.
Carlton Garage, 3333 South Western Ave.
Clark-Wall Garage, 634 Wall St.
Clinton L. Clark Garage, 2219 West Pico St.
Clippingr Garage, 708 Merchant St.
The Detrick Garage, 545 Maple Ave.
De Luxe Garage, 534 South Union Ave.
Eddy's Fireproof Garage, 816 So. Grand Ave.
Ellsworth Cadillac Service, 1105 West Pico St.
Fifth Street Garage, 221 East 15th St.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

*Gagen's Motor Service, 222 North Vermont, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*Gold Arrow Auto Works, 2714 South Figueroa St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*Grand-Adams Garage, 425 S. Grand Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*Harris-Davenport Super Service Station, 1000 So. Western Ave.
Hotel Clark Garage, 4th and Olive Sts.
H. & S. Garage, 2415 South Vermont Ave.
*Herdina Garage, 12518 South Main St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*Jack McArley's Garage, 4421 South Western Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Kreutzer Garage, 1801 South Hope St.
*Loy's Garage, 3412 West Pico St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
L. A. Motor Service Garage, 2524 South Hill St.
*Lincoln Park Garage, 3219 Mission Knoll, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*Larchmont Garage, 241-243 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Manhattan Wilshire Garage, 606 S. Manhattan Place
Master Service Co. 811 So. Whittier St.
The May Co.'s Patrons Garage, 9th & Hill Streets
*Montclair Garage, 4321 W. Adams, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*Mt. Washington Garage, 4127 Pasadena Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Ready-Go Service Garage, 2701 South Figueroa St.
*Reliable Mechanical Works, 320 Venice Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Schuler Auto Service Garage, 4708 W. Washington St.
Schuler Co. Garage, 3241 South Figueroa St.
Security Garage, 430 South Los Angeles St.
*Snyder's Garage, 2459 Brooklyn Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Sonoma Motor Sales Co., 636 Maple Ave.
Southwest Auto Works Garage, 4274 S. Broadway.
Speer-Dodge Works, 1827 South Hope St.
*Stewart's Garage, 4917 Whittier Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
263 So. Vermont Super Service Station, 260 South Vermont Ave.
Washington Park Garage, 18th and Grana Ave.
*Welcome Garage, 329 Glendale Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Western Avenue Garage, 226 South Western Ave.
*White Garage, 808 South Olive St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Witmer Garage, 528 Columbia Avenue
*Woodward Garage, Pico and Alvarado Sts., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*Wilmont Garage, 3144 Wilshire Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Wilshire Garage, 6th and Kenmore
Wolfe & Allen Super Service Station, 7726 S. Vermont Ave.

Los Angeles—San Diego Coast Route

*ANAHEIM—Frahm's Garage, Phone: 799 (Day) 703-R (Night)
*CORONADO—Guarantee Garage, Phone: Coronado 518
*CORONADO—Pioneer Garage, Phone: Coronado 56
CORONADO—Woodward's Hotel Del Coronado Garage
*CARLSBAD—Standard Garage, Phone: 12-J-1
*CYPRESS—Cypress Garage, Phone: Anaheim 8711-R-4 (Day) 941-W (Night)
*DEL MAR—Hotel Del Mar Garage, Phone: Del Mar 88
Downey—Faulkner's Garage, Mach. Shop, Phone: Downey 432 60
*FULLERTON—Bill's Garage, Phone: 697
*FULLERTON—Lillian Yaeger Garage, Phone: Fullerton 115 or 114
*LAGUNA BEACH—Coast Garage, Phone: Laguna Beach 52
*LA HABRA—Missouri Garage, Phone: La Habra 8-176
*LA JOLLA—Pacific Garage, Phone: La Jolla 768
*MONTEBELLO—B. & H. Garage, Phone: Montebello 345
*NATIONAL CITY—Tutwiler's Garage, Phone: National 528 (Day) Randolph 3922 (Night)
*NORWALK—Central Garage, Phone: 5582 (Day) 5361 (Night)
*OCEANSIDE—Bo ullevard Garage, Phone: 27-J
*OCEANSIDE—Oceanside Garage, Phone: 42
*ORANGE—Acme Garage & Machine Shop, Phone: Orange 80
SAN DIEGO—Savoy Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Sixth Street Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Adair's Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Elite Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Dupree's Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Hi-Ho Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Mission Garage, Phone: Main 5101
SAN DIEGO—Price Motor Car Co.
*SAN DIEGO—White Front Garage, Phone: Hillcrest 2562
SAN DIEGO—San Diego Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Crescent Garage.
*SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodward Garage, Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 Night, Sundays and Holidays)
*SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Congdon Motor Car Co. Phone: 131
*SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—White Garage, Phone: 41
*SANTA ANA—Grand Central Garage, Phone: 2457
*SOLANO BEACH—Cochran & Weiss Garage, Phone: Del Mar 93-J
*TUSTIN—Tustin Garage, Phone: Tustin 11-J (Day) Tustin 155-R or 155-M (Night)
WHITTIER—J. W. Cox Motor Sales Co.
*WHITTIER—Terquist & Olson, Phone: Whittier 423-249
WHITTIER—L. G. Rinderknecht Garage.
*YORBA LINDA—Liberty Garage, Phone: Placentia 8705-R-1

Los Angeles—San Diego Inland Route

*BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage, Phone: Covina 64853
*EL MONT—Commercial Garage, Phone: 216
*ELSI NORE—Graham & Graham Garage, Phone: 72 (Day) 162 (Night)
*ESCONDIDO—Iscondido Garage, Phone: 406 and 157
ESCONDIDO—Central Garage.
*ESCONDIDO—Guarantee Garage, Phone 68
*FALLBROOK—Fallbrook Garage, Phone: Fallbrook 11-W
*ONTARIO—Dietz & Graves Garage, Phone: 818 (Day) 1052 or 749-J (Night)
*ONTARIO—Cochran & Nichols O. K. Garage, Phone: 197
ONTARIO—McGrady Bros. Garage.
*PARIS—Perris Garage, Phone: 213 (Day) 92 (Night)
POMONA—Opera Garage
POMONA—Elsb ery-Reynolds, Jr. Inc.
*POMONA—Wurle Garage, Phone: 1424
*PUENTE—Puente Garage, Phone: 532-21 (Garage) 554-91 (Residence)
*PUENTE—Service Garage, Phone: 532-33
*RIVERSIDE—California Garage, Phone: 3870
*RIVERSIDE—Central Garage, Phone: 1000

Los Angeles—San Francisco Coast Route

*ARROYO GRANDE—Barcellos & Morgan Garage, Phone: 15
*ATASCADERO—Atascadero Garage, Phone: 74
*BUELLTON—Buellton Garage, Phone: 31-F-13
*CALABASAS—Calabasas Garage, Phone: Owensmouth 115-R-11 (Day) 115-J2 (Night)
*CAMARILLO—Knob Hill Garage, Phone: 956-M-2
*CAMBRIA—Service Garage, Phone: Cambria 11-F-2

*CARPINTERIA—Rincon Garage, Phone: 20-W
*CAYUCOS—Cayucos Garage, Phone: Cayucos Garage.
*CHATSWORTH—Alamo Garage, Phone: Owensmouth 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)
*ENCINO—Encino Garage, Phone: Van Nuys 428-J
*FILLMORE—John Opdahl Garage, Phone: 42 or 15
*HOLLYWOOD—East Hollywood Garage, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
HOLLYWOOD—Classic Garage, 1262 No. Western Ave.
HOLLYWOOD—A-I Garage.
*HOLLYWOOD—Mission Garage, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
HOLLYWOOD—Sierra Vista Garage
*HOLLYWOOD—Standard Motor Service, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
HOLLYWOOD—Fred R. Winnett Garage.
*LOPOCO—Ruffner & Ruffner Garage, Phone: 74 (Day) 41-R or 169-W (Night)
LOPOCO—Ocean Avenue Garage.
*LOS ALAMOS—Los Alamos Garage, Phone: 37
*LOS ALAMOS—T. & T. Garage, Phone: 27
*MOORPARK—Mission Garage, Phone: 20
*NORTH HOLLYWOOD—Huffaker Garage, Phone: Lankershim 290
*OJAI—City Garage, Phone: 4
*ORCUTT—Orcutt Garage, Phone: 593-J-2
*OKNARD—Slagle's Garage, Phone: 73 or 285
OKNARD—Buick Garage
*PASO ROBLES—Pioneer Garage, Phone: 247
*PISMO BEACH—Pismo Garage & Mach. Shop, Phone: 6-W
*SAN LUIS OBISPO—Berkemeyer Garage, Phone: 3
*SAN LUIS OBISPO—Studebaker Service Garage, Phone: 601
*SAN LUIS OBISPO—Kamm's San Luis Garage, Phone: 162
*SAN MIGUEL—Tucker's Super Service, Phone: San Miguel 6-W
SANTA BARBARA—Arlington Garage
SANTA BARBARA—Hull's Garage, Phone: 701
SANTA BARBARA—Johnson's Garage, Phone: 3054
*SANTA BARBARA—Carrillo Hotel Garage, Phone: 3900
*SANTA MARIA—California Garage, Phone: 490
*SANTA MARIA—Automotive Garage, Phone: 3
SANTA MARIA—Santa Maria Garage.
*SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage, Phone: 233
SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage, Phone: 85
*SATICOY—Saticoy Garage, Phone: 41
*VAN NUYS—L. R. Wardlaw Super Service Station, Phone: Van Nuys 150
*VENTURA—Neiderhauer Garage, Phone: 620-W
*VENTURA—Ventura Garage, Phone: 1142
*VENTURA—Reid's Garage, Phone: 176 (Day) 642 (Night)
VENTURA—Union Garage.

Los Angeles—San Francisco Inland Route

*BAKERSFIELD—Class A Motor Company, Phone: 133
*BAKERSFIELD—Bakersfield Motors Co. Phone: 3322
BAKERSFIELD—Chester Avenue Garage.
*BAKERSFIELD—East Side Garage, Phone: 990
BAKERSFIELD—Geo. Haberfeld, Inc. Phone: 702 or 703
*BAKERSFIELD—California Garage, Phone: 621
*BURBANK—Patterson's Garage, Phone: Burbank 268
*DELANO—Geo. Haberfeld, Inc. Phone: Delano 1
*DINUBA—Biswell, McDonald & Biswell, Phone: 12 (Day) 307 (Night) 5 Sun.,
*EXETER—Square Deal Garage, Phone: Exeter 46-R (Day) Exeter 27-W (Night)
*FELLOWS—Fellows Garage, Phone: Black 362.
*GLENDALE—Pellegrini Bros. Phone: Glendale 5080
*LEMON COVE—Lemon Cove Garage, Phone: Lemon Cove Gar. bet. 7 a.m. and 6 p.m. Sunday 7 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.
LINDSAY—Cate & Woolmes Garage, Phone: Lindsay 60
*MARICOPA—Maricopa Garage, Phone: B-463
*MCFARLAND—King Garage, Phone: McFarland 13 (Day) 4-F-3 (Night)
*MCKITTRICK—McKittrick Auto Supply Co., Phone: Main 61
MONTROSE—Evans Garage.
NEW HALL—White Star Garage.
*PICKLEY—Gaudin Motor Co., Phone: 17-J (Day) 17-W (Night)
*POUTERVILLE—Dick's Automotive Service, Phone: 574 (Day) 414-R or 574 (Night)
RIDGE ROUTE—Ridge Road Garage, 15 miles from Sausalito on Ridge, (Gastaic P.O.)
*SANDBERG—Sandberg's Garage, Phone: Sandberg Toll Station.
*SAN FERNANDO—Cascade Garage, Phone: Main 184
*SAN FERNANDO—Willis A. Rowe Auto Supply House, Phone: Main 41
*SAUGUS—Wood's Garage, Phone: Saugus 38.
*SHAFTER—Miller Bros. Garage, Phone: 4-W
*TAFT—H. R. Kanode Garage, Phone: 220 1 (Day) 109-W (Night)
*TULARE—Central Garage, Phone: Tulare 102
*TUPAC—Rainbow Garage, Phone: Tulare 10
*VISALIA—Main Garage, Phone: Visalia 980
VISALIA—Studebaker Garage.
*WASCO—Wasco Garage, Phone: 12

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

ALHAMBRA—Eagle Garage.
*ALHAMBRA—Harry T. Moore Garage, Phone: Alhambra 242 (Day) 3027-J (Night)
*ALHAMBRA—E. C. Woodward Garage, Phone: 1956 (Day) 4386 (Night)
*CLAREMONT—Foothill Garage, Phone: Claremont 4961
*COLTON—Taylor's Electric Service Garage, Phone: 90
*COVINA—Webber Garage, Phone: Covina 12111
*FONTANA—Fontana Garage, Phone: Fontana 257
*GLENORA—Rowe Motor Service Garage, Phone: Covina 42004
*HIGHLAND—Coy Garage, Phone: 35
*MONROVIA—Ruechel Garage, Phone: Green 70 (Day) Black 389 (Nights, Sun. and Holidays)
*RIALTO—Bo ullevard Garage, Phone: 204-J (Day) 204-W (Night)
*SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodward Garage, Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 Night, Sundays and Holidays)
EAST SAN GABRIEL—Barlow's Automotor Service.
*SAN BERNARDINO—Central Garage, Phone: 271-82
*SAN BERNARDINO—Draper's Garage, Phone: 271-63
SAN BERNARDINO—California Garage
SAN BERNARDINO—Tonneson's Super Service Station.
*UPLANDS—Waterman Garage, Phone: 116-J

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Central Garage & Machine Works.
*AMERY—Amery Garage, Phone: No Phone.
*BARSTOW—Barstow Garage, Phone: 26-M.
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—Babbitt Brothers Garage.
*GOFFS—Goffs Mercantile Garage, Phone: Goffs Garage.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Ford Garage.
 KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Farrow Stackpole Auto. Co.
 LUDLOW—Murphy Bros. Tourist Garage.
 MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO—Stendel's Garage
 *NEEDLES—Old Trails Garage. Phone: Main 28
 SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Becker's Transcontinental Garage.
 *VICTORVILLE—Victorville Garage. Phone: 8-J
 WINSLOW, ARIZ.—Bazel Motor Co.

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway (Borderland Route)

*EL CAJON—J. R. Dall Motor Co. Phone: 101 (Day) 691 (Night)
 *EL CENTRO—C. E. Coggins Garage. Phone: E Centro 106
 EL CENTRO—Barbara Worth Garage
 *JACUMBA—J. R. Fowble Garage. Phone: Fowble Garage, Jacumba.
 *LA MESA—La Mesa Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 145 (Night)
 YUMA, ARIZ.—Super Service Garage.

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

*BISHOP—Smith Auto. Co. Phone: Bishop 81 (Day) Bishop 91-J (Night)
 *BISHOP—Crescent Garage. Phone: 48-R (Day) 69-W (Night)
 BISHOP—Watterson's Garage
 *BIG PINE—Glacier Garage. Phone: 121
 *BRIDGEPORT—Bridgeport Garage. Phone: Bridgeport Store
 *INDEPENDENCE—Independence Garage. Phone: Bishop 25-4
 *LANCASTER—Inn Garage. Phone: 1001
 *LONE PINE—Mt. Whitney Garage & Livery Co. Phone: Bishop 21-1
 *LONE PINE—Square Deal Garage.
 *MINT CANYON—Balesier's Garage. No phone.
 *MOJAVE—Andy Smith's Garage. Phone: 221
 MOJAVE—Paul's Garage.
 *MONO LAKE—Tioga Lodge Garage. Phone Tioga Lodge (Summer Only)
 *OLANCHA—Romero Garage.
 *PALMDALE—Mission Garage. Phone: 17-W

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix

*BANNING—Dickinson Motor Car Co. Phone: 96 (Day) Main 82 (Night)
 *BLYTHE—Valley Garage. Phone: 26
 *BEAUMONT—Brown & Sons Garage. Phone: 774
 *BEAUMONT—Beaumont Garage. Phone: Beaumont 782
 *BLOOMINGTON—Bloomington Garage. Phone: 8710-R-1
 *BRAWLEY—Plaza Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 709 (Night)
 BRAWLEY—White Garage.
 *COACHELLA—Union Garage. Phone: 138
 *INDIO—MacKenzie Motor Co. Phone: 3 Indio

*PALM SPRINGS—Bunker's Garage. Phone: Bunker's Garage.
 *REDLANDS—Eddie Meyer's Garage. Phone: 102
 *REDLANDS—T. N. Gibson Garage. Phone: Main 909
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
 *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870

Miscellaneous

*ARLINGTON—Arlington Garage. Phone: 9008W (Day) 9315W (Night)
 *BELLFLOWER—Bellflower Garage.
 *BIG BEAR LAKE—McCroskey Garage. Phone: Pine Knot P.O. 36
 *BIG BEAR LAKE—Jack Preston's Garage. Pine Knot P.O. Phone: Bear Valley 41
 *CHULA VISTA—C. V. Brown's Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 35
 *CHULA VISTA—Helm Bros. Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 319-J (Day), 231-J (Night)
 *CULVER CITY—Walker's Complete Auto Works. Phone: Empire 2072 (Day)
 Culver City 2555 (Night)
 *COMPTON—National Garage. Phone: 491
 *CORONA—Mission Garage. Phone: 2024 (Day) 1312-R-2 (Night)
 *CRESTLINE P. O. (Crest of Waterman Canyon) Crest Garage. Phone 3 or
 San Bernardino 29200
 *EAGLE ROCK—Dahlia Motor Service Co. Phone: Garfield 5291; Night, Albany 29-J
 *HEMET—Monte Vista Garage. Phone: 1030 (Day) 497 (Night)
 *HUNTINGTON BEACH—Security Garage. Phone: 2391
 *HUNTINGTON PARK—Owl Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HEWES—Schillings Garage. Phone: 332 (Day) 333 (Night)
 *INGLEWOOD—Hona-ker-Nash Motor Co. Phone: 339
 *JULIAN—Julian Garage. Phone: Julian 1-J
 *LONG BEACH—Park Garage. Phone: 322-62
 LONG BEACH—K. & S. Garage.
 LONG BEACH—El Camino Garage.
 *LONG BEACH—Loyne's Garage. Phone: 652-76
 LONG BEACH—California Garage.
 LONG BEACH—Long Beach Motor Sales
 *LONG BEACH—Fordess-Curtis & Warren Garage. Phone: 664-45
 *LYNWOOD—Lynwood Garage. Phone: Compton 1131
 NEWPORT BEACH—Ohowell's Garage.
 *PASADENA—Eddie Motor Works. Phone: Terrace 1745
 *PASADENA—Paramount Garage. Phone: Terrace 8787
 PASADENA—Pasadena Storage Garage.
 *RAMONA—Ramona Garage. Phone: 35
 REDONDO BEACH—Redondo Auto Works & Garage. Phone:
 *REDONDO BEACH—California Garage. Phone: Redondo 2652
 *SAN JACINTO—Record Garage. Phone: 120
 *SOUTH PASADENA—Mission Garage. Phone: Elliott 2661 (Day) Sterling 7618 (Night)
 SAN PEDRO—Goodrich Bros. Super Service Station.
 *SAN PEDRO—William Lever Garage. Phone: 478 (Day) 946-W or 1648-J (Night)
 *SANTA MONICA—Santa Monica Garage. Phone: 21523
 *SAWTELLE—Slater's Garage. Phone: Sawtelle 31452 (Day) 31222 (Night)
 *SIERRA MADRE—Sierra Madre Garage. Phone: Main 110
 *TEHACHAPI—Bartlett's Garage. Phone: 55-W
 *TORRANCE—Ed's Service Garage. Phone: Torrance 161
 WILMINGTON—Wilmington Garage.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Northern California

CALIFORNIA STATE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

(NOTE: Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California when touring in Northern California are advised to get in touch with the nearest office of the California State Automobile Association for their rules and regulations pertaining to this service.)

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ADIN	Adin Garage	Adin Exchange	CALISTOGA	Wilber R. Snow Elec. Garage	Calistoga 50
ALAMEDA	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, or Park St. Garage	Glencourt 4400	CAMPTONVILLE	C. O. D. Garage & Machine Co.	Camptonville 8
ALBANY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	CARMEL	Carmel Garage	(Day) Carmel 112
ALBANY	Johnson & Larson	Albion 1-F-3 or 10-F-32			(Night) 353-568-570
ALTA MONT PASS	Mountain House Garage	Mountain House	CASCADA	Solomon Garage	Rangers Station at Big Creek
	(nine miles west of Tracy)	Livermore Exchange	CASSTOVILLE	Kings Garage	Castroville 4-J
ALTURAS	Modoc Machine Shop	(Day) Red 272	CEDARVILLE	Western Garage	Cedarville Exchange
		(Night) Black 622	CHICO	Service Garage	Chico 311-W
ALVARADO	Alvarado Garage	Alvarado 28-W	CHINESE CAMP	Chinese Camp Garage	(Day) Chinese Camp Exch.
ANGELS CAMP	Central Garage	(Day) Angels Camp 32			(Night) 5
ANTIOCH	W. A. Christiansen	(Night) Angeles Camp Exch.	CHOWCHILLA	Chowchilla Garage	Day & Night Chowchilla 4
ARBUCKLE	Aran Garage	Antioch 123	CLEMENTS	Service Garage	Clements Exchange
		(Day) Arbuckle 4-K	CLOVERDALE	Tire Shop Garage	(Day) Cloverdale 41
		(Night) 28-W			(Night) Cloverdale 118-J
ARCATA	Sacchi Service Station	(Day) Arcata 109-W	CLOVIS	H. B. Owens Garage	Day & Night Clovis 4
		(Night) 245-J or 363	COALINGA	V. F. Oyster Auto & Mach. Shop	(Day) Coalinga 165
AUBERRY	Auberry Garage	Auberry Hotel			(Night) 326-J
AUBURN	R. & D. Service Shop	(Day) Auburn 220	COLFAX	McCleary Garage	Main 20
		(Night) 296	COLUSA	Bill's Garage, Daly City	Randolph 940
AUBURN	White's Garage, Newcastle	(Day) Newcasttle 110	CONCORD	Universal Garage	Colusa 53-W
		(Night) 118		Concord Auto Service Co.	Concord 87; after 9 p. m. call 319
BASS LAKE	The Pine's Garage	Shaw line, one long ring	CORCORAN	Corcoran Garage	Corcoran 441
BAY POINT	Bay Point Garage	10-W	CORNING	The Corning Garage	Corning 75
BECKWITH	Sierra Valley Garage	Belvedere 37-J	CORTE MADERA	Community Garage	(Day) Corte Madera 305
BELVEDERE	Belvedere Garage	Benicia 214-W			(Night) 147 or 395
BENICIA	Enterprise Garage	Ben Lomond 23; after 9 p.m.	COTATI	Fox Garage	Cotati 20-F-11
BEN LOMOND	Ben Lomond Garage	Ben Lomond 4-W	COTTONWOOD	Cottonwood Garage	(Day) Cottonwood 7-J
		Glencourt 4400			After 8 p. m. send word
BERKELEY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	COURTLAND	Thomson Auto Repair Shop	(Day) 67; (Night) 66
BIEBER	Oak's Garage	Bieber Exchange	COVELO	Covelto Garage	Covelto 8-F-21
BIG CREEK	Solomon Garage	Rangers station at Big Creek	COVOTE	Krust's Garage	San Jose 119-J-1
BIGGS	Biggs Garage	Biggs 34	CRESCENT CITY	Crescent City Garage & Mach. Works	Crescent City 441
BLAIRSDEN	Mohawk Valley Garage	Blairsdan 4			Crescent Mills Exchange
BLUE LAKE	Blue Lake Garage	13-J (Day only)	CRESCENT MILLS	Crescent Mills Garage	Crockett 326, 206-W or 206-J
BLUFF CREEK	Gephart Bros. (Via Weitchpec)	1 long, 2 short & 1 long ring	CROCKETT	Community Garage	Laytonville 3-F-4
BOLINAS	Bolinas Garage	Bolinas 3-W. If no answer, call Bolinas 12.			
		Phone 8; after 8 p.m. send word	CUMMINGS	Redwood Empire Garage	(2 miles south of Cummings)
BOONVILLE	Lise Oak Garage	Bridgeport, Mariposa Exch.			
BRIDGEPORT	Bridgeport Garage	Buck Meadows	DALY CITY	Bill's Garage	Randolph 940
BUCK MEADOWS	Buck Meadows Garage	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031	DANVILLE	Olson's Garage	Danville 10-J
BURLINGAME	Hillebrand and Caldwell	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 895 or 673-W	DAVIS	Davis Garage	(Day) Davis 50
	San Mateo				(Night) 50-W
BURLINGAME	Pattison's Garage, San Mateo	Tourist Garage	DELTA	Follmer's Garage	Follmer's Ranch
BURNEY	Tourist Garage		DIAMOND SPRINGS	Diamond Springs Garage	332-F-4
			DIXON	Rozzi Bros.	(Day) Dixon 115
					(Night) 141-R

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
DORRIS	Dorris Garage	(Day) Dorris Exchange (Night) send word	MARIPOSA	Fort Sumpter Garage	Mariposa Exchange
DOS PALOS	Ford Garage	(Day) Dos Palos 63 (Night) 4405	MARTINEZ	Allen's Garage	(Day) Martinez 395 (Night) 748-W
DOWNIEVILLE	Downieville Garage	Downieville J	MARYSVILLE	M. & K. Garage	Marysville 468
DUBLIN	Hansen Bros.	Pleasanton 82-F-2	MARYSVILLE	Sutter Garage, Yuba City	(Day) Yuba City 1165 (Night) Yuba City 891-W and 628-J
DUNSMUIR	Dunsmuir Service Station	(Day) Dunsmuir 177 (Night) Dunsmuir 54	MAXWELL	Highway Garage	Maxwell 130-W
DURHAM	Highway Garage	Durham 811-J-4 (Day & Night)	MCKATHUR	Highway Garage	McArthur Exchange
ELK	Matson & Dearing	Elk 5-F-2	MCCLOUD	McCloud Garage	McCloud Garage
ELK GROVE	Mack's Garage	Elk Grove 62-F-3	MENDOCINO CITY	S. & E. Garage	Mendocino City 14-J
EMERYVILLE	C.S.A. A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4100	MENDOTA	Mendota Garage & Mach. Shop	Mendota 5-J
ESCALON	Jess A. Seaman Garage	(Day) Escalon 44 (Night) 49	MERCED	Lounsbury's Garage	Merced 107
ESPARTO	Central Garage	Esparto 5-W	MERCED FALLS	Barrett's Garage	6
EUREKA	Eureka Garage and Service Sta.	Eureka 2300	MERIDIAN	River Garage	Kent Exchange (Day only)
FAIRFIELD	Solano Garage	(Day) Fairfield 227 (Night) 147-W, 147-J	MEYERS	Meyer's Garage	Tallac 2-F-11
FAIR OAKS	Fair Oaks Garage	(Day) Fair Oaks 15 (Night) 21-R	MIDDLETOWN	Herrick Garage	(Day) Middletown 8 (None after 10 p.m.)
FALL RIVER MILLS	Pioneer Garage	Pioneer Garage	CAMP MIDPINES	Camp Midpines Garage	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4
FERNDALE	Peterson's Service Station	(Day) Ferndale 102-W (Night) 72-R	MILL VALLEY	Eveready Garage & Elec. Co.	(Day) Mill Valley 407 (Night) 155-J
FIREBAUGH	Valley Garage	Firebaugh 1-J (Night) send word	MILLVILLE	Fawcett & Bartell	Central at Millville
FOLSOM	People's Garage	(Day) Main 49 (Night) Main 1187	MINERAL	Mineral Garage	Mineral
FORESTVILLE	Forestville Garage	Forestville 8-F-2	MINKLER	Minkler Garage	(Day) 12-F-13 (Night) Sanger 155-W
FORT BIRDELL	Fort Bidwell Garage	No Phone	MODESTO	Silva Motor Car Co.	Modesto 1130
FORT BRAGG	Pacific Garage	(Day) and (Night) 174 122	MONTEREY	Monterey Garage	Monterey 224 and 225
FORT JONES	Scott Valley Garage	Fortuna 22-W	MONTGOMERY CREEK	Young's Garage	Base Telephone Line
FORTUNA	Fortuna Garage	Fortuna 22-W	MORGAN HILL	Jos. J. Verge Garage	Morgan Hill 291. If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South
FOWLER	Baxter Bros. Garage	Day and Night 711	MT. SHASTA CITY	Northern California Garage	(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W (Night) 4-F-3
FRESNO	A.B.C. Garage	Fresno 3-3719	MORGAN HILL	Jos. J. Verge	Morgan Hill 291
FRESNO	Auditorium Garage	Fresno 551	MOSSDALE	Moore Bros. Garage	Stockton 27-R-1
GALT	Service Garage	Galt 21-J	NAPA	Napa Motor Supply Co.	(Day) Napa 202 (Night) 683-R, 950-W and 362-R
GARBERVILLE	Redwood Garage	Redwood Inn	NAVARRO	Navarro Garage	No phone
GAZELLE	Gazelle Garage	(Day) Gazelle 18 (Night) Call Res.	NEVADA CITY	Nevada City Garage	Nevada City 133
GERBER	Chapman's Garage	Gerber 24	NEVADA CITY	Kneebone Motor Sales Co.	Grass Valley 119
GEYSERVILLE	Lampson's Garage	(Day) Geyserville 25-W (Night) 12	NEWARK	Grass Valley Newark Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
GILROY	Pacheco Pass Garage & Super Service Station	Gilroy 32	NEWCASTLE	White's Garage	(Day) Newcastle 110 (Night) 118
GOLD RUN	Pine Grove Service Station	Paystation, Gold Run	NEWCASTLE	R. & D. Service Shop, Auburn	(Day) Auburn 220 (Night) Auburn 296
GONZALEZ	Johnson's Garage	Gonzales 41-W	NEWMAN	Patchett & Carstensen, Inc.	Newman 6 and 7 (No Night Phone)
GRASS VALLEY	Kneebone Motor Sales Co.	Grass Valley 119	NEWMAN	Jensen Bros. Garage, Gustine	(Day) Gustine 6 (Night) Gustine 60-J
GRASS VALLEY	Nevada City Garage	Nevada City 133	NICOLAUS	Nicolaus Garage	Main 17-F-5
GREENFIELD	Greenfield Garage	Elk 5-F-2	NILES	American Garage	Niles 67
GREENWOOD	Matson and Pearing	Glenada 18	NORTH FORT	Brownie's Auto Repair Shop	10x3
GRENADA	Grenada Garage	(Day) Gridley 211 (Night) 223	NORTH SACRAMENTO	Carlson's Garage	(Day) Main 3240 (Night) Main 5350-W
GRIDLEY	Vance's Garage	(Night) 223	NOVATO	Peoples Motor Sales Company	(Day) Novato 77 (Night) 72 & 433
GROUPLAND	Sierra Garage & Service Station	Guerneville 15-J	OAKDALE	Pederson's Garage	Glencourt 4400
GUERNEVILLE	Guerneville Garage	Brooks Exchange	OAKLAND	C. S. A. A. District Office	(Day) Orange Cove 8 (Night) 28 & 44-J-4
GUINDA	Guinda Garage	(Day) Gustine 6 (Night) Gustine 60-J	ORANGE COVE	Orange Cove Motor Company	Orick Exchange
GUSTINE	Jensen Bros. Garage	(Day) Newman 6 & 7 (No Night Phone)	ORICK	Park Garage	C. S. A. A. Dist. Office
GUSTINE	Patchett & Carstensen, Inc.	Half Moon Bay 9-W	ORINDA	Orinda Parke Garage	Oakland 688
HAIR MOON BAY	Isadore Garage	Hanford 400	ORLAND	Noch Auto Company	(Day) Orland 89 (Night) 194-A
HANFORD	Erwin Motor Co.	Hayfork	OROVILLE	Bradley Auto Works	(Day) Oroville 9 (Night) 194
HAYFORK	Hayfork Garage	Hayward 725	PACIFIC GROVE	Pacific Grove Garage	Pacific Grove 6
HAYWARD	Moon Garage	(Day) 41; (Night) 112-294-J	PALO ALTO	Darwin Sales	Palo Alto 2820
HEALDSBURG	Standard Machine Works	Fresno 2-J-3	PARADISE	Paradise Super Station	Paradise 9F-12
HELM	Helm Garage	Hollister 143	PATTERSON	Patterson Garage	(Day) Patterson 45 (Night) 433
HOLLISTER	Tiffany Motor Co.	Hopland 21	PESCADERO	Pescadero Garage	Pescadero 7-J
HOPLAND	Centra. Garage	(5 miles west of El Portal)	PETALUSIA	Hill Plaza Garage	Petaluma 26
INDIAN FLAT	Indian Flat Service Station	(Day) Ione 41 (Night) 7 Irvington 5-J	PETROLIA	Shell Service Station	
IONE	Tonzi's Garage	(Night) Send Word	PIEDMONT	C. S. A. A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400
IRVINGTON	Corey's Garage	Ileton 258	PITTSBURG	W. & W. Garage	Pittsburg 150
ISLETON	Owl Garage	Jackson 104-W	PLACERVILLE	Placerville Garage	(Day) Placerville 153 (Night) 217-J
JACKSON	Darles Garage	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) Sonora 16-W	PLEASANTON	Hanson Bros. Garage	(Day) Pleasanton 108 (Night) 203 or 82-F-2
JAMESTOWN	J. L. O'Neil's Garage	1223	PLYMOUTH	Alpine Garage and Mach. Shop	(Day) Plymouth 21 (Night) 18-J
JANESVILLE	Janesville Garage	Kelseyville Exchange	POINT ARENA	Point Arena Garage	Point Arena 41-W
KELSEYVILLE	Dunbar Garage	Kenwood 2-F-3	POINT REYES STA.	Silacci & Gheda	Point Reyes Sta. 4-J
KENWOOD	Meads Garage	(Day) Kerman 263 (Night) 25	POPE VALLEY	Pope Valley Garage	Napa 4-F-3
KERMAN	Service Garage	King City 31	PORTOLA	Portola Garage	Portola 7-W
KING CITY	El Camino Garage	(Day) Kingsburg 71 (Night) 243	QUINCY	Erwin's Garage	Quincy 99
KINGSBURG	Wilson & Shertling	31-M	RED BLUFF	Paul's Garage	(Day) Red Bluff 186 (Night) 128-A and 245-M
KNIGHT'S LANDING	Knights Landing Garage	Cal. Lakeport Operator	REDDING	Hersey's Garage	Redding 45
LAKEPORT	Dunbar Chevrolet Co.	(Day) Laton 37 (Night) 34	REDWOOD CITY	Redwood 753	Redwood 753
LATON	Laton Garage	Laytonville 10-J	REDFLEY	Osborn Bros. Garage	(Day) Redfield 1681 (Night) 732 or 523
LAYTONVILLE	Tillford's Garage	Lemoore 223	REQUA	Ocean View Garage	Richmond 841
LEMOORE	Sillano Motor Co.	Lincoln 18	(1 Mi. So. of New Klamath River Bridge)	Seventh Street Garage	(Day) Rio Vista 45 (Night) 51-J
LINCOLN	Service Garage	Litchfield 502	RICHMOND	Sidwell's Garage	(Day) Riverdale 7 (Night) 42
LITCHFIELD	R. O. Deal Garage	(Day) Livermore 106 (Night) 197	RIO VISTA	L. H. Byron's Garage	Crockett 801-F-2
LIVERMORE	Valley Garage	(Day) 25 or 33 (Night) 91 & 21-R	RIVERDALE		Roseville 203
LIVINGSTON	Shaffer Motor Co.	(Day) 13-J (No Night phone)	ROBEQ	Rodeo Garage	(Day) Main 9290
LOCKFORD	Central Garage	Lodi 155	ROSEVILLE	Saugstad Bros.	(Night) Capitol 765-R
LODI	Tourist Garage	(Day) Loomis 32 (Night) 61-F-4	SACRAMENTO	Central Garage	Capitol 3140
LOOMIS	Loomis Motor Co.	(Day) Los Altos 12 (Night) 175	SACRAMENTO	Union Garage	(Day) St. Helena 150 (Night) 150-J
LOS ALTOS	Depot Garage	Los Banos 85	ST. HELENA	Napa Valley Garage	Salinas 490
LOS BANOS	Kaljian Garage	Los Gatos 271	SALINAS	Highway Garage	Day) San Andreas 40-W
LOS GATOS	Gateway Garage	Los Molinos 30	SAN ANDREA	Motter Lode Garage	(Night) Sheriff's Office
LOS MOLINOS	Los Molinos Garage	Morrell Garage	SAN ANSELMO	Durham Garage	(Day) San Anselmo 3133 or San Rafael 944
LOWER LAKE	Morrell Garage	(Day) Main 1-J (Night) 1-W			
LOYALTON	White Garage	1 long ring			
MADDELL	Maddell Garage	Madera 240			
MADERA	Standard Garage	(Day) Mantecca 64 (Night) 194-R			
MANTECA	Main Highway Garage				


Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
SAN BRUNO	<i>Cabin Garage</i>	(Day) San Bruno 160 (Night) 650-R	TAHOMA	<i>Tahoma Garage</i>	Tahoma Garage
SAN FRANCISCO	<i>C.S.A.A. General Office</i>	Hemlock 3400	TAOMALES	<i>Tomales Garage & Mach. Wks.</i>	Tomales 3-W
SANGER	<i>William Epps</i>	Sanger 163	THORNTON	<i>New Hope Garage</i>	Thornton 9-J
SAN JOSE	<i>San Jose Buick Co.</i>	Ballard 6000	TRACY	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Tracy 157
SAN JOAQUIN	<i>Chevrolet Garage</i>	(Day) Fresno 63 (Night) 118	TRANCQUILITY	<i>Tranquility</i>	Tranquility 147
SAN JUAN	<i>San Juan Garage</i>	San Juan 52-J	TRINIDAD	<i>McConnaha and Spinar Garage</i>	Trinidad 1
SAN LEANDRO	<i>Palaca Garage, San Leandro</i>	San Leandro 930 or C. S. A. A. Office, Glencourt 4400	TRUCKEE	<i>Truckee Garage</i>	(Day) Placer 123 (Night) 122-W
SAN LEANDRO	<i>C.S.A.A. Oakland Office</i>	Main 1	TUDOR	<i>Brander Bros.</i>	38-J-31
SAN MARTIN	<i>Haltz Garage</i>	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 895-M or 673-W	TUOLUMNE	<i>Blair Garage</i>	Tuolumne Exchange
SAN MATEO	<i>Pattison's Garage</i>	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031	TURLOCK	<i>Simon's Garage</i>	Turlock 132
SAN MATEO	<i>Hildebrand and Caldwell</i>	(Day) San Rafael 1268 (Night) San Rafael 376-J	UKIAH	<i>Scales Garage</i>	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 407
SAN RAFAEL	<i>Cebalo Garage</i>	(Day) San Jose 6600	UPPER LAKE	<i>Upper Lake Garage</i>	Upper Lake Exchange
SANTA CLARA	<i>San Jose Buick Co., San Jose</i>	San Jose 357	VACAVILLE	<i>Vaca Auto Supply Co.</i>	(Day) Vacaville 2 (Night) 206 or 90-W
SANTA CRUZ	<i>Mark & Leonard</i>	Santa Cruz 358	VALLEJO	<i>Lewis Garage</i>	Vallejo 232
SANTA ROSA	<i>Central Garage</i>	Santa Rosa 517	VALLEY SPRINGS	<i>Valley Springs Garage</i>	Valley Springs 8
SARATOGA	<i>G. E. Tarlton</i>	(Day) Saratoga 133 (Night) 136-R	VIA	<i>Wood Brothers Garage</i>	Via Long Distance
SATLEY	<i>Yuba Pass Garage</i>	Satley Pay Station	VOLLMEYER'S	<i>Vollmer's Garage</i>	Vollmer's Ranch
SAUSALITO	<i>Rosa's Auto Repair Shop</i>	(Day) Sausalito 408 (Night) 368-R	WALNUT CREEK	<i>L. G. Lawrence Garage and Service Station</i>	(Day) Walnut Creek 19 (Night) 146
SCOTIA	<i>Scotia Garage</i>	Scotia Operator	WALNUT GROVE	<i>Kammeyer & Crowell</i>	Courtland 272
SEBASTOPOL	<i>Tough Bros. Garage</i>	Sebastopol 188	WATERFORD	<i>Booth Motor Company</i>	164
SELMA	<i>Eugene H. Mayer Garage</i>	(Day) 20-W (Night) 207-R or 432	WATSONVILLE	<i>Appleton Garage</i>	Watsonville 82
SIERRA CITY	<i>Service Garage</i>	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) 16-W	WATSONVILLE	<i>Iside Garage</i>	Black 43
SMITH'S RIVER	<i>Buckner's Garage</i>	Smith's River 171	WEAVERVILLE	<i>Day's Garage</i>	(Day) Weed 9 (Night) 129
SOLEDAD	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	Soledad 17-W	WEED	<i>Mountain Service Station</i>	Weed Exchange
SONOMA	<i>Garry Garage</i>	(Day) Sonoma 30-J (Night) 142	WEOTT	<i>Wm. Fraser Service Station</i>	Westwood 212
SONORA	<i>J. L. O'Neil Garage</i>	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) 16-W	WESTWOOD	<i>Westwood Garage</i>	Westland 31-J
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO	<i>Service Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	(Day) So. City 118-W (Night) 765-W	WHEATLAND	<i>P. M. Redy</i>	Williams 8
STIRLING CITY	<i>C. G. Woloken Garage</i>	Toll Station	WILLIAMS	<i>Central Garage</i>	(Day) Willits 71-J (Night) 167
STOCKTON	<i>Oranges Bros. Garage</i>	Stockton 398 and 7121	WILLITS	<i>Steel's Machine Works</i>	Willows 96
STOCKTON	<i>Tourist's Garage</i>	Stockton 124	WILLOWS	<i>Willows Motor Sales Co.</i>	Main 2
SUNNYVALE	<i>Sunnyvale Garage</i>	Sunnyvale 150	WINTERS	<i>Winters Garage</i>	Woodland 123
SUNNYVALE	<i>Sunny Auto Co.</i>	332-B	WOODLAND	<i>Electric Garage Co.</i>	(Day) Redwood 1378-W (Night) 367-J
SUTTER CREEK	<i>Oneto Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Sutter Creek 59 (Night) 52	WOODSIDE	<i>Woodside Garage</i>	
TAHOE CITY	<i>Sierra Garage & Machine Shop</i>	Tahoe City 11-W	YOSEMITE ALL-YEAR HIGHWAY	<i>See listings under Merced, Bridgeport and Mariposa</i>	
			YREKA	<i>Traveler's Garage</i>	Yreka 89
			YUBA CITY	<i>Sutter Garage</i>	(Day) Yuba City 1165 (Night) Yuba City 891-V and 628-J
			YUBA CITY	<i>M. & K. Garage, Marysville</i>	Marysville 468

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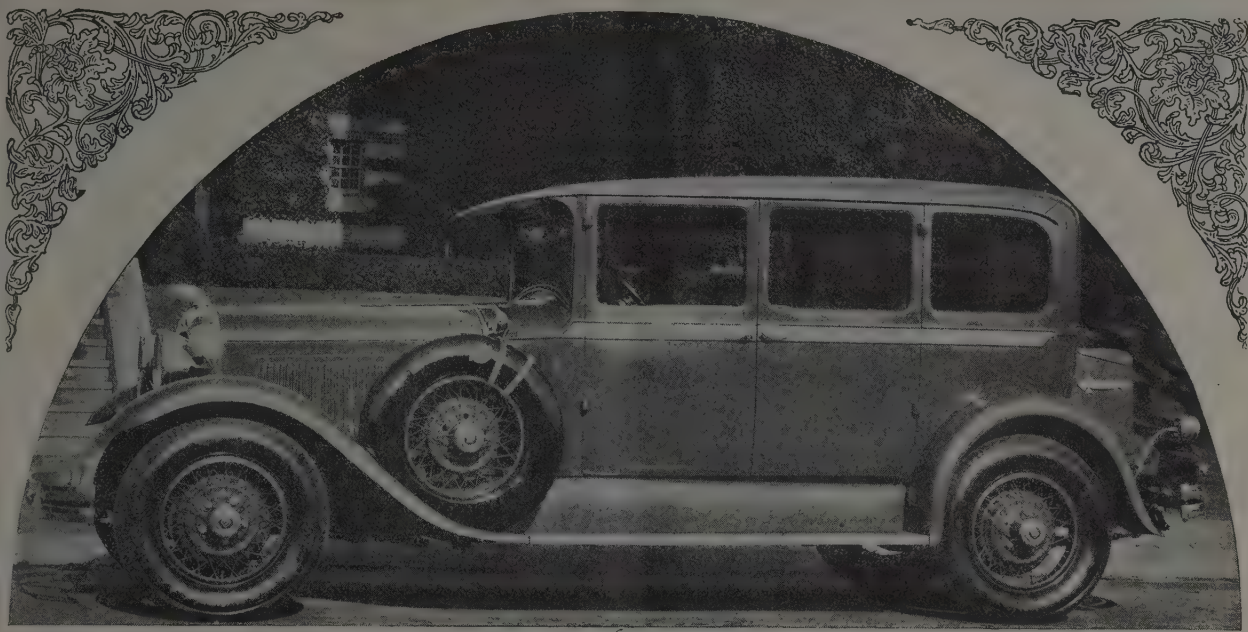
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TOURING TOPICS

Volume 20
Number 3



March
1928

Published monthly by
The Automobile Club of Southern California

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
1507 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California
EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES
2601 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California

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Entered as second-class matter March 8, 1913, at the post office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscription rates: Members, first year, \$1.00; renewals, 25 cents for six months; non-members, \$1.00 per year.

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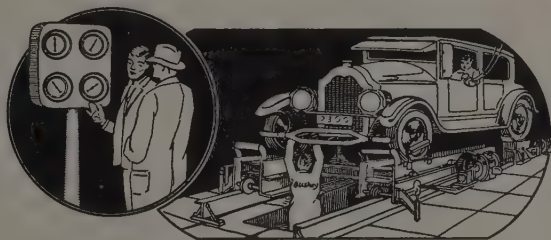
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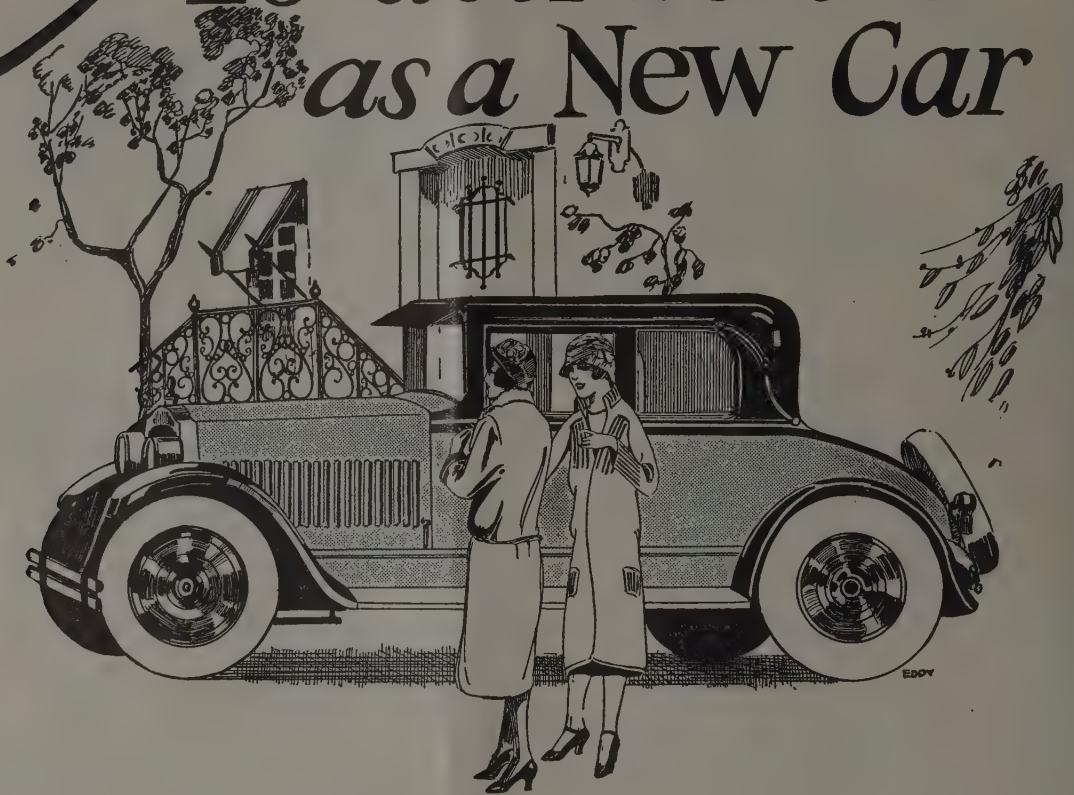
TOURING TOPICS

VOLUME XX *A Magazine for Motorists* NUMBER 3

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1928

	PAGE
COVER DESIGN— <i>Painted by John Frost</i>	
THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE— <i>An intimate discussion of Touring Topics contributors and contributions</i>	9
FRONTISPICE— <i>Desert Moods. Verses by Mabel W. Phillips. Photograph by Martin Walsh</i>	11
A GREAT SERVICE RECORD— <i>An Editorial</i>	13
CLUB ACHIEVEMENTS DURING 1927— <i>President Horace G. Miller's annual report</i>	15
✓ SHIPS, MEN AND GOLD— <i>A sketch of the days and ways of the glorious California clip-pers. By J. S. Gorby. Illustrations by J. Duncan Gleason</i>	20
✓ SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN DESERTS— <i>A brief description of the Amargosa, one of the most curious of Southwestern deserts. By Phil Townsend Hanna</i>	25
✓ SIRENS OF THE SANDS— <i>Some facts and fancies about mirages. By Philip Johnston. Il-lustrations by O. Uzzell</i>	26
✓ THE FIRST ASCENT OF MT. MALLORY AND MT. IRVINE— <i>A mountaineer tells of his con-quest of two prominent Sierran peaks. By Norman Clyde</i>	29
AMERICA'S WHEEL-LESS BEGINNING— <i>A consideration of the origin and virtues of the wheel and its place in civilization. By James A. B. Scherer</i>	30
A POLICE CHIEF GOES UP, AND THE DEATH RATE COMES DOWN— <i>San Diego tries let-ting the speeder alone, but making the reckless driver pay—with somewhat startling results. By Gerald F. MacMullen</i>	31
THE SHOW CASE— <i>Presenting the new and novel in things for the motor car. By Gilland Mason</i>	33
TRY AND BUY SOME GAS~JUST TRY— <i>A travesty on the efficiency of the modern service station. By Joe Mears</i>	35
ROTAGRAVURE SECTION— <i>Seven pages of pictorial photographs, including a group of paintings of Nevada, recently made by Maynard Dixon</i>	

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The Editor's Own Page



Jack Frost, whose painting of Mt. San Jacinto appears on the cover of this issue of *Touring Topics*

IF SOME pleasant spring afternoon, you should chance to see a lean, quiet, hawk-nosed young man playing a foursome on the Flintridge course with Stan Mitchell, Ralph Reynolds and Joe Hageman; and, your interest aroused by his game, you should seek his identity from some admiring veteran of the greens, the latter would unquestionably reply proudly, "You don't know him? Why, that's Jack Frost, captain of the Flintridge Country Club golf team!"

But it is very doubtful if he would add, "Jack Frost the artist, you know," because, while painting is well enough in its way, one doesn't drag it onto the golf course. And that is the reason I found it difficult to get anything out of Frost relating to his art.

"Well," thought I, "when an artist won't talk, his wife will," and I took myself off to Pasadena and hunted up Mrs. Frost, who was Priscilla Geiger not so many years ago.

"Mrs. Frost," said I, "won't you please tell me all about your husband's career as a painter?"

"Delighted," said she, and indeed so was I, for she proved a charming, intelligent young woman with incredibly rosy cheeks, and so we settled down to a conversation about hack horses and the horse show and her polo pony Beletzta that Eric Pedley intends to ride in the forthcoming international polo games and the sacred subject of golf, and a host of other healthy sporting matters, but never a word about art.

This was all very well, but my assignment was Jack Frost, painter, not Jack Frost, golfer, and I was growing desperate when a little boy came into the room, trailing an im-

portant piece of telephone wire. Now perhaps if I could have produced a stick of candy at the right moment, information would have come out of the mouth of the babe, but failing any such aid he gave me only wisdom.

"Son," said I, with, you will agree, remarkable originality, "what are you going to be when you grow up, an artist like daddy?"

"Naw," replied sonny, and I thought I detected a tinge of contempt in his tone, "a concrete mixer!"

Completely discouraged I came home and looked up Jack Frost in the American Art Annual and the catalogue of the Harry C. Bentley private collection of paintings, owned in Boston, which boasts a picture by Frost; and in those sources discovered the following:

John (Jack) Frost was born in Philadelphia in 1890, son of A. B. Frost, the great American illustrator who did, among other things, those humorous drawings of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox in the Joel Chandler Harris stories we all grew up with; and the creator of those immortal drawings is now quietly spending his later years in Pasadena.

Young Frost spent several years in France after 1906, and became an illustrator in New York in 1916. But in 1918 he came to Arizona and California, saw the desert, saw, also, Miss Geiger, and capitulated to their combined charms. Since these encounters he has steadfastly developed his gifts as a luminous and colorful painter, and has recorded the cottonwoods and red cliffs of the desert, the shimmering peaks of the High Sierra, the villages of Lower California, returning ever and anon to the sublime

peak of San Jacinto as it rises from the floor of San Geronio Pass. The beautiful version of this subject on the cover of this issue was painted especially by Jack Frost for *TOURING TOPICS*.—A. M.

THE first ascent of Mt. Mallory and Mt. Irvine described in this issue by Norman Clyde commemorates an heroic, although tragic episode in the history of geographical exploration. At the instance of Mr. Clyde and through the efforts of the Sierra Club, two hitherto unnamed peaks of the Sierra have been named in memory of George Leigh-Mallory and Andrew Irvine, young English mountaineers who lost their lives on June 8, 1924, while at or within a thousand feet of the summit of impregnable Mt. Everest.

Attempts to scale this highest of all mountains have been futile. Mallory and Irvine may have reached it. None knows. Whether they did or not they reached closer to its crest than any others.

Their disappearance was highly dramatic. Sir Francis Younghusband, first chairman of the Mt. Everest Committee of the Royal Geographic Society, describes it in his noteworthy work, *The Epic of Mt. Everest*. Mallory and Irvine made their last camp alone at an elevation of 26,800 feet. Down the mountain 1,500 feet a companion, N. E. Odell, who was following, also alone, watched their slow upward journey and was the last to see them alive. Of their actual disappearance, Odell reported thusly, according to Sir Francis:

"As he (Odell) reached the top of a little crag, at about 26,000 feet, there was a sudden clearing above him. The clouds parted. The whole summit ridge and final pyramid was unveiled. And not far away on a snow slope he noticed a tiny object moving and approaching the rock step. A second object followed. And then the first climbed to the top of the step. As he stood intently watching this dramatic appearance the scene became enveloped in cloud once more. And this was the last that was ever seen of Mallory and Irvine. Beyond that all is mystery."

Thus perished two intrepid mountaineers—victims on the altar of science. Their names, however, will be familiar ones to Californians for all time, for the peaks named for them in the future will appear on all government maps of the Sierra.

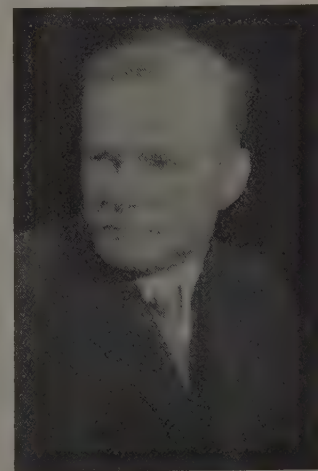
Mr. Clyde is as familiar with Sierra summits, perhaps, as any living Californian. His ascents run well into the hundreds. His intimate contact and knowledge of these noble mountains qualifies him to write of them in an interesting and authentic manner. He has en-

gaged to prepare a group of articles for *TOURING TOPICS* under the general heading "Close Ups" of our *High Sierra*. The general subject will be treated in five contributions dealing, from the viewpoint of the mountaineer, with the 14,000-foot peaks, the 13,500 to 14,000-foot peaks, the 13,000 to 13,500-foot peaks, the 12,000 to 13,000-foot peaks, and the mountains of the Yosemite region.

ACYNICAL friend of mine, philosophically inclined, blames the advent of the wheel in man's progress for most of the evils of civilization. It was, he declares, the germ of what he characterizes as "the cursed mechanical age." His attitude is directly opposed to the prevailing belief that mechanics, of which the wheel is the basis, is the greatest blessing that ever came to humans.

An exceedingly valuable commentary on the subject is furnished in this issue by Dr. James A. B. Scherer, who discusses *America's Wheel-less Beginning*. He demonstrates, curiously, that a culture of extremely high order existed on the North American continent before the wheel came. Inferentially, it furnishes valuable evidence in support of my friend's position.

Dr. Scherer's name is far from unknown to Southern Californians. Sometime president of the California Institute of Technology, author of numerous social and economic studies of Japan, as well as several works on early California history, he now occupies the important position of director of the Southwest Museum, which is devoted to a laudable work in American anthropology.



Norman Clyde, intrepid mountaineer, through whose efforts Mts. Mallory and Irvine were named

The Rancho Santa Fe Plan

... How
It Stabilizes
Values

... How
It Magnifies
Charm

Amazing beauty and investment-safety of the country estates at Rancho Santa Fe are guarded by a unique plan. Nowhere else in California is such a plan in force.

By the Rancho Santa Fe policy, sales contracts require the purchaser to improve his property within one year. Protective restrictions insure these improvements will have esthetic merit. This, in brief, is the Rancho Santa Fe plan.

Six years ago the Santa Fe Land Improvement Company began the development of a 9,000-acre tract equidistant from mountains and sea in northern San Diego County. In the heart of America's finest climate area.

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More than 2,000 acres had been planted to eucalyptus groves. Their gay foliage vied with native shrubbery that blazed its color from the softly rolling mesas above the little green valley of the San Dieguito River.

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Purchasers of land began their development programs, in accordance with the Rancho Santa Fe plan. Orchards of orange, avocado and other fruits began



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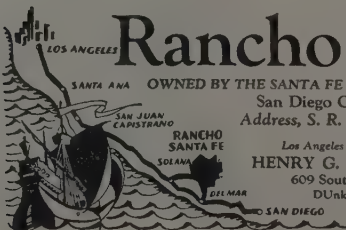
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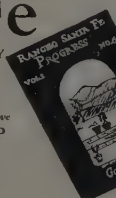


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DESERT MOODS

Verses by
Mabel W. Phillips

Photograph by
Martin Walsh

*The poppies spread a yellow carpet here
Upon the sand that scarcely now is seen,
Hidden beneath the fronded stems of green;
Save where the wind has swept a hillock clear
And carved an image like to olden seer,
Bearded and wise with hands upraised and lean;
Above whose form the brown-winged linnets preen
Calling with notes remotely soft and clear.*

*Too, in the distance rise the shadowed hills
Tinged with the color as of smouldering fire,
Or conflagration heaped upon the snow;
Merged in a cloud that the horizon fills
With golden tones that shade by shade expire,
Where night now hangs its ebon-colored bow.*

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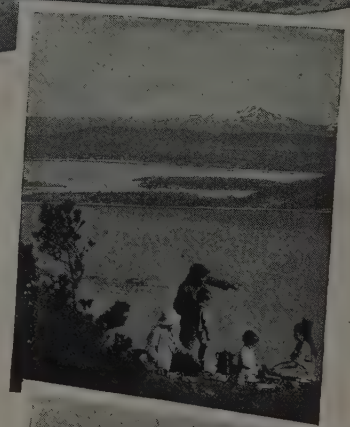
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*TOURING TOPICS**MARCH, 1928*

A GREAT SERVICE RECORD

ELSEWHERE in this number of *TOURING TOPICS* is printed the annual report of President Miller, in which is epitomized the work and growth of the Automobile Club of Southern California for the year 1927. Again the facts reveal that the Club has passed through another year of advancement and of signal achievement, maintaining its position ahead of all motoring organizations and with such high aims for the future that even greater growth and success seem to be within the scope of reasonable expectation.

Club members may well be gratified with the information contained in this report for it clearly shows the reasons why this organization has reached the place where it has earned and has secured world-wide recognition and fame. To no one person or group of persons can be attributed all the credit for the result. Success has been won by the cooperation of directors, executives, employes and members working on a basis of high ideals and of genuine, efficient service. Members of the Club have profited directly and substantially by their affiliation with their motoring organization, but as they review, with President Miller, the year's record, they also have the satisfaction of knowing that they have contributed to a work of successful service that has redounded to the advantage of their entire community.

In endeavoring to gauge the Club's success and to explain the reasons why it has advanced so far one might mention the numerical size, for it is America's largest motoring organization. One might cite the figures which show the im-

mense volume of transactions, the large number of people employed and the tremendous scope of activity. But a closer analysis will show that the true measure of the Club's achievements lies in the quality and quantity of its service.

The Club has jealously watched and safeguarded the interests of motorists in the construction and maintenance of highways and to that end has secured the services of highway engineers of recognized authority and standing. It has blazed the trail for every innovation brought about by the constantly increasing use of motor vehicles. It has signposted highways and mapped the country far and near. It has acted as host to hundreds of thousands of visiting motorists. It has been the "friend to all motorists." It has ceaselessly and energetically conducted safety campaigns with school children and adults to avoid accidents. It has succored the motorist in difficulty on the highway. It has saved lives, property, money and annoyance through these service activities. These accomplishments are the measure of the Club's greatness and only upon a continuation and expansion of such service can the Club rely for further growth and success.

It is well worth while. Every effort the Club has made has been well repaid in the high results achieved. The proud position which the Club occupies will naturally be an inspiration and a spur to all its members, executives and employes to go forward with new zeal to safeguard the high reputation of their organization and to enable it to attain new heights of accomplishment.



Mr. Horace G. Miller

Reelection of Horace G. Miller as president of the Automobile Club for a second term marks the seventeenth year of service that Mr. Miller has rendered this organization. Elected a director in 1911, Mr. Miller has variously served on important committees, as vice-president and as president.

The Club election resulted in the retention of all present members of the board of directors, and of Edward D. Lyman as first vice-president; Harry J. Bauer, second vice-president; Standish L. Mitchell, secretary, and Ralph Reynolds, assistant secretary.

Club Achievements

DURING 1927

President Horace G. Miller's Annual Report

THE Automobile Club of Southern California has finished another year of successful endeavor and service to its members, and to the motorists from far and near who have taken their pleasures in this beautiful State of California.

There have been no sensational events in our club life during the year, but every day has been a busy one and the activities of the various departments are so widespread, interwoven and intermingled that few of our members really appreciate what their Club is doing, or what is taking place outside of the particular department with which their needs bring them in contact.

It is needless for me at this time to list the various departments of service, and describe their activities, for reports from the heads of these departments are incorporated later in this report.

A fact of particular interest is that the Club's income for the year, from all sources, averaged approximately \$19.40 per member, while the sum total of all expenditures averaged \$19.00 per member, showing that we are conservatively operating within our means, and also that the motoring public, which so generously supports the Club, is having returned to it by way of service, practically all that it contributes. Such a sum, broadly distributed throughout Southern California, is a substantial contribution to the general prosperity of the entire community. As has always been the case, the accounts of the Club have been audited every ninety days by Messrs. Lybrand, Ross Brothers and Montgomery, certified public accountants of national repute, and the representatives of the State Insurance Commissioner have, as provided by law, made their annual examination of the affairs of the Club's Inter-Insurance Exchange. The results of these examinations add emphasis to the fact that the Club is fortunate in the high character and efficiency of its own Auditing Department and executive officers.

In looking backward over the history of the year the matter which stands out from the maze of detail as being of larger im-

portance than the mass, and worthy of special mention, and of particular interest and importance to the Club and its membership, is the organization, as the result of the last session of the Legislature, of the new Board of Public Works and highway commission, and their plans and budgets for highway development.

As you doubtless know, bills were passed making an absolute division of the State highway funds between the northern and southern territory, and providing for a sufficient income from an increased gasoline tax to enable the highway commission to definitely lay out its future, and budget its expenditures over a term of years.

This means that certain needed improvements in the south can be taken care of from monies produced in the south, and that such funds cannot be diverted for political or other reasons to sections of the northern part of the State of very little comparative interest to us. I would call special attention to that portion of the report of our Engineering Department which follows later and which pertains to the recommendations which the board of directors of the Club have made to the State Highway Commission for Southern California highway development.

I am very happy to report that the relations of your Club with the new highway commission are happy and harmonious, and I feel certain that our highway development, which is of such great interest to us all, is in the most satisfactory and promising condition it has ever been.

Our membership reached about 127,000 at the end of the year, a gain during 1927 of 4928.

The Club's safety work has been more extensive in 1927 than ever before, and I wish to place especial emphasis on this branch of service. The Public Safety Department has extended its influence into every form of activity that has a bearing on accidents. It has issued many thousands of pamphlets; has delivered hundreds of public lectures; has participated actively in the deliberations of the Traffic Commission, the Pacific Coast Safety Conference, the

California Public Safety Conference, and other organizations. Its work among the school children, with the co-operation of the Board of Education and school executives, has grown to such an extent that more than 10,000 boys and girls are now actively enrolled in definite safety work.

In the following reports of the various departments are shown the value and scope of the work of the Club, which have been greater in the year 1927 than in any previous year.

Insurance Department

The remarkable record of the Insurance Department in past years has been well maintained during 1927. This great phase of the Club's work has been so successful in serving the members that it enjoys the confidence and respect of motorists to a degree that is very gratifying. The total net increase in premiums written for the year was \$659,090.66, an increase of 10.26 per cent.

An additional service at reduced rates has been provided by the Insurance Department and your Club now finances members in their payment of insurance premiums. This financing of premiums for members at a greatly reduced rate has resulted in additional business to the exchange and has saved money for the members making use of it.

The exchange is continuing its long established policy of investing its surplus funds among the communities of Southern California, thus emphasizing the close relationship which exists between this organization and the great territory which it serves. On December 31 last your Club's Insurance Department owned in municipal bonds purchased throughout the thirteen southern counties \$4,354,567.20 and investment earnings averaged 4.894 per cent interest.

Insured members will be interested to know that total losses and expenses on a ratio basis were less than in the preceding year and that the average return premium check refunded to policy holders, regardless of what lines of insurance they carried, was \$5.22. That means that those of our members who placed insurance in the Exchange

saved five-twelfths of their annual club dues. In the aggregate this amounted to a saving, actually returned to insured members, of \$372,359.12.

Claims Department

The handling of claims has reinforced the Insurance Department in a substantial way and greatly to the benefit of the insured members. During 1927 the number of claims presented was 87,761, an increase over the preceding year of 15,121 or 20.8 per cent. The net claims paid and incurred increased \$216,911.40 or 12.4 per cent. The ratio of claims paid and incurred to net premiums written decreased 1.35 per cent. The average adjustment and collection costs per claim decreased 16 per cent and the salvage created by subrogation collections and the sale of real salvage increased by 30.5 per cent or in ratio to gross claims paid increased 1.2 per cent.

Theft Bureau

The Theft Bureau worked on a total of 7300 cases of all kinds. The total of members' insured cars stolen was 611; the total of members' insured cars recovered was 594. Exchange liability on insured cars stolen amounted to \$537,130, exchange liability on insured cars not recovered to \$11,975. The total number of cars recovered was 546, and the total number of arrests by the Theft Bureau was 62.

Membership Department

The net membership December 31, 1927, was 126,930, a net gain for the year of 4928. Of the new members and reinstatements for the year 28 per cent were through headquarters and 72 per cent through branch offices. During 1927, 85.2 per cent of all new members and reinstatements were enrolled on an annual basis.

Field Secretary

The Field Secretary, who has jurisdiction over the activities of the various branch offices, reports that the thirty-third fully equipped branch office of your Club was established in Beverly Hills December 15, 1927. The office was opened with a membership of 2159. A permanent location for this branch will be established at Wilshire Boulevard and Bedford Avenue in a building to be erected specially for the purpose and according to the adopted architectural ideas. On December 1 the Inglewood office was moved to larger quarters in the Chamber of Commerce Building. The Alhambra office was moved in September to a building specially designed for us and last May alterations were completed in the Bakersfield office.

Early in 1927 the Field Secretary participated in the conferences with the California State Automobile Association which later resulted in the pas-

sage of the Breed bills and conserved most of the features of Initiative Measure No. 8.

Engineering Department

General recognition of your Club's expert handling of highway matters has brought largely increased demands on the Engineering Department. State, county, municipal and other organizations have asked for and received cooperation and assistance in handling highway problems of many kinds. A member of the department has been appointed by the State Supervisors' Association to serve upon an engineering committee to study and make recommendations on matters pertaining to the operation of commercial vehicles on the State highways. Similar requests have been made by chambers of commerce in various portions of Southern California. During the early part of the year, following the defeat of the two highway measures the problem of State highway financing and administration was again taken up for discussion by representatives of the two clubs. After several conferences a plan was agreed on which was later presented to the Legislature and enacted into law. Several meetings were held with the new highway commission and a friendly contact established with its members and engineering organization.

Late in 1927 the board of directors of the Club, through its Engineering Department, submitted to the State Highway Commission the following list of recommendations as to State highway improvements for Southern California:

Route 58—Mojave to the Colorado River at Topock. The easterly portion of this route is known as the National Old Trails Highway and is one of the principal entrance roads to California from the east. In addition it carries a substantial volume of California travel to and from the national parks of the Rocky Mountain area.

It is our recommendation that this road

be improved from Daggett to the Colorado River at Topock as rapidly as is consistent with an equitable distribution of primary road revenues. In making this improvement the line should be located in such manner that existing grade crossings will be eliminated and where eliminations are physically impractical the grades separated. Pending such time as the improvement has been extended to Topock, we recommend that the road be maintained as has been the practice during the past few years.

Considerable discussion has developed over the location of State Route 58, between Barstow and the Colorado River. This road was placed in the highway system by the State Highways Act approved by the people in 1919. The section between Needles and Topock was added by special act of the Legislature approved in 1925. To change the termini of this road would require a constitutional amendment and for this reason it would appear that the State will be obligated to maintain a road to Needles so long as there is need for such a road.

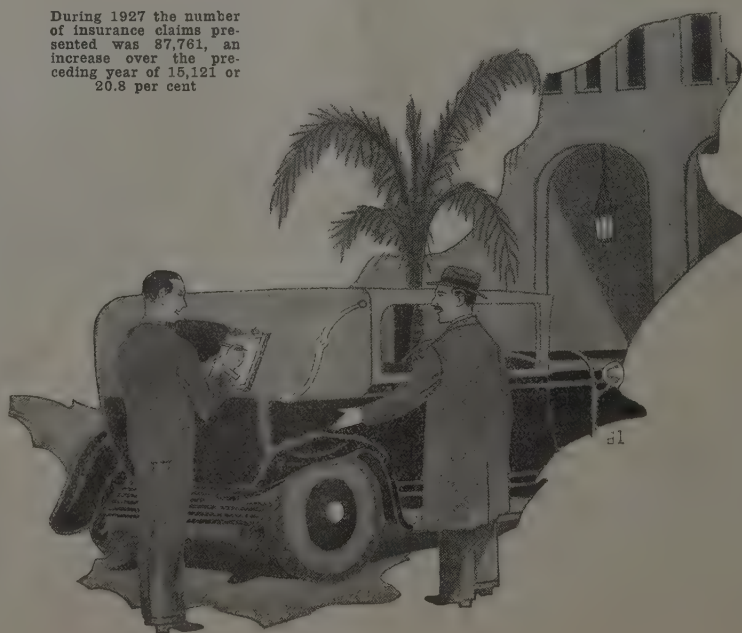
Our investigations of the proposed re-routing lead us to conclude that in view of the fact that three points on this road have been fixed by vote of the people, that is, Mojave, Barstow and Needles, and by reason of the fact that ultimately, in our opinion, the portion between Mojave and Barstow will become an important route, that the initial improvement of the Old Trails Highway should follow in general the present alignment.

It appears that a substantial saving in mileage and a betterment of alignment can be made between Goffs and Kingman. To accomplish this, however, will require legislation as aforesaid, and considerable time, in view of which and the increasing volume of travel on this road, we feel that the commission would be entirely justified in improving, as above outlined, and such is our recommendation.

Traffic checks taken by the California Highway Commission indicate that there is very little travel over that portion of Route 58 between Mojave and Barstow and from our knowledge of this territory we feel justified in assuming that a substantial portion of such travel is local in character. It is our opinion that the existing road, with continued maintenance by the State, is adequate for present needs.

Route 31—San Bernardino to the Nevada State line near Jean. The section of this route lying between San Bernardino and Barstow in addition to forming a part of the Arrowhead Trail is also known as a part of the National Old Trails Highway. It, therefore,

During 1927 the number of insurance claims presented was 87,761, an increase over the preceding year of 15,121 or 20.8 per cent



carries the combined travel of the National Old Trails Highway and the Arrowhead Trail and in addition a substantial volume of local travel into the Los Angeles County Playground and the Victorville and Barstow territory.

We suggest that the portion of this route extending through the Cajon Pass be straightened and widened at an early date.

The Arrowhead Trail follows the National Old Trails Highway to Daggett, at which point it turns north and crosses the Mojave River just north of Daggett. This crossing is very uncertain by reason of the spreading of the flood waters of the Mojave River and is frequently impassable during the rainy season on account of the washing out of the approaches to the bridge. In addition to the above there exists a dangerous curve and grade crossing at Daggett.

We suggest that immediate attention be given to the problem of the connection between the National Old Trails Highway and the Arrowhead Trail at some point between Barstow and Daggett and that in this connection and as a part of this project, if practical, a connection be made with the Mojave-Barstow section of Route 58. We believe the improvements on the Arrowhead Trail outlined above should have precedence over the improvement of other portions of the route. Further improvement should follow as rapidly as revenues may be made available.

Route 64—Mecca to Blythe. It is our opinion that State Route 64 will rapidly become one of the important entrance roads to California following the completion of the bridge over the Colorado at Blythe. This road is the direct connection between

the center of population and production of Arizona and the metropolitan area of Los Angeles. The Arizona State Legislature has recently appropriated money for the improvement of a section of this road lying between the river and Quartzite, which, when completed, will provide a good road from the river to Phoenix.

Some question has developed as to location on the westerly end of this route. Consideration has been given to building from Shaver's Well direct to Coachella or Indio. Here again enabling legislation would be required and inasmuch as the Bond Act of 1919 designated Mecca and Blythe as the termini of this road the section between Shaver's Well and Mecca must remain in the highway system unless removed by vote of the people. The desire to relocate between Shaver's Well and State Route 26 is prompted by a desire to avoid constructing in the Box Canyon, where it is claimed considerable difficulty has been had in maintaining a road.

In addition to serving travel until such time as the problem of location can be determined, this Mecca section will become increasingly important as a connection to the Imperial Valley and points south. Considerable progress is being made toward the construction of a road along the east side of the Salton Sea between Mecca and Niland. When this road is constructed it will lend further importance to the Shaver's Well-Mecca section of the State road.

In view of the fact that it is probable that the State will continue to maintain the present road between Mecca and Shaver's Well, we recommend that this section be improved at an early date.

The Bond Act of 1919, as stated above, designated Mecca and Blythe as the two termini of this road. This leaves a section of road some four miles in length between Blythe and the Colorado River and a section some seven miles or better, depending upon where the connection is made, between Mecca and Route 26, under county jurisdiction. Early legislation should be enacted to place these two sections in the State highway system. Pending such legislation, however, we suggest that the State undertake to interest the county authorities to improve and maintain the section between Blythe and the river.

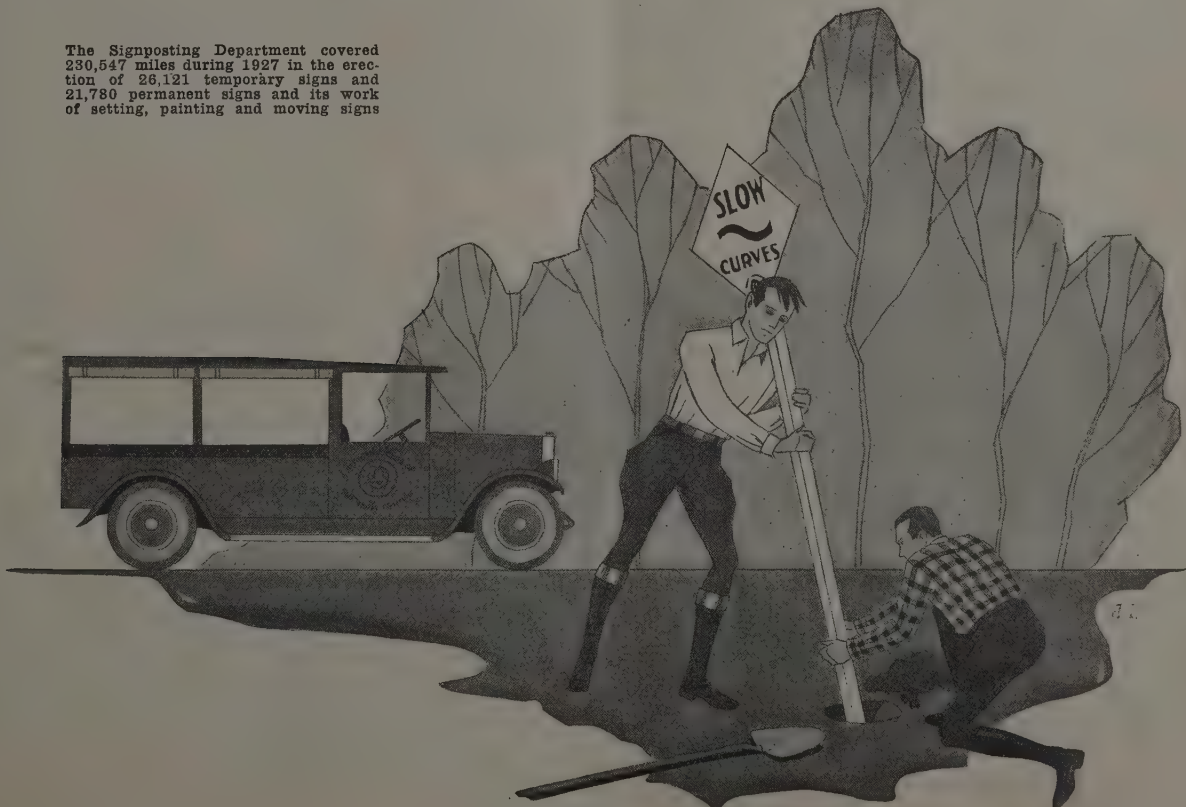
Route 23—Saugus to Bridgeport. Travel over this road is increasing very rapidly due to the fact that motorists are becoming better acquainted with the eastern slope of the Sierra-Nevada Mountains and the recreational advantages afforded therein.

It is our suggestion that the improvement of this route be carried forward as rapidly as is consistent with traffic requirements and a fair distribution of highway revenues.

In the improvement of Route 23 it is our suggestion that those sections passing through the towns of the Owens Valley receive early attention.

Route 23 is also becoming more and more popular as a part of a loop trip in California. Motorists going to Yosemite and the Lake Tahoe district are using the San Joaquin Valley or Coast Road in one direction and the Owens Valley Road in the other. Early attention, we believe, should be given to a proper connection with the Nevada State highway system north of Coleville, for under the present layout the Nevada system is used north to this point.

The Signposting Department covered 230,547 miles during 1927 in the erection of 26,121 temporary signs and 21,780 permanent signs and its work of setting, painting and moving signs



Route 10—San Lucas to Sequoia National Park. Travel into the Sequoia National Park over Route 10 is increasing. This route, while paved from Visalia to Three Rivers, was built on very poor alignment. We suggest that this section receive early attention as to widening and realignment.

Route 4—Sacramento to Los Angeles. This route provides the principal highway connection between the San Joaquin Valley and Los Angeles and points south. The present Ridge Road, while by reason of recent improvements, is much more satisfactory to travel than prior to such improvements is, nevertheless, wholly inadequate for the highway transportation requirements between the San Joaquin Valley and the south. A practical and satisfactory route is available leaving the present road in the vicinity of the Los Angeles-Kern County line and extending southerly into the Piru Canyon and thence through Oak Flats and Violin Canyon to Castaic.

We suggest that an alternate road be constructed along this general alignment at an early date.

Between Saugus and the north city limits of San Fernando an intolerable situation exists. Three well traveled highways converge at Saugus from which point the combined traffic of these routes is carried into Los Angeles over the Newhall Tunnel section. While frequently normal week-day travel can find its way over this section without undue hardship, the week-end and holiday traffic all but blocks the road. A practical solution of this problem lies in the construction of an alternate road leaving Route 4 just east of Castaic and near the south approach to the bridge over the Santa Clara River and extending thence almost in a straight line to a connection with the San Fernando Road at the south approach to the viaduct over the Southern Pacific tracks at Tunnel Station. We suggest that such a road be constructed at an early date.

In this connection it is proposed to construct, from local funds, from the north approach to the viaduct over the Southern Pacific tracks at Tunnel Station, a road along the northeasterly side of the Southern Pacific to a connection with State Route 9 at the north city limits of San Fernando. We suggest that an effort be made on the part of the State to make the construction of the section between Castaic and Tunnel Station as a State project contingent upon the construction by local authorities of the section between Tunnel Station and the north city limits of San Fernando.

In addition to the above suggested improvements we suggest that attention be given to the so-called Grape-vine grade south of Bakersfield. It is our belief that



Maps distributed by the Touring Bureau totaled 9,811,466 and service requests reached the impressive number of 1,739,265

the alignment at this point can be improved in a substantial amount.

Route 2—San Francisco to San Diego. Between Santa Barbara and Hollywood there are three locations which, in our opinion, should receive early attention. First, the relocation over Rincon Hill near the line between Ventura and Santa Barbara counties. The widening of the bridge over the Ventura River or the construction of a new bridge down stream to connect with the extension of either Santa Clara or Meta Street to provide an additional route through the City of Ventura, thereby relieving congestion on Main Street, and the widening and realignment of the Conejo Grade. These three points constitute so-called bottlenecks on an otherwise splendid highway.

Route 60—El Rio to San Juan Capistrano. We suggest that the surfacing of Route 60 between Oxnard and Santa Monica be continued as rapidly as condition of the roadbed will permit.

Route 12—San Diego to El Centro. We suggest the widening and realignment of this route between the end of the pavement in the upper Cajon Valley and the pavement at Tecate divide. This improvement work to be followed with pavement as rapidly as consistent with good construction practice and traffic requirements.

In connection with the improvement of the Coast Highway between Oxnard and Serra and Route 2 between Serra and San Diego, we feel that the highway commission should lend its advice to local authorities in laying out an adequate connection between Santa Monica and Seal Beach and between Del Mar and San Diego.

Route 57—Santa Maria to Freeman. We suggest that that section of Route 57 lying between the Panama Road to Bakersfield and Route 4 be graded and surfaced with gravel or oil and gravel in order that

this road may be made an all-year road for the benefit of the westerly section of Kern County. We suggest the relocation of a convict camp in the Kern River Canyon to continue the improvement of this road between Democrat Springs and Bodfish.

Route 61—La Canada-Mt. Wilson Toll Road. We suggest the early construction by the State of this route between La Canada and the Mt. Wilson Toll Road as designated in the Bond Act of 1919. The County of Los Angeles and the U. S. Forest Service are constructing a road from Mt. Wilson easterly along the divide. This road has now been completed over a length of sixteen miles.

The construction of the State road will provide access to this forest highway and in addition to serving recreational travel will be of tremendous benefit in fire prevention and control and the administration of the Angeles National Forest.

Route 62—Azusa to Pine Flats. While the improvement of this route is somewhat complicated by reason of the construction of the flood control dam in the San Gabriel Canyon, it is our suggestion that the State construct this road at as early a date as proper location can be determined.

Route 43—San Bernardino to Big Bear Lake. We suggest that the improvement of this road be continued to a connection with the present improvement near Frelbald.

We wish to take this opportunity to commend the highway commission on the excellent manner in which the State highways are being maintained and we wish to urge that the present policy of maintaining all travelable roads in good condition be continued. We wish also to emphasize the importance of constructing adequate bridges upon our State roads and of separating dangerous grade crossings and the elimination of bottlenecks, sharp curves and other impediments to travel. We wish also to urge that pavements on the main trunk lines be widened just as rapidly as funds as available and at points where such widening is needed.

The Engineering Department has been active in other fields, notably in the collection and compilation of data pertaining to highway accidents and in determining danger spots, in investigating street conditions, complaints, etc.

The Los Angeles County Grade Crossing Committee reports one separation effected, two separations open for traffic, three crossings ordered separated and has participated in fifteen hearings before the State Railroad Commission. The committee has made recommendations concerning seventeen grade crossings and these are under consideration by the State Railroad

Commission.

Legal Department

The Legal Department handled a total of 95,003 matters during the year, a gain of 7 per cent over 1926. Total collections amounted to \$349,610.50, a gain of 22 per cent. The services of the department have been of incalculable value to members in many ways and in the matter of money savings alone the amount for the year was \$349,224.26. The department has many interlocking activities, with the Insurance Exchange, with the branch offices, speakers' bureau, highway legislation and otherwise in addition to handling the great volume of claims and other legal business for members expressed by the above figures.

Route, Map and Service Department

Following is the impressive record of the Touring Bureau for 1927: Personal calls attended to, 998,770; telephone calls, 740,485; maps distributed, 9,811,466; letter inquiries answered, 13,834. Charting and inspection trips made by members of the bureau covered 49,058 miles and included trips to Zion National Park, Victory Highway, National Old Trails, east to New York, Chicago and St. Louis, south to Memphis, Miami, New Orleans, El Paso and other centers and many charting trips in California. During the 1927 renewal period and for fifteen days during the 1928 renewal period headquarters and branch offices handled 285,300 license applications. Included in the service rendered to dealers 11,523 plates were issued and \$35,780 in fees handled. The Lost and Found Department returned forty-four articles to owners. The department as a whole has continued to function as a dispenser of service, courtesy and hospitality and in every way has maintained the high ideals upon which your Club is founded.

Map Drafting Department

The accomplishments of this department

during the past year have surpassed all other years in production by a wide margin.

The record is as follows: Permanent maps, 151; permanent maps corrected, 219; publicity maps, 75; Touring Topics, 172; Safety Department, 48; Signposting, 125; Legal Department, 13; Engineering, 3; Outing, 6; What-Not (house organ), 74; charting, 3075; temporary signs, 276; miscellaneous, 117; blue prints, 113; intersection drawings, 26.

Sign Posting Department

The Signposting Department covered 230,547 miles in the erection of 26,121 temporary signs and 21,780 permanent signs, and in its work of setting, painting and moving signs. There are 188 flashers in operation.

Outing Bureau

During the year this bureau completed an outing map covering Idaho, Montana, Yellowstone National Park, Jackson Hole, Glacier National Park, Banff and Lake Louise. Data has been gathered for an outing map for Arizona and a recreational map of Southern California. A weekly bulletin service provides information on shooting and fishing conditions on the entire Pacific Coast. Other activities included: counter calls, 24,478; telephone calls, 47,800; outing maps distributed, 45,000; auto camp books distributed, 44,470; recreation bulletins, 102,500; letter inquiries answered, 6700; fire permits issued, 475.

Public Safety Department

Increased interest in the prevention of accidents has resulted in greater demands upon the Public Safety Department. The Los Angeles District Traffic Committee was organized and now meets once a month. It is composed of judges and police officials and is securing better uniformity in the administration and enforcement of traffic laws. Six hundred addresses have been delivered and the department has participated

actively in the work of the Southern California Society of Safety Engineers, the California Public Safety Conference, the Pacific Coast Safety Conference and the National Safety Congress. Study has been made of 122 dangerous intersections.

In cooperation with school representatives the department prepared a book of 196 pages entitled *Course of Study in Safety Education* for the assistance of teachers. The manager of the department was again elected chairman of the Los Angeles City School Superintendent's safety committee and a similar committee has been formed in San Diego. The organization of school safety committees has been continued and now there are more than 10,000 boys and girls actively endeavoring to prevent accidents to themselves and their schoolmates.

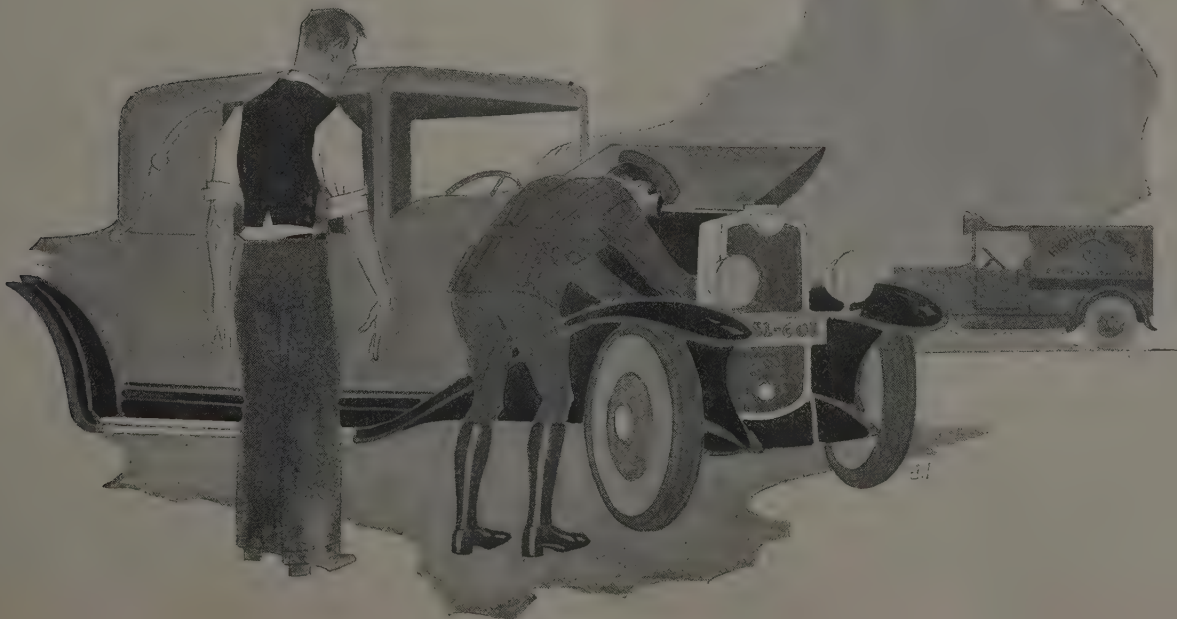
In addition to many other safety activities in the schools 155,000 copies of the school bulletin, 55,000 copies of school safety posters and the monthly Safety Exchange have been prepared, published and distributed to elementary schools. The safety campaign has also been continued into the vacation period and 105 playgrounds were organized with safety committees. Nearly 300 children were graduated and given service certificates. Warning tags were attached to 34,434 automobiles which were observed to be in violation of mirror traffic regulations.

News Department

Earlier in this report I took occasion to comment on the general goodwill to your Club manifested in all quarters and on the respect and confidence of people everywhere in the integrity and efficiency of this organization. This is borne out in many ways but particularly by the success of our News Department at a time when publishers are looking askance at "publicity experts" and press agents. Splendid cooperation was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

The Highway Patrol Service encountered and started on the road or towed to garages 21,379 disabled cars





The Star of India, for sixty-four years familiar with the seven seas, now serves as a museum for the Zoological Society of San Diego

SHIPS, Men & GOLD

*A sketch
of the days and ways
of the glorious
California clippers—*

By J. S. Gorby

Illustrations by J. Duncan Gleason

66 **O**N THE mizzen-topsail yard, there, if you foul that gasket. I'll crack your damn skull; cast it off, you lubber! Here, some of you gentlemen in disguise, swing that fish-davit; belay the mizzen-top sheets; careful the clew-lines, you rum-bellied pirates! Boatwain, fix your watch tackles to topsail sheets! Overhaul your buntlines, sober, you fool! Sheet home the main!"

And so the great clouds of canvas are set, fore and aft.

"Anchor's a peak, sir," terminates a wild, weird chantey from the crew. And a sorry looking crew it is, drunk or drugged, shanghaied and put on board penniless and with but the merest vestige of clothing. Bound they knew not where, nor on what ship. But brass-knuckles and belaying pins are very persuasive factors and leave little time for thought or conjecture. Now the ship, looking for all the world like some great bird with poised white wings, scuds with squared yards, southeast by south, past Battery Park and around Sandy Hook. With parting cheers and a dip of her ensign she is on her way to Cape Horn and San Francisco.

Some one hundred and ten days later she will reach her destination, for she is one of the fleetest of the fast sailing clippers. There are no transcontinental highways, much less railroads, no Panama Canal and no steam turbines and propellers. She is to encounter sweltering days and nights in the torrid zones, meet the fury of storms

and ice around treacherous Cape Horn, be confounded and perplexed by the currents and calms of the doldrums, before finally rushing through the Golden Gate and dropping anchor in San Francisco Bay.

But her rewards are ample. It is the middle of the Nineteenth Century. A certain hard, yellow mineral had electrically transformed a drowsy, Mexican trading post of some thirty or forty mud huts, adobe houses, and hide-stations, situated on a magnificent harbor with lordly mountains in the distance, into one of the great seaports of the world. From all quarters of the globe there was a gigantic migration to California in 1848 and the years following. San Francisco was now one of the busiest places to be found anywhere.

In the year 1849, 100,000 people, from various ports and representing nearly every nationality on the globe, landed in San Francisco. In the year previous, two ships, one barque and one brig, arrived at this port from the Atlantic Coast. During this year there were 775 vessels which made this their port of call. Before 1848 California was practically uninhabited and was now virtually unable to provide even meagrely for the wants of her now vastly increased population. The people found themselves on the

brink of starvation with millions of dollars worth of gold in their possession. They were too busy with sifting-pan, pick and shovel to produce much in the way of manufactures or even supplies. Consequently, the most ordinary articles of everyday use and consumption, to say nothing of comforts and luxuries, had to be imported either by pack-train or ships. The extreme difficulty of the former method of transportation, together with the exorbitantly enormous and potent buying power brought about by the plentifulness of gold, boosted shipping into the most colorful era of its numbered years. With beef, pork and flour selling at \$60 a barrel, tea, coffee and sugar at \$4 a pound, playing-cards at \$5 a pack, cowhide boots at \$45 a pair, picks and shovels at \$5 to \$15 each, wooden and tin bowls at \$2.50 to \$7.50 each, and laudanum at \$1 a drop, together with stevedores and laborers earning \$20 to \$30 a day and the miners making from \$100 to \$1000 a day digging in the mines, it is readily discerned that the eastern owners might do much worse than

to send their ships on the arduous and dangerous voyage to the Gold Coast of America. At first the ships seemed doomed. The gold mines exerted an almost irresistible attraction for everyone. The ships rode at anchor in San Francisco Bay without a soul near them; even the town itself was deserted for the lucrative foothills nearby. Soon, however, some of the people discovered that there was more gold to be obtained by business than by digging in the mines, and with admirable energy and resourcefulness, San Francisco was changed from a lawless camp into a prosperous trading settlement. A few of the ships were manned again and spread their wings for the supremacy of commerce in this most eventful era of the Pacific Coast.

The eastern shippers and financial firms were quick to realize the situation. The western merchants were paying from forty to sixty dollars a ton freight. Speed in reaching California was paramount. There was none who could predict how long the existing conditions would last. A week or even a day's delay might mean the loss of heavy investments, or at least failure to reap the golden profits. It follows, then, that there was a ready demand for fast sailing ships in great numbers. This demand was answered by the huge fleet of California clippers built between 1850 and 1860. During this period there were built 160 of the finest, most seaworthy, and most beautiful sailing ships in all history. These ships were the fleetest sailing vessels the world has ever seen. They sailed their famous ocean races for the stake of commercial supremacy and mastery of the sea, over courses encircling the globe, and their records, made over sixty years ago, are still unequalled. The ship-yards at Boston and New York turned out the bulk of this number, although New Bedford, Richmond, Baltimore, Mystic, Medford, Newburyport, Portsmouth, Portland, Bath, and other ports contributed quite a fleet.

After reaching California with their cargoes under the heavy freight rates, they could well afford to return to the Atlantic seaboard under ballast for a return trip to that surprising country. Many of them also crossed the Pacific under ballast to Hong Kong for a cargo of tea for London or New York. These ships, costing from \$70,000 to \$90,000, often cleared their original cost in less than a year, after deducting all expenses.

The ship-yards at Boston and New York were scenes of great activity. Along the harbor-front at East Boston or the waterfront from Pike Street to the foot of Tenth Street, New York, one could see clipper ships in every stage of construction. Nearby there were rigging-lofts, sail-lofts, the shops of boat-builders, block- and pump-makers; painters, carvers and gilders; iron, brass and copper workers; mast and spar makers, and ship stores of all kinds. Everything needed on shipboard, from palm and needle to anchors and chains, could be procured there. At these veritable hives of industry, hundreds of skillful American arms contributed, with sledge-hammers, top-mauls, and caulking-irons to the mighty din

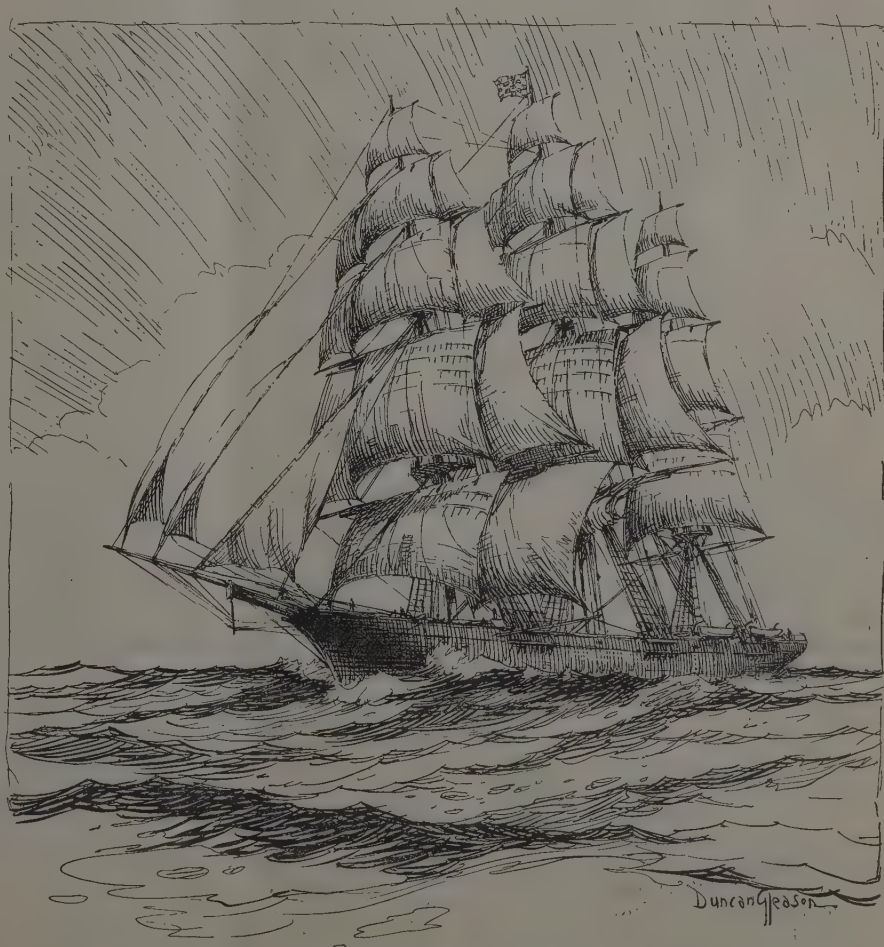
of thriving prosperity. Stockholm tar and Carolina pitch mingled their odors with that of rough-hewn timber to fill the air with a pleasant, healthful fragrance. These interesting and, to us, unique localities have long passed and been all but forgotten.

These ships were, as a general rule, plentifully manned besides being fitted with every possible labor-saving device; geared capstans, gypsy-winchies, roller-sheaths on the brace blocks, and flywheel pumps. Furthermore, they always carried ample spare rigging, sail canvas and blocks. Every reasonable comfort was provided for the sailors. Unlike British ships of that time, there was no daily allowance for food. A barrel of pork, beef, bread or flour, was supposed to last a certain length of time, but a few days' rations over made no difference. Water was carried in one or two large iron tanks. The ship's carpenter had charge of the distribution and each morning at sea, water equivalent to a gallon for each person on board was pumped from a tank and put in a scuttle-butt on deck. The record of the amount consumed was duly entered in the log by the chief officer. The tanks were cylindrical and contained from 3,000 to 4,000 gallons when filled. They were placed on the keelson just abaft the mainmast and usually reached up to the deck.

The meats, salt beef and pork, were kept in barrels slung in harness below the deck. Everything was kept clean with scalding water and scrub-brushes. The cooks and stewards were usually negroes, and the sailors themselves were loud in praise of these exponents of the culinary art. The fore-castles were light and airy and furthermore dry in all kinds of weather. Nothing but themselves kept the men from being perfectly comfortable.

The captains and officers were of one of the finest types of men America has ever produced. Nearly all were members of prominent New England families and came of Quaker and Puritan stock. They were sons of influential merchants, lawyers, or statesmen. Respected by all in their community, they were honored by everyone with whom they came in contact. These men were masters, not only in handling their ships, but also in managing their cosmopolitan crew. Honesty and integrity marked their every action, while their rugged strength and endurance provoked the admiration of all. They were educated, refined and extremely interesting persons.

The crews, for the most part, were not comprised of Americans. Among them were to be found Liverpool Irish, Scandinavian, Portuguese, French, Dutch, and Spanish; in fact, nearly every maritime na-



The Challenge had a hectic career among the clippers. Here she is shown carrying a single topsail, three skysail yarder, with stunsails set

tion had its representatives. The Scandinavians, including Norwegians, Swedes and Danes, were in a vast majority. These men were exceptionally fine sailors. As a rule, they were clean, willing and obedient and took pride in their skill at rigging, sail-making, trimming and steering; in short, at anything they were told to do. Furthermore, they were among the few who had sufficient intelligence to realize that strict discipline was necessary on shipboard. The Liverpool Irish were a species of wild man, with hairy, well-built bodies, of immense stature, and their limbs "tattooed grotesquely with obscene devices in red and blue India ink"; men living in the mud and mire of utter depravity, to be ruled only with marlinspikes and knuckle-irons. They maintained among themselves an unwritten, rough-and-ready code of ethics which deprived them of the liberty and pleasure of stealing from each other, but which left the ship, passengers, and ship-mates of other nationalities entirely unprotected from their plundering and vicious connivings. Also, they could not draw their knives on each other, being required to settle disputes with their fists. However, to cut and stab an officer or ship-mate not of their own gang was looked upon as a commendable deed. With all their wildness, these rascals were splendid sailormen in rough weather. They regarded the hardest tasks, such as going aloft in a hurricane or making or shortening sail in heavy weather, with scorn. As Mr. Arthur H. Clark tells us in his "Clipper Ship Era": "These ruffians did not care much for voyages to China or California, but preferred to navigate between the dance-halls of Cherry Lane and the grog-shops on Waterloo and Ratcliffe Streets. As has often been said, they worked like horses at sea and spent their money like asses ashore." Of the others there were good and bad sailors. Also there were those who were not sailors at all but who shipped merely to get to California and the gold mines.

Aboard ship the crew presented an extremely picturesque though rather motley appearance. Their clothing varied considerably. Slouch-hats or woolen caps with long tassels, high-collared jersey sweaters, brown or red shirts with gaudy but filthy waistcoats, blue, black, or brown dungaree pants tucked into the tops of heavy, square-toed leather boots, together with flourishing whiskers by way of facial embellishment, must have given these men a grotesque yet colorful aspect.

Aboard ship they never tired of telling vivid yarns about their shore friends. Smoking filthy clay pipes in a rare mixture of stench from rancid oilskins, musty flannels and mouldy seaboots, they curse the captain roundly as their natural enemy. They recall with fat-witted humor the admirable characters of Dutch Pete, One-thumbed Jerry or Limerick Mike; and, of course, the "ladies," Big Moll, Swivel-eyed Sue, or French Kate, and speak with

affection of the hospitality and comfort of their respective establishments. The very land-sharks who have made them their prey hold their highest respect, for these are the people who have drugged and shanghaied them without money, clothes or tobacco. There was another type of land-shark,



"Shorty," characteristic British sailorman, sketched from life

known as the sea-lawyer, which was of a "particularly ravenous nature." Their practice was to learn of some story on the voyage of a returned ship and by gross misrepresentation to a jury put the captain and officers in an uneasy position from which it took huge sums of money to extract them, according to Mr. Clark. "A captain's return in those days was not unlike a traveler's today. Returning home from a long journey he was given a "wringing" reception at the hands of officers of the law, empowered to collect protective duties on his personal belongings."

The Reverend Edward Thompson Taylor, known affectionately as Father Taylor, did a great deal for the sailormen of his time. Once a sailor himself, Father Taylor helped the sailors, not only by talking to them in their own language, but also by influencing prominent men and women to contribute their money and services toward the amelioration of the deplorable conditions of the sailors' life ashore.

When the discovery of gold in California made such a dramatic call for clipper ships the eastern ship builders knew how to answer it. Design and construction had been developed to a fairly high degree in the thirty years previous to 1850. Of the 160 ships which were built between the years of 1850 and 1860, 120 made the passage from the east coast to San Francisco in one hundred and ten days or less. The record passage, prior to 1850, was that of the *Memnon*, which arrived in San Francisco,

under command of Captain George Gordon, 120 days from New York. The first contest among these vessels, around Cape Horn, took place this year. When the schedules of the different ships of the time were compared it was found that many clippers were to make the journey to California early in the year. The *Houqua*, *Sea-Witch*, *Samuel Russell*, and the *Memnon*, old rivals in the China tea-trade, and the newer clippers—*Race-Horse*, *Celestial*, and the *Mandarin*—were the chief contenders. Each vessel had many backers who had sufficient faith in her ability to wager large sums on her defeating the others. Arrangements were made to have all the boats leave New York about the same time. However, due to fire, inability to get good crews, and delay in procuring cargoes, they were forced to start at rather irregular times. Great interest was, nevertheless, evidenced in the contest and perhaps enhanced by the fact that every ship had a chance to better the record made by those which had started before her.

The *Samuel Russell* after a remarkable passage arrived in time to lower the *Memnon's* record of 120 days by eleven days. This was in May and her backers were confident that the surprising record would stand at least for a year. The *Houqua's* passage of 120 days in July, in a measure, justified this confidence. But when a few days later the *Sea-Witch* came scooting into port just ninety-seven days out, her staunchest backers were astonished. It was truly a remarkable voyage, not only because of her small tonnage register, 890, and her length of 170 feet, but also because she rounded Cape Horn in the middle of the Arctic winter. No ship of her tonnage and even few of any size have equalled this passage. The other clippers arrived in San Francisco in less than 126 days.

The year 1851 marked a great increase in the size of the clippers and also twice witnessed the breaking of the record of sailing ships to California. Closely following the excellent passage of the *Sea-man*, a trim little vessel of only 596 tons, in 107 days; the *Surprise* lived up to her name and astounded everyone by dropping anchor in San Francisco Bay just ninety-six days after her departure from New York. This able craft was commanded by one of the most famous clipper ship captains of the day, Philip Dumaesq. This voyage is approximately 16,000 miles and during the entire trip topsails had been reefed only twice. It is not, however, to be believed that she had not encountered heavy winds, for it took a real heavy blow to cause Captain Dumaesq to think of stowing topgallantsails, to say nothing of reefing topsails. It is interesting to note that "a list of her cargo on this voyage filled a manifest bill twenty-five feet long and her freight amounted to the sum of \$78,000."

During the first years much attention was given to the improvement of the clippers. Broken spars and torn rigging not only necessitated long delays at Valparaiso,

or other seaports en route, but also showed the builders that the carrying power of these vessels had been underestimated. Consequently, the later ships were fitted with much taller and heavier spars and carried considerably more canvas.

The *Eclipse*, under command of Captain Hamilton, after encountering terrific gales and baffling head-winds, put into the harbor at Valparaiso to repair some broken spars after an unequaled passage of sixty-three days to that port. However, due to improper repairs, the remainder of the journey was made in comparatively slow time so that her passage of 112 days did not cause much comment.

The clipper ship captains usually had many friends in San Francisco and their arrival in that port was occasion for a great deal of entertaining and celebration. The Niantic Hotel was perhaps the most famous place for such gatherings. Even for a San Francisco hotel the Niantic had a most curious and unique history. A portion of this hostelry had been the British ship *Niantic* which had been sent to San Francisco by a Chilean merchant who had bought her and sailed her to Panama where she was loaded with a cargo of tropical fruits and 248 passengers for California. When she arrived in San Francisco in July, 1849, most of the fruit had either been eaten by the passengers or thrown overboard because

of decay. Her anchor had scarcely been dropped when the captain and all hands headed for the mines, leaving the old *Niantic* to take care of itself. After being left idle for several months a speculating real estate man bought her. He beached her broadside at what was then the foot of Clay Street. In the course of time she became settled in mud and sand some distance from the waterfront. Here she had a very successful career and proved a good investment to her owner. Later her top-sides were swept away by one of the unmanageable San Francisco fires, leaving only her tight and dry hull. On this was built the Niantic Hotel. Several years later, when the Niantic was demolished to make way for a larger and more substantial building an unusual discovery was made. In the course of constructing the new foundation, thirty-five baskets of champagne were found, carefully hidden between the floor-boards and the ribs of the old hull. So skilfully hidden were they cached that 21 years had left scarcely a mark on the bottles. It was the then famous Jacquesson Fils brand and would have, without a doubt, brought between twenty-five and thirty dollars a bottle to its owner at the time of arrival.

The *Stag-Hound* was the pioneer of the larger vessels. She was 1536 tons register and at the time of her completion was the largest clipper ship in the world. She made

her initial passage in 107 days, allowing for a stop of several days in Valparaiso to mend broken rigging. Leaving New York in January, six days out she lost her maintopmast and three topgallantsails in a heavy southeast gale. It took nine days to replace the maintopmast and she was without topgallantsails for eleven days. Nevertheless she arrived in Valparaiso under jury-rig on her sixty-sixth day out. Captain Richardson reported her to be an "exceptionally fast boat in moderate winds and very capable in heavy weather." Her best day's run was 358 miles. A few months later came the *Flying Cloud*, Donald McKay's masterpiece. She established the record of eighty-nine days, which has "never been surpassed and only twice equaled, once three years later by the *Flying Cloud* herself, and once by the *Andrew Jackson* in 1860."

The *Flying Cloud* was designed and built by Donald McKay at East Boston. She registered 1783 tons and measured 225 feet in length, with a breadth of forty feet, eight inches. Her mainyard was eighty-two feet long and her mainmast eighty-eight feet high. She had three masts and carried three skysails on each mast. She was beautifully decorated and well appointed. India teak and Spanish mahogany were used for deck fittings, and selected and matched woods for the cabins. She had graceful, sheer and beautifully fine lines to her hull,



The deck of a typical windjammer, as it appears under sail

the well-formed ends being characteristic of McKay's ships. She was made of the finest oak and Southern pine. Her planking was copper-fastened and sheathed with yellow metal. Mahogany and rosewood were used for deck stanchions, rails and the cabin joists. She was painted black with a gold stripe around the hull. The lower masts were white with black tops. The bowsprits were all black; likewise all the rigging. With her high tiers of skysails, and stunsails spread like wings she was a creation of surpassing beauty and typified the craftsmanship of Yankee ship-builders.

She was commanded by Captain Josiah Creesy, who was born at Marblehead in 1814. His first command came when he was only twenty-three years of age, so that when he was given the *Flying Cloud* he was very well known both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. As a boy he was very fond of sailing small boats and his greatest boyhood desire was to sail on a clipper.

An abstract of the log of the *Flying Cloud's* record passage is as follows:

Sandy Hook to the Equator.....	21 days
Equator to 50° South.....	25 "
50° South in Atlantic to 50° South in the Pacific	7 "
50° South to the Equator.....	17 "
Equator to San Francisco.....	19 "

Total89 days

During this passage, after rounding Cape Horn and starting her return northward, she made a record day's run of 374 miles. This was forty-two miles better than any of the mail steamships had made in the Atlantic. Extracts from her log are interesting, not only because of her record passage, but also because it seems typical of the passages of all clipper ships to California.

June 6th: (three days from New York) lost main- and mizzen-topgallant-masts.

June 7th: Sent up main- and mizzen-topgallant-masts and yards.

June 8th: Sent up maintopsail yard.

July 11th: Very severe thunder and lightning, double-reefed topsails, split fore and main topmast staysails. At 1 p. m. discovered mainmast had sprung, sent down royal and topgallant yards and studdingsail booms off lower and top sail yards to relieve strain.

July 13th: Let men out of irons in consequence of wanting their services, with the understanding that they would be taken care of on arrival at San Francisco. At 6 p. m. carried away maintopsail tye and band round mainmast.

July 23rd: Cape Horn north five miles. The whole coast covered with snow.

July 31st: Fresh breezes, fine weather, all sails set. At 2 p. m., wind south-

east, at 6, squally; in lower and topgallant studdingsails; 7, in royals; at 2 a. m. in foretopmast studdingsail — latter part, strong gales and high sea running, ship very wet fore and aft. Distance run this day by observation, 374 miles. During the squalls 18 knots of line not sufficient to measure the rate of speed — topgallantsails set.

Aug. 3rd: At three p. m. suspended First Officer from duty in consequence of his arrogating to himself the privilege of cutting up rigging, contrary to my orders, and long continued neglect of duty.

Aug. 25th: Spoke barque, *Amelia Packet*, 180 days from London for San Francisco.

Aug. 29th: Lost foretopgallant mast.

Aug. 30th: Sent up foretopgallant-mast. Night strong and squally, 6 a. m. made South Farallones, bearing NE $\frac{1}{2}$ E; took a pilot at 7; anchored in San Francisco Harbor at 11:30 a. m. after a passage of 89 days, 21 hours.

The log shows us that she made an average for the trip of approximately seven and a half knots an hour in all weathers and dis-regarding distance sailed off her closest course, due to head-winds. For four days she maintained the high average of 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ knots. These figures compare not at all unfavorably with the records of the smaller

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36)



How the clippers looked in Cape Horn weather—the *Surprise*, with royal and skysail yards housed

Duncan Gleason.



Left — The Amargosa Desert looking northeast from a point 10 miles north of Death Valley Junction, a grim and untenanted waste yet not without a peculiar beauty and fascination

bed we had left. It is called by the Spaniards Amargosa, the bitter water of the desert."

The emigrant party of 1849 that suffered such severe casualties in the region around Death Valley took what little comfort that was to be had from its alkaline waters. William Lewis Manly in his *Death Valley* in '49 speaks of it thusly:

"A little further on they came to a small stream of water, and as the bed showed only a recent flow it must also have come from the little local storm further up the mountain. They used this water freely, even though it was not very good, and it acted on them very much like a solution of Glauber's Salts. They decided at first that they had better follow the stream southward, but after a little time, feeling the sickness caused by the water,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)

Something Different in DESERTS

By Phil Townsend Hanna

WERE the Amargosa Desert to possess no other distinctive features, the egregious names borne by its geographical landmarks would suffice to interest the votary of the novel and unusual in the great Southwest.

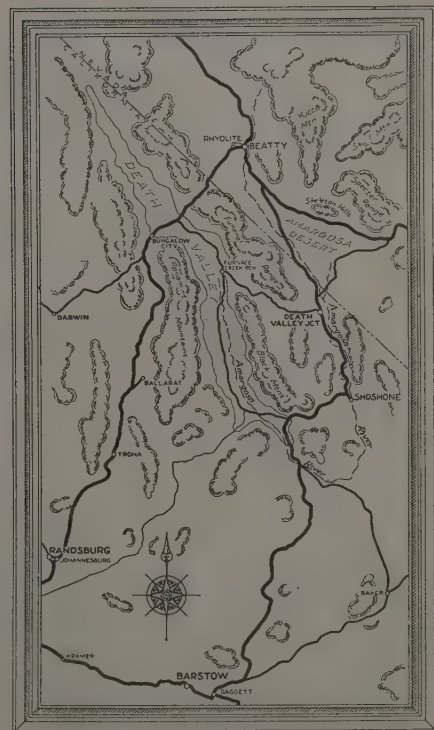
This remarkable curiosity of geography is located in Southwestern Nevada, its western border fringing the California line and roughly parallel to and northeast of Death Valley. It is some 45 miles in length, varying in width from two to fifteen miles.

Geologically, it represents the northern end of Death Valley of which it was doubtless once a part in some era of the dim and misty past. The Amargosa (bitter) River, heading in the hills of Oasis Valley, north of Beatty, Nevada, passes southward almost through its center. At the southern border of the desert, the river makes an abrupt fish-hook curve about the Amargosa Range—comprising the Funeral Mountains and the Black Mountains, divided laterally by Furnace Creek Canyon—and proceeds

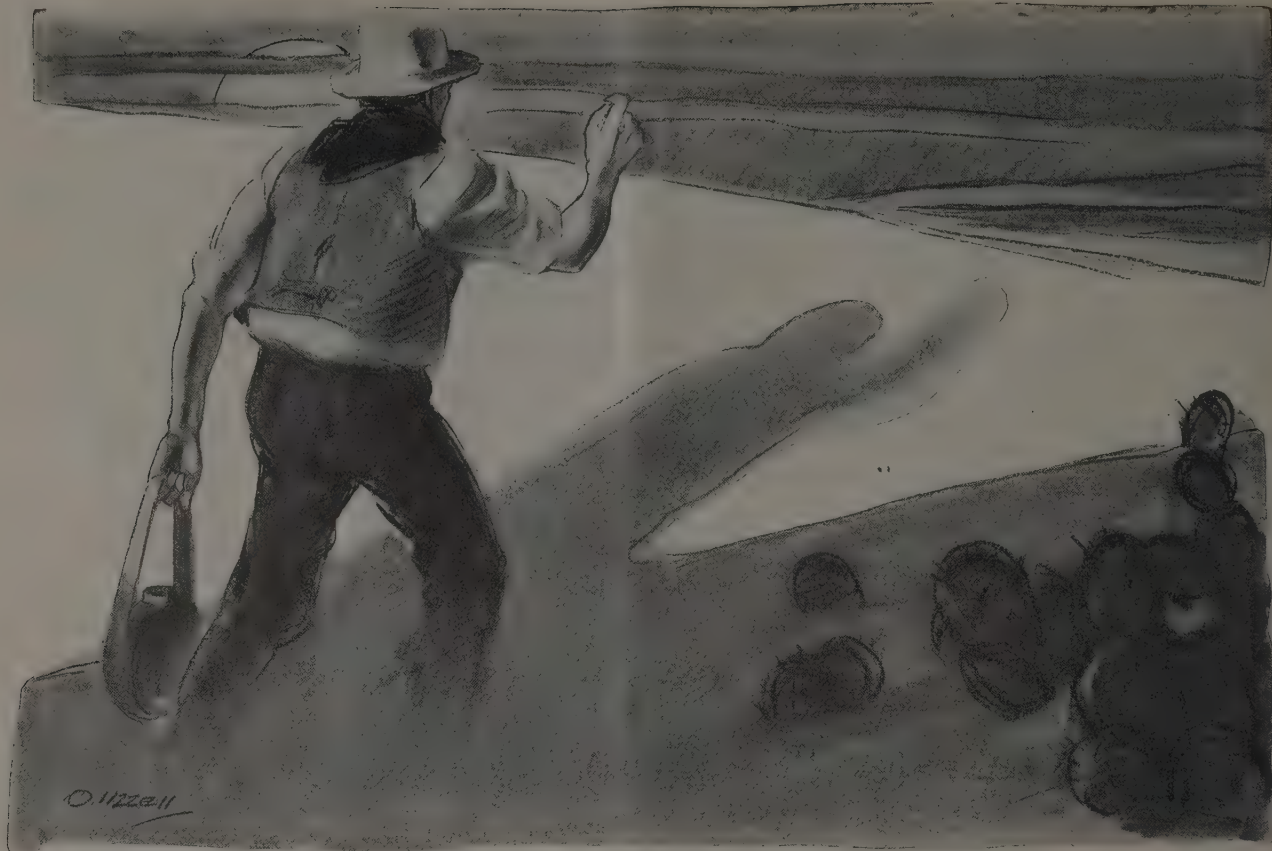
northward through Death Valley, to find an outlet at Bad Water, the very lowest point of this region, probably 400 feet or more below sea-level. The aberrancy of course shown by the Amargosa probably is duplicated on the Pacific slope only by the abnormal behavior of the Sevier, the irresponsible and prodigal river that wanders all over the State of Utah.

Early Spanish explorers doubtless encountered the Amargosa. They may have named it; the name is Spanish. The earliest reference to it that I have found is in a report of that indefatigable Western Pathfinder, John Charles Fremont. Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez quotes it, substantially as I have seen it, in her *Spanish and Indian Place Names of California*.

"We traveled through a barren district, where a heavy gale was blowing about the loose sand, and, after a ride of eight miles, reached a large creek of salt and bitter water, running in a westerly direction (indicating that he came upon it where it makes its great bend) to meet the stream



The Amargosa Desert parallels its better known counterpart, Death Valley. The Amargosa River, it will be noted, flows southward through the Amargosa Desert, circles the southern end of the Black Mountains and then proceeds northward to spend itself at Bad Water, the lowest part of Death Valley



'He had seen them before, those mirages, which like sirens of the desert, beckoned to the heat-smitten traveler and sought to turn him from his course'

Sirens of the Sands

Some facts and fancies about mirages—

By Philip Johnston

Illustrations by O. Uzzell

Away back in the old days, when the slow moving ox team dragged its weary way, foot by foot over the alkali flats and the long stretches of sun-baked soil, where the only growth was the gray sage and the greasewood—away back in those far days—the mirage, that Lorelei of the desert, was there to lure men on to their destruction. Idah Meecham Strowbridge,—“In Miners’ Mirage Land.”

FOR years it had been an infallible source of supply, that dry water-hole in western Nevada at which the prospector gazed with eyes that widened as he contemplated the peril that lay before him. Scarcely a pint of water remained in his canteen, and

twenty miles of desert, seared by a fiery August sun, lay between him and the nearest spring. Twenty miles—could he make it? Others before him had failed to reach the next water-hole, and their bleaching skeletons had been found months or years later, mementoes to those silent battles that had ended in victory for the implacable desert.

Plodding over rock-strewn sand, the prospector hoarded his meager supply of water, taking only a few drops at a time to moisten his parched lips and leathery tongue. Intense heat, combined with an atmosphere known to be the driest in existence, was sapping the moisture from his body, resolving the struggle into a race between evaporation and jaded legs.

Far to the right of his course appeared a spectacle which seemed utterly incongruous in its setting of gray sage and greasewood,—a splash of dark green, the color associated with luxuriant foliage on the bank of a crystal stream, and to give the scene the semblance of reality, a tiny gleam, as from the surface of water, appeared at the base of the trees. He had seen them before, those mirages, which, like sirens of the desert, beckoned to the heat-smitten traveler and sought to turn him from his course. Stories had come to him, classics of desert lore, which were told of travelers who had yielded. . . . Often he had wondered how a man, versed in desert craft, could succumb to the lure of a mirage.

Reason is frequently dethroned by in-

tense suffering of mind and body; temptation often finds acquiescence in the man who is undergoing physical torment. Ere long the prospector found himself resisting a desire to turn from his course, and bend his lagging footsteps toward the mirage. Plainer grew the vision as his strength and will waned; nearer and more enticing was that luxuriant foliage and that gleaming body of water. To go to it would take him far from his route and seal his doom. While a faint glimmering of judgment still functioning strove to stay him, he found himself struggling on toward the vision, urged to even greater effort by a terrible thirst. . . .

"The trees stayed right where they were, and so did the water," he said as he related the incident to me years afterward. "That mirage proved to be the real thing, but all the time I was going toward it, I believed that it was a mirage. It sounds strange for a man who knows the desert to confess that he actually followed one of those desert fakes, but when a fellow is suffering as I was then, he has a different slant on things. I lived to tell about my experience; but how many have followed a real mirage? *Quien sabe?* They don't come back to tell their stories."

Since times of remote antiquity, human reason has succumbed to the spell of the mirage in its various forms. Superstitions without number, myths and legends innumerable, undoubtedly have their foundation in this phenomenon. Some materialists of the present time have gone so far as to attribute the visions of the biblical prophets to mirages. It is known that the forms in which they appear are many and varied. Two unusual cases were first observed in Europe, and derived appellations locally.

Of these, the first is the *Brockengespenst* (the Spectre of the Brocken), so named from having been first observed in 1780 in the Brocken Mountains of Saxony. This consists of an enormously magnified shadow of an observer cast upon a bank of cloud when the sun is low in high mountain regions, reproducing every movement of the observer in the form of a gigantic but misty image of himself.

Another form of mirage manifestation is known as the *Fata Morgana*, which is frequently seen in the Straits of Messina. This is an apparent vertical elongation of an object situated on the opposite shore. Here the magnification is only in the one dimension, while in the case of the *Brockengespenst*, all dimensions are equally magnified.

Sailors are well ac-

quainted with this extraordinary phenomenon, for it frequently makes its appearance in amazing form under a proper combination of circumstances at sea.

The explanation of the mirage is indeed simple. A ray of light passing through a medium with an unvarying density travels in a straight line, but when that ray encounters a medium of different density at an angle less than 90 degrees, it is deflected or bent. If it passes into a denser medium it is deflected upward, while if it passes into a rarer medium it is deflected downward. A long pole thrust into a clear pool of water gives an excellent illustration. At the point where contact is made with the surface of the water, the pole appears to be bent upward.

Rays of light coming from the sun appear to travel in a straight line, but this is not the case. As soon as they encounter the atmospheric envelope, they are deflected from their original direction. The density of the atmosphere increases constantly as they approach the earth's surface, and the deflection continues to an increasing degree, which causes the light rays to describe a long descending curve similar to the course of a spent rifle ball. It is a fact that the sun is still visible after it has actually passed below the horizon. This bending of the rays is called refraction.

Under normal conditions, the gradations of atmospheric density are gradual, but certain unusual conditions may cause the transition to be more abrupt. Layers of air lying adjacent to a heated surface are expanded and become a medium of lesser density. This often occurs on the desert where the sun's rays reach their greatest intensity. Only a few feet above this heat-expanded layer of atmosphere is a cooler and much denser layer. Light rays passing from one to another are bent and distorted, producing the optical illusion known as the

mirage.

It is by means of these refracted light rays that objects far over the horizon may appear suspended upside down between earth and sky. Caravans have been observed on the Sahara, walking upside down in the sky, like flies on the ceiling. Mirages of this character have been seen on the ocean, where, under certain conditions of light and atmosphere, ships or icebergs appear inverted in the sky. A parallel condition with which we are all familiar is that of the camera. The light rays, in passing through the upper part of the lens are deflected downward so that they appear on the bottom of the ground glass; hence the image is inverted.

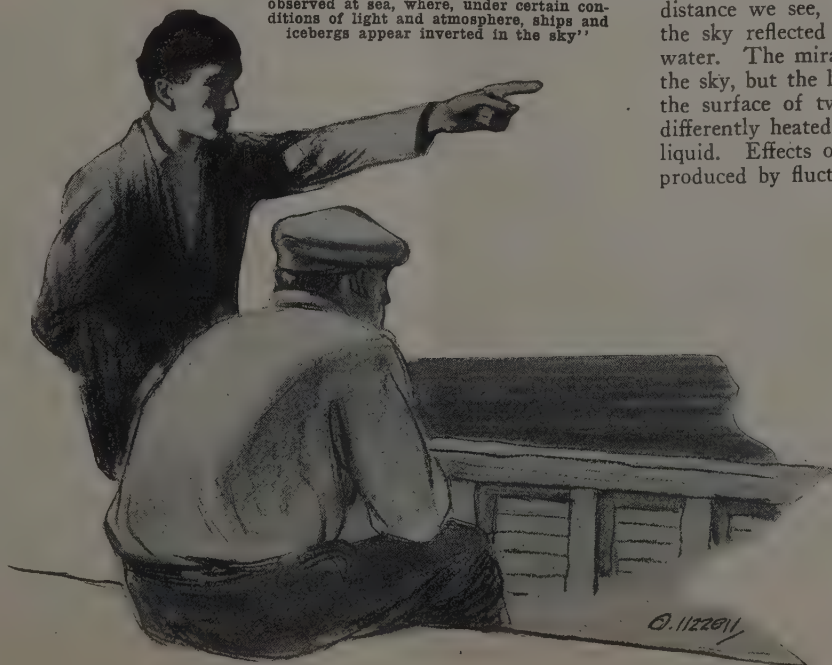
All of the effects produced by makers of lenses can be duplicated in nature by the atmosphere. Glass of varying thicknesses in the lens refracts the light rays, concentrating, dispersing, or changing their direction, as the case may be. Atmospheric layers, of varying thickness or varying densities, produce the same results precisely in the same manner. But these atmospheric lenses, usually not symmetrical like those produced by man, are not focused on the spot where the observer stands, hence the image is often distorted or dim. Occasionally conditions occur where symmetry and focus are correct, and the result is a perfect image. The *Brockengespenst* is nature's duplication of the stereopticon.

The appearance of objects "out of place" as in the case of the ships and caravans, is due to the bending of light rays over the horizon by refraction through air layers of varying densities. In a much greater degree this effect is seen in the prism binocular, where the light enters on one plane, is refracted, and emerges in a different plane, yet the image appears to be directly in front of the eye of the observer.

The commonest form of mirage is that which appears to be a lake of water. In the case of the real lake, gleaming in the distance we see, not the water itself, but the sky reflected from the surface of the water. The mirage, too, is a reflection of the sky, but the light rays are deflected by the surface of two common strata of air differently heated, and not by a surface of liquid. Effects of wave motion are often produced by fluctuating heat waves in the atmosphere, or a change in its density.

In desert regions all the conditions for producing mirages are found,—vast stretches of landscape, which, like griddles, absorb the intense heat of the sun; superheated atmosphere near the surface of the earth; serrated mountains, with their spires and minarets, which, with a certain amount of distortion, assume the appearance of great cities; greasewood and sage, which can be map

"Many examples of the mirage have been observed at sea, where, under certain conditions of light and atmosphere, ships and icebergs appear inverted in the sky."



nified to the proportions of large trees; strata of air lying close to the landscape, which reflect the sky, often creating the illusion of a vast lake in the desert.

"The mirage," says Idah Meecham Strowbridge, "is in truth a part of the desert—just as the sage brush and the coyote and the horned toads and the sand-storms are a part. To those who know the wasteland, the picture would be incomplete without them."

It is recorded that the Spanish settlers in California succumbed to the spell of these fantasies of the desert. The fastness of the Mojave, then unexplored, was believed to hold the remains of a great city, once inhabited by a cultured people, who had long since passed into oblivion. Quoting from *Reminiscences of a Ranger* by Major Horace Bell:

"When the renowned and pious father of all the missions in California, Padre Junípero Serra, was at San Gabriel, he was so impressed with the belief that a great city existed somewhere east of the Sierra Nevada, that after a vast amount of persuasion he induced some of his Indian converts to accompany him in search of it. In using the word persuasion, I would here remark that the Mission Indians always had a superstitious awe regarding that region. Tradition has it that the good father with his neophyte guard came in sight of a large and magnificent city on the Mojave Desert, that he journeyed toward it but got no nearer, and being seized with the superstitious fear of his Indian companions hurriedly retraced his steps to San Gabriel, declaring that the city he saw was a machination of the devil to lure him from his missionary work among the heathen. Now as to whether the good father was deceived by a mirage, or that he did actually behold a real city, and was deceived by false appearances as to distance, we are not permitted to imagine, but it is a well known fact that in the purity and clearness of the desert atmosphere the distance of twenty miles seems less than one.

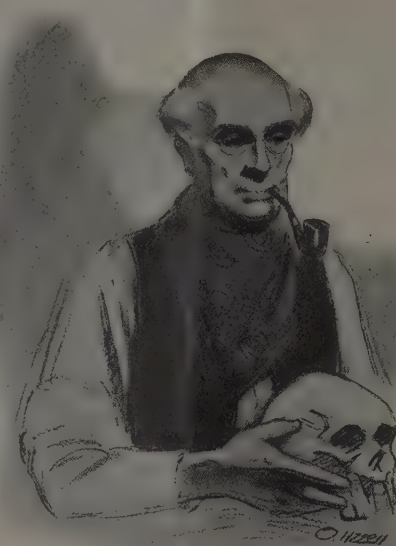
Long with fruitless, vain endeavor,
Followed he the phantom ever
On and onward, nearing never
Till at eve ere fell the night;
Like some fairy's bright creation
Like some dazzling exhalation
Dome and turret and foundation
Melted from his longing sight.

"Then said Padre Serra grieving
'This is some curs'd spell deceiving—
But a charm of Satan's weaving
Luring souls to death,' he said,
'With some cunning incantation
From the pastures of salvation
To this deadly desolation'—
Then he crossed himself and fled.

"Still the traveler, worn and weary,
Wand'ring o'er the deserts dreary
Sees that phantom dim and eerie

Gleaming, beck'ning far away.
But it flees his longing vision
Like a spectre in derision,
Fades its gorgeous gleam elysian
As a dream at break of day."

Three-quarters of a century ago, when trains of covered wagons were laboriously traveling westward to the Land of the Rainbow's End, the hardy adventurers who guided them were frequently astounded at the weird sights that greeted them after they had left the Continental Divide. Out



"Others before him had failed to reach the next water-hole, and their bleaching skeletons had been found months or years later, mementoes to those silent battles that had ended in victory for the implacable desert"

on the wide stretches of desert, where the heat waves danced and scintillated, all rational conceptions of form, distance, and reality were everywhere contradicted. Mountain ranges appearing to be only a few hours' travel ahead, required several days to reach. Valleys seemed to expand before the plodding oxen, the far side appeared to be ever retreating toward the distant horizon. Buttes were elongated into spires, as though some unseen hand had stretched them upward. Whole mountain ranges appeared to be detached from their bases and float between earth and sky. Ethereal castles, the forms and dimensions of which were constantly changing, gave reality to tales of a land of enchantment that lay somewhere west of the Rockies.

The commonest form of mirage was that which resembled a lake. Sometimes it would cover only a few acres; at other times it would appear to be many miles in extent, having the semblance of a vast inland sea. Upon the surfaces of these phantom lakes would often appear the wave motion observed on a real body of water; trees and rushes appeared to fringe the shores, and mountain ranges forming their boundaries would be mirrored in the cerulean depths.

Many stories have been told of parties that turned from their courses and pursued

these ephemeral visions. On and on they went, in the pursuit of the unreal, expecting to graze their oxen in the fields of clover and blue grass that looked so green and cool under the blazing sun, to lave their burning faces in the crystal waves, and to rest beneath the forests that grew back from the water. But ever retreating before their advance, the picture grew fainter and fainter until faded completely, and they were encompassed by naught but gray desolation, stretching away, league upon league, to a far-distant horizon. Dire disasters were frequently the result of such a pursuit of the visions displayed by the siren of the dry lakes. The epics of these tragedies were afterward reconstructed by rescue parties who sought and found the bleaching skeletons of those who had perished, the skeletons of their oxen, and their wagons, untenanted, with contents intact.

When at last the West was linked to the east with shining rails of steel, and the slow moving wagon was superseded by the railway coach, travelers to the Pacific Coast did not face the hazard of desert travel. With this innovation, one of the most dramatic and colorful chapters in our history was ended. But the receding tide of travel in the covered wagon left behind a few individuals who elected to remain in the desert. Others forsook their homes for the express purpose of taking up their abodes in the land of the mirage. In most cases their objectives were the treasures of gold and silver hidden away in the rugged mountain ranges. Some there were whose only desire was to be desert Arabs, far away from the civilization which was to them a tyrannical task master.

Upon all of these, the desert has set her seal, claiming them irrevocably for all time. She has taught them her ways and revealed to them her secrets; she has shown them visions which few mortal eyes have been privileged to behold. The tales they tell of the mirages of the desert are classics of their kind, recounting the spells which the enchantress weaves about all those who cross her borders. Many of these stories are reasonable in the light of scientific fact; others seem to be the product of vivid imaginations.

South and east of Bagdad, on the National Old Trails Highway, is a great expanse of desert landscape well adapted for the production of mirages. Under favorable conditions of light and temperature, vast lakes appear to occupy the desolate valley, and surrounding mountains are reflected on its surface. The oldest citizen of Bagdad, in point of years as well as residence, has spent most of his life seeking desert gold. Standing in front of his house, he pointed out to the writer the place where an unusually spectacular mirage had occurred.

"Down there, on that dry lake," he said, "sometimes appears a great city. It is not one of those fairy cities that you sometimes

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

The First Ascent of Mt. Mallory and Mt. Irvine

By Norman Clyde

TO THE southeast of Mt. Whitney there are a number of peaks, lower than it, but yet extremely interesting to the mountaineer. The views of Mt. Whitney obtainable from their summits are perhaps more impressive than those to be had from any other direction. A deep intervening canyon greatly enhances the apparent height of Mt. Whitney with its eastern vertical cliff, several thousand feet in elevation and surmounted to the south of the main peak by a line of pinnacles not greatly inferior to it in elevation. This vicinity, however, is seldom entered, most visitors being content with a hurried visit to the highest peak.

Toward the end of June on one occasion I was camping on the border of a small tarn, locally called Mirror Lake. Situated in a deep amphitheatre-like depression almost entirely surrounded by granite crags that rise high above it, the spot possesses a weird and unique charm, particularly on moonlit nights when cliff and peak gleam with a soft white radiance. In the bottom of the great bowl nestles a small deep blue lake. Above it to the southeast there is a belt of ragged fox-tail and tamarack pine. In other directions a few wind-torn specimens straggle up a few hundred feet and then stop. About the lake and along the brooks that enter it there is a strip of meadow the grassy sward of which is varied by beds of red heather, scattered groups of cyclamens and dense thickets of willow.

Early one morning I left camp in-

tent upon scaling a then unnamed peak immediately to the southwest. Although the sky was clear, there was no forecasting what might occur before the day should be over, as for some time past the weather had been amazingly unsettled for this season of the year in the Sierra Nevada.

The best route to follow was also somewhat of a question. The mountain-wall

extending north and south, a short distance from camp, presented a formidable front but appeared to be scaleable, either by working one's way directly up it or by following any one of a number of chimneys that cut into its precipitous front. After ascending a steep talus slope, I reached the base of the wall and made my way up its face, sometimes following a ledge, at others,

ascending a chimney for some distance, and then again scaling the cliff by means of narrow shelves and projections. After perhaps a thousand feet of this sort of progression, I reached the crest of the ridge. In the meantime the weather had changed. Great fluffy masses of clouds floated about and the atmosphere possessed a heavy, humid feeling unusual at this elevation. To the west, across a deep canyon, rose the craggy eastern face of Mt. Whitney and nearby peaks. Great volumes of clouds that rolled about its summit rendered it doubly imposing.

The peak toward which I was advancing could be plainly seen at times, but at others was obscured by heavy clouds. Although it broke away to the east in sheer cliffs, apparently it could be approached from the ridge on which I was standing. As I proceeded up the narrow ridge, great volumes of vapor floated lazily past the mountain summits or lay heaped about them in formless masses, but at length they cleared away somewhat, and the peak was visible a short distance ahead. Several horns of mountain sheep were seen lying on the broken scree,

(CONTINUED ON
PAGE 48)



Above—Mt. Irvine as it appears from the Whitney trail. Below—Mt. Irvine, left, and Mt. Mallory,

America's Wheel-less Beginning

By James A. B. Scherer

IT IS doubtful whether the constructive imagination of any inventor has ever leaped higher at a bound than that of the primitive genius who first conceived of the wheel as a means of transportation. Tens of thousands of primitive men had, of course, seen decayed or uprooted tree-trunks rolling downhill before he was born, but nothing had come of it until this unknown benefactor of the race suddenly conceived of the use of rotation for transportation, and of thus easing the labor of man. We have become so used to the wheeled vehicle, from wheelbarrow to airplane, it seems such a simple thing to us, we take it so wholly for granted, that a distinct effort of reflection is needful in order to realize what an enormous idea that of the first wheeled vehicle was. It involved the reconciliation of "the great incompatibles, stability and progress," nothing less; it meant the conveyance of a stationary thing by means of something that moved. Think, now, of that far-off and wholly forgotten genius, standing by and looking on idly at some such commonplace occurrence as a rolling log; and then of the sudden white-hot flash in his mind as it struck off the spark of the wheel! Pause a moment to realize how his hoary invention now permeates our whole civilization, from the watch in one's pocket to the gigantic machines in the nearest power plant, and give thanks to this Great Unknown!

The wheel so pervades our own civilization that it is difficult to imagine a civilization without wheels, and yet there has been one. The best anthropologists agree that only two civilizations have evolved independently in the whole long history of man, and that the younger of these, that of the early Americans, was wheel-less.

Much the earlier of these two primeval

cultures sprang up in Egypt or Babylonia, near the land-bridge that connects Africa and Eurasia—that land-bridge of which a narrow span is the Isthmus of Suez—and spread thence both eastward and westward. The only other independent human culture, according to such eminent scholars as James Henry Breasted, was developed several thousand years later on or near the land-bridge connecting the Americas—of which a span is the Isthmus of Panama—and spread thence both southward and northward. We modern Americans, of course, derive our civilization from the earlier source, that is, from Egypt and Babylonia and Crete and Greece and Rome, and finally across the Atlantic. But the aboriginal Americans, who seem to have come here from the Far East before the light from the Near East had as yet reached their home land, evolved a civilization of their own, whose achievements are now exciting afresh the admiration and amazement of the world as more and more of its relics come to light in "the Egypt of America"—Yucatan.

The chief city of ancient Yucatan, Chichén Itzá, was linked with other towns throughout the peninsula, we are told, by a network of smooth, hard-surfaced highways. The Mayas of today call these old roads *zac-be-ob*, or white ways. The name is of ancient origin, used, perhaps, by the very builders themselves, and no doubt these

roads were like ribbons stretching mile after mile through field and forest, and deserving quite as much the appellation of "White Way" as any of our blazing night-lighted thoroughfares.

The old roads, each and every one, went down to bed-rock, and upon that solid foundation was built up a ballast of broken limestone, with the larger stones at the bottom. As the surface of

the road was reached, smaller stones were used and the crevices were filled in. And the whole face of the road was given a smooth, hard coating of a mortar cement of lime and finely sifted white earth, known then and today as *zac-cab*. The hard-pan of Yucatan is limestone ledge rock and as a rule it is not very far beneath the surface soil. Often in the building of roads the first layer or ballast consisted of large boulders, not merely tumbled in haphazard, but carefully placed and with the interstices filled in with smaller stones, painstakingly fitted and hammered into place. Thus a firm anchorage was provided that has held through the centuries. The second and third courses, each of smaller boulders and stones, were quite as carefully placed. The final course was constructed of stones the size of a bushel basket and smaller, wedged together with rock fragments. Within a foot or so of the desired road-level rock fragments from the size of an egg to that of a small walnut were leveled in, a grouting made, and the whole pounded until a hard, level surface was obtained. Mortar or cement was then applied in a thin coating and when this had hardened sufficiently, gangs of stout-muscled laborers armed with smooth, fine-grained polishing-stones rubbed the plastic surface until it became compacted into a polished flatness almost as smooth-coated as tile and nearly as hard.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)

David R. Faries Resigns as Club's Consulting Counsel

IT IS with regret that the board of directors of the Automobile Club of Southern California have accepted the resignation of David R. Faries as the Club's consulting counsel. In April, 1918, Mr. Faries was chosen from the staff of the Los Angeles County Counsel by the board of directors to become general counsel of the Club, a position which he ably filled until he resigned in 1925 to enter private practice.

During Mr. Faries' incumbency as general counsel, the Legal Department of the Club was materially extended and developed, becoming one of the largest and most active Club departments. When in 1925 Mr. Faries resigned as general counsel to enter private practice, he was retained by the board of directors as consulting counsel in order that he might continue to represent the Club in connection with several matters

of importance with which he was particularly familiar. His recent resignation as consulting counsel was made necessary because of extreme demands on his time in connection with his personal business.

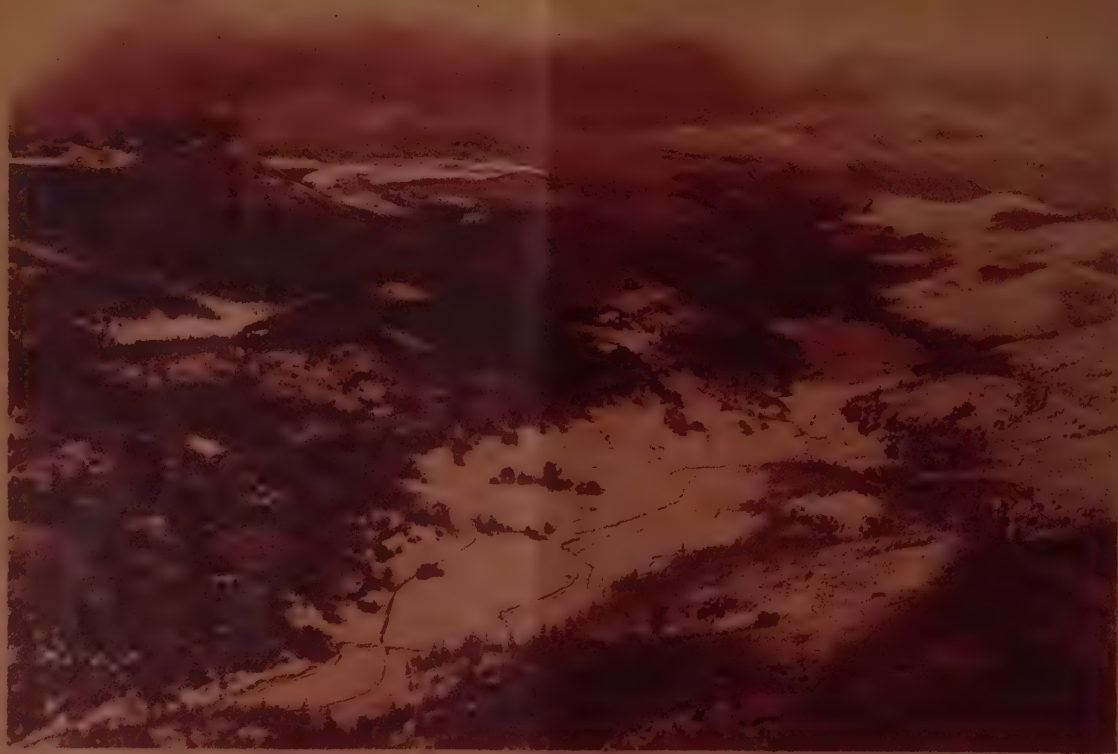
In leaving the Automobile Club of Southern California Mr. Faries takes with him the best wishes of the board of directors and the officers with whom he was so long associated.

ROTAGRAPHURE SECTION
TOURING TOPICS For March 1928



ARCHES OF CAPISTRANO

San Juan Capistrano may share its popularity with other missions along El Camino Real, but its beauty is singularly alluring. Founded November 10, 1776, by Father Serra, Capistrano of late years has come, perhaps, to be the most visited of the missions. Photograph by Karl Struss



**SAN DIEGO
MOUNTAINS
UNDER SNOW**

San Diego's back country appears distinctly different under snow and from the air. Here we have (above) Pine Valley as the aviator sees it after a snowstorm, and (below) the mountains about Lake Cuyamaca



AFTER THE SHOWERS

Spring showers may bring flowers in the country, but in the city its first effect is to convert prosaic scenes of other times into such strange vistas of gleaming ebony and pearl as this. Photograph by Fred Archer

SEEING NEVADA FROM MAYNARD DIXON'S SKETCH-BOX



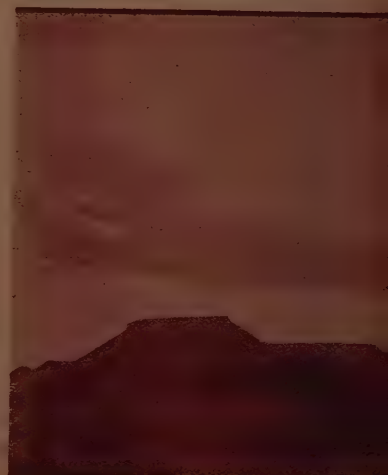
THE FUNERAL RANGE



WILD H



CHLORIDE CLIFFS



NE

PAINTERS of the West have virtually encircled Nevada without discovering the amazing field it offers the artist. As much at home among its crags, buttes and sands as the native reptiles, Maynard Dixon recently spent several months in the Sage-brush State. He emerged with a wealth of provocative ideas which he forthwith set about to put on canvas. The results, some of which are shown here, indicate not only that Nevada, although the slightest populated commonwealth in the Union, is one of the richest, scenically, but that Dixon's position as one of the foremost delineators of the Western scene is unassailable



NEVADA



BEATTY, NEVADA



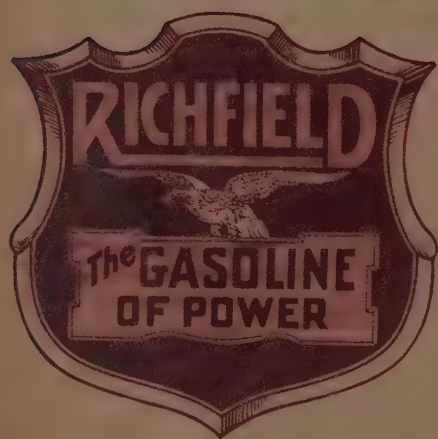
SUNSET



THE RAMSEY MINE

WINNERS USE

RICHFIELD



SPEED AND POWER, *PLUS* MILEAGE

A Police Chief Goes Up ---and the Death Rate Comes Down

Q San Diego tries letting the speeder alone, but making the reckless driver pay---with somewhat startling results---

By Gerald F. MacMullen

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geant Joseph V. Doran became chief of police of San Diego, some six months ago, one of the first things he did was to call for a report on the city's traffic casualties. He looked it over—and went up like the proverbial balloon. The report, for that matter, was enough to make anyone take to the air.

At that time, San Diego enjoyed a unique distinction, but it was not one which the Chamber of Commerce included in the advertising circulars which it sent out through the country—it was the distinction of killing more people in traffic accidents than any other city in the United States, per thousand population. In fact, when a man started out from his home in San Diego at that time, it was touch and go whether he would come home on his own two feet or on a stretcher.

Being a detective by choice and by training, Chief Doran applied the rules of the game, as he knew them. And the first rule, detectives say, is to map out the train of events which have led to any given state of affairs.

"Send me Captain Hill," the chief said to his secretary.

A moment later a portly gentleman with a kindly face which might hide almost anything, appeared in the doorway. It was Arthur R. Hill, captain of police, and the man in charge of the traffic division—a division which, at that time, consisted largely of himself.

The chief and the captain were closeted for a long time. Finally they emerged together, and each was carrying copious bunches of scribbled note paper, sheafs of



Who is wrong? A miniature intersection at San Diego police headquarters generally plays an important part in fixing responsibility for accidents

reports—and some general orders which began to make things hum, both at headquarters and in the precinct sub-stations.

First of all came the creation of a real traffic bureau, the captain being aided by an energetic sergeant who had made a study of traffic conditions, a motorcycle man to answer accident calls from the central bureau, and the entire field force of motorcycle officers, who continued to work outside, but under much different conditions.

"Accidents," Captain Hill had told the chief, "are due to crazy driving, more than to any one other item. And crazy driving, when you come right down to it, consists of plain, ordinary, hoggish lack of common decency and a lack of regard for the rights of others. For 'reckless driving' you may substitute the word 'selfishness,' and you'll not be far wrong. It's largely a case of 'Here I come—get out of my way.'"

"All right," said the chief, "suppose you go out and teach the motoring public some manners."

It was a radical idea—but then, radical ideas sometimes mean more than a mere wearing of red neckties and an abstinence from bathing. With a whoop of delight, the captain unleashed his motor cops, and

the battle was on.

Briefly, the orders to the motor squad were these: Get one driver—at least one—for every accident. Bring the drivers into court, and let the judge fix the blame, with appropriate penalties. Bring the responsibility for the traffic killings directly to the door of the reckless driver. Never mind the mere speeder, who is generally harmless, but concentrate on the man whose driving makes him a pest to the motoring world in general.

It was a plan, by the way, which had

the immediate approval and co-operation of the Automobile Club of Southern California. In fact, Mr. E. B. Lefferts, manager of the club's Public Safety Department, had made a survey of San Diego's somewhat shocking traffic conditions, and following a conference with city traffic officials, had recommended that a bureau should be established for the purpose of getting at the cause, and applying proper remedies.

"Here is our message to the drivers," said Captain Hill: "Drive any way you like, within reason—but heaven help you if you have an accident!"

With a stroke of the pen, the whole traffic schedule had been knocked into a cocked hat. No longer did the city's motorcycle men spend their time lying in wait for drivers whose speed along a boulevard might be twenty-eight, when the book gave twenty as the correct answer. Instead, they split up and began to prowl around, calling into headquarters every hour, keeping a weather eye on traffic in general and watching the danger spots especially. And it is strange how, today, they seem to bob up at the most inopportune moments, just after two cars have locked fenders! Here is something almost uncanny about it.

So far as it is humanly possible, the San Diego police propose to investigate every crash in the city, for in every accident they recognize a potential killing or a potential injury. If the fault is obviously that of one driver, he gets a summons for reckless driving and the other driver is called as a witness against him. If there is doubt as to who is to blame, each one gets a ticket, good for one trip to the judge.

And how has the plan worked, in the six months during which it has been tried?

Well—for one thing, San Diego's deaths from automobile accidents have suffered such a setback that the city has now dropped from first to fifth place, and is still sliding. Accidents as a whole have decreased, hospital business has slumped, and the drivers and pedestrians who start out in the morning are coming home under their own steam, in far greater numbers than before.

Figures, dry as they are, have their place in the scheme of things, and at imminent risk of losing his audience, the writer will here turn aside for the publication of a few numbers which will tell their own tale:

The first half of 1927 showed the casualty curve continuing in its upward course, from where the 1926 incline left off. There were, in that six months' period, 474 accidents and 594 personal casualties. Then, on July 1, came the "Be Safe or Be Sorry" campaign, and, bingo! the six months which followed, despite increased traffic volume, showed only 351 accidents, or a drop of 25.9 per cent. In the same period, the injuries went down to 425, or a decrease of 28.4 per cent. The totals for the two years, 1926 and 1927, were as follows: In 1926 there were 870 accidents, 1115 personal injuries and 41 deaths. In 1927, for the whole year, the accidents dropped to 825, the injuries to 1019, and the deaths to 34. And all this, mind you, in spite of the fact that the plan was in operation for

only the last half of the year, and the fact that there were, in 1927, just 5914 more automobiles in San Diego than there had been the year before. How great the reduction would have been had the plan been in force for a full twelve-month period, is problematical.

Data compiled in the traffic bureau by Sergeant Alvin W. Lyles shows some interesting things. First of all, Captain Hill's contention that the "Get-out-of-my-way" motorist is the worst offender, has been more than borne out. Failure to observe the right-of-way rules makes up the great majority of accident causes. Driving on the wrong side of the road is a poor second—a very poor second—and speeding is third. Fourth place goes to driving off the road, and the other causes dribble along to the foot of the list in decreasing numbers, their order being drunken driving, physically unfit drivers, passing boulevard stops, improper turning, disregard of traffic officers' signals, turning or stopping without signal, cutting in, and passing street cars.

The "time curve" of crashes presents an interesting zig-zag, which has been carefully plotted. Starting at midnight, it drops steadily to 3 a. m., when, apparently, no accidents occur. About 4 o'clock the milk-wagon drivers

Right — Police Captain Arthur E. Hill of San Diego, who has no particular fault to find with the mere speeder, but who is proving a veritable Nemesis to those involved in accidents



meet up with the products of the poker parties, and the curve starts up, with a pronounced peak occurring between 7 and 8 a. m. Then it dips until the shoppers and delivery wagons begin their struggle for supremacy, about 11 a. m. Time out for lunch lowers the curve, but it starts up again around one o'clock in the afternoon,



Chief of Police Joseph V. Doran of San Diego, who believes that the reckless driver must bear the full burden of responsibility for accidents

hits a peak at 3 p. m., drops a little at four, and then goes up like a rocket for the five to six peak, when the greatest number of accidents for the entire twenty-four hours take place. Either conscience or dinner engagements then keep the motorists out of mischief, but from seven to eight they are at it again, and the curve reaches almost the level of the afternoon peak. From eight until ten, while the theaters are receiving a heavy play, the ambulance crews have little to do, but at ten o'clock drivers who by this time are tired and sleepy make for their cars—and the little old curve goes up once more.

Is the San Diego plan working?

Yes—most emphatically yes! In fact, Los Angeles and other cities have already written asking for details of the scheme. And Captain Hill hopes that other cities will adopt it.

"It will simplify our task greatly," he says, "if drivers coming in from other communities already know that the man who gets himself into a wreck has an excellent chance of losing some money over it. Insurance may buy new fenders and pay doctors' bills, but it doesn't pay fines."

Is the San Diego plan a "drive?"

"I should say not," declares Chief Doran. "A drive lasts about a week, and then it is forgotten. This plan is here to stay."

Police have found that "drives" are of little value. Spasmodic attempts to enforce proper headlight equipment, proper brakes, legal speeds and other items have been shown to have virtually no value in promoting general safety. About all that they do is to stir up a little business for the accessory men, and stir up the motoring public against law enforcement in general.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42).



Accidents in San Diego formerly brought merely a crowd of curious spectators. Now they also bring an inquisitive officer—and explanations are in order

The Show Case

Presenting the New and Novel in Things for the Motor Car

By Gilland Mason

THE show case has a decidedly utilitarian appearance this month, doubtless because we are now in the season of year when curious folk are lifting hoods to glimpse the amazing array of mechanical whatnots while seasoned high-hatters in the motor world are silently confessing that yesterday's perfection of the automobile is today's best joke.

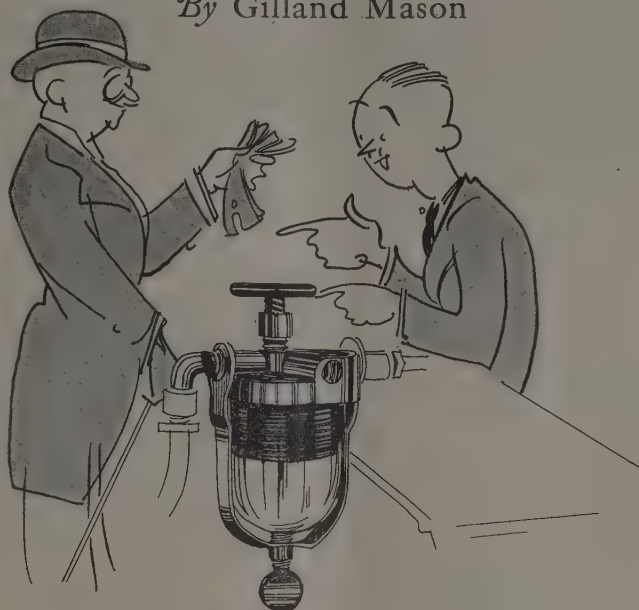
Take that new type oil filter—the innocent looking affair over in the corner. Bound up in its compact mechanism there is a big story of progress that will revolutionize the whole picture of efficiency devices when it is nationally released to that very important party generally known as the car owner, for here is a cleaner that cleans itself!

Hum this over again and get the significance of it. No more replacing cartridges. No more inactivity of the oil filter when it becomes clogged and while you are debating the advisability of investing in a new cartridge. No more expense for filtration service. And better filtration!

The "how" of this is simple enough. Instead of using a mesh screen the manufacturers of this new device have provided an assembly consisting of alternate discs and spacers. Cleaning blades, attached to a stationary post, are inserted between the discs. When you turn a handle at the top of the filter you rotate the disc assembly. Just one turn of the handle causes the cleaning blades to cut all dirt or lint from the cartridge.

It happened in Britain, the idea that gave birth to this improvement. The filter has been in use by leading continental manufacturers of motor cars, and in continental aviation it has proved itself 100 per cent efficient as well, according to reliable reports.

The American concern that is manufacturing it under license explains that the space between the discs is .003, which means in plain English that if you took an inch and divided it into a thousand parts and grouped three



A filter that cleans itself is one of the newest accessories to make its appearance

of these parts together they would be as thick as the space between the discs of this new filter. Such disc spacing is equivalent to 150-mesh screen, which is too fine to use for filtration purposes in connection with an automobile.

You see, if too fine a screen is used it soon clogs and the motorist would be put to a lot of trouble cleaning it or replacing it if it happened to be in cartridge form. With the self-cleaning feature, however, the matter of clogging is nothing to worry about.

While we're peering through the show case at this 1928 model cleaner it might be well to brush up on the fact that all of these oil filters are designed with by-passes which provide free circulation of the oil just the minute the filtration part begins to slow up circulation by reason of clogging. Efficiency, in short, is not permitted to en-

courage deficiency. But in the newest of the filters there is no good reason why any motorist should go along with such an efficiency device hitting on only five cylinders. A turn of the cleaning handle does the trick.

It begins to look like a continental invasion of accessories. We've imported four-wheel brakes, European-type engines and a lot of Parisian styles that combine to make our cars Ritzzy and then some. Now we're importing interesting fitments that are going to go a long way toward effacing that ring of conventionality that we have permitted to circle our motoring.

One of the newest products came over on the Leviathan. It tells you more about your car than you probably thought you ever needed to know. Mind you, it does the job without a single mechanical, electrical or magnetic connection with the working parts of the car itself.

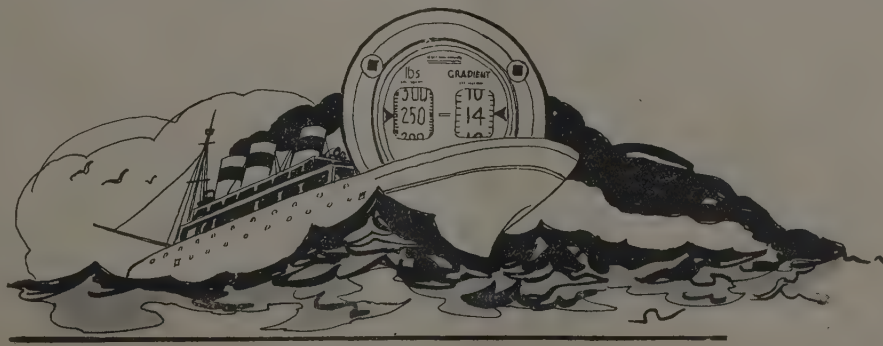
Give it a place to attach and it will do the rest automatically.

Provided, that is, you have a degree or two, or are one of those self-educated marvels who know what they mean by "gradient" or "pounds per ton." This device is known as a performance meter, and you would agree that it is well named if you could take it out of the show case, attach it to your car and study it for a while.

You really have to go that far with it to appreciate its many and varied uses, for not until you use it do you fully appreciate why it is necessary to know the various things it tells you. Some say that it will be as common as a speedometer within a few years and that it will be found to be even more indispensable. The purpose of this device is to give the driver of a car definite knowledge of the conditions under which he is

driving, and to indicate how his car performs under those conditions.

Powerful cars of the day do not indicate, through your own unreliable judgment, if they are up to snuff by way of performance. They have a throbbing power plant under the hood that will do a lot of work even if badly handicapped by its



This newest addition to the growing assortment of performance meters, tells almost everything one might want to know about one's automobile. It came from England recently—on the Leviathan

own pains and aches, especially if the grades are not unusual. Yet power is continuously being wasted and the machine is crying out for service.

Not so, however, when there is a performance meter on the instrument panel or attached to the steering post in plain view of the driver. While the device seems complicated because of the many things it tells about a car, it is simple enough. Two numbered dials swing around and are visible through two windows in the face of the meter. Figures that show the pull exerted by the engine are black on white background, while those indicating resistance are white on black backing. This covers the dial to the left, which is the strictly performance side of the meter.

To the right there is the gradient dial. Ascents are indicated in black numerals on white, while descents are shown on a black background, the numerals being white. The



This steering-wheel knob makes driving in traffic a cinch and the negotiating of left turns a positive pleasure, 'tis said

figures in all cases are large and distinct enough so that they make their visual impression without necessitating your squinting.

Here's one thing this device will do. Suppose you are not sure whether your car picks up as it should? Well, that's simple enough to determine with a device of this sort. You drive at ten miles an hour on a level road and then depress the accelerator fully; in other words, you step on the gas, and as the car gains speed you note the movement of the left dial of the performance meter. Somewhere between ten and twenty miles an hour it will reach a maximum reading. If the figure does not reach 100 net pounds pull, in high gear, the car is defective and has no legal right to be meandering around present high-speed traffic.

With such a device, among many other things, you can tell how steep a decline will be safe with your brakes in their present condition, as well as the actual grades both up and down over which you are traveling.

Something that doesn't require any mental cooperation and which can be a great factor for comfort in your traffic driving is that ingenious device resting so calmly on the lower shelf of the show case. Whoever said "all for the ladies" certainly didn't

know his modern history, for it is just such an article as this that demonstrates beyond a doubt that in this age of gasoline and steel it's "all for the motorist."

This device is a revolving knob that attaches to the steering wheel rim. When you want to make one of those graceful, complete turns of the wheel you simply grasp this knob and go to it. Instead of getting your wrist into a variety of angles or finding it necessary to let go and grasp the wheel anew you just hold the knob and let it do the acrobatic work.

Someone who saw this device the other day didn't quite see what use it was. For the benefit of many others who drive more or less by rote and who do not experiment for the purpose of enjoying new comfort in steering, let us say that this steering wheel

accessory is particularly useful when swinging around corners in traffic, especially when one uses the left hand to signal.

Grasping the knob and pulling the wheel in the desired direction saves a lot of awkward maneuvering and minimizes the chances of a traffic accident.

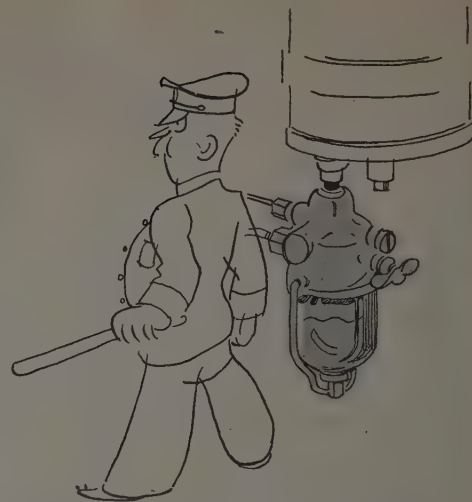
Who was it that said the wiggling blade of the automatic windshield wiper annoyed him? Well, he probably wasn't the only one who felt a bit uneasy seeing the blade constantly cross his vision, and so one enterprising manufacturer offers a felt insert for the wiper blade. It replaces the usual rubber one and offers an advantage in the fact that it squeezes on a chemical that keeps the vision area of the windshield clear for comparatively long periods.

Continuous wiping is unnecessary with this detailed improvement. Incidentally, this is another importation from across the Atlantic.

Now for a purely American idea, one that is not only ingenious but that should end forever the tragedy of running out of oil without knowing about it in advance.



With this special blade windshield wiping becomes an occasional rather than a continuous operation



The watchdog of the motor is this device which is designed to shut off an automobile's gasoline supply when oil circulation is interfered with, thus safeguarding against burned-out bearings, scored pistons, etc.

We respectfully call your attention to what looks to be a mere gasoline filter but which, in reality, is a watch-dog of the motor. When the oil stops circulating, for any reason, or the pressure fails, this instrument shuts off the supply of gasoline to the carburetor. The engine stops and you are obliged to get out and investigate.

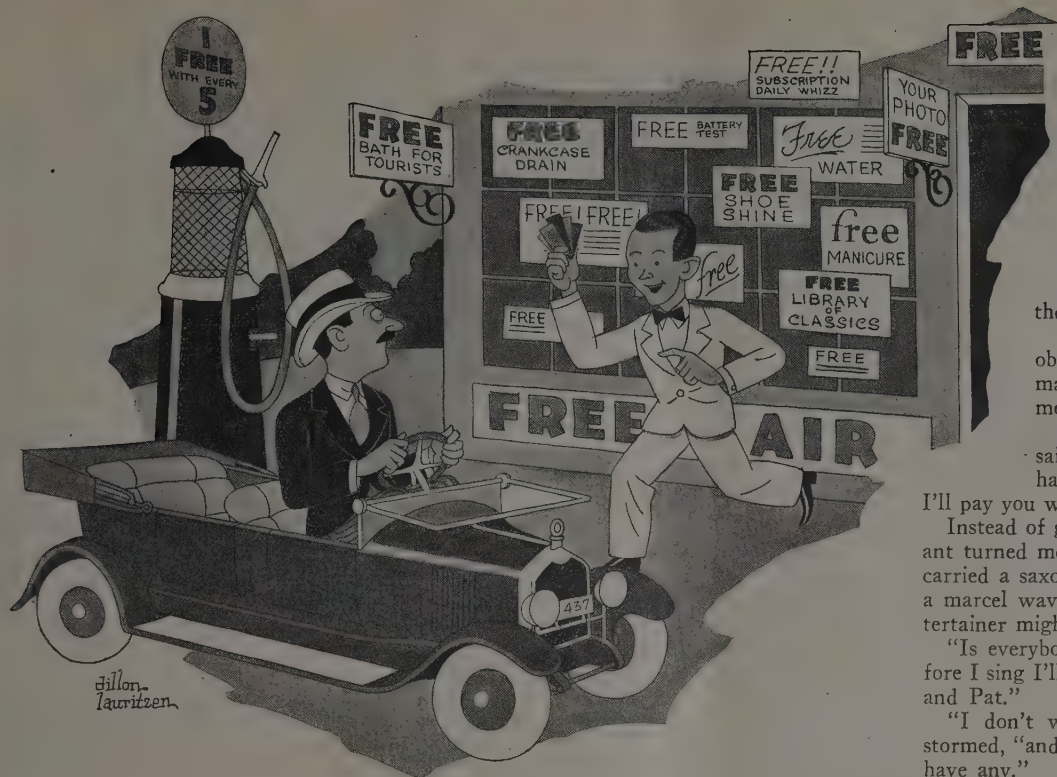
Picture your enthusiasm for such a device if, upon raising the hood, you find that there is no oil in the engine or that the oil is not circulating. You have been spared the expense of having the engine overhauled for if you proceed without oil, bearings burn out and the pistons freeze in their cylinders.

It's half the battle to know what's wrong. With that much settled it is usually a simple matter to know how to proceed without getting into any further difficulties.

A feature of this device that should appeal to motorists who have followed the custom of putting a little lubricating oil in the gasoline when breaking in new cars is provision for automatic mixing of oil with gasoline at the filtering mechanism. An accurate mixture can be obtained in this way and it can be begun or discontinued by a mere turn of an adjusting screw. Oil in the gas, incidentally, is one way to fight sticking valves.

Another device which soon may join the galaxy of performance instruments on the dashboard has been produced in Germany. It is known as a tire condition indicator, registering air pressure in all tires. It operates electrically from the tire valves through a series of contacts to the recording instrument. The arrangement is an elaborate one and quite complicated. This fact, however, probably will not deter Europeans, with their penchant for knick-knacks, from installing this newest of accessories. Doubtless it will appeal to many particular Americans, as well, but its widespread popularity is dubious.

And so to the service department to have some of these fitments attached to the car.



TRY and Buy Some Gas—Just Try

By Joe Mears

I DROVE my car into a filling station the other day. I intended to buy five gallons of gas, because my tank was about as dry as a wild cat oil well.

As soon as I had stopped alongside a gas pump, my gaze was monopolized by a number of attractive but compelling signs. They read: Free air, free water, free battery test, free crankcase drain, free bath for tourists, free manicure, free shoe shine, free windshield wash, free library of classics, one gallon free with every five, free subscription to the *Daily Wheeze* with every quart of oil and other legends of similar generosity.

Before I had finished reading these enticing signs, an immaculately clad youth tendered me half a dozen printed cards. He explained politely, yet somewhat plaintively, that if I would sign the cards (absolutely no obligation) I would get free chances on a radio set, balloon tire, \$3 in cash, a phonograph, washing machine, a Pushmobile Eight, an enlargement in colors of my

wife's mother's favorite portrait, a chance to star in the movies, ten shares of stock in a rabbitry and a carton of cigarettes.

It was all free, so I signed all of the cards and filled my pockets with the stubs.

"I really hate to bother you," I commenced, "but I think I am about out of gas. Could I persuade you to put a little juice in my tank? I can get along on four gallons."

Paying about as much attention to my request as France did to Uncle Sam's latest dun, the attendant introduced me to another man dressed in a similar white uniform. This servitor proceeded to instruct me in the many features of the service station.

"If you can spare a few moments of your time," said the suave young oil magnate in the making, "I would like to call to your attention the fact that our gas pumps are error proof. All operations, such as filling, discharging or draining are interlocking, so that only one can function at a time, thus the pump can neither bilk nor be bilked."

"Observe the drain-back feature. Gasoline remaining in the glass cylinder is automatically returned to the storage tank when the revolving doors are closed at night. These pumps are approved by the International Board of Fire Underwriters, the Republican party, the Ladies' Aid and the Chamber of Commerce."

I was impressed but simply observed that I was not in the market for a gas pump but merely some gasoline.

With ill-concealed sarcasm I said: "Please mister, may I have just THREE gallons—I'll pay you well."

Instead of granting my plea, this attendant turned me over to another youth, who carried a saxophone in his hands. He had a marcel wave and looked like a radio entertainer might. A tenor, maybe.

"Is everybody happy?" he asked. "Before I sing I'll tell you the joke about Mike and Pat."

"I don't want any vaudeville acts," I stormed, "and BY GOSH I'm not going to have any."

"Well, if you haven't heard it I'll go ahead," he replied.

He told an old wheeze.

Just then up walked a pompous individual, dressed in a business suit of conservative cut with a chrysanthemum in the lapel of his coat.

"I am the proprietor and director of public relations," he explained, "I am very glad to make your acquaintance. You are just in time to join our foursome out at the Flintrock Golf Club. We'll dash off 36 holes and get home in time to take dinner at the Athletic Club. My beautiful daughter, pardon my boasting, will be pleased to meet you. You are not married are you? Anyway, it's no never mind. Have a smoke. Have a drink. Have a couple cigars and here, take this pint and put it in your pocket."

Shamefacedly, I whispered, "Please, can't I have just one little, tiny gallon of gas? You'll never miss it."

By this time my car had been greased and oiled, washed and polished, the top re-finished and a couple of fenders replaced, the upholstery vacuum-cleaned, all free of charge, and seeing that I was then an hour late for an appointment, I got in my car and drove away.

As my appointment was with a customer who lived in the suburbs, I sped on through the city, past hundreds of other stations.

Out in the country, my motor coughed a few times and gently expired. I examined the gas tank and found it was empty. It was three miles to the nearest filling station, so I trudged on through an avenue lined with billboards advertising gasoline to a lonely rural grocery store where I got a gallon can of gas.

Ships, Men and Gold

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24)

steamships of today.

San Francisco was jubilant over the *Flying Cloud's* performance, for now that the passage had been made in three months, the newcomer to California felt that he was much nearer his home in the east. It is difficult to imagine the way in which a prediction of the time it now takes to travel the distance, by rail, would have been accepted.

The voyage of the *Challenge*, under Captain Waterman, shows us that the captains often had more to contend with than whims and fancies of Neptune and the bellowing wrath of Thor. Some of the crew were the most desperate thugs of New York and all were cutthroats and rascals; only six were found to be able seamen. However, it was not until the pilot had been left and the ship was well out of New York Harbor that Captain Waterman fully realized with what a lot of roughnecks he had to contend. After seriously considering returning to port and procuring a new crew, he decided to continue, in consequence of the involvement of heavy expense to the owners together with keen disappointment to the shippers of his cargo. The crew of sixty-four, with the exception of two men and eight boys, was foreign, chiefly European. Captain Waterman had to think and act quickly. Mr. Douglas, his chief mate, was given certain instructions and the crew called amidships. Here the captain spent some few minutes telling the men just what was expected of them and what was to be done in the way of castigation, in the event that they fell below his expectations. During this impromptu speech, Douglas and the other officers had been busy confiscating bottles of rum, knuckledusters, bowie-knives, sling-shots and pistols from the sailors' chests and duffle-bags. These men had all shipped as sailors but were only blackguards of the worst color, attempting to reach the gold mines in this manner.

The watches were chosen and, as each man was sent to his station, the ship-carpenter broke the point of his knife on a block. It was later discovered that a third of the men had contracted a virulent skin disease ashore and as it was a particularly difficult plague to cure at sea, things took on a very forbidding aspect. The sailroom was made into a sick-bay and every precaution was taken to prevent the spread of the infection.

However, five of the men died during the passage and eight were still in their bunks when the ship arrived in San Francisco. At first the officers carried arms constantly, but as the days passed and the crew appeared to have been whipped into submission and proficiency, this precaution was neglected. One morning, off the coast of Rio de Janeiro as Captain Waterman was taking sights with his sextant, he was startled by cries from the starboard mainmast shrouds. Turning he saw his chief

mate, Douglas, fighting off four of the crew armed with knives. The captain rushed toward the scene and picking up a heavy marlin-spike gave each of the mutineers a crushing blow on the skull. They fell on the deck, two unconscious and two dead. Douglas, with at least a dozen knife wounds, had narrowly escaped death. From then on, the officers carried arms, and there were no more uprisings on board.

In a storm off Cape Horn three men fell from aloft and met death, one by drowning and two by hitting the deck. They were given a proper burial at sea, although the ship was not "hove to," due to the stormy weather.

From there on the *Challenge* found moderate westerly winds and finally arrived in "Frisco," 108 days out of New York. Soon, as usual, a throng of shoremen took the crew and their belongings ashore, leaving the officers helpless to stow the sails and clear decks after the ship was alongside the wharf. They had to hire stevedores and longshoremen, at three to five dollars an hour, to do the work for which the crew had already been paid.

Once ashore the mutinous crew had wild tales to tell of the inhuman treatment they had received aboard the *Challenge*. They told of men being shot like birds of prey, from the rigging; of dropping dead men overboard without any ceremony or proper burial; of the arch-fiend, Captain Waterman, who had murdered men without cause, and of many other fanciful cruelties and deprivations.

Upon investigation of the facts of the case, it was found that Captain Waterman had not only brought his ship safely through extremely rough weather, but also had done exceptionally well in reaching port at all with the crew of rascals he had shipped in New York. Together with Captain A. A. Ritchie, he retired from the sea and founded the town of Fairfield, California, in Solano County.

It had become a habit of the commanders of the clippers to drive their ships at top speed, night and day. This straining of hull and running gear had its inevitable effect upon the ships; their first voyages were almost invariably their fastest ones.

Although August was probably the worst month of the year for rapid passages, owing to the light and variable winds, this month of 1851 saw the start of one of the best races to California of the year. On the first of the month Captain Frazer took the *Sea Witch* out of Sandy Hook, closely followed by the *Typhoon*, under Captain Salter, on the 4th, while Captain Henry's *Raven* passed Boston light on the 6th. Slowly working their way to the equator, drifting with unexpected speed through the horse-latitudes of the Cancer belt and the baffling doldrums, they gradually came closer together. The *Sea-Witch* still held her lead at the

equator, but the *Raven* had gained two days on the *Typhoon*, in spite of her farther point of departure, and crossed this latitude on the same day; both ships being only two days behind the speedy *Sea-Witch*. At latitude 50° south the *Raven* sighted the *Sea-Witch*, while the *Typhoon*, the largest of the three, was churning along only two days astern. Here the race began in earnest. Lighter sails were stowed below, extra spars were doubly lashed, as were all deck fittings and the boats, and everyone prepared for the perilous beat to windward around Cape Horn. Heavy westerly gales knocked them about for fourteen days and nights; from horizon to horizon, watching every whim of the elements, the captains reefed and shook, furlled and set, in order to gain any possible vantage point. The *Sea-Witch* and the *Raven* sailed tack for tack and point for point, over long, broad-backed, and white-crested seas, first one, then the other having a slight lead.

The *Typhoon*, here helped by her superior strength and size, gained a day on her rivals and the three ships started northward, from fifty degrees south in the Pacific within a few hours sail of each other. The westerly monsoons sent them swirling through heavy green combers with remarkable speed. With all sails set and her lee waists smothered, the *Sea-Witch* found herself, and ran four days ahead to the equator, while the *Raven* led the *Typhoon* by two days. Now on the starboard tack, close-hauled, heading northward the *Typhoon* again found her length and power helping her, she came up to her competitors, passed, and led them both into port; the *Raven*, for the first time fairly headed the *Sea-Witch*. The *Raven* had won, owing to her late start, and the *Typhoon* had vanquished the smart *Sea-Witch*. The *Raven's* 105 days from Boston; the *Typhoon's* 106 days from New York, and even the *Sea-Witch's* passage of 110 from Sandy Hook, were all exceptionally fine passages for this month.

In order to realize the speed required to make the passage in 110 days it is well to compare the clipper ship passages with those of other ships made during this year: the *Capitol* took 300 days from Boston, the *Arthur* 200 days from New York, the *Henry Allen* 225, and the *Cornwallis* 204 days from the same port. The logbooks of these passages contained accounts of wearisome days in calms, terrible weeks bucking gales, and untold labor and suffering.

Barring, perhaps, the *Flying Cloud's* passage in 89 days, the most noteworthy of the year was the *Fanny's* voyage from Boston. The *Fanny* was a schooner, pilot-boat of eighty-four tons. She measured seventy-one feet over-all and had a beam of eighteen feet. She had been built the year before by Daniel Kelly. William Kelly, a brother of the builder, sailed her through the Straits of Magellan

and into San Francisco Harbor only 108 days from East Boston. This passage showed superlative courage and skill on the part of Captain Kelly and his brave crew.

The years of 1852 to 1854 marked the building of many more and larger ships, all true and extreme clippers, all with enviable records to their credit, while 1855 marked the zenith of the California clipper ship era. Although no records for speed were broken during these years there were many new marks set in ship building. Donald McKay's ships perhaps performed most meritoriously. The *Sovereign of the Seas*, *Westward Ho!*, and the *Great Republic* were the most important.

The *Great Republic* was intended not for the California passages but for the Australian trade. She was truly the leviathan of clipper ships. When she rushed from her smoking ways in the yards of Donald McKay, in East Boston, there was a mighty celebration. A public holiday was declared and thousands of people were present to witness the gala event. She was 4555 tons register and measured 335 feet, with a depth of thirty-eight feet and a breadth of fifty-three feet. She had four masts and carried an enormous press of canvas. Her mainmast, including a twelve-foot pole, towered 288 feet above her polished decks. Her main-yard measured 110 feet. Her long, black hull was extremely graceful and a golden eagle with wings extended adorned her stern. Her sharp, long, prow was completed by an artistically carved eagle's head. The best of materials were lavished upon this magnificent vessel and nothing was left undone to make her the finest ship afloat.

Unfortunately, she was never to make a voyage under her present rig. While loading for her maiden passage in New York, she was partially burned, and although she was eventually refitted and sailed, she never came up to the expectations of her original rig.

The *Lightning*, with a beautiful figurehead representing a maiden with a thunder-bolt in her outstretched hand, was McKay's fastest ship. She sailed, in the North Atlantic, for four days with an average speed of 17½ knots, or faster than many liners of today.

There were many other notable ships built during the years following 1855, but few came up to those already built. The *Andrew Jackson* was built in 1855, but it was not until several years later that she developed her wonderful speed records. In 1860 she was sailed by Captain J. E. Williams from New York to San Francisco in eighty-nine days, beating the *Flying Cloud's* passage by a few hours. The *Flying Cloud* had, however, repeated her performance of 1851 in 1854 and thus held her record by virtue of her consistent speed.

The winds favored the return passage from California rather than the outward passage and therefore the record of the *Northern*

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Light, which arrived in New York 76 days after her departure from California, is not altogether surprising.

Not infrequently the commanders took their wives on their trips. Mrs. Creesy always accompanied Captain Creesy on the *Flying Cloud*. Also Captain Patten often had his wife with him on *Neptune's Car*. In 1856 *Neptune's Car* was beating around Cape Horn when the first officer was put in chains for neglect of duty and incompetency. Soon afterwards Captain Patten became very ill. The second officer, although a good seaman, was utterly unable to navigate the ship. Mrs. Patten, then only nineteen years of age, took command and sailed, with a crew of eighty-six men, the heavy-sparred clipper to San Francisco, at which port she arrived fifty-two days later. Besides this tremendous task, for a young woman, she was at her husband's bedside at every possible moment, acting both as nurse and physician to him.

The later day clippers, plying the waters of two oceans with cargoes of Chinese tea, mark the last stand before the "fire-eating" steamers. Memorable among the events of this commerce was the race of five British ships, from Foochow to London. The *Ariel*, the *Taeeping*, the *Serica*, the *Fiery-Cross*, and the *Tailsing* sailed from Pagoda Anchorage within a few days of each other, the last of May of the year 1866. Ninety-nine days later the first three vessels docked at London, just two days before the last two. They had sailed 16,000 miles and the difference in the elapsed time of the first two was twelve minutes. This contest was one of the grandest ocean races

ever held, partially because of the number of ships, all evenly matched, taking part in it, but chiefly by reason of the close and most exciting finish.

But steam was rapidly making inroads upon their traffic and the clippers were nearing the end of their glorious supremacy of the sea. A ditch through the sand-hills of Suez and later the Panama Canal double-locked the door on sailing ships. Almost at the height of their glory the bustling eastern ship-yards turned their attention to steamships. The ship chandlers changed their merchandise; wood-carvers, riggers, sail-makers, and scores of other craftsmen turned to the new triumph of man over the boundless oceans. We had progressed another step in conquering the elements, but had left behind an era which will long be remembered for its romantic and adventurous aspect.

Steamships have, no doubt, been a great boon to mankind and are contributing a marvelous page to the history of the world, but certainly the colorful days of the clipper ship can not be forgotten. James W. Coffroth, a well-known sportsman, purchased recently the former clipper ship *Star of India* for the Zoological Society of San Diego, which will make a maritime museum of it and thus do a poor best to give fitting honor to the famous era. The *Star of India* thus ends a career of sixty-four years which saw her in every part of the world, on every possible mission. Her beautiful, carved figure-head, her trim lines, her towering spars, and even her romantic name are a sight to gladden the eye and heart of even the land-locked sailors of our day.

Sirens of the Sands

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

hear about in connection with a mirage. It is a modern city, with office buildings many stories high. Street cars, automobiles and pedestrians can be plainly seen moving on the streets. Some years ago, a man happened to be here when it was showing unusually well, and he recognized it as the city of Stockton. Having lived in that city for years, he said that he was absolutely sure he was right. There were certain buildings that he recognized without a doubt—buildings that he claimed to have entered many times. No one has been able to explain just what conditions cause it, but it always happens in the summer time, on hot days. It seems, too, that the sun has to be in a certain position, for the city disappears after the sun has changed. It has been seen by a great many people in the past few years."

Many conditions, among them the fact that the dry lake in question lies in a direction from Bagdad opposite to that of Stockton, might render this story a little difficult to assimilate. But after all, what can be said in contradiction of so great a cloud of witnesses?

Between the Panamint and Slate ranges lies Panamint Valley, a long, troughlike depression on the floor of which are dry lakes incrustated with snow-white chemicals. Climatic conditions in the summer are on a par with those of Death Valley, lying just beyond the lofty Panamints; hence the human population during that season is not numerous. Situated on the east side of this valley is Ballarat, once a mining town of considerable size, but now a mere shell, with most of its adobe buildings in ruins. A few prospectors, still clinging to the hope that untold wealth awaits them somewhere in the desert fastness, make their headquarters in the old buildings. Adjacent to this ghost town are dry lakes and chemical marshes, ideal playgrounds for mirages, which have been observed here in many forms. A friend of the writer who has thoroughly explored this region tells of having seen phenomena of this character which are of unusual interest.

On a dry lake some miles south of Ballarat, according to him, conditions are unusually good for peculiar mirages. A short time ago, just after a cloudburst, he observed a full-rigged ship, apparently sailing over its glimmering surface. As it appeared to be no more than four miles distant, he had an excellent opportunity to study that phantom barque carefully. Every detail stood out in sharp relief; she was a three-masted ship with all sails set, and the masts were standing at an angle that indicated that a good stiff breeze was pushing her along at a fair rate of speed. For fifteen or twenty minutes it was in sight; then it vanished like a wraith.

"One of the weirdest sights out here on the dry lakes," he said, "and one that I have often seen, is

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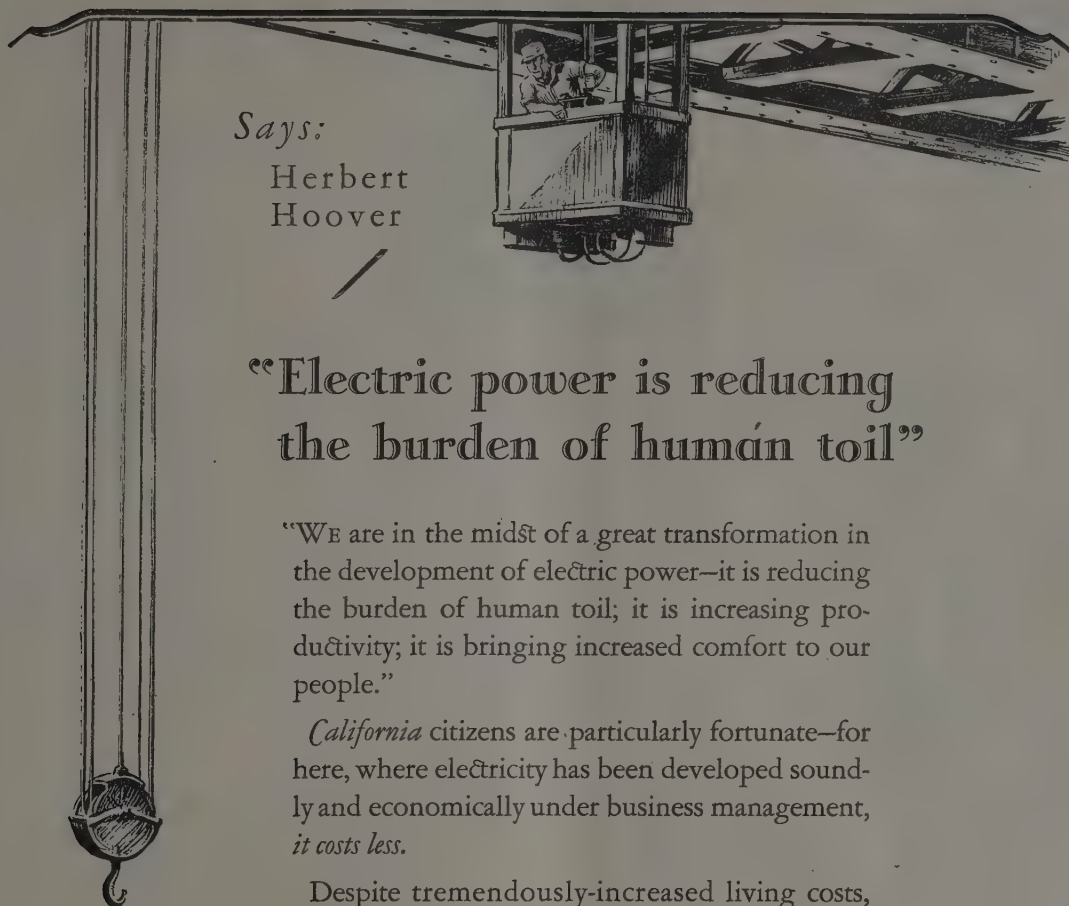


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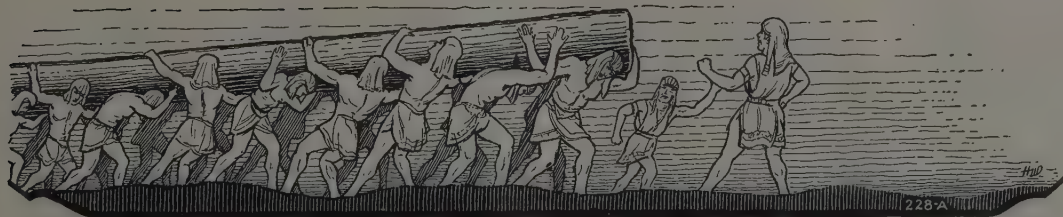
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a bunch of burros walking around in the air. The burros are actually walking on the lake bed, but they appear to be off the ground, sometimes as much as a hundred feet. Think of a burro of all animals floating around in the air!"

An interesting effect of mirage which the writer has frequently observed in the desert, is the vertical elongation of a portion of a distant object. A burro once appeared to be stalking along on legs that resembled stilts, while the body remained normal; then with a passage into another air stratum, the legs appeared to be of normal length, while the body which they carried seemed to be several times its natural height.

A few years ago the distributor for a well-known make of car was conducting some speed tests on the dry lake at Muroc. It was a hot day, and the heat waves danced and wavered over the broad, flat *playa* that stretched away for miles. Then, as if some unseen magician had waved his hand, a house appeared not far away. It was a structure of one story, with a high sloping roof. Then, even as they gazed, it was suddenly transformed into a house of two stories. One of the members of the party, who knew the caprices of the desert, stated that it was a mirage, but another man, overcome by curiosity, got in a car and set out to investigate. After he had gone a short distance, the house disap-

peared, but he continued toward the spot where it had been seen. At a distance of a mile he found a blanket which had been lost by some passing traveler; the wind was blowing it across the *playa*, changing its position and its height constantly. So magnified and distorted were the light rays coming from that blanket during their passage through the super-heated strata of air, that a spectacular illusion resulted.

Death Valley, with its dense atmosphere and its terrific heat, its dry lakes and marshes, has long been known as the home of weird and spectacular mirages. The writer's friend tells of an acquaintance who once stood at Furnace Creek Ranch, and saw, at a distance of several miles, a number of Indians crossing the lake on horseback, riding toward him in single file. They appeared to be more than a hundred feet above the surface of the lake, and the horses seemed to be walking on thin air. Due to the distance that separated them from the ranch, he was able to study the phenomenon for some time. The height at which they appeared to be above the surface of the lake remained constant until they had approached to within a mile of the ranch, when they seemed to return gradually to earth.

There is a prospector of the old school who has spent the past fifty years in the desert regions of California and Nevada. Summer and

winter have found him seeking treasure in the remotest corners of this little known land. To him the desert is as an open book; he knows it with an intimacy that can be gained only by long contact. Mirage-visions he has seen in plenty out there in the wasteland, and the tales of these are without doubt the most remarkable on record.

"Several years ago," he said, "when I was over at Silver Lake, I was hiking along the road with an empty canteen, and my tongue was hanging out a foot or so. I was beginning to feel that I was in for a bad time of it when, about five or six miles ahead of me, I saw a sixteen-mule freight team with three wagons. Figuring that my troubles would be over if I could overhaul the outfit, I gathered in my second wind, stepped on the gas, and set out to catch up with it. I gained rapidly, and was feeling mighty happy to think that in a short while I could moisten my tongue until suddenly, when I was within about a mile of it, it disappeared without leaving a trace. Fortunately I was heading in the right direction for a water-hole a couple of miles farther on and was able to make it, although considerably the worse for wear. After I had recovered, I cursed myself plenty for being tenderfoot enough to follow a mirage, but I'll have to admit that seeing this outfit, and having it put extra pep into me as it did, probably saved my life.

"Once between Salt Creek and Furnace Creek in Death Valley, a

long freight train passed me. In my younger days, practically all my traveling was done in side door Pullmans and on the rods. This train was so close that only a sharp and sudden twinge of the rheumatism kept me from swinging underneath for a ride into Furnace Creek.

"Another time, at Surveyor's Wells, also in Death Valley, I saw a bunch of pack trains. They were so thick that I couldn't count them. It seemed as if the whole valley was full of them. Actually there wasn't a man or an animal within miles, but they appeared as real as anything could possibly be."

Science as applied to the refraction of light rays through air strata of varying densities may be at a loss to account for the phenomena described by these stories, but an explanation possibly lies in the psychological principles involved.

The mirage has not confined its spell to the emigrants with covered wagons, nor yet to the prospectors who make the desert their home. The modern motor car has awakened in us a latent desire to fare forth and see for ourselves the wonders which hitherto we had been privileged to explore only vicariously through the medium of the printed page. From the stressful life of the present time the soul requires an occasional respite for a spiritual stock taking, and for regaining a perspective of the eternal scheme which guides the destiny of man. Silent, peaceful, inscrutable, the desert has beckoned, and we have heeded her call. So the mild-

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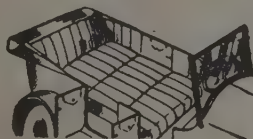
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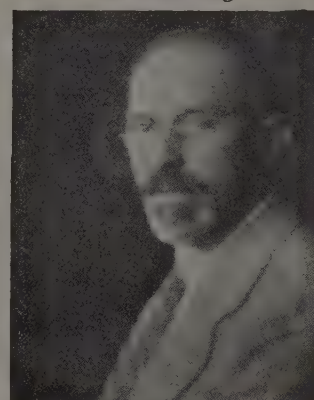
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er winter months, in which the desert has become a veritable Garden of Allah, see an exodus from the city of a great caravan of motor cars, bearing thousands who, like the prophets of Israel, seek a haven of rest in the wilderness.

As a winter resort, the desert has

come into its own; but intense heat of the summer reduces the tide of travel on desert byways to a low ebb. To those who brave the terrors—often greatly exaggerated—of the blazing sun and parching sands, is often vouchsafed a glimpse into a realm of fantastic

unreality—a transition from the materialism of modern existence to a land that is replete with chimerical illusions. For here is a colossal stage where scenes are constantly appearing and fading, growing and diminishing, playing

havoc with the visual sense and the rational judgment. Returning from that domain of secrecy, the wayfarer often finds himself at a loss, in his tales of what he has beheld within its borders, to distinguish between fact and fancy.

A Police Chief Went Up---

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

"Drives against speeders," says Captain Hill, "are about as useful as a traffic cop with no arms. It is true that 'speed drives' have brought lessened accidents, but that is because the motorist, anxiously watching for speed cops, sees other cars approaching, and is generally in better control of his car. But the public hate them; they hate them worse than frog pie. And it reacts unfavorably. When a man is arrested for doing thirty miles an hour on a deserted street, late at night, he gets sore about it, and so do all of his friends. You'd get sore yourself—and so would I! That resentment militates against the police in general, and a chance for valuable co-operation is lost. *The police and the public must be on friendly terms.* If they are not, all is lost. I believe in the European system, where they have no speed laws at all, but if you have an accident, you go to jail, and it's up to you to talk your way out. As a result, they just simply don't have accidents. Drives against minor violations are of minor importance. The thing is to get after the reckless driver, and to keep

after him. Remember this—the speeder has lots of friends, and he is by no means the worst offender. The reckless driver, especially if he has run over somebody or chased a peaceful motorist up a tree, hasn't a friend in the world."

The plan to penalize the reckless driver has not been all smooth sailing. There have been objections and political wire-pulling. The "wrong" driver has occasionally been brought to book for his recklessness, and only a policeman knows what pressure will be brought to bear if a favorite son is molested in his mad career! But they have stood their ground, those San Diego officers, and are continuing to do so. Another little scheme which had to be nipped in the bud was that of a firm of ambulance-chasing "adjusters" who moved in from out of town and descended like vultures upon the traffic bureau. They made pests of themselves, getting under foot and sticking their noses into any kind of report which might hold clues to possible damage suits. Finally they were ordered out. They rebelled; the traffic reports were public docu-

ments, and by ginger, they would see them! They locked horns with the police, but today the handsome gold-leafed legend on their office door has been replaced with a simple cardboard placard bearing two words, "To Let."

And so the work goes on. Drivers, even though they may be acquitted, do not like to give up their time to defend themselves in police court, and so they are keeping out of court by driving carefully. In the six months since the plan was put into effect, there has only been one repeater. The traffic officers are going after the reckless driver, and are looking with more breadth of mind upon mere speeding. Of course, the speed law is still on the statute books and is still enforced, but it is enforced exclusively where a motorist's speed across an intersection or other danger-point is such that he is a menace either to the general public or to himself. An officer does not "write up" a man unless the speeding has taken place in a locality the physical characteristics of which place it in the extra-hazardous class. In San Diego today, if you drive in a sane

and respectable manner and keep your eyes on the roadway instead of on the scenery you will have little to fear.

"It is only right and proper," says Captain Hill, "that due credit be given to the auto club. They have co-operated with us to a high degree, and their friendly assistance has undoubtedly had no small part to play in the success of the plan. Lack of co-operation from this quarter might easily have spiked our guns in the opening of the campaign, and left us right where we were. It is a pleasure to acknowledge their aid, which has been invaluable."

In summing up his report on how the plan has worked, Captain Hill says:

"It is not contended that the policy of investigation and arrests forming an integral part of the new traffic system is responsible solely for these gratifying results. The installation of boulevard stops and traffic markers, automatic signals and other safety devices, together with the police safety programs broadcast from Station K.F.S.D. every Thursday evening



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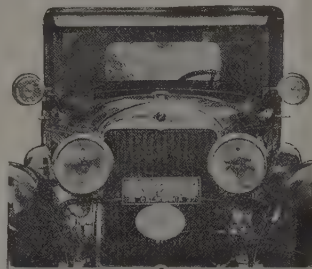
The S & M Oval-Lite has been acclaimed by thousands of motorists the most valuable auxiliary lighting unit ever made. When you first drive behind this remarkable lamp you, too, will form a definite decision to never again drive without it. The tremendous beam spread, 100 ft. wide at a distance of 75 ft., provides a new conception of motoring pleasure and safety.

ASK YOUR DEALER

If your dealer cannot supply you, call at our service department.



S & M Lamp Co.
118 W. 36th St.
Los Angeles



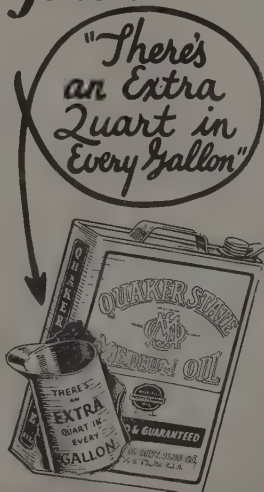
An ideal lighting combination for Safety—an S & M Oval-Lite and two S & M Spot-Lites. Entirely legal in California.

Quaker State Super refined

Do not say "Give me a quart of Eastern oil." Say "Give me a quart of Quaker State" and you can rest assured that you will get one full quart of service. And you can also rest assured that Quaker State will prove an economy, not only in your yearly expenditure for oil, but even more in improved running and freedom from wear and repairs.

For any car, large or small, Quaker State is the best and most economical oil you can use. But to insure proper lubrication—ask for Quaker State by name.

Quaker State Medium 35c
Quaker State Heavy - 40c



Quaker State Oil Refining Co. of Calif.
654 East Sixtieth St. ~ 1240 Seventeenth St.
Los Angeles San Francisco

from 7 to 8 p. m. throughout the year, whereby a minimum of 160,000 persons were reached, played a large part in the final reckoning. In addition, the whole-hearted and generous support of the press, the court and the public in general has been no small factor in the removal from San Diego of the stigma of being ahead of the rest of the cities of the United States in the number of fatal accidents in proportion to population.

"At the same time, however, it is the contention of the Traffic Division, after a thorough survey of

conditions and a close examination of results, that the new system of traffic regulation has been a dominant factor in bringing home to each individual driver the all-important lesson that he will be held responsible for his own lawless acts; that he will be arrested if he is the cause of an accident, and that the intermittent enforcement of speed laws and the spasmodic execution of minor regulations are of minor consequence as compared with a definite and continued policy of making the automobile driver cognizant of his own inherent and inescapable responsibility."

Club Achievements During 1927

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

given to your Club by the newspapers not only of Southern California but the entire country during the year. More and more the Club is becoming recognized by editors as a clearing-house of constructive news relating to motor vehicles. Through its News Department the activities of your Club are passed along by the Associated Press, the United Press, syndicates, feature writers and newspapers. Clippings received show a total of 25,055 items that emanated from the News Department, a gain of approximately 10 per cent over 1926. A total of 2554 items were published outside of California, a gain of 46 per cent. In the publication of photographs depicting club activities there was a gain of 210 per cent.

Touring Topics

Touring Topics increased its editorial content 25 per cent during the year and its circulation averaged 108,822. Considerable space has been given to important episodes in California history and to the natural science of the State. The magazine is being widely used as supplemental reading in the public schools of Southern California.

Speakers' Bureau

The demand for the services of the Speakers' Bureau continues to be strong. During the year eleven members of the bureau made 148 addresses.

Personnel Department

One of the good results of the work of this department may be noted in the report of a labor turnover of 17.82 per cent as compared with a turnover of 24.46 per cent in 1926. The telephone exchange is now using the maximum capacity of the panels and is handling a daily average of nearly 4000 incoming and outgoing calls.

Official Hotel and Garage Department

Through the Hotel Department 2230 hotel and resort reservations were made and 36,927 telephone calls were answered and information given. There are now 146 official hotels under contract, 32 being added during the year, and 300 garages, 56 being added in 1927.

The Emergency Road Service responded to 39,845 calls from club members in trouble on the road, the service rendered effecting a saving at regular commercial rates of \$199,225.

The Highway Patrol Service encountered and started on the road or towed to garages 21,379 disabled cars. Other services rendered were: Stolen cars found, 52; lost articles picked up, 116; injured persons given medical aid, 142; women extended tire service, 737; information inquiries answered, 8403; maps distributed, 626; traffic directed, 592; piles of glass swept away, 7293; gallons gas supplied, 64; detour signs erected, 1660; traffic violations reported, 25; accidents witnessed, 147. A special car is maintained in Los Angeles for the purpose of removing glass and other tire menaces.

Printing Department

During 1927 this department turned out 5,245,400 strip maps, 3,418,600 official lists, 29,000 regular map sets, 113,825 special map sets and 5616 printing jobs. The total saving for the year was \$47,922.34.

Magazine Bureau

This department prepared 148 stories and articles for publication in American and foreign magazines. The bureau now has a number of American magazines on its list which print regularly stories about Southern California and the work and activities of the Automobile Club of Southern California. The department also cooperates extensively with the Touring Bureau and the Speakers' Bureau.

Mailing Department

The total number of pieces handled by the Mailing Department was 3,246,445 as compared with the 1926 figures of 2,715,014.

Supply Department

The Supply Department filled 4537 branch office requisitions; main office requisitions, 24,249; packages prepared for shipment, 10,662; map sets shipped, 22,701; emblems issued, 13,157.

Forwarding Department

The Forwarding Department handled 1464 cars in 1927, an increase of 77. Forty-nine cars were cleared through the customs and in handling freight charges effected a saving of \$86,640.

Addressograph Department

The number of impressions by the Addressograph Department totaled 4,009,950.

In conclusion, I wish to express my very high appreciation of the wisdom, interest and devotion of my associates on this board of di-

A SECURITY MAP WILL SHOW THE STREET

If you are anywhere in the Los Angeles Metropolitan Area
and want to find a street or a road:

GO TO A SECURITY BANK AND GET A MAP

AT ANY BRANCH

Get a Los Angeles City Map. This shows every street from the north end of Altadena to Inglewood, and from Burbank to Walnut Park, including Burbank, Glendale, Pasadena, San Marino, Altadena, South Pasadena, most of Alhambra and part of San Gabriel. Also the Harbor District—San Pedro, Wilmington and adjoining area.

AT ANY BRANCH

Get a Los Angeles Dial Map. Shows a somewhat smaller area but has a very quick and accurate finding system with a revolving pointer.

AT ANY HOLLYWOOD BRANCH

A detail map of Hollywood, with numbering system of streets as well as a close index of streets.

AT BURBANK

A detailed map of Burbank and surrounding territory.

AT SANTA MONICA, BEVERLY HILLS, SAWTELLE, PALMS, BRENTWOOD

Ask for the Security Map of the West Coast region. Shows all the new streets and subdivisions from Playa Del Rey to the mountains, and from the Pacific Ocean eastward to the former western limits of Los Angeles. The map shows the new campus sites of University of California and Occidental College, the country clubs, the municipal boundaries.

AT MONROVIA

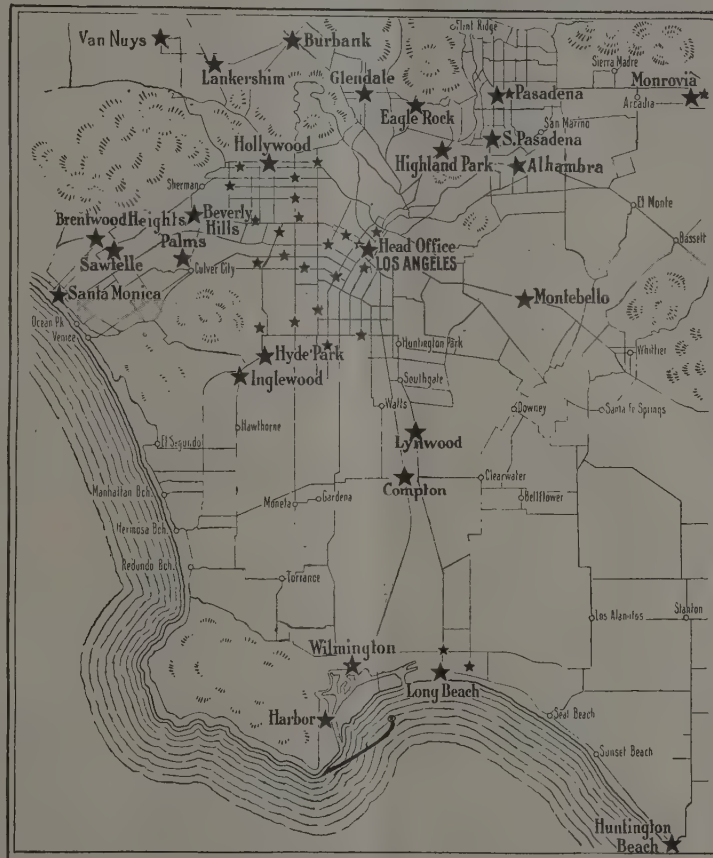
A detail map of all the territory from the east end of Pasadena, to Duarte, including Monrovia, Duarte, Sierra Madre, Arcadia, Temple and parts of Pasadena, San Gabriel and San Marino.

AT ALHAMBRA

Detail map of Alhambra and adjoining territory, including Monterey Park, San Gabriel, Temple and intervening portions of Los Angeles County.

AT PASADENA

New detail map of Pasadena, South Pasadena, Altadena, San Marino and the eastern part of Flintridge. Shows all the new clubs, civic center, Huntington Library, etc.



Each Star Indicates a Security Bank

AT LONG BEACH

Get a Security Map of Long Beach. Shows all the recently annexed areas, the included town of Signal Hill, the "shoe strings" and developments in the adjoining industrial and harbor areas.

AT BURBANK LANKERSHIM VAN NUYS

Get a Security Map of San Fernando Valley. Shows the entire area from Burbank to beyond Owensmouth, from Mulholland Drive to the northern mountains, shows all the new paved boulevards, subdivisions, country clubs, cemeteries, motion picture studios, etc.

AT COMPTON OR LYNWOOD

A detailed map of the growing and important district which surrounds Compton and Lynwood, south and east of the City.

AT INGLEWOOD

Get a map which shows the whole region of which Inglewood is the center, including parts of Los Angeles, Fairview Heights, Hyde Park, Hawthorne, Lennox.

AT MONTEBELLO

Get a map of the region of which Montebello is the center, south and east of the City and now undergoing a very rapid industrial, commercial and residential development.

AT WILMINGTON SAN PEDRO

Ask for a Security Harbor Map. Is complete, and carries the Los Angeles City Map as well.

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK



There is NO Question

—You can see for yourself the EXACT condition of your WHEEL and AXLE ALIGNMENT

YOU no longer have to take anyone's word about the condition of your wheels. Just drive on the WHEEL-O-METER—and there is the verdict. You can see for yourself.

Excessive tire wear—"shimmy"—dangerous, hard steering and "wandering" are usually the result of misalignment. If any of these conditions are annoying you, drive to your nearest WHEEL-O-METER Service.

Get expert, authoritative advice.

Read What This Member of
The Los Angeles Motor Car Dealers Association
Has to Say:

Rex Anglin, Inc., Authorized Ford Dealer, 1800 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, writes:

"WHEEL-O-METER revealed the fact that the axle of my Lincoln had been knocked out of alignment. After resetting the wheel and axle alignment according to WHEEL-O-METER readings, the car steers perfectly and excessive tire wear has been stopped."

The Following Members of the
WHEEL-O-METER Association of Southern California
Invite you to have your car inspected.
Drive in and see for Yourself!

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Cambria Spring Co.
915 Santee St.

E. Richard Just, Inc.
1000 E. Eighth St.
Southwestern Brake Shop
4509 S. Western Ave.
Pacific Auto Spring Co.
1101 W. Pico St.

Wheel-O-Meter Sales & Service, Inc.
1018 S. Los Angeles St.

BELL
Ray F. Chesley
301 Baker Ave.

FULLERTON
Pitts & Wilkinson Wheel-O-Meter
Service
138 E. Commonwealth Ave.

GLENDALE
Fitzhugh's Wheel-O-Meter Service
222 E. Broadway

Glenale Auto Laundry
1121 San Fernando St.

LONG BEACH
Long Beach Wheel-O-Meter
436 American Ave.
Ridgeway's Automatic Wheel
Aligner
314 W. Anaheim Street

HOLLYWOOD
R. M. Greenleaf
Running Gear Specialist
6770 Yucca St.

PASADENA
King & Case
111 W. Green St.

POMONA
Pitts Wheel-O-Meter Service
906 W. Second St.

RIVERSIDE
Riverside Wheel-O-Meter Service
357 W. Eighth St.

SAN BERNARDINO
Loring Tire Co.
465 Fifth St.

SANTA ANA
Raymond Tire Service
1208 N. Main St.

SAN PEDRO
Carburetor Specialists Co.
1306 S. Pacific Ave.

SANTA MONICA
Jim Beard Motor Shop
1515 Fourth Street
VAN NUYS
John B. Wardlaw's Motor Inn
6454 Van Nuys Ave.

WHITTIER
Long's Complete Car Service
306 S. Greenleaf

rectors; of the energy, ability and loyalty of our executives and department heads, and in addition the fidelity and loyalty of the great army of employees and members in carrying on the purposes and work of the Club. It is only by faithful cooperation that the high standards

of service of the Club can be successfully maintained, and there must be no slackening of effort or reduction of activity if we are to maintain ourselves in the position which we have acquired, and preserve the reputation which is a source of pride to all of us.

Something Different in Deserts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

they saw it was no advantage and turned west again, bearing to the north toward a sort of pass they could now see in the mountains in that direction. This stream is now known as the Amargosa or bitter river."

The stream is characterized by the Geological Survey as "intermittent water." For many months of the year it has no surface flow, but let a proper combination of climatic circumstances release a cloudburst about the summits of the surrounding mountains and it takes on the form of a real stream.

The Amargosa Desert is situated at a considerably higher elevation than is Death Valley, its surface ranging from 2300 to 4000 feet above sea-level. Barren hills of volcanic nature surround it, all bearing the most dolorous and lugubrious titles. On the west, separating it from Death Valley are the Funeral and Black Mountains, black serrated fragments of some great terrestrial fire. On the east is the Specter Range, somewhat more colorful than the funeral Funerals, with Skull Mountain, a low, broad summited peak standing in solitary dignity. From the eastern border a lateral chain, the Skeleton Hills, penetrates far out into the sandy floor of this sometime sea.

I have quoted Fremont, who stresses the heavy gale that he experienced on the Amargosa. He is eminently correct. I never have seen it free from them. In the summer when the thermometer rises 20 degrees and more above the century mark, the torrid sands it tosses into one's face are agonizing, each grain seeming to raise a tiny blister. None but the most case-hardened desert rat can withstand such onslaughts. During winter the fury of the gales seem to increase if this can be possible. I met a motorist at Death Valley Junction one February who had driven south from Beatty in the face of a typical Amargosa storm. Despite the

fact that his car was enclosed with side curtains, his hands and face had been cut with flying gravel and his windshield was so badly pitted as to resemble a sheet of frosted glass.

Even the flora and fauna of the Amargosa are severe and solemn. Here is none of the magnificent cactaceae that grace the Mojave and Colorado deserts. No ocotillas nor palms, nor smoke trees. Not even mesquite nor yuccas. Only the creosote bush and several varieties of sage, save in the lower end where the repulsive cholla and an occasional agave may be found. The sidewinder rattlesnake seems to thrive here, and several varieties of lizards. These are all I have observed. The clownish chuckwalla, the gayly dressed gila monster, the exquisitely patterned diamond-back rattler seem to shun it. Whether this simple scheme of life is the result of Nature's hostility I don't profess to know, but it would appear that here has been reserved a region for the play of the elements and short shrift is given to such plants and wild life as enter the domain.

But withal it is a region of singular nobility. Its macabre aspects have a distinct appeal. As one tours northward along its western border through Death Valley to Beatty, or southward from Beatty along its eastward extremity over the excellent highway the State of Nevada has built on the abandoned grade of the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad, one cannot but be impressed with the form and color of its mountains, its cerulean skies and the constantly changing cloud images that seem always to be hanging in its heavens.

It is such a different desert. Not to see it is to miss one of the most entrancing features of the West. It isn't a difficult trip, for the omnipresent signs of the Automobile Club of Southern California cover the territory adequately.

America's Wheel-less Beginning

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

The majority of the stones used were not quarried but were isolated boulders rounded by erosion and stained with iron from the "red earth" in which they are usually found. Seldom was any rock used which could easily be cut and used for the construction of buildings or temples.

These old highways—what a tremendous labor they must have been! What miles and miles of

carrying the stones to build them! And nothing but man-power to move the huge boulders. Centuries, perhaps, were spent in their building, and millions of sweating men.

Their traffic problems did not concern vehicles, not even horses nor other beasts of burden. The roads were built for travelers afoot and the burden-carriers were men, traveling in single file as human carriers do the world over. And

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avoidable business risks
such as fire, theft or damage which no business man
or firm attempts to assume. Insurance happily re-
moves the burden of such risks from the shoulders
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is the soundest of business principles.

You would not think of conducting a business
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You *should* not operate a car without the same
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*We can protect you with any of these
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Fire, Lightning and Transportation; Theft, Robbery and Pilferage;
Theft Extra Equipment; Collision and Upset; Property Damage,
including resultant loss of use; Earthquake, Windstorm, etc.;
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**Results Guaranteed
Against Headlights or Sun**

DRIVE in comfort, without eye strain and in perfect safety from the brightest, blinding lights. A new principle, scientific, the Fulton Look-Under Glare Stop shades your eyes from all of the glare without interfering with road vision. You look under, not through it, and this difference works wonders. Instantly adjustable to any driver.

Money-Back Guarantee

Try one at our risk. You can install it yourself in a few minutes. It matches interior of the finest cars. If you are not enthusiastic, return it and get your money back. If your dealer cannot supply you, your personal check for \$1.50 will bring one to you at once.

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LOOK UNDER GLARE STOP

Look Under - Not Through

yet there must have been much traffic, for some of these roads are twenty-five feet in width, so that four files of men with their loads could easily pass, two lines going one way and two in the opposite direction.

Not a single wheel, not even a potter's wheel, has ever been found amid the innumerable artifacts dug by archaeologists from the myriad ruins of the Western Hemisphere. This fact is a tribute, not only to the ingenuity of a vanished greatness that could develop an inter-continental civilization without such an apparently indispensable implement as the wheel, but it is no less a tribute to that Solitary Genius who conceived of the wheel in the other half of the world. He had no fellow among men. This fact also tends to corroborate the firmly established belief of the wisest anthropologists that there was little or no communication between man's two pristine cultures, in Europe and America respectively. Had the wheel once been seen here, it would certainly at once have been used. The first wheels to rotate on American soil were probably brought across the Atlantic by Columbus or his immediate followers.

Wheat, as well as the wheel, was completely absent from this hemisphere; not a vestige of it has ever been found here, whereas in such countries as Egypt and Greece it abounds in the archaeological remains. Corn, or maize, was on the other hand the distinctive American cereal, not a trace of which has ever been found in Europe.

The chief reason for believing in the Asiatic origin of the first Americans is the direct evidence of human remains. Of the thousands of aboriginal skeletons examined in North and South America, all show a mongoloid origin. Clark Wissler, the great Americanist, speaks for almost all of his associates when he declares flatly that "the Indians

came here from Asia, at a relatively recent period," probably by way of the Bering Sea, adding that "the solution of our New World problems lies as much in the heart of Asia as in Mexico or Peru."

Recent work done in Yucatan by the Carnegie Institution has brought to light ruins of an early American culture, developed by men of Asiatic origin, comparing favorably with the classic ruins of Egypt. Chichén Itzá, "the City of the Sacred Well," had probably a million inhabitants. That it was a place of impressive grandeur such buildings as the Temple of the Warriors still testify. While the kinsmen of these Mayas who inhabited our own Southwest never attained to a rivalry with the Mayas in architecture, they equalled or surpassed them in ceramics. Skeptics may, perhaps, be convinced of this by a visit to the Southwest Museum. In fact, it is scarcely too much to say that some of the vases unearthed in our deserts are equal in technique, if not in design, to anything done by the Greeks. Admiration for these early Southwestern craftsmen deepens as we reflect that they accomplished their exquisite results without the aid of a single potter's wheel.

While the wheel was unknown in old America, as were also horses, trade was nevertheless carried on across vast distances by means of human pack animals. The Southwest Museum's expedition at Casa Grande last spring found exquisite little pieces of jewelry known to have been produced only in Yucatan; and, conversely, Southwestern potsherds may be found in Mexico and Central America. The superb roads already described were built for the feet of men, and on bent human backs trade was carried on throughout the entire domain of this ancient Pan-American civilization, a civilization without wheels.

The First Ascent of Mts. Mallory and Irvine

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

along the crest perhaps never trodden before by any except these bold and hardy mountaineers. I soon reached the summit, a narrow rocky point 13,790 feet above sea-level, and was there regaled with the view of the rugged array of craggy cloud-enveloped peaks that spring up in chaotic confusion to the north and the south along the main crest of the Sierra, in massive grandeur across a profound canyon.

A narrow arête led to a second peak of about the same elevation as the one already scaled. Although eager to climb it also, I was under obligation to return to the Owens Valley that day and therefore postponed it to a later occasion.

Within a few days I was again at the same camp and on the following morning set out in quest of the second peak, a day that proved to be stormier than the previous one. By the time that I had reached the base of the peak, storm-

clouds were hanging heavily about all the higher mountains. After advancing up loose chimneys and broken cliffs I paused a while on a rock shelf a few rods below the summit, as the heavy wind and the play of electricity on the latter did not invite one to proceed farther. Snow flew past in scurrying gusts. Across the canyon to the west a lofty pinnacle formed a striking picture, as dense clouds rolled and settled about its summit. At length, the sky clearing somewhat, I scrambled up to the highest point of the mountain—a narrow, broken knife-edge 13,872 feet above sea-level. For some time I remained, exhilarated by the view of the storm-swept mountains, but soon left its exposed summit and returned to camp.

Both of these peaks were unnamed and apparently had not been scaled on any previous occasion, but they have since been called Mt. Mallory and Mt. Irvine in honor of the two English mountaineers lost on Mt. Everest.

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Ask the Automobile Club or Insurance Company's adjuster for an order on PACIFIC DUCO to make your fender or body repairs the next time you have a damage, and we will WATERPROOF and RE-FINISH the top of your car WITHOUT CHARGE.

We carry a complete assortment of the latest colors in BRUSH DUCO for woodwork, new or old, Furniture, Floors, Walls and Metal Work. We show you how to apply it with a brush.

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Without obligation furnish me with cost of a 15-coat

Glossy Duco finish on my.....

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Body Specialists

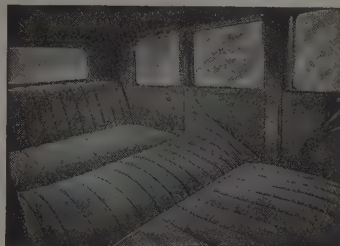
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Blacksmithing, Woodworking, Metal Working, Glass Replacing, and Trimmings.

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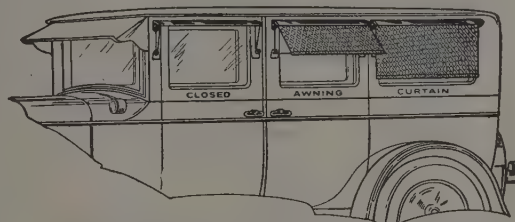
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Positively does not weaken body. No rattles. Any sedan makes comfortable bed. Must be seen to be appreciated.



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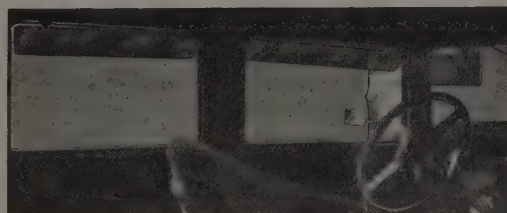
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Small installation charge.

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LOS ANGELES

Routes and Rules for the Highway Patrol



THE HIGHWAY PATROL SERVICE CARS are not subject to call—they patrol daily the main thoroughfares of Southern California and service is rendered to Club members in distress on the highways when encountered.

¶ Mechanical first aid available for members consists of the following:

¶ Emergency repairs to a car disabled on the highways when it is possible to start same within a reasonable length of time. Patrolmen will not go into garages, private or public, to render service.

¶ Towing a disabled car (without dollies) free of charge to the nearest Official Garage, preferably on the particular route in the direction the patrol car is traveling, if it cannot be started on the road.

¶ In the event that the disabled car must be floated on dollies, patrolmen will arrange with the Club's nearest Official Emergency Road Service Station to tow same without expense to the member. (Refer to regulations printed elsewhere herein for Emergency Road Service.)

¶ Changing spare tires from rack to rim when car is operated by a woman driver unaccompanied by male companion. This service will not be rendered a man physically fit.

¶ Gasoline and oil will be carried by patrol cars and sold without profit to members.

¶ Patrol cars will not be permitted to deviate from their designated routes.

¶ Only competent mechanics, qualified to render mechanical aid, are employed on these cars.

¶ Medical first aid to injured persons consists of applying splints and bandages, and arranging for removal of injured persons from the scene of accident to the nearest hospital. Complete medical kits for emergency use are part of the equipment of each car. The patrol drivers have all undergone special training in Medical First Aid Work.

¶ Members are requested not to tip patrolmen for services rendered. Members are kindly requested to show their Club membership card when service is rendered, and to sign service report.

Where the Patrol Cars Operate

Patrol Car No. 72

This car patrols the highway between El Centro and San Diego daily—and covers the important roads in the Imperial Valley.

Saugus and Santa Paula to Ventura, returning to Los Angeles via Moorpark and Santa Susana Pass.

Patrol Car No. 64

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the route via Glendale, San Fernando,

Patrol Car No. 71

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. via Alvarado Street and Glendale Blvd. to Glendale; Verdugo Canyon to La Canada, Flint-

ridge, Devil's Gate Dam, thence to Pasadena and via Colorado Street to the San Gabriel Blvd., thence south to Downey, Norwalk. Buena Park and Garden Grove into Santa Ana; thence to Balboa and north over the Coast Highway through Huntington Beach, Seal Beach and Long Beach to Los Angeles, returning to Los Angeles via Wilmington and the Harbor Blvd.

Patrol Car No. 63

Leaves Visalia daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Inland Route south via Tulare and Delano to Bakersfield, retraces to Delano, then patrols the highway via Ducor, Porterville, Lindsay and Exeter to Visalia.

Patrol Cars Nos. 61 & 69

These two cars patrol the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. One car leaves Los Angeles and the second leaves San Diego daily at 8 a.m.

Patrol Car No. 73

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Valley Blvd. through El Monte, Puente, Pomona and Ontario to Riverside, then to Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, returning to Los Angeles via Foothill Blvd. and Pasadena.

Patrol Car No. 68

This car patrols the Highway between Los Angeles and Bakersfield—(off each Monday).

Patrol Car No. 70

Leaves San Luis Obispo daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Coast Highway north through Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel to the Monterey County line. Retraces to San Luis Obispo, then patrols south to Santa Maria and returns to San Luis Obispo.

Patrol Car No. 66

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the highway via South Figueroa Street, Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park and Long Beach Blvd. to Long Beach; thence to San Pedro, Wilmington and Redondo; returning to Los Angeles via Western Avenue, thence to Venice via West Adams Street, Washington Blvd. and Culver City, thence to Santa Monica, returning to Club Headquarters via Wilshire Blvd., Vermont Avenue and West Adams Street.

Patrol Car No. 67

This car operates on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Maria—(off each Monday).

OFFICIAL CAR FORWARDERS



The following forwarders have been carefully selected and have agreed to receive and distribute automobiles shipped from the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to them and to receive automobiles for shipment in consolidated consignment to the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN

CALIFORNIA at the lowest costs obtainable. Members and motorists contemplating shipment of automobiles to or from Southern California are advised to communicate with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA or the appropriate forwarder.

Alabama

MOBILE
Walker Storage Warehouse Co.,
926 Conti Street.

Arizona

PHOENIX
Automobile Club of Arizona,
217 East Adams Street.
TUCSON
Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Co.

California

LOS ANGELES
Automobile Club of So. California,
Adams and Figueroa Sts.

Colorado

DENVER
Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.,
1700 15th St., (and Denver Motor
Club, 1448 Tremont St., for information only).

Florida

JACKSONVILLE
Laney & Delcher Storage Co., Inc.,
657 East Bay Street.

MIAMI
John E. Withers' Transfer & Storage Co.,
1000-1012 N. East First Avenue.

Hawaii, T. H.

HONOLULU
Honolulu Automobile Club

Illinois

CHICAGO
Currier Lee Warehouse Co.,
427 West Erie Street.

PEORIA
Federal Warehouse Co.

Iowa

CEDAR RAPIDS
Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.
DAVENPORT
Ewert & Richter Exp. & Storage Co.
DES MOINES
Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.
FORT DODGE
Brady Transfer & Storage Co.,
Central at Sixteenth Sts.
SIOUX CITY
Dougherty Storage & Van Co.,
409 Douglas Street.
WATERLOO
Iowa Warehouse Co.

Additional forwarders are being constantly added.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS
Indiana Terminal Warehouse Co.,
230 So. Pennsylvania St.

Kansas

WICHITA
Bryan Transfer & Storage Co.

Kentucky

LOUISVILLE
O. K. Storage & Transfer Co.,
801 West Main Street.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS
Importers' Bonded Warehouse Co.,
340 Bienville Street.

Massachusetts

BOSTON
Quincy Market Cold Storage Warehouse Co.,
178 Atlantic Avenue.

Michigan

DETROIT
Michigan Terminal Warehouse Co.,
Brandt Ave. and Wyoming Road.

Minnesota

DULUTH
Duluth Van & Storage Co.
MINNEAPOLIS
Great Northern Warehouse Co.,
714 Washington Ave., North.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY
Southwest Warehouse Corporation,
Nineteenth and Campbell Streets.
ST. LOUIS
Automobile Club of Missouri,
4228 Lindell Boulevard.

Nebraska

OMAHA
Terminal Warehouse Co.,
702 South Tenth Street.

New York

BUFFALO
Larkin Co., Inc.,
680 Seneca Avenue.
NEW YORK CITY
Tooker Storage & Forwarding Co.,
281 Eleventh Avenue.
SYRACUSE
Great Northern Warehouse, Inc.,
350-360 West Fayette Street.

Ohio

AKRON
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.
CINCINNATI
E. J. Robben, 954 West Fifth St. (and Cincinnati Automobile Club, 8th and Race Sts., for information only).
CLEVELAND
Interstate Terminal Warehouse, Inc.,
1200 West Ninth Street.
COLUMBUS
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA CITY
O. K. Transfer & Storage Co.
TULSA
Tulsa Transfer & Storage Co.

Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA
Union Shipping & Forwarding Co.,
356 Drexel Bldg. (and Keystone Automobile Club, 250 S. Broad St., Keystone-Shubert Bldg., for information only).
PITTSBURGH
Keystone Storage & Warehouse Co.,
600 Second Avenue.

Texas

DALLAS
Dallas Transfer & Terminal Warehouse Co.
EL PASO
El Paso Fireproof Storage Co.
FT. WORTH
Binyon O'Keefe Firep. Storage Co.,
Eighth and Calhoun.
HOUSTON
Westheimer Transfer Co.
SAN ANTONIO
Scobey Fireproof Warehouse Co.
(Receiving only).

Utah

SALT LAKE CITY
Jennings Cornwall Warehouse Co.,
337 West Second South St.

Washington

SEATTLE
Automobile Club of Washington,
1109 Pine Street.

OFFICIAL

The Hotels listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices. Members are advised



HOTELS

to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show cards. (A) American Plan. (E) European Plan.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LOS ANGELES	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Alexandria Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Chelsea Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 4.00	
Cofiseum Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	
Hotel Figueroa	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
Westlake Olympic Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel Rosslyn	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel St. Paul	(E)	Single 3.00 up	Double 4.00 up
(All Rooms with Bath and Shower)	(E)		
Hotel Savoy	(E)	Outside Room with Bath, 1 person \$3.00	Outside Room with Bath, 2 persons \$4 to \$5 (Garage next door)
Stillwell Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50
Hotel Stowell	(E)	2.00	
Ambassador	(E)	Outside room with bath 1 person \$5.00 up	Outside room with bath 2 persons 8.00 up
Hotel Trinity	(E)	2.50 & 3.00	1.50
Van Nuys Hotel	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	1.50 to 2.50
HOLLYWOOD			
Hotel Christie	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Gilbert	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	
Hollywood Plaza Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	
Village Inn	(E)	2.00 to 4.00 per day	Free Brick Garage
PASADENA			
Hotel Constance	(E)	3.00—5.00	
MT. WILSON			
Mt. Wilson Hotel	(E)	4.00	1.50 up
GLENDAL			
Hotel Brand	(E)	1.50	1.00
SANTA MONICA			
Hotel Windermere	(A)	7.50	6.00
	(E)	4.50 up	3.00 up
Inland Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco			
BAKERSFIELD			
Hotel El Tejon	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Euclid	(E)	2.00	1.00 up
Hotel Moronet	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Tegeler Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
Hotel Bilford	(E)	2.00 up	1.25 up
Hotel Willis	(E)	1.50 up	
DELANO			
Hotel Kern	(E)	2.50	1.50
LEBEC			
Hotel Lebec (Elev. 3850 ft.)	(E)	1.00 to 5.00	2.00
LINDSAY			
Hotel Lindsay	(E)	1.75 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50
PORTERVILLE			
Hotel Porterville	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN FERNANDO			
Porter Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
TAFT			
Savoy Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.75 to 2.50 up
Hotel Fox	(E)	2.50	1.75

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
TULARE			
Fox Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.75
Hotel Tulare	(E)	2.50	1.50
GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK			
Giant Forest Lodge	(A)	8.50	6.00 to 6.50
(Opens May 15th, 1928)			
VISALIA			
Hotel Johnson	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.75 to 2.00

Coast Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
ATASCADERO			
New Atascadero Inn	(A)	6.00 up	2.50 up
(All rooms with bath)			
BUELLTON			
Buell Tavern	(A)	3.50 per day up	1.50 per day up
LOMPOC			
Hotel Arthur	(E)	1.00 to 2.00	
LOS ALAMOS			
Hotel Los Alamos	(E)	3.00	2.00
LOS OLIVOS			
Mattei's Tavern	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up
OJAI			
El Roblar Hotel	(A)	6.00 per day up	
Pierpont Cottages	(A)	6.50 up	
PASO ROBLES			
Hotel Taylor	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel	(A)	6.50 up	5.00 up
PISMO			
Hotel Butler	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Olsen	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN LUIS OBISPO			
Anderson Hotel	(E)	2.50 per day up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Hotel Andrews	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Blackstone	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
The Motel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Free private garages in connection			
SANTA BARBARA			
The Samarkand	(A)	12.00 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Hotel Barbara	(E)	3.00 to 6.00	2.00 to 4.00
Hotel Californian	(E)	2.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Carrillo Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Upham Hotel	(E)	3.00	2.00
Hotel Virginia	(E)	2.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA MARIA			
Santa Maria Inn	(A)	7.00 to 8.00	
Hotel Massy	(E)	1.75 to 2.00	1.25 to 1.50
Hotel Bradley	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel California	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 up
SANTA PAULA			
Glen Tavern	(A)	4.00 to 6.00	
VENTURA			
Hotel Baldwin	(E)	2.50	1.50 and 2.00
Hotel Fosnough	(E)	2.50	
(All rooms with bath)			
Los Angeles—San Diego, Coast Route			
DEL MAR			
Hotel Del Mar	(A)	7.00 up	6.00 up
FULLERTON			
California Hotel	(A)	2 to 2.50	1.50 to 2
LA JOLLA			
Hotel Cabrillo	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Casa De Manana	(A)	10.00 up	

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
OCEANSIDE			
Hotel Keisker	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
ORANGE			
Sunshine Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA ANA			
St. Ann's Inn	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	2.00
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO			
Hotel Capistrano	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
SAN DIEGO			
Albany Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
El Cortez Hotel	(E)	6.00 to 8.00	
U. S. Grant Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	
Hotel Churchill	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	
Hotel Knickerbocker	(E)	3.00 to 4.00	2.00 to 3.00
Hotel Sanford	(A)	1.50 to 3.00 per day	3.50 to 8
Hotel St. James	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
San Diego Hotel	(E)	4.50 up	3.00 up
Maryland Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up
(All rooms with Private Toilet and Lavatory)			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	2.00 to 6.00	
(All rooms with bath)			
Admiral Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 3.50	
King George Hotel	(E)	1.00 to 3.00 per day	2.00 to 4.00
CORONADO			
Hotel Del Coronado	(A)	2.00 up	1.00 up
Los Angeles—San Diego, Inland Route			
ELSNORE			
Amsbury Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50
GLEN IVY			
Glen Ivy Mineral Hot Springs	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
Free garage in connection			
ONTARIO			
Ontario Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.50 to 3.00
Casa Blanca Hotel	(E)	2.00	2.00
RIVERSIDE			
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
HEMET			
Palomar Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50
VISTA			
Vista Inn	(A)	6.00	5.00
	(E)	3.00	2.00

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
CLAREMONT			
Ye Claremont Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
FONTANA			
Fontana Farms Inn.	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up
GLENN RANCH, CAL.			
Glenn Ranch Resort	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Housekeeping Camping			1.50 up
MONROVIA			
Leven Oaks Hotel	(A)	5.50 to 7.50	4.50 to 5.50
SAN ANTONIO CANYON			
Camp Baldy	(B) (E)		1.50 up
SAN BERNARDINO			
Antlers Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
San Bernardino Mountain Resorts			
(Rim of the World)			
LAKE ARROWHEAD			
Lake Arrowhead Lodge			Closed for Season

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Pine Knot Lodge		(Closed for Season)	
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Big Bear Lake Tavern		(Closed for Season)	
Highlander Hotel	(A)	6.50	6.00
Knight's Camp	(A)	7.00 up	
	(E)	1.50 to 5.00	

SAN BERNARDINO P. O.			
Pinecrest Mountain Resort	(A)	7.00	5.00 up
Hotel		Housekeeping 5.00 up	

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

AMBOY			
Amboy Hotel	(E)	1.50 up	Cottages 2.00 up

BARSTOW			
Hotel Melrose and Annex	(E)	2.50	1.50 up

KINGMAN, ARIZ.			
Hotel Beale Commercial	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 to 2.00
Hotel	(E)	2.00	1 to 1.50

LUDLOW			
Hotel Oasis	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up

NEEDLES			
Gateway Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SOCORRO, N. M.			
Hotel Val Verde	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up

VICTORVILLE			
Hotel Stewart	(E)	2.50	1.00 up
Hotel Smith	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

BRIDGEPORT			
Bridgeport Hotel	(E)		1.50
	(A)		4.50

BISHOP			
Kittie Lee Inn	(A)	6.50	5.50

INDEPENDENCE			
Winnedumah Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50

LANCASTER			
Lancaster Inn	(E)	2.00	1.50
Hotel	Plan	Bath	Bath

LONE PINE			
Dow Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

MOJAVE			
Hotel Alton	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley

(Salton Sea Route)

Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix.

BANNING			
San Geronimo Inn	(A)	6 to 7.50	5 to 6.00
	(E)	3 to 4.00	2 to 2.50

BRAWLEY			
Planters Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Dunlack	(E)	2.50 up	
		(Air cooled and fireproof)	

COLTON			
Anderson Hotel	(A)	5.00	3.50
	(E)	2.00	1.50

INDIO			
Hotel Indio	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
The La Quinta	(A)	15.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	

PALM SPRINGS			
De ert Inn	(A)	10.00 up	
El Mirador	(A)	10.00 up	
		All Rooms with Bath	

RIVERSIDE			
Hotel Reynolds	(F)	3.00 up	1.50 up
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up

REDLANDS			
Casa Loma Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50
	(A)	4.50 up	4.00 up

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway

(Borderland Route)

San Diego—El Paso and Points East.

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
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THE WILLOWS, SAN DIEGO CO.			
The Willows		5.00 up	4.00 up

CALEXICO			
Hotel Reeder	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

DESCANSO			
Hulburd Grove Inn	(A)	4.25 up	3.25 up
Housekeeping Cottages			

PINE VALLEY, SAN DIEGO CO.			
Pine Valley Cabin	(A)	6.00 up	5.50
	(E)	4.00 up	3.00

(All modern conveniences) Housekeeping Cottages.

EL CENTRO			
Hotel Barbara Worth	(E)	2.50 to 5	2 to 3.50
Hotel Casa Rey and Annex	(E)	1.50 to 2.00 per day	Without Bath

EL PASO, TEXAS			
Hotel Sheldon	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00

YUMA, ARIZ.			
Hotel Del Ming	(E)	3.50 up	2.00 up

San Jacinto Mountain

IDYLLWILD Resorts			
Idyllwild Inn	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 up

Miscellaneous Hotels and Resorts

TEHACHAPI			
Juanita Hotel	(E)	1.50 per day up	
HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS			
Alexander Young Hotel	(E)	3.50 up	2.50 up
RAMONA			
Kenilworth Inn	(A)		3.50

"The Finest Highways in America"

Paved with portland cement concrete; thick and heavy edges where strength is needed most; longitudinal center joint to prevent unsightly cracking; transverse joints to absorb expansion; steel reinforcement in the concrete when required; and—the best riding surface of all paved roads.

No wonder experienced highway engineers say of California's concrete roads—"The finest in America!"

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
548 South Spring Street
LOS ANGELES

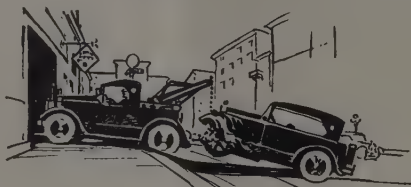
Concrete for Permanence

VENTURA-LOS ANGELES ROAD, CALIF.

Official Garages and State-wide Emergency Road Service

for Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Automobile Association

The Garages listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices.



Members are advised to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show their cards

How to Obtain Free Emergency Road Service

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Southern California are designated by star and phone number

MEMBERS with their disabled cars on the road outside of Los Angeles are requested to call the nearest Emergency Road Service Station—listed here and in each issue of TOURING TOPICS. In or near Los Angeles City call Club headquarters, BEacon 8600—always open.

Give your name, address, membership card number, make of car, license number, location, and nature of trouble.

The mechanics on arrival will either start your car in 30 minutes mechanical labor or tow car to the Official Garage. (Elsewhere at your expense.)

This is an emergency service only for members whose cars are disabled on the highways. Calls cannot be answered at the Club's expense to start cars in garages.

Service cannot apply to employees or friends of members who do not belong—even when such employees or friends are operating the member's cars, as Club service follows the member and not the car.

Be sure to carry your membership card. No free service will be extended to persons who fail to carry paid-up membership cards.

The service will be extended to owners of firm or commercial cars only when the drivers thereof can produce a Club member-

ship card in their own names. This service does not apply to trucks of any make.

This service is for emergencies when disabled while actually on the road, and does not apply on mechanical or repair work at garages, nor include supplies or parts.

Tire service—changing spare tires from rack to rim—will be extended when car is operated by a woman member unaccompanied by male companion, or a man physically unable to change tires.

Carry the current issue of the Club magazine, TOURING TOPICS, containing list of appointed garages in your car.

The Club's Emergency Road Service, as above outlined, applies only to the territory embraced by the thirteen Southern Counties of California. As a member of our organization, however, you are entitled to Emergency Road Service in Central and Northern California through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association (Northern Club) in accordance with rules and regulations established by them for their own members.

Members cannot be reimbursed for services secured from garages not under contract with the Club as Emergency Road Service Stations.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NOTE: This list is complete to date of publication. A revised list will be published monthly in Touring Topics. Carry the latest list in your car so it may always be available.)

Los Angeles

A-1 Auto Sheet Metal Works, 3701 Moneta Ave., (Call Club, BEacon 8600)
Arroyo Garage, 1016 W. Vernon Ave.
Auto Centre Garage, 746 South Hope Street
Bernard & Johnson Garage, 1317 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Drive Garage, 439 Beverly Drive, (Call Club, BEacon 8600)
Biltmore Garage, 323 West 3th St.
Blue Ribbon Garage, 4251 South Broadway
Bozzani Motor Car Co., Cor. Sunset Blvd. and Broadway

Buick Garage, 1000 West Washington St.
Burlington Garage, 517 South Burlington St.
Carlton Garage, 3333 South Western Ave.
Clark-Wall Garage, 634 Wall St.
Clinton L. Clark Garage, 2219 West Pico St.
Clippinger Garage, 708 Merchant St.
The Detrick Garage, 545 Maple Ave.
De Luxe Garage, 334 South Union Ave.
Eddy's Fireproof Garage, 816 So. Grand Ave.
Ellsworth Cadillac Service, 1105 West Pico St.
Fifth Street Garage, 221 East 5th St.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

*Gagen's Motor Service, 222 North Vermont, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Gold Arrow Auto Works, 2714 South Figueroa St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Grand-Alamo Garage, 252 S. Grand Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Harris-Davenport Super Service Station, 1600 So. Western Ave.
 Heller's Garage, 4165 Beverly Blvd.
 Hotel Clark Garage, 4th and Olive Sts.
 H. & S. Garage, 2415 South Vermont Ave.
 Herdina Garage, 12518 South Main St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Jack McArley's Garage, 4421 South Western Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Kreutzer Garage, 1801 South Hope St.
 *Lloy's Garage, 3412 West Pico St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *L. A. Motor Service Garage, 2524 South Hill St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Lincoln Park Garage, 3319 Mission Road, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Larchmont Garage, 2441-2443 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Love & Love Garage No. 2, 232 So. Figueroa St.
 Manhattan Wilshire Garage, 606 S. Manhattan Place
 Master Service Co. 811 So. Whittier St.
 The May Co.'s Patrons Garage, 9th & Hill Streets
 *Montclair Garage, 4321 W. Adams, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Mt. Washington Garage, 4127 Pasadena Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Ready-Go Service Garage, 2701 South Figueroa St.
 *Reliable Mechanical Works, 320 Venice Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Schuler Auto Service Garage, 4708 W. Washington St.
 Schuler Co. Garage, 3241 South Figueroa St.
 Security Garage, 430 South Los Angeles St.
 *Snyder's Garage, 2459 Brooklyn Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Sonoma Motor Sales Co., 636 Maple Ave.
 Southwest Auto Works Garage, 4274 S. Broadway.
 Speer-Dodge Works, 1827 South Hope St.
 *Stewart's Garage, 4917 Whittier Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 260 So. Vermont Super Service Station, 260 South Vermont Ave.
 Washington Park Garage, 18th and Grand Ave.
 *Welcome Garage, 329 Glendale Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Western Avenue Garage, 226 South Western Ave.
 White Garage, 808 South Olive St.
 Witmer Garage, 528 Columbia Avenue
 *Woodward Garage, Pico and Alvarado Sts., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Wilmont Garage, 3144 Wilshire Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Wilshire Garage, 6th and Kenmore
 Wolfe & Allen Super Service Station, 7726 S. Vermont Ave.

Los Angeles—San Diego Coast Route

*ANAHEIM—Frahm's Garage, Phone: 799 (Day) 703-R (Night)
 *CORONADO—Guarantee Garage, Phone: Coronado 518
 *CORONADO—Pioneer Garage, Phone: Coronado 518
 CORONADO—Woodward's Hotel Del Coronado Garage
 *CARLSBAD—Standard Garage, Phone: 12-J-1-2
 *CYPRESS—Cypress Garage, Phone: Anaheim 8711-R-4 (Day) 941-W (Night)
 *DEL MAR—Hotel Del Mar Garage, Phone: Del Mar 88
 *DOWNEY—Faulkner's Garage, Mach. Shop, Phone: Downey 432-60
 *FULLERTON—Bill's Garage, Phone: 697
 *FULLERTON—Lillian Yaeger Garage, Phone: Fullerton 115 or 114
 *LAGUNA BEACH—Coast Garage, Phone: Laguna Beach 52
 *LA HABRA—Missouri Garage, Phone: La Habra 8-176
 *LA JOLLA—Pacific Garage, Phone: La Jolla 768
 *MONTEBELLO—B. & H. Garage, Phone: Montebello 345
 *NATIONAL CITY—Tutwiler's Garage, Phone: National 528 (Day) Randolph 3922 (Night)
 *NORWALK—Central Garage, Phone: 5582 (Day) 5361 (Night)
 *OCEANSIDE—Bo ulvard Garage, Phone: 27-J
 *OCEANSIDE—Oceanside Garage, Phone: 42
 *ORANGE—Acme Garage & Machine Shop, Phone: Orange 80
 SAN DIEGO—Savoy Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Sixth Street Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Adair's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Elite Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Dupree's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Hi-Ho Garage.
 *SAN DIEGO—Mission Garage, Phone: Main 5101
 SAN DIEGO—Price Motor Car Co.
 *SAN DIEGO—White Front Garage, Phone: Hillcrest 2562
 SAN DIEGO—San Diego Garage.
 *SAN DIEGO—Crescent Garage.
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage, Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Congdon Motor Co. Ca. Phone: 131
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—White Garage, Phone: 41
 *SANTA ANA—Grand Central Garage, Phone: 2457
 *SOLANO BEACH—Cochran & Weiss Garage, Phone: Del Mar 93-J
 *TUSTIN—Tustin Garage, Phone: Tustin 11-J (Day) 155-R or 155-M (Night)
 WHITTIER—J. W. Cox Motor Sales Co.
 WHITTIER—Ternquist & Olson, Phone: Whittier 423-249
 WHITTIER—L. G. Rinderknecht Garage.
 *YORBA LINDA—Liberty Garage, Phone: Placentia 8705-R-1

Los Angeles—San Diego Inland Route

*BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage, Phone: Covina 64853
 *EL MONTE—Commercial Garage, Phone: 216
 *ELSINORE—Graham & Graham Garage, Phone: 72 (Day) 162 (Night)
 *ESCONDIDO—Escondido Garage, Phone: 406 and 157
 *ESCONDIDO—Guarantee Garage, Phone 68
 *FALLBROOK—Fallbrook Garage, Phone: Fallbrook 11-W
 *ONTARIO—Dietz & Graves Garage, Phone: 818 (Day) 1052 or 749-J (Night)
 *ONTARIO—Cochran & Nichols O. K. Garage, Phone: 197
 *ONTARIO—McGrady Bros. Garage.
 POMONA—Opera Garage
 POMONA—Elsberry-Reynolds, Jr. Inc.
 *POMONA—Wurie Garage, Phone: 1424
 *PUENTE—Puente Garage, Phone: 532-21 (Garage) 554-91 (Residence)
 *PUENTE—Service Garage, Phone: 532-33
 *RIVERSIDE—California Garage, Phone: 3870
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage, Phone: 1000

Los Angeles—San Francisco Coast Route

*ARROYO GRANDE—Barcellos & Morgan Garage, Phone: 15
 *ATASCADERO—Atascadero Garage, Phone: 74
 *BUELLTON—Buellton Garage, Phone: 31-F-13
 *CALABASAS—Calabasas Garage, Phone: Owensmouth 115-R-11 (Day) 115-J2 (Night)
 *CAMARILLO—Knob Hill Garage, Phone: 956-M-2
 *CAMBRIA—Service Garage, Phone: Cambria 11-F-2

*CARPINTERIA—Rincon Garage, Phone: 20-W
 *CAYUCOS—Cayucos Garage, Phone: Cayucos Garage.
 *CHATSWORTH—Alamo Garage, Phone: Owensmouth 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)
 *ENCINO—Encino Garage, Phone: Van Nuys 428-J
 *FILLMORE—John Opahl Garage, Phone: 42 or 15
 *HOLLYWOOD—East Hollywood Garage, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Classic Garage, 1262 No. Western Ave.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Mission Garage, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Sierra Vista Garage
 *HOLLYWOOD—Southern Garage, 5731 Sunset Blvd.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Standard Motor Service, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Fred R. Winnett Garage.
 *LOMPOC—Ruffner & Ruffner Garage, Phone: 74 (Day) 41-R or 169-W (Night)
 *LOMPOC—Ocean Avenue Garage.
 *LOS ALAMOS—Los Alamos Garage, Phone: 27
 *LOS ALAMOS—T. & T. Garage, Phone: 20
 *MOORPARK—Mission Garage, Phone: 20
 *NORTH HOLLYWOOD—Huffaker Garage, Phone: Lankershim 290
 *OJAI—City Garage, Phone: 4
 *ORCUTT—Orcutt Garage, Phone: 593-J-2
 *OXNARD—Slagle's Garage, Phone: 73 or 285
 *OXNARD—Buick Garage.
 *PASO ROBLES—Pioneer Garage, Phone: 247
 *PISMO BEACH—Pismo Garage & Mach. Shop, Phone: 6-W
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Berkemeyer Garage, Phone: 3
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Studebaker Service Garage, Phone: 601
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Kamm's San Luis Garage, Phone: 162
 *SAN MIGUEL—Tucker's Super Service, Phone: San Miguel 6-W
 *SANTA BARBARA—Arlington Garage
 *SANTA BARBARA—Huff's Garage, Phone: 701
 *SANTA BARBARA—Johnson's Garage, Phone: 3054
 *SANTA BARBARA—Carrillo Hotel Garage, Phone: 3900
 *SANTA MARIA—California Garage, Phone: 490
 *SANTA MARIA—Automotive Garage, Phone: 3
 *SANTA MARIA—Santa Maria Garage.
 *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage, Phone: 233
 *SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage, Phone: 85
 *SATICOY—Saticoy Garage, Phone: 41
 *VAN NUYS—J. R. Wardlaw Super Service Station, Phone: Van Nuys 150
 *VENTURA—Neiderhauser Garage, Phone: 620-W
 *VENTURA—Ventura Garage, Phone: 1142
 *VENTURA—Reid's Garage, Phone: 176 (Day) 642 (Night)
 VENTURA—Union Garage.

Los Angeles—San Francisco Inland Route

*BAKERSFIELD—Class A Motor Company, Phone: 133
 *BAKERSFIELD—Bakersfield Motors Co. Phone: 3322
 *BAKERSFIELD—Chester Avenue Garage.
 *BAKERSFIELD—East Side Garage, Phone: 990
 *BAKERSFIELD—Geo. Habersfelde, Inc. Phone: 702 or 703
 *BAKERSFIELD—California Garage, Phone: 621
 *BURBANK—Patterson's Garage, Phone: Burbank 268
 *DELANO—Geo. Habersfelde, Inc. Phone: Delano 1
 *DINUBA—Biswell, McDonald & Biswell, Phone: 12 (Day) 307 (Night) 5 Sun.
 *EXETER—Square Deal Garage, Phone: Exeter 46-R (Day) Exeter 27-W (Night)
 *FELLOWS—Fellows Garage, Phone: Black 362.
 *GLENDALE—Pellegrini Bros. Phone: Glendale 5080
 *LEMON COVE—Lemon Cove Garage, Phone: Lemon Cove Car. bet. 7 a.m. and 6 p.m.
 Sunday 7 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.
 *LINDSAY—Cate & Woolmes Garage, Phone: Lindsay 60
 *MARICOPA—Maricopa Garage, Phone: B-463
 *McFARLAND—King Garage, Phone: McFarland 13 (Day) 4-F-3 (Night)
 *McKITTRICK—McKittrick Auto Supply Co., Phone: Main 61
 *MONTROSE—Evans Garage.
 *NEW HALL—White Star Garage.
 *PIXLEY—Gaudin Motor Co., Phone: 17-J (Day) 17-W (Night)
 *PORTERVILLE—Dix's Automotive Service, Phone: 574 (Day) 414-R or 574 (Night)
 *RIDGE ROUTE—Ridge Road Garage, 15 miles from Saugus on Ridge. (Castaic P.O.)
 *SANDBERG—Sandberg's Garage, Phone: Sandberg Toll Station.
 *SAN FERNANDO—Cascade Garage, Phone: Main 184
 *SAN FERNANDO—Willis A. Rowe Auto Supply House, Phone: Main 41
 *SAUGUS—Wood's Garage, Phone: Saugus 38.
 *SHAFTER—Miller Bros. Garage, Phone: 4-W
 *TAFT—H. R. Kanode Garage, Phone: 220 J (Day) 109-W (Night)
 *TULARE—Central Garage, Phone: Tulare 102
 *TIPTON—Rainbow Garage, Phone: Tipton 10
 *VISALIA—Main Garage, Phone: Visalia 980
 *WASCO—Wasco Garage, Phone: 12

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

*ALHAMBRA—Eagle Garage.
 *ALHAMBRA—Harry T. Moore Garage, Phone: Alhambra 242 (Day) 3027-J (Night)
 *ALHAMBRA—E. C. Woodard Garage, Phone: 1956 (Day) 4386 (Night)
 *CLAREMONT—Foothill Garage, Phone: Claremont 4961
 *COLTON—Taylor's Electric Service Garage, Phone: 90
 *COVINA—Webber Garage, Phone: Covina 12111
 *FONTANA—Fontana Garage, Phone: Fontana 257
 *GLENORA—Rowe Motor Service Garage, Phone: Covina 42004
 *HIGHLAND—Coy Garage, Phone: 35
 *MONROVIA—Ruechel Garage, Phone: Green 70 (Day) Black 389 (Nights, Sun. and Holidays)
 *RIALTO—Bo ulvard Garage, Phone: 204-J (Day) 204-W (Night)
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage, Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 *EAST SAN GABRIEL—Barlow's Automotor Service.
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Central Garage, Phone: 271-82
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Draper's Garage, Phone: 271-63
 *SAN BERNARDINO—California Garage
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Tennison's Super Service Station.
 *UPLANDS—Waterman Garage, Phone: 116-J

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

*ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Central Garage & Machine Works.
 *AMBOY—Amboy Garage, No Phone.
 *BARSTOW—Barstow Garage, Phone: 26-M.
 *FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—Babbitt Brothers Garage.
 *GOFFS—Goffs Mercantile Garage, Phone: Goffs Garage.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Ford Garage.
 KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Farrow Stackpole Auto. Co.
 *LUDLOW—Murphy Bros. Tourist Garage.
 MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO—Stendel's Garage
 *NEEDLES—Old Trails Garage. Phone: Main 28
 SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Becker's Transcontinental Garage.
 *VICTORVILLE—Victorville Garage. Phone: 8-J
 WINSLOW, ARIZ.—Bazel Motor Co.

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway (Borderland Route)

*ALPINE—Alpine Garage. Phone: El Cajon 342-3
 *EL CAJON—J. R. Dall Motor Co. Phone: 101 (Day) 691 (Night)
 *EL CENTRO—C. E. Coggins Garage. Phone: E. Centro 166
 EL CENTRO—Barbara Worth Garage
 *JACUMBA—J. R. Fowble Garage. Phone: Fowble Garage, Jacumba.
 *LA MESA—La Mesa Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 145 (Night)
 YUMA, ARIZ.—Super Service Garage.

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

*BISHOP—Smith Auto. Co. Phone: Bishop 81 (Day) Bishop 91-J (Night)
 *BISHOP—Crescent Garage. Phone: 48-R (Day) 69-W (Night)
 BISHOP—Watterson's Garage
 *BIG PINE—Glacier Garage. Phone: 121
 *BRIDGEPORT—Bridgeport Garage. Phone: Bridgeport Store
 *INDEPENDENCE—Independence Garage. Phone: Bishop 25-4
 *LANCASTER—Inn Garage. Phone: 1001
 *LONE PINE—Mt. Whitney Garage & Livery Co. Phone: Bishop 21-1
 LONE PINE—Square Deal Garage
 *MINT CANYON—Baletier's Garage. No phone.
 *MOJAVE—Andy Smith's Garage. Phone: 221
 MOJAVE—Paul's Garage
 *MONO LAKE—Tioga Lodge Garage. Phone Tioga Lodge (Summer Only)
 *OLANCHA—Romero Garage.
 *PALMDALE—Mission Garage. Phone: 17-W

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix

*BANNING—Dickinson Motor Car Co. Phone: 96 (Day) Main 82 (Night)
 *BLYTHE—Valley Garage. Phone: 26
 *BEAUMONT—Brown & Sons Garage. Phone: 774
 *BEAUMONT—Beaumont Garage. Phone: Beaumont 782
 *BLOOMINGTON—Bloomington Garage. Phone: 8710-R-1
 *BRAWLEY—Plaza Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 709 (Night)
 BRAWLEY—White Garage
 *COACHELLA—Union Garage. Phone: 138
 *INDIO—MacKenzie Motor Co. Phone: 3 Indio

*PALM SPRINGS—Bunker's Garage. Phone: Bunker's Garage.
 *REDLANDS—Eddie Meyer's Garage. Phone: 102
 *REDLANDS—T. N. Gibson Garage. Phone: Main 909
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
 *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870

Miscellaneous

*ARLINGTON—Arlington Garage. Phone: 9008-W (Day) 9315-W (Night)
 BELLFLOWER—Bellflower Garage.
 *BIG BEAR LAKE—McCroskey Garage. Phone: Pine Knot P.O. 36
 *BIG BEAR LAKE—Jack Preston's Garage. Pine Knot P.O. Phone: Bear Valley 41
 *CHULA VISTA—C. V. Brown's Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 351 (Day) 34-W 79 (Night)
 *CHULA VISTA—Helm Bros. Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 351-J (Day) 23-J (Night)
 *CULVER CITY—Walker's Complete Auto Works. Phone: Empire 2078 (Day)
 Culver City 2555 (Night)
 *COMPTON—National Garage. Phone: 491
 *CORONA—Mission Garage. Phone: 2024 (Day) 1312-R-2 (Night)
 *CRESTLINE P. O. (Crest of Waterman Canyon) Crest Garage. Phone 3 or
 San Bernardino 29200
 *EAGLE ROCK—Dahlia Motor Service Co. Phone: Garfield 5291: Night, Albany 29-48
 *HEMET—Monte Vista Garage. Phone: 1030 (Day) 497 (Night)
 *HUNTINGTON BEACH—Security Garage. Phone: 2391
 *HUNTINGTON PARK—Owl Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HYNES—Schillings Garage. Phone: 332 (Day) 333 (Night)
 *INGLEWOOD—Hona ker-Nash Motor Co. Phone: 339
 *JULIAN—Julian Garage. Phone: Julian 1-J
 *LONG BEACH—Park Garage. Phone: 322-62
 LONG BEACH—K. & S. Garage
 LONG BEACH—El Camino Garage.
 *LONG BEACH—Lynes Garage. Phone: 652-76
 LONG BEACH—California Garage.
 LONG BEACH—Long Beach Motor Sales
 *LONG BEACH—Forbes-Curtis & Warren Garage. Phone: 664-45
 *LYNNWOOD—Lynwood Garage. Phone: Compton 1131
 NEWPORT BEACH—Ohowell's Garage.
 *PASADENA—Eddie Motor Works. Phone: Terrace 1745
 *PASADENA—Paramount Garage. Phone: Terrace 8787
 PASADENA—Pasadena Storage Garage
 *RAMONA—Ramona Garage. Phone: 35
 REDONDO BEACH—Redondo Auto Works & Garage. Phone:
 REDONDO BEACH—California Garage. Phone: Redondo 2652
 *SAN PEDRO—Record Garage. Phone: 120
 *SOUTH PASADENA—Mission Garage. Phone: Elliott 2661 (Day) Sterling 7618 (Night)
 SAN PEDRO—Goodrich Bros. Super Service Station.
 SAN PEDRO—William Lever Garage. Phone: 478 (Day) 946-W or 1648-J (Night)
 *SANTA MONICA—Santa Monica Garage. Phone: 21523
 *SAWTELLE—Slater's Garage. Phone: Sawtelle 31452 (Day) 31222 (Night)
 *SIERRA MADRE—Sierra Madre Garage. Phone: Main 110
 *TERRA CHAPI—Bartlett's Garage. Phone: 55-W
 *TORRANCE—Ed's Service Garage. Phone: Torrance 161
 WILMINGTON—Wilmington Garage.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Northern California

CALIFORNIA STATE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

(NOTE: Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California when touring in Northern California are advised to get in touch with the nearest office of the California State Automobile Association for their rules and regulations pertaining to this service.)

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ADIN	Adin Garage	Adin Exchange	BURNEY	Tourist Garage	Tourist Garage
ALAMEDA	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, or Park St. Garage	Glencourt 4400 Alameda 386	CALISTOGA	Wilber R. Snow Elec. Garage	Calistoga 50
ALBANY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	CAMPIONVILLE	C. O. D. Garage & Machine Co.	Campionville 8
ALBION	Johnson & Larson	Albion 1-F-3 or 10-F-32	CARMEL	Carmel Garage	(Night) 5 (Day) Carmel 112
ALTA MONT PASS	Mountain House Garage (nine miles west of Tracy)	Mountain House	CASCADE	Solomon Garage	Rangers Station at Big Creek
ALTURAS	Modco Machine Shop	(Day) Red 272 (Night) Black 622	CASTROVILLE	Kings Garage	Castroville 4-J
ALVARADO	Alvarado Garage	Alvarado 28-W	CEDARVILLE	Western Garage	Cedarville Exchange
ANGELS CAMP	Central Garage	(Day) Angels Camp 32 (Night) Angels Camp Exch.	CHICO	Service Garage	Chico 311-W
ANOWIN	College Garage	St. Helena 79-F-5	CHINESE CAMP	Chinese Camp Garage	(Day) Chinese Camp Exch.
ANTIOCH	W. A. Christensen	Antioch 123	CHOWCHILLA	Chowchilla Garage	(Night) 5 Day & Night Chowchilla 4
ARBUCKLE	Atran Garage	(Day) Arbuckle 4-K (Night) 28-W	CLEMENTS	Service Garage	Clements Exchange
ARCATA	Sacchi Service Station	(Day) Arcata 109-W or 245-J or 363	CLOVERDALE	Tire Shop Garage	(Day) Cloverdale 41 (Night) Cloverdale 118-J
AUBERRY	Auberry Garage	Auberry Hotel	CLOVIS	H. B. Owens Garage	Day & Night Clovis 4
AUBURN	R. & D. Service Shop	(Day) Auburn 220 (Night) 296	COALINGA	V. P. Oyster Auto & Mach. Shop	(Day) Coalinga 165 (Night) 326-J
AUBURN	White's Garage, Newcastle	(Day) Newcastle 110 (Night) 118	COLFAX	McClary Garage	Main 20
BASS LAKE	The Pine Garage	Shaw line, one long ring	COLMA	Bill's Garage, Daly City	Randolph 940
BAY POINT	Bay Point Garage	Bay Point 22	COLUSA	Universal Garage	Colusa 53-W
BECKWITH	Sierra Valley Garage	10-W	CONCORD	Concord Auto Service Co.	Concord 87; after 9 p. m. call 319
BELVEDERE	Belvedere Garage	Belvedere 37-J	CORCORAN	Corcoran Garage	Corcoran 441
BENICIA	Enterprise Garage	Benicia 214-W	CORNING	The Corning Garage	Corning 75
BEN LOMOND	Ben Lomond Garage	Ben Lomond 23; after 9 p. m.	CORTE MADERA	Community Garage	(Day) Corte Madera 305 (Night) 147 or 395
BERKELEY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	COTATI	Fox Garage	Cotati 20-F-11
BIEBER	Oak's Garage	Glencourt 4400	COTTONWOOD	Cottonwood Garage	(Day) Cottonwood 7-J After 8 p. m. send word
BIG CREEK	Solomon Garage	Rangers station at Big Creek	COUNTLAND	Thomsen Auto Repair Shop	(Day) Ct. (Night) 66
BIGGS	Biggs Garage	Biggs 34	COVELO	Condo Garage	Covelo 8-F-21
BLAIRSDEN	Mohawk Valley Garage	Blairsdan 4	COYOTE	Krus's Garage	San Jose 119-1
BLUE LAKE	Blue Lake Garage	13-J (Day only)	CRESCENT CITY	Crescent City Garage & Mach. Works	Crescent City 441
BLUFF CREEK	Gephart Bros. (Via Weitchpec)	1 long, 2 short & 1 long ring	CRESCENT MILLS	Crescent Mills Garage	Crescent Mills Exchange
BOLINAS	Bolinas Garage	Bolinas 3-W. If no answer, call Bolinas 12.	CROCKETT	Community Garage	Crockett 326, 206-W or 206-J
BOONVILLE	Line Oak Garage	Phone 8; after 8 p. m. send word	CUMMINGS	Redwood Empire Garage (2 miles south of Cummings)	Laytonville 3-F-4
BRIDGEPORT	Bridgeport Garage	Bridgeport, Mariposa Exch.	DALY CITY	Bill's Garage	Randolph 940
BUCK MEADOWS	Buck Meadows Garage	Buck Meadows	DANVILLE	Olsson's Garage	Danville 10-J
BURLINGAME	Hillebrand and Caldwell	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p. m. 457-W or 2031	DAVIS	Davis Garage	(Day) Davis 50 (Night) 50-W
BURLINGAME	San Mateo	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p. m. 895 or 673-W	DELTA	Follmer's Garage	Vollmer's Ranch
	Pattison's Garage, San Mateo		DIAMOND SPRINGS	Diamond Springs Garage	332-F-4
			DIXON	Rossi Bros.	(Day) Dixon 115 (Night) 141-R

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
DORRIS	<i>Dorris Garage</i>	(Day) Dorris Exchange (Night) send word	MARTINEZ	<i>Allen's Garage</i>	(Day) Martinez 395 (Night) 748-W
DOS PALOS	<i>Ford Garage</i>	(Day) Dos Palos 63 (Night) 4405	MARYSVILLE	<i>M. & K. Garage</i>	Marysville 468
DOWNIEVILLE	<i>Downieville Garage</i>	Downieville J	MARYSVILLE	<i>Sutter Garage, Yuba City</i>	(Day) Yuba City 1165 (Night) Yuba City 891-W and 628-J
DUBLIN	<i>Hansen Bros.</i>	Pleasanton 82-F-2	McARTHUR	<i>Highway Garage</i>	McArthur Exchange
DUNSMUIR	<i>Dunsmuir Service Station</i>	(Day) Dunsmuir 177 (Night) Dunsmuir 54	McCLOUD	<i>McCloud Garage</i>	McCloud Garage
DURHAM	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Durham 811-J-4	MENDOCINO CITY	<i>S. & E. Garage</i>	Mendocino City 14-J
ELK	<i>Elk & Dearing</i>	Elk 5-F-2	MENDOTA	<i>Mendota Garage & Mach. Shop</i>	Mendota 5-J
ELK GROVE	<i>Mack's Garage</i>	Elk Grove 62-F-3	MERCED	<i>Lounsbury's Garage</i>	Merced 107
EMERYVILLE	<i>C.S.A.A. Oakland Office</i>	Glencourt 4400	MERCED FALLS	<i>Barrett's Garage</i>	6
ESCALON	<i>Jess A. Seaman Garage</i>	(Day) Escalon 44 (Night) 49	MERIDIAN	<i>River Garage</i>	Kent Exchange (Day only)
ESPARTO	<i>Central Garage</i>	Esparto 5-W	MEYERS	<i>Meyer's Garage</i>	Tallac 2-F-11
EUREKA	<i>Eureka Garage and Service Sta.</i>	Eureka 2300	MIDDLETOWN	<i>Herrick Garage</i>	(Day) Middletown 8 (None after 10 p.m.)
FAIRFIELD	<i>Solano Garage</i>	(Day) Fairfield 227 (Night) 147-W, 147-J	CAMP MIDPINES	<i>Camp Midpines Garage</i>	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4
FAIR OAKS	<i>Fair Oaks Garage</i>	(Day) Fair Oaks 15 (Night) 21-R	MILL VALLEY	<i>Eveready Garage & Elec. Co.</i>	(Day) Mill Valley 407 (Night) 155-J
FALL RIVER MILLS	<i>Pioneer Garage</i>	Pioneer Garage	MILLVILLE	<i>Fawcett & Bartell</i>	Central at Millville
FERNDALE	<i>Peterson's Service Station</i>	(Day) Ferndale 102-W (Night) 72-R	MINERAL	<i>Mineral Garage</i>	Mineral
FIREBAUGH	<i>Valley Garage</i>	Firebaugh 1-J (Night) send word	MINNELER	<i>Minkler Garage</i>	(Day) 12-F-13 (Night) Sanger 155-W
FOLSOM	<i>People's Garage</i>	(Day) Main 49 (Night) Main 1187	MODESTO	<i>Silva Motor Car Co.</i>	Modesto 1130
FORESTVILLE	<i>Forestville Garage</i>	Forestville 8-F-2	MONTEREY	<i>Monterey Garage</i>	Monterey 224 and 225
FORT BIDWELL	<i>Fort Bidwell Garage</i>	No Phone	MONTGOMERY CREEK	<i>Young's Garage</i>	Bass Telephone Line
FORT BRAGG	<i>Pacific Garage</i>	(Day) and (Night) 174 122	MORGAN HILL	<i>Jos. J. Verge Garage</i>	Morgan Hill 291. If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South
FORT JONES	<i>Scott Valley Garage</i>	Fortuna 22-W	MT. SHASTA CITY	<i>Northern California Garage</i>	(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W (Night) 4-F-3
FORTUNA	<i>Fortuna Garage</i>	Day and Night 711	MORGAN HILL	<i>Jos. J. Verge</i>	Morgan Hill 291
FOWLER	<i>Baxter Bros. Garage</i>	Fresno 3-3719	MOSSDALE	<i>Moore Bros. Garage</i>	Stockton 27-R-1
FRESNO	<i>A.B.C. Garage</i>	Fresno 551	NAPA	<i>Napa Motor Supply Co.</i>	(Day) Napa 202 (Night) 683-R, 950-W and 362-R
FRESNO	<i>Auditorium Garage</i>	Galt 21-J	NAVARRO	<i>Navarro Garage</i>	No phone
GALT	<i>Service Garage</i>	Redwood Inn	NEVADA CITY	<i>Nevada City Garage</i>	Nevada City 133
GARBENVILLE	<i>Redwood Garage</i>	(Day) Galt 18 (Night) Call Res.	NEVADA CITY	<i>Knerbone Motor Sales Co., Grass Valley</i>	Grass Valley 119
GAZZELLE	<i>Gazelle Garage</i>	Gerber 24	NEWARK	<i>Newark Garage</i>	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
GERBER	<i>Chapman's Garage</i>	(Day) Geyserville 25-W (Night) 12	NEWCASTLE	<i>White's Garage</i>	(Day) Newcastle 110 (Night) 118
GEYSERVILLE	<i>Lampson's Garage</i>	Gilroy 32	NEWCASTLE	<i>R. & D. Service Shop, Auburn</i>	(Day) Auburn 220 (Night) Auburn 296
GILROY	<i>Pacheco Pass Garage & Super Service Station</i>	Paystation, Gold Run	NEWMAN	<i>Patchetts & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	Newman 6 and 7 (No Night Phone)
GOLD RUN	<i>Pine Grove Service Station</i>	Gonzales 41-W	NEWMAN	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage, Gustine</i>	(Day) Gustine 6 (Night) Gustine 60-J
GONZALES	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	Grass Valley 119	NILES	<i>American Garage</i>	Niles 67
GRASS VALLEY	<i>Knechtel Motor Sales Co.</i>	Nevada City 133	NORTH FORK	<i>Brownie's Auto Repair Shop</i>	10x3
GRASS VALLEY	<i>Nevada City Garage, Nevada City</i>	Elk 5-F-2	NORTH SACRAMENTO	<i>Carlson's Garage</i>	(Day) Main 3240 (Night) Main 5350-W
GREENFIELD	<i>Greenfield Garage</i>	Grenada 18	NOVATO	<i>Peoples Motor Sales Company</i>	(Day) Novato 77 (Night) 44 72 & 433
GREENWOOD	<i>Matson and Dearing</i>	(Day) Gridley 211 (Night) 223	OAKDALE	<i>Pederson's Garage</i>	Glencourt 4400
GRENADE	<i>Grenada Garage</i>	Guerneville 15-J	OAKLAND	<i>C. S. A. A. District Office</i>	(Day) Orange Cove 8
GRIDLEY	<i>Vance's Garage</i>	Brooks Exchange	ORANGE COVE	<i>Orange Cove Motor Company</i>	(Night) 28 & 44-J-4
GROVELAND	<i>Sierra Garage & Service Station</i>	(Day) Gustine 6 (Night) Gustine 60-J	ORICK	<i>Park Garage</i>	Orick Exchange
GUERNEVILLE	<i>Guerneville Garage</i>	(No Night Phone)	ORINDA	<i>Orinda Parke Garage</i>	C. S. A. A. Dist. Office
GUINDA	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage</i>	Half Moon Bay 9-W	ORLAND	<i>Nock Auto Company</i>	Oakland 688
GUSTINE	<i>Patchetts & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	Hanford 400	ORVILLE	<i>Bradley Auto Works</i>	(Day) Orland 89 (Night) 194-A
GUSTINE	<i>Newman</i>	Hayward 725	PACIFIC GROVE	<i>Pacific Grove Garage</i>	(Day) Oroville 9 (Night) 104
HALF MOON BAY	<i>Isadore Garage</i>	(Day) 41; (Night) 112- 294-J	PALO ALTO	<i>Paradise Sales</i>	Pacific Grove 6
HANFORD	<i>Erwin Motor Co.</i>	Fresno 2-J-3	PARADISE	<i>Paradise Super Station</i>	Palo Alto 2820
HAYFORK	<i>Hayfork Garage</i>	Hollister 143	PATTERSON	<i>Patterson Garage</i>	Paradise 9F-12
HAYWARD	<i>Moon Garage</i>	Hopland 21	PESCADERO	<i>Pescadero Garage</i>	(Day) Patterson 45 (Night) 133
HEALDSBURG	<i>Standard Machine Works</i>	(5 miles west of El Portal Indian Flat via Merced)	PETALUMA	<i>Hill Plaza Garage</i>	Pescadero 7-J
HELM	<i>Helm Garage</i>	(Day) Lone 41 (Night) 7	PETROLIA	<i>Shell Service Station and Garage</i>	Petaluma 26
HOLLISTER	<i>Tiffany Motor Co.</i>	(Night) Send Word	PIEDMONT	<i>C. S. A. A. Oakland Office</i>	Glencourt 4400
HOPLAND	<i>Central Garage</i>	Isleton 258	PITTSBURG	<i>W. & W. Garage</i>	Pittsburg 150
INDIAN FLAT	<i>Indian Flat Service Station</i>	Jackson 104-W	PLACERVILLE	<i>Placerville Garage</i>	(Day) Placerville 153 (Night) 217-J
IONE	<i>Tonzi's Garage</i>	(Day) Sonora 221	PLEASANTON	<i>Hanson Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Pleasanton 108 (Night) 203 or 82-F-2
IRVINGTON	<i>Corey's Garage</i>	(Night) Sonora 16-W 1223	PLYMOUTH	<i>Alpine Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	(Day) Plymouth 21 (Night) 18-J
ISLETON	<i>Owl Garage</i>	Kelseyville Exchange	POINT ARENA	<i>Point Arena Garage</i>	Point Arena 41-W
JACKSON	<i>Davies Garage</i>	Kenwood 2-F-3	POINT REYES STA.	<i>Silacci & Cheda</i>	Point Reyes Sta. 4-J
JAMESTOWN	<i>J. L. O'Neill's Garage</i>	(Day) Kerman 263 (Night) 25	POPE VALLEY	<i>Pope Valley Garage</i>	St. Helena 4-F-3
JANESVILLE	<i>Janesville Garage</i>	(Day) King City 31	PORTOLA	<i>Portola Garage</i>	Portola 7-W
KELSEYVILLE	<i>Waite & Vass</i>	(Day) Kingsburg 71 (Night) 249	QUINCY	<i>Erwin's Garage</i>	Quincy 99
KENWOOD	<i>Meads Garage</i>	34-M	RAVENDALE	<i>Ravendale Garage</i>	Ravendale
KERMAN	<i>Service Garage</i>	Call Lakeport Operator (Day) Laton 37 (Night) 34	RED BLUFF	<i>Paul's Garage</i>	(Day) Red Bluff 186 (Night) 128-A and 245-M
KING CITY	<i>El Camino Garage</i>	Laytonville 10-J	REDDING	<i>Hershey's Garage</i>	Redding 45
KINGSBURG	<i>Wilson & Sherling</i>	Lemoore 223	REDDING	<i>Squappa Garage</i>	Redwood 753
KNIGHT'S LANDING	<i>Knight's Landing Garage</i>	Lincoln 18	REDELY	<i>Osborn Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Redwood 1681 (Night) 732 or 523
LAKEPORT	<i>Dunbar Chevrolet Co.</i>	Litchfield 502	REQUA	<i>Ocean View Garage</i>	Richmond 841
LATON	<i>Laton Garage</i>	(Day) Livermore 106 (Night) 197	(1 Mi. So. of New Klamath River Bridge)	<i>Seventh Street Garage</i>	(Day) Rio Vista 45 (Night) 51-J
LAYTONVILLE	<i>Tillford's Garage</i>	(Day) 91 & 21-R (Day) 13-J	RICHMOND	<i>Sidwell's Garage</i>	(Day) San Joaquin 28-W (Night) 49-W
LEMOORE	<i>Sillano Motor Co.</i>	(No Night phone)	RIO VISTA	<i>Madson's Garage</i>	(Day) Riverdale 7 (Night) 42
LINCOLN	<i>Service Garage</i>	(Day) Lodi 155	RIPON	<i>L. H. Byron's Garage</i>	Crockett 801-F-2
LITCHFIELD	<i>R. O. Deal Garage</i>	(Day) Loomis 32 (Night) 61-F-4	RIVERDALE	<i>Rodeo Garage</i>	Roseville 203
LIVERMORE	<i>Valley Garage</i>	(Day) Los Altos 12 (Night) 175	ROSEVILLE	<i>Saugstad Bros.</i>	(Day) Main 9290 (Night) Capito 1765-R
LIVINGSTON	<i>Shaffer Motor Co.</i>	Los Banos 85	SACRAMENTO	<i>Central Garage</i>	Capito 13140
LOCKFORD	<i>Central Garage</i>	Los Gatos 271	SACRAMENTO	<i>Union Garage</i>	(Day) St. Helena 150 (Night) 150-J
LODI	<i>Tourist Garage</i>	Morrell Garage	SAN HELENA	<i>Napa Valley Garage</i>	Salinas 490
LOOMIS	<i>Loomis Motor Co.</i>	(Day) Main 1-J (Night) 1-W	SALINAS	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Day San Andreas 40-W
LOS ALTOS	<i>Depot Garage</i>	(Day) Lodi 155	SAN ANDREA	<i>Mother Lode Garage</i>	(Night) Sheriff's Office
LOS BANOS	<i>Kaljian Garage</i>	(Day) Lodi 155	SAN ANSELMO	<i>Durham Garage</i>	(Day) San Anselmo 3133 or San Rafael 944
LOS GATOS	<i>Gateway Garage</i>	(Day) Lodi 155			
LOS MOLINOS	<i>Adams Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Lodi 155			
LOWER LAKE	<i>Morrell Garage</i>	(Day) Lodi 155			
LOYALTON	<i>White Garage</i>	(Day) Lodi 155			
MACDOEL	<i>Macdoel Garage</i>	(Day) Lodi 155			
MADERA	<i>Standard Garage</i>	(Day) Lodi 155			
MANTECA	<i>Main Highway Garage</i>	(Day) Lodi 155			
MARIPOSA	<i>Fort Sumpter Garage</i>	(Day) Lodi 155			

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
SAN BRUNO	<i>Cabin Garage</i>	(Day) San Bruno 160 (Night) 650-R	TAHOMA	<i>Tahoma Garage</i>	Tahoma Garage
SAN FRANCISCO	<i>C.S.A.A. General Office</i>	Hemlock 3400	TOMALES	<i>Tomales Garage & Mach. Wks.</i>	Tomales 3-W
SANGER	<i>William Eggs</i>	Sanger 163	THORNTON	<i>New Hope Garage</i>	Thornton 9-J
SAN JOSE	<i>San Jose Buick Co.</i>	Ballard 6600	TRACY	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Tracy 157
SAN JOAQUIN	<i>Chevrolet Garage</i>	(Day) Fresno 63 (Night) 118	TRANQUILITY	<i>Benker's Garage</i>	Tranquility 147
SAN JUAN	<i>San Juan Garage</i>	San Juan 52-J	TRINIDAD	<i>McConnaha and Spinas Garage</i>	Trinidad 1
SAN LEANDRO	<i>Palacu Garage, San Leandro</i>	San Leandro 930 or C. S. A. A. Office, Glencourt 4400	TRUCKEE	<i>Truckee Garage</i>	(Day) Placer 123 (Night) 122-W 38-J-31
SAN LEANDRO	<i>C.S.A.A. Oakland Office</i>	Glencourt 4400	TUDOR	<i>Brander Bros.</i>	Tuolumne Exchange
SAN MARTIN	<i>Hall's Garage</i>	Main 1	TUOLUMNE	<i>Blair Garage</i>	Turlock 132
SAN MATEO	<i>Pattison's Garage</i>	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 895-M or 673-W	TURLOCK	<i>Simon's Garage</i>	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 126
SAN MATEO	<i>Hildebrand and Caldwell</i>	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031	UKIAH	<i>E. Neuhaus Garage</i>	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 407
SAN RAFAEL	<i>Cebalo Garage</i>	(Day) San Rafael 1268 (Night) San Rafael 376-J	UPPER LAKE	<i>Upper Lake Garage</i>	Upper Lake Exchange
SANTA CLARA	<i>San Jose Buick Co., San Jose</i>	San Jose 6600	VACAVILLE	<i>Vaca Auto Supply Co.</i>	(Day & Night) Vacaville 2
SANTA CRUZ	<i>Marks & Leonard</i>	Santa Cruz 357	VALLEJO	<i>Lewis Garage</i>	Vallejo 232
SANTA ROSA	<i>Central Garage</i>	Santa Rosa 518	VALLEY SPRINGS	<i>Valley Springs Garage</i>	Valley Springs 8
SARATOGA	<i>G. E. Tarlton</i>	(Day) Saratoga 133 (Night) 136-R	VINA	<i>Wood Brothers Garage</i>	Vina Long Distance
SATTELY	<i>Yuba Pass Garage</i>	Sattley Pay Station	VOLLMER'S	<i>Vollmer's Garage</i>	Vollmer's Ranch
SAUSALITO	<i>Rosa's Auto Repair Shop</i>	(Day) Sausalito 408 (Night) 368-R	WALNUT CREEK	<i>L. G. Lawrence Garage and Service Station</i>	(Day) Walnut Creek 19 (Night) 146
SCOTIA	<i>Scotia Garage</i>	Scotia Operator	WALNUT GROVE	<i>Kammeyer & Crowell</i>	Courland 272
SEBASTOPOL	<i>Tough Bros. Garage</i>	Sebastopol 188	WATERFORD	<i>Booth Motor Company</i>	1-W
SELMA	<i>Eugene H. Mayer Garage</i>	(Day) 20-W (Night) 207-R or 432	WATSONVILLE	<i>Appelton Garage</i>	164
SIERRA CITY	<i>Service Garage</i>	3-Y	WEED	<i>Inside Garage</i>	Watsonville 82
SMITH'S RIVER	<i>Buckner's Garage</i>	Smith's River 171	WEED	<i>Day's Garage</i>	Black 43
SOLEDAD	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	Soledad 17-W	WEED	<i>Mountain Service Station</i>	(Day) Weed 9 (Night) 129
SONOMA	<i>Garry Garage</i>	(Day) Sonoma 30-J (Night) 142	WEED	<i>Wm. Fraser Service Station</i>	West Exchange
SONORA	<i>J. L. O'Neil Garage</i>	(Day) Sonoma 221 (Night) 16-W	WEED	<i>Westwood Garage</i>	Westwood 212
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO	<i>Service Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	(Day) So. City 118-W (Night) 765-W	WEED	<i>P. M. Reedy</i>	Westwood 21-J
STERLING CITY	<i>C. G. Wolohen Garage</i>	Toll Station	WEED	<i>Centra Garage</i>	Williams 8
STOCKTON	<i>Oranges Bros. Garage</i>	Stockton 398 and 7121	WEED	<i>Steele's Machine Works</i>	(Day) Willits 71-J (Night) 167
STOCKTON	<i>Tourist Garage</i>	Stockton 124	WEED	<i>Willows Motor Sales Co.</i>	Willows 96
SUNNYVALE	<i>Sunnyvale Garage</i>	Sunnyvale 150	WEED	<i>Winters Garage</i>	Main 2
SUSANVILLE	<i>Smith Auto Co.</i>	332-B	WEED	<i>Electric Garage Co.</i>	Woodland 123
SUTTER CREEK	<i>Oneto Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Sutter Creek 59 (Night) 152	WEED	<i>Woodside Garage</i>	(Day) Redwood 1378-W (Night) 367-J
TAHOE CITY	<i>Sierra Garage & Machine Shop</i>	Tahoe City 11-W	WEED	<i>See listings under Merced, Bridgeport and Mariposa</i>	Yreka 89
			WEED	<i>Traveller's Garage</i>	Yuba City 1165
			WEED	<i>Sutter Garage</i>	(Day and Night)
			WEED	<i>M. & K. Garage, Marysville</i>	Marysville 468



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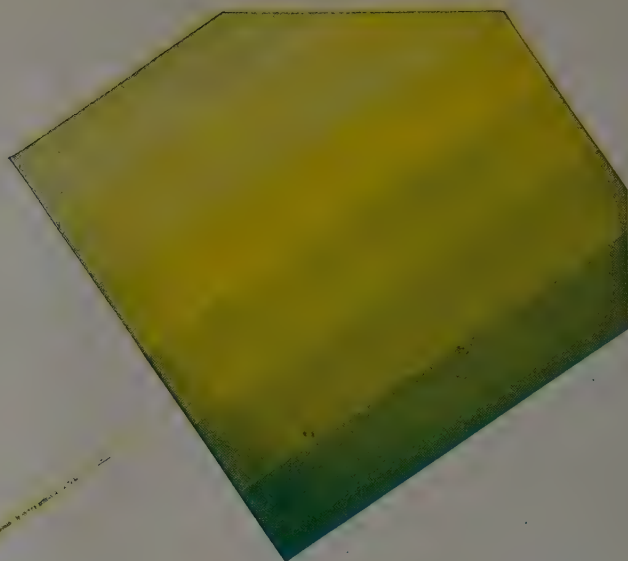


MALIBU MOUNTAINS

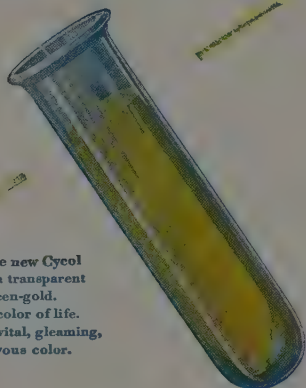
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TOURING TOPICS

APRIL 1928



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FISK TIRES

TOURING TOPICS

Volume 20
Number 4



April
1928

Published monthly by
The Automobile Club of Southern California
OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
1507 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California
EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES
2601 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California

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Entered as second-class matter March 8, 1913, at the post office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscription rates: Members, first year, \$1.00; renewals, 25 cents for six months; non-members, \$1.00 per year.

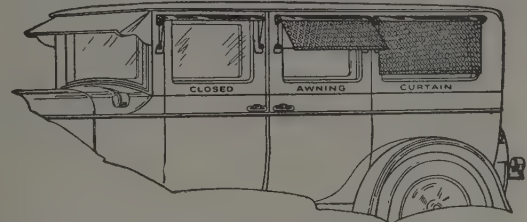
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Touring Pleasure

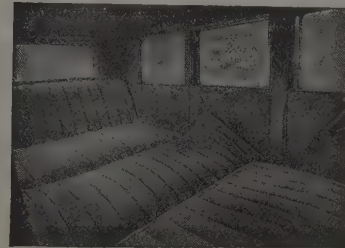
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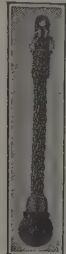
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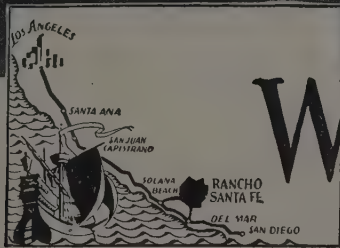
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TOURING TOPICS

VOLUME XX *A Magazine for Motorists* NUMBER 4

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1928

PAGE

COVER DESIGN—*Malibu Hills. Painted by Hanson Puthuff*

THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE—*An intimate discussion of Touring Topics contributors and contributions* 11

CONSERVATION THAT PAYS—*An Editorial*..... 13

✓ THE VALUE OF CALIFORNIA'S GAME RESOURCES—*A rational discussion of wildlife conservation by Henry W. Keller*..... 14

✓ DESERT PROPHETS—*The story of the Joshua tree. By Charles I. Long. Photograph by Karl Struss* 17

✓ THE FIRST PACIFIC STEAMSHIP—*A chronicle of the voyage of the California-bound Argonauts who first came by steamer. By James A. B. Scherer. Illustrations by Lewis Carleton Ryan* 18

NEW ZEALAND—*Another world for conquering American motorists. By John Edwin Hogg. Photos by the author*..... 22

✓ "CLOSE UPS" OF OUR HIGH SIERRA—*An intimate description of California's noteworthy mountain peaks, from the mountaineer's viewpoint. Part I: The 14,000-foot Peaks. By Norman Clyde* 28

YOUR CLUB'S ACTIVITIES—*What the various service agencies of the Automobile Club of Southern California are doing*..... 31

✓ THE MYSTERIOUS DESERT PALM—*The history and life habits of one of California's strangest floral species. By Phil Townsend Hanna* 32

SPRING STYLES AND COLORS IN MEN'S SPORTS APPAREL—*By Jack Worthington. Drawings by Victor Mall*..... 36

SPORTS TOGS FOR THE OUTDOOR WOMAN—*By Opal Haynes. Drawings by Victor Mall*.. 37

THE SOUTHWEST IN ILLUMINATED VERSE..... *Rotagravure Section*

MONO LAKE—*By Jake Zeitlin. Block print by Franz Geritz*

FIRE—*By Nina Willis Walter. Photograph by Karl Struss*

THE GRAND CANYON—*By Mabel W. Phillips*

FIRST ACROSS THE SANDS—*By John Russell McCarthy. Block prints by Kenneth McLellan*

JORNADA DEL MUERTO—*By K. T. O'Hara. Photograph by Paul M. MacFarlane*

SONG OF THE EXILE—*By Will Colton. Photograph by Ernest M. Pratt*

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The Editor's Own Page



Hanson Puthuff, whose colorful painting of the Malibu mountains appears on the cover of this month's issue of *Touring Topics*

IT WAS entirely fitting that Hanson Puthuff should choose Malibu Hills as the subject for his painting which adorns this month's cover of *TOURING TOPICS*, for it is among these hills he has found his most fruitful painting ground. If you are acquainted with his works and chance to take an excursion through the Malibu region some fine Sunday at any season of the year you cannot fail to be struck by the truth of his interpretations.

It is frequently observed among artists that your large, heavy-handed, slow-moving man is endowed with a gift for true lyricism and delicacy of feeling, while your "powerful" works are often turned out by some dainty little fellow who looks like a dancing master. Puthuff runs true to form. A giant of a man, he has the genuine lyrical gift. He paints with a lilt.

Missouri knew him first, then Denver, and in 1903 he discovered Southern California and an inexhaustible painting ground. Gradually grew up the Puthuff style—a way of painting pictures in which mountains and eucalyptus trees took on new life because they were depicted by a man who loved to see them in the clear, lighted air of this happy region and did not import an eastern or European atmosphere into his pictures.

These works were sent about to exhibitions, admired, given honors and medals, while the man who painted them was at work helping develop the early art life of Los Angeles. Then he discovered the Malibu and the Verdugo hills, and, like the great English landscape painter Constable, who confined his painting ground to a few square miles of territory, Puthuff need never wander again, for these same hills covered with oaks and sycamores and crowned with wild

craggs bring out the full response of his painter's poetry.

There is no painter of Southern California landscape whose pictures have a more genuine flavor of locality. It is not because he copies the facts but because he is so steeped in the character of the country that one seems to inhale the freshness of spring or scent the tang of dried grasses in his paintings as these things are only to be experienced in Southern California. Any honor roll of the landscape painters of this region must give a large place to Hanson Puthuff.

—A.M.

THE attitude of the average Californian toward wildlife conservation in the past has been so completely passive that gradual depletion of our game resources is not to be wondered at. Like our water and our forests, our game had been here since time immemorial; wouldn't it thrive indefinitely—survive the most ruthless slaughter, the most indecent destruction?

The answer is obvious; it would not and it has not. Today we are paying the penalty of our profligacy. There's a silver lining to the cloud, however. The adoption of a sane, objective and practical program of conservation will protect the remaining species and restore, perhaps, much of the game that has gone.

Such a program is outlined in this issue by Henry W. Keller, who discusses *The Value of California's Game Resources* in an intelligent and convincing manner. A native of California, and a former president of the Automobile Club of Southern California, Mr. Keller long since saw the folly and futility of our wildlife policy. He was a member of one of the earliest State

fish and game commissions and has ever been an ardent votary of practical conservation.

The penetrating thoughts that he expresses here merit the serious consideration of every reader of this publication.

WHAT makes the "ideal car?" If you could design a "perfect" automobile for the average motorist, just what features would you incorporate?

Doubtless you have many ideas; every motorist has. *TOURING TOPICS* has interviewed four veteran Southern California motorists engaged in diversified occupations—a racing driver, a physician, a stage driver and a highway engineer. Their collective driving aggregates more than 2,000,000 miles. From this experience they have gained certain pertinent notions about automobiles and needed improvements.

In the May issue they will tell their impressions of the essentials for *The Ideal Car* through Chester Newton Hess.

POETS of the Southwest have been so prolific of late and their wares so meritorious that *TOURING TOPICS* this month devotes its entire rotogravure section to a sheaf of contemporary verses. The illuminations accompanying are by prominent photographers and artists.

LEST there be some confusion, let it be understood that "the first" Pacific Steamship referred to in Dr. James A. B. Scherer's fascinating sketch in this issue does not mean the first chronologically, but the term is employed in the sense of "the foremost."

When Dr. Scherer's competent biography of Samuel Brannan—*The First Forty-niner*—appeared, a similar misunderstanding obtained with many who read more rapidly than penetratingly.

Dr. Scherer's contribution concludes the anthology of Pacific maritime history which has appeared in *TOURING TOPICS* for some months. A similar group of articles on the history of land trans-

port is now being arranged for and the first of these will be published soon.

JOHN Anson Ford, who will be remembered as the author of *Seeing Europe by Motor*, which was contained in this publication a year ago, contributes a second article on European motor- ing to the May issue under the title *Via Romantic Roads to Rome*. Mr. Ford is a prominent Angeleno, a member of the Adventurer's Club, a civic worker, and during the journey he describes carried the emblem of the Automobile Club of Southern California across Europe.

HENCE came the native palm, California's beautiful and strange desert sentinel? How often have you heard that question and how seldom have you heard it answered intelligently. The reason is simply that none knows. Even those botanists most familiar with it are reluctant to speculate on the origin of the *Washingtonia*.

All available authorities on the subject have been collated for a discussion of *The Mysterious Desert Palm*, its genesis, life habits and utility, which is included in the present number of *TOURING TOPICS* on page 32.

Scant as is the literature on the subject, this article, possibly, will aid you to a better understanding of this desert enigma, one of the most amazing in a land of amazements.

—P.T.H.



When the muse is upon him, John Anson Ford must write, even though he is forced to utilize such improvised facilities as a gondola, on the canals of Venice. Ford contributes "Via Romantic Roads to Rome," to the May issue of *Touring Topics*

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TOURING TOPICS

APRIL, 1928



CONSERVATION THAT PAYS

HAVING passed through a long period of wasteful and improvident use of the great natural resources of the United States, thoughtful men in every State in the Union are coming to realize that effective conservation measures must be taken if this and succeeding generations are to continue to enjoy the bounties which Nature has so lavishly bestowed. Tremendous as are the resources of this matchless land of ours they are not inexhaustible; especially in the face of an increasing population; especially as that population is ever going farther and farther afield by the use of the automobile and other improved means of transportation.

Forest conservation has for some time engaged the serious attention and efforts of men of affairs. Many States have taken profitable measures to conserve their fish and game and this action has returned millions of dollars in profits and other substantial benefits. It is therefore of the utmost importance and value to the people of California that a strong and well directed movement is under way to better and more adequately protect and conserve the wild life of this State. The measures that are proposed and the reasons why they must be pressed insistently are told in an authoritative and illuminating article by Henry W. Keller in this issue of *TOURING TOPICS*. Mr. Keller is one of the outstanding authorities in the State on this subject and his long experience and observation of the conditions pertaining to California fish and game enable him to speak with wisdom and a knowledge of the facts.

The Automobile Club of Southern California, the California State Automobile Associa-

tion, the California Development Association, chambers of commerce and many other influential organizations are already enlisted in a campaign to secure legislation that will remedy the evils of indiscriminate hunting and fishing and at the same time permit residents and visitors to enjoy within reasonable limitations the opportunities which this State presents to the hunter and fisherman.

As described by Mr. Keller this conservation movement is being conducted along well defined and carefully considered lines. Having the backing of so many influential citizens and strong civic organizations it only remains for the citizens generally to inform and interest themselves in the measures that are being taken to bring about the much desired legislation.

It is clear that without such legislation the State will gradually lose a great asset, whereas, if proper measures are taken, it seems equally clear that our fish and game can be made to return tens of millions of dollars annually and at the same time continue to confer upon men the priceless boon of a glorious outdoor land tenanted, as Nature intended, with wild animals, birds and fish.

Ill-advised slaughter of animals, birds or fish can bring no benefit to anyone except, perhaps, the few who think only of the moment's advantage to the disregard of the advantage of the many. On the other hand every citizen of the State will be benefited by the conservation measures which are sought. Thus, it is a reasonable expectation that the men who have interested themselves in the campaign to secure improved legislation will have virtually the solid backing of the people of California.



The operation of the Migratory Bird Law has served, in a measure, to curtail waterfowl extinction

The Value of *California's Game Resources*

By Henry W. Keller

COINCIDENT with the rapid increase of population in the United States and the enormous growth of industry, the general use of the automobile, the building of good roads, and the intensity of modern business, there has come a desire and a necessity for quiet places. In every State of the Union, and in Canada as well, we find the national governments, the State and municipal authorities, setting aside areas large and small for recreational purposes. As never before our people are turning to the out of doors, and are developing a love of nature and all it holds. For the first time in the lives of many they have become interested in the wild things there found, and there has grown up a universal desire to protect the wild game and fish, the songsters, and the very trees that afford them shelter and protection.

In view of this sentiment the time is favorable to crystallize it and bring about meas-

ures and practices that will protect our natural resources, whether of fauna or flora, and increase the visible supply. It must be admitted that this increase of population, and its awakened interest in wild life, and the ease and rapidity by which the most remote sections can be reached, is taking a heavy toll on the wild game and fish as well. But it has been demonstrated in many sections in the United States and in the old world, where the population is much denser than is found on the Pacific Slope, and where modern methods of protection are pursued, that the supply has been increased, and in certain New England States where certain species had been totally annihilated, restoration by introduction of game from other sections, the artificial propagation of native species, and importation of exotic varieties, have given very satisfactory results. For the better consideration of the subject a condensed history of wild game in the United States, early legislation

for its protection, the causes which led to its present scarcity, and present methods employed for its perpetuation, is herewith appended.

We know from indisputable evidence that this continent when first discovered teemed with wild life. The Indians were supported and procured their clothing almost entirely from the chase. Agriculture they practiced only to a limited extent. The native population, never numerous owing to constant warfare among the tribes, and the game abundant, the amount taken had no effect upon the supply. These conditions prevailed upon both the Atlantic and Pacific shores until immigration from Europe peopled the Atlantic seaboard. Conquest and occupation of the Pacific Coast by the Spanish had no visible effect on the game supply until many years had passed because it was not followed by the tide of immigration that spread along the entire Atlantic seaboard. The Spanish held their great

possessions on the Pacific Coast mainly by force of arms, and while the conquered nations and their natural resources were fully exploited for the benefit of the Spanish crown, colonization although encouraged occupied a secondary position for the first century.

Before the American Revolution, we find there existed game protectionists among the English colonists and the passage by one commonwealth, the first of record, of a law establishing a closed season on the heath-hen or prairie-chicken. Many years later one of these old English colonies, the Charter Colony, when it had become the State of Connecticut, through its courts rendered a decision known as Greer vs. Connecticut, case appealed and sustained by the U. S. Supreme Court, which was the most important decision ever rendered in any land affecting game and its legal status. This decision became the foundation upon which all subsequent game legislation was built, and was as important to game as was the Waukesha case with regard to riparian rights.

Many of our laws we inherited from England and among them the English theory that all game belonged to the crown. Even today the King of England, though he does not enforce his prerogative, is entitled to receive a tithe on all game killed in England. In the case under consideration, the findings approved by the Supreme Court, the principle was established for the first time in the United States, following the English law, that

the game belonged to the crown and since we had no king the game belonged to the people in their sovereign capacity. Consequently our legislatures and Congress, as representatives of the people, had a right to pass regulations for its protection, prohibit its taking entirely, and more important still, the Greer case decided that even when wild game had been legally reduced to possession the ownership was not complete but qualified, and the law for instance might, as most of our State



Predatory beasts, especially of the cat family, have taken an enormous toll of our game. Professional hunters have supplanted the notorious "bounty system" in an effort to control this menace. Photo by U. S. Forest Service



and national laws do, provide that it cannot be sold.

The California courts about this time contributed another important decision in the exparte Maier case. Maier, a butcher in Los Angeles, imported from Mexico the carcasses of deer, and proceeded to sell them at a time when the laws of California forbade the sale of venison. It was admitted that the animals in question were Mexican deer, and that Maier had legally possessed them in Mexico. Nevertheless, the court rightly and logically held that to

One of the most effective means of restoring our depleted wildfowl supply has been through the importation and propagation of exotic species such as (left) these ring-neck pheasants and (above) this Reeves pheasant cock, photographed at the California State Game Farm. Photo copyright by Ted Powell



properly protect California deer, which were of the same species as the Mexican deer, the introduction and sale of foreign deer must be excluded when our laws prohibited their sale. Following these decisions which firmly established the legal status of all game, and the right of the State legislatures, as representatives of the people, to pass laws for its protection, the States of the Union in rapid succession passed laws prohibiting the exportation of game to other

States and foreign countries and prohibiting its sale. There have followed also license laws properly placing the cost of protection upon the hunter.

More recently Congress assumed control of migratory wildfowl and passed the Migratory Bird Law providing uniform and national laws governing the taking and prohibiting the sale of all migratory birds. This national game law is in striking contrast to the laws adopted by many of the States for the protection of non-migratory birds and animals still under State control. It has been demonstrated in the years that the national law has been under satisfactory operation, that it is possible to prescribe a season applicable to all States, wherein the hunter can procure his reasonable share of the game and

without imperiling the supply.

In California it has been deemed necessary to protect non-migratory game and fish by the establishment of no less than forty-three districts, for all purposes. When we

consider that none of the boundaries of these various districts are defined on the ground and only in the statute books, the resultant confusion and absurdity of such enactment and enforcement is patent.

As the Atlantic seaboard became populated the tide of emigration set westward, preceded by the pioneers, the trapper and hunter. The Boones and the Lincolns moved to Kentucky, thence to Indiana and to Illinois, until the West Central States were populated and the game destroyed. Before the Mexican War began, the territory west of the

Rocky Mountains was invaded and following the discovery of gold in California this mighty tide of seekers of new homes and fortunes reached and occupied the Pacific

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)



The buffalo affords the outstanding example of ruthless destruction of our native creatures, yet it is not beyond the bounds of probability that this noble rover of the plains might be restored if favorable conditions obtain. Photo copyright by Tod Powell



Colorado estimates the value of its wildlife, as a natural resource, to be some \$60,000,000. The Rocky Mountain sheep, shown here, are an important species. How much California's wildlife is worth now is problematical but, no doubt, under proper husbandry and restoration, it would be worth twice the above figure in the future. Photo copyright by Tod Powell

SURELY THE Joshuas or tree yuccas are the maniacs of the plant world; they fling their arms about like haggard madmen in despair. They are twisted and warped, as though their wits had been burned out by the desert sun, and blown away by the violent winds that sweep across the waste lands. They have even lost their sense of gravity, and send their branches downward if the notion seizes them.

They start out to be really respectable plants, these tree yuccas, but after they have grown a bit, more often than not they become distorted caricatures. One would hardly guess that they are lilies. They make the desert appear as an enchanted forest. They make a paradox of the desert, for, where one expects to see only cactus and sand dunes, one finds instead a stumpy, half-dwarfed thicket. But it is a truly desert forest. There are trees, but they cast no shade. At sunset, when these queer spectres armed with muffs of dark green spikes are silhouetted against the purpling sky, they become singularly beautiful. They stand isolated, or in straggling groups, punctuating the flat horizon line like ominous hieroglyphics. They are unconventionally angular, and lend a strange, appositional note to the landscape. They point forebodingly across the sandy expanses, but leave one in a quandary, for they point all ways at once.

But the tree yucca is not as crazy as it looks. On the contrary, it is an admirable adaptation to life on the inhospitable desert. During the successive geologic ages long ago when the land was slowly rising, and the land becoming more arid, these primitive plants survived the almost imperceptible changes, because of inherent adaptability. They were the more plastic ones, which had not become too specialized and were, therefore, able to become modified without impairing their vitality or reproductive functions. The weaker and less

plastic of their offspring succumbed to the changing conditions, but those of greater pliability were able to adjust themselves and grew. Generation after generation came and went, suffering this same weeding out of the weaker species. Many and devious were the paths traced by as many kinds of plants, but at last it came about, after ages of this inevitable process, that a strain was produced in the lily family that culminated in the tree yucca. This plant can withstand months of drought and scorching heat, in expectation of a season's showers. In its harsh, forbidding environment it manages to grow and flower and set its seed, thus insuring the perpetuation of its kind.

How does it do it? The roots stretch down into the sand and gravel, and draw from the meagre supply of water that is there, profiting by the seasonal rains to store as much as possible in the porous trunk and stems above the ground. The woody parts of the plant are composed of light, porous tissues, which retain the water that is brought to them, and give it out

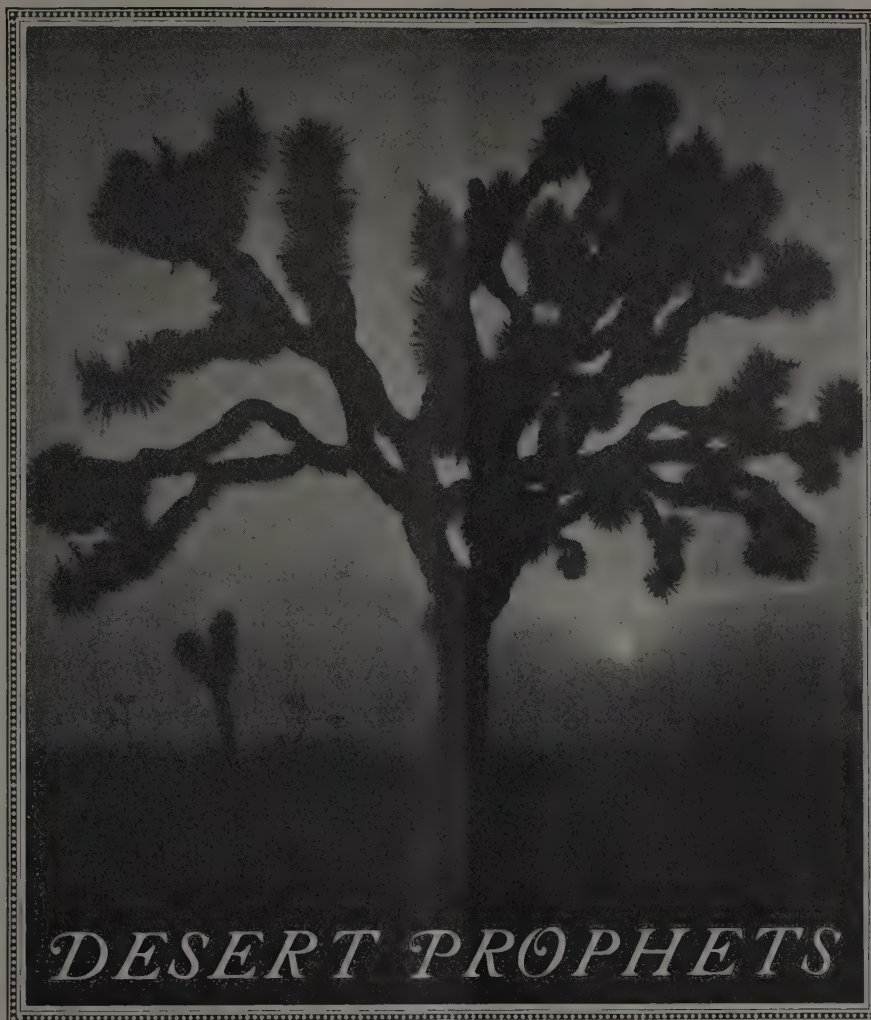
sparingly as it is needed. Though this is an important task, the great problem of any desert plant is the prevention of excessive evaporation. This the tree yucca accomplishes in several ways. In the first place, the leaves are long, thin spikes, thus exposing as little surface as is possible. In this way the area of evaporation is minimized. Furthermore, the leaves are somewhat shiny and smooth, with the result that the sun's rays are deflected to a certain extent, and evaporation through the pores or stomata is still further reduced. As the leaves die off, they form an effective thatch that protects the trunk from the beating sun and hot, dry air.

The flowering season of the tree yucca commences in February, and continues until May. Surmounting a bunch of spikes at the end of a branch, comes a cone of greenish buds, which lengthens out into a panicle several inches long. The buds unfold into not unlovely flowers of yellowish white, but they have an unpleasant, fetid odor. Though they are humbler than the lordly Spanish bayonet of the mountainsides, a related species, the waxy flowers are not to be scorned. I think that they might be appreciated more if they did not grow on such large plants, for they are so disproportionately small for the size of the tree that they look a bit ridiculous.

After the flowering season, the yellow seeds appear, and, long after they have fallen to the ground, the old, dead flower stalks still cling to the tree, giving it a ragged thriftless look. The Indians used the seeds for food by grinding them into a meal, which they ate either raw or cooked as a porridge.

The wood of the tree yucca has been put to many uses, and was in demand during the World War for use in making artificial limbs and splints, for it is pliable in one direction, but rigid in the other. Ground into pulp, the wood has been used in the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)



DESERT PROPHETS

By Charles I. Long

Photograph by Karl Struss

The First



"The California's anchor-chain clanked from its windlass, and the First Pacific steamship came to rest"

THE pre-Homeric Argonauts* knew perfectly well what they were about when they sailed in the *Argo* for Colchis. They were out for the Golden Fleece. But their first American namesakes, the "steamship Pioneers" of California, have flatly denied that gold had anything at all to do with their plans as they sailed from New York on the *Falcon*, December 1, 1848. They became gold-hunters by accident, and their wholly unexpected adventures are among the strangest in the long American story.

They never got over their pride in sailing on "the First Pacific steamship." On the twenty-fifth anniversary of their arrival at San Francisco some of them published a book in which they paid a warm tribute to "the new age of steam." This tribute de-

*From the Greek "*Argo*," the name of a legendary ship, and "*nautes*," a sailor.

serves repetition not only as a somewhat curious piece of rhetoric, but for its historical value as well.

So late as 1840 (it reminds us) the Emperor of all the Russias openly opposed the general introduction of steam, either in national or private enterprises. Yet it was in this same year of 1840 that the steam navigation of the Pacific was commenced by a company in England, who dispatched two steamers, the *Peru* and the *Chili*, each of 700 tons, under command of Capt. William Wheelwright, via the Straits of Magellan—which they passed, a distance of 300 miles, in 30 hours—to the western coast of South America, where they made the port of Tolcahuana, in 55 days from England. No company ever planned a nobler enterprise; none ever entered a vaster field; and few have had a more auspicious dawn.

Their plans contemplated the opening of communication and trade between England and the western coast of America, as far north as Panama—which they designed to connect with Chagres, on the Atlantic, by means of a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien—thence west to Asia, including the commerce of Japan and the Indies, making way-stations at the Gala-

pagos Islands, the Sandwich Islands and the Island of Otaheite (Tahiti?).

The coast of America north of Panama was not considered worth cultivating.

Upon the arrival of the steamers the governments of Chili and Peru were intensely excited. Their morning sun had risen—the glorious day of commercial supremacy had commenced. They saw themselves in the early future, the great half-way house in the path of empire, the principal depot for the exchange and transfer of the commerce of the world. Henceforth their sun would never set—the day of their increasing greatness have no end.

And surely the guaranty of their hopes was stronger than most calculations rest upon.

No intelligent man can wonder at, or blame them for their sanguine expectations, their exhilarating joy.

But when the time came to commence the trips (up the Pacific Coast) no coal arrived, and Capt. Wheelwright found himself crippled, fettered, chained. For some reason not yet satisfactorily explained, the company had neglected to send forward coal, without which not another step could be taken—leaving their faithful servant, the noble seaman who had so gloriously inaugurated their enterprise, to shift for himself.

Pacific Steamship

A chronicle of the voyage of the California-bound Argonauts who first came by steamer—

By James A. B. Scherer

Author of "The First Forty-niner," etc.

Illustrations by Lewis Carleton Ryan

as best he could.

Like the brave Briton that he was, he took off his coat, went into the mountains, and, though all unskilled in the work, prospected for, found, and dug coal with which to heat his boilers and again take his ships to sea. This, however, was of little avail when deserted by his company.

Thus virtually failed the first great effort to establish the steam navigation of the Pacific.

The next, and the successful, projector of steam commerce in the Pacific was the "Pacific Mail Steamship Company," of the city of New York.

It was fit that the commercial metropolis of America should lead the van in this great work: for on her crowded wharves an excited multitude of unbelieving scoffers had once gathered (in 1807) to witness (as they thought) "the bursting of the bubble" of Fulton's fanatical fancy—a fleet-flying fire-ship. But amid the scoffs and sneers and bewildered imprecations of that excited populace, the valves, obedient to the lever, moved; the steam, braced against the piston head, moved on the rod; the wheels revolved; the *Clermont* moved slowly from the dock. As it moved, the derisive sneers gave way to an indescribable blankness of countenance and absence of all sound—a silence which, like Egypt's darkness, might be felt. Then a shrug of the shoulders and the subdued "She does go!" "Yes, she starts, but she'll never make Albany!" "There, I declare she does stem the current! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Success was achieved. America, with little besides her warm blood and wild enthusiasm, snatched the prize from the wisdom and wealth of Europe, and fairly launched herself in a sea of steam.

Europe attempted to monopolize the enterprise—claim for her sons all the glory, and reap the golden harvest. But while she was wasting her time in the former, and securing little of the latter, America went forward; and at the end of the first twenty-five years, had more steam vessels running on one of her rivers, the Mississippi, than were on all the waters under the control of the British crown, and more than three times as many as were owned on all the continent of Europe.

II.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, whose first steamer

brought the first Argonauts to California, was the outgrowth of an Act of Congress having as its object regular communications between New York and Oregon. When, in accordance with that act, the Secretary of the Navy advertised for bids for carrying the mails semi-monthly from Panama City up to Astoria, Mexico was still in possession of California, while Yerba Buena—San Francisco-to-be—was an utterly insignificant hamlet clinging to wind-swept sand-hills.

Headed by William H. Aspinwall as president, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was incorporated April 12, 1848, and

at once set about the construction of three small side-wheel steamers, the *California*, the *Panama*, and the *Oregon*. The *California* was finished in time to be dispatched from New York early in October, so as to round the Horn and get up to Panama by the ensuing January and handle the Pacific side of the new postal service. Meanwhile the "Atlantic Steamship Company" had likewise been organized so as to convey the mails down the Atlantic seaboard to the Isthmus; and it was on this company's first steamer, the *Falcon*, that the unwitting Argonauts set sail. Their sailing date, originally December 20, was moved forward to the first day of that month because of "a

rumor, which had gained credence in a few minds, that gold had been discovered in California"—now a part of United States territory. But the pioneer diarists add, as if to ward off the suspicion of gold-fever, that

this rumor of gold discovery was of so little force that probably not half a dozen of the entire number of passengers had ever heard it, and not one had any faith in it. Hence it is due to the First Steamship Pioneers to say that they did not start for California for the purpose of digging gold, for they knew nothing of it when they sailed. When they had been three days at sea the gold discovery was officially published at Washington. But these passengers did not hear of it until their arrival at New Orleans.

But the rest of the country had heard of it—by means of the new Morse telegraph. No longer could there be any doubting the great fact of the gold discovery, as President Polk deemed it of such importance as to include it in a message to Congress. So during the week intervening between this official announcement and the *Falcon's* arrival at New Orleans, gold-fever swept the country like wildfire. As the little steamship paddled up toward the dock at New Orleans, her handful of pas-



"The backwoodsmen were of a type entirely new to the eyes of the New Yorkers"

sengers were astonished and mystified beyond measure to find the levees black and clamorous with backwoodsmen, their carpet-bags in their hands—"the most excited mass of moral floodwood that ever came down the Mississippi." Throughout the week of the *Falcon's* stay at the Crescent City her decks became populous with two groups of passengers presenting as strange a contrast as any artist's eye could wish to find. The backwoodsmen were of a type entirely new to the eyes of the New Yorkers: lank, loose-jointed men, their hands and feet like hams, their cadaverous faces overhung with long, straggling locks of black hair, the corners of their mouths curving downward, the upper lip being drawn slightly over the lower one, imparting to their features that cast of destructiveness supposed to be peculiar to redmen. Each one was a walking arsenal. They used tobacco incessantly, and spat with the greatest dexterity. On the other hand, the throngs of New Orleans gamblers who also crowded on board might have been mistaken at first glance for Congressmen or clergymen; neat and "genteel" in their long frock coats, with white ties and huge black hats like *sombreros*; clean-shaven and startlingly pale; quiet, and coolly self-possessed. The decks were soon cluttered with all kinds of gambling devices, including new-fangled faro tables, roulette wheels, and sweat-cloths. When the *Falcon* finally weighed anchor for Chagres she was jammed to her utmost capacity by a motley crew of wildly excited treasure-seekers, while a dozen other vessels chased in her wake, so swift was the spread of the gold-fever.

III.

Six precious days had been lost at New Orleans awaiting General Persifer Smith and his staff, detailed by telegraph to command the military forces on the Pacific coast, now suddenly important to Uncle Sam. To add to this vexatious delay, the ship had no sooner crossed the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi than she ran far off her course in a dense fog, this second delay acutely tormenting the treasure hunters with the fear that they might miss the *California* after all. To repair their morale two of the four parsons on board arranged for the celebration of "Forefathers' Day" on the evening of December 22, when resolutions were adopted that bespeak the spirit of some of the leaders of the party:

Resolved, 1st—That we hail with gratitude the return of the day, when our Pilgrim Fathers,

under the guidance and protection of a merciful Providence, reached their destination and commenced the work which has been fraught with such glorious results.

Resolved, 2nd—That we see in the suffering, in the self-denial for conscience' sake, and in the enterprise and perseverance of those projectors of an untried plan, and progenitors of a people full of love of civil and religious liberty, a spirit worthy of all emulation.

Resolved, 3d—That the results of their labor inspire us with increasing confidence in their principles. That these results include a self-diffusing system of civil and religious freedom which has already penetrated far into the wilds of barbarism, lighting the lamp of peace and love in every vale and on every mountain top where it goes; the most full and free system of general education the world has ever seen, diffusing throughout the American Republic an enlarged form of enlightened freedom, and laying the foundation for an untold amount of peace and happiness, of greatness and glory at home, and erecting in every kingdom and empire abroad statues of the only goddess to which man may safely bow—the right to govern self, and freedom to worship God.

Resolved, 4th—That while we commend the spirit which led them to act, and rejoice in the results of their efforts, we would fain emulate the former, and strive earnestly to attain the latter—would count no comfort of life too dear, no scene of home too sweet, no tie of friendship too strong, to yield to the important mission now before us, viz.: To establish States of this great Union on a distant coast: to found institutions in a wilderness, to extend all the blessings of our Fatherland to a country richer, and a people yet to be greater than the world knew at the time of the event we now celebrate.

After the adoption of these sonorous resolutions, the First Steamship Pioneers, as they themselves tell us, sat down to "a superb collation provided by the captain," and thus "passed some hours in a 'feast of reason' without a flowing bowl." The ever-present "society reporter" at this juncture whispers in our ear a terse description of some of the most distinguished of the banqueters:

There is Captain Thompson, with his amiable young—a second—wife, their four months' old



"Throughout the week of the *Falcon's* stay at New Orleans, her decks became populous with two groups of passengers presenting as strange a contrast as any artist's eye could wish to find."

daughter, bright as a rose, and sweet as a pink: and the maiden sister of Mrs. Thompson of sixteen. Rev. C. C. Wheeler and wife, the latter and the two ladies just named, on terms of greatest intimacy. Captain Elliott and his bride, he Quartermaster on the staff of General Persifer F. Smith; Captain R. W. Heath and Major Fitzgerald, his assistants; William Van Voorhies, of the Post Office Department, in charge of the mail for the Pacific; H. F. Williams, who yet in his minority occupies a place in the front rank of his profession as an architect; Revs. J. W. Douglass, and S. H. Willey, both young, single men, direct from the schools, devoting themselves to the moral and religious culture of the State to arise on the Pacific; D. W. C. Thompson, a bank clerk from Wall street, who, if his eye is not deceitful, will make his mark; Levi Stowell, a young and enterprising

business man from the National Capital; Rev. S. Woodbridge, from Long Island, and many others.

IV.

Burning with impatience, the first Argonauts at last reached Chagres on December 28, 1848. The only means of transportation for the long journey from Chagres to Cruces they found to be the native bongo, or canopied canoe, which they graphically describe as "a mahogany log three feet through and twenty long, with four men to pole it." So spirited became the bidding for these precious craft that thrifty natives got as high as \$60 a bongo, ten times the usual charge,—and then replied to the frenzied question, "When will you start?" with "*Mañana!*"

After the repetition of this unvarying answer "from day to day for half a week," as the diarists drily inform us, the word *mañana* became "rather unsatisfactory."

The tedium of these additional days of waiting, in a place of such deadly dullness as Chagres, was relieved by a single sensational incident. The only house among the bamboo huts of Chagres was a very small frame structure, painted red, consisting of two rooms, and named "The American Hotel." The proprietor was a venerable Jamaican negro named John Joseph Lewis, who rejoiced in an "equally black" spouse, each of this ebony couple "weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds." The pair spoke English, and were uncommonly intelligent, making themselves popular with the chafing pioneers by their readiness and ability in acting as interpreters with the shiftless natives, "whose only dialect was a medley of miserably adulterated Spanish and Indian."

On the second day (writes a diarist) mine host of the "American Hotel," in order to quiet symptoms of impatience, told us that he had something to show us in the morning, which

would be very interesting—and it was. He brought out a four-ounce vial full of gold dust from California, and poured it upon the table with all the dignity of an emperor exhibiting his diadem, and enlarged upon the immense quantities of it to be "picked up at San Francisco."

Excited as they were by this fuel added to their already inflamed imaginations, and vexed by intolerable delays, it is a tribute to the ardent pioneers that they had eyes for the tropical charms of the Chagres, when once afloat in its mahogany canoes. Five days on the river soothed them with the touch of a dreamy enchantment, for which, alas! they paid a dreamless toll by night. "Brimming and bright and large," the river wound serenely between towering walls of verdure, disclosing at every majestic bend some new vista of loveliness. Up from the silvered waters shot slender trunks of the lordly mango and cocoa, or the superb palm and sycamore, all woven so closely together with long, trailing vines—flowering richly in crimson and gold—as to form huge unbroken sheets of vernal tapestry, mirrored to an indescribable delicacy on the unruffled surface of the stream. Immense pennants and streamers of fragrance drooped down and trailed in the water from the lofty boughs overhead. Flocks of small but brilliant parakeet, with beves of great gorgeous butterflies, circled through the air like wafted leaves and vagrant blossoms. The travelers drowsed back by day under their floating canopies of palm, soothed with such scenes of beauty, only to be set ashore at sundown in filthy hamlets where squealing pigs and naked, pot-bellied brats ran between their legs with such force as to trip them to the ground, and where the mosquitoes fairly devoured them; where, when they fled the dirty huts of the natives at midnight and took refuge under the palms to try to sleep, sudden tropical downpours drenched them to the skin before they were wide awake enough to swear.

At Cruces the cholera caught them! Centuries on end white men had crossed the Isthmus at intervals, hiring pack-mules from the mercenary natives; but so great seemed the number of the Falconers that a wild rumor got abroad that the Americans had come to take the country. The natives, accordingly, had fled into the hills, driving their mules before them. It took a whole week of cajolery to get them back. Meanwhile, five of the pioneers died, including Captain Elliott, "one of the noblest specimens of an American soldier that ever graced our army." There was no lumber for coffins, so the dead were dumped into the earth encased only in their blankets. The only

food the frightened survivors dared touch was eggs and raw onions, because, when they had removed the shell from the one and the husk from the other, they at least knew the inside was clean. Before that dreadful week ended, Cruces was crowded beyond all endurance. In addition to the three hundred Falconers, gold-hunters from six other steamers poured in, so fast had the gold-fever spread.

V.

The natives having yielded at last to the persuasion of lucre, long strings of mules came jingling down from the hills where they had been in hiding, and the first argonauts threaded through the jungle to Panama City. In that bedlam they were forced to spend the whole month of January, first waiting for the much belated *California*, and then wrangling as to who should board her.

One incident of the hazardous muleback journey across the cholera-stricken isthmus impressed the First Steamship Pioneers enormously. It was the pluck of a parson's wife, Mrs. O. C. Wheeler, in putting on a pair of her husband's trousers and straddling a rawboned mule for ten-and-a-half consecutive rough-and-tumble hours without once dismounting. Inspired, no doubt, by quasi-ecclesiastical sanction, a Mrs. Whitney emulated the example set by the parson's wife. In those days of crinoline and hoopskirt, when ladies were not supposed to have legs, the sensation created at Cruces by the almost unbelievable announcement of an equestrienne performance without side-saddle was so profound that the whole population, both native and foreign, assembled to see the novel sight. These two ladies were the only ones that made the trip without disaster. Mrs. Wheeler did not dismount until they reached Panama, having actually remained in the saddle ten-and-a-half

hours, over one of the worst possible roads, and all the time under a burning tropical sun, or in such deluging showers of rain as are known only on the Isthmus. When these two ladies and their escort passed the gates of Panama, the welkin fairly rang with shouts of applause and pealing cheers, an exercise that continually increased, until they reached the hotel, where Mrs. Wheeler was taken from her horse, and carried by enthusiastic army officers, and gentlemen pioneers, to her room, in the second story of the large building. The emphatic declarations "These are the only two sensible ladies among us," "That is the only rational way for a lady to attempt the trip," and others of similar import were repeated for the hundredth time. This act inaugurated, and those noble men sanctioned and gave character and honorable repute, to an innovation adapted to the circumstances; and established a custom which, by ladies who had an opportunity to prepare for it before leaving home, was for years appreciated and enjoyed (in young San Francisco).

Purser Rodman M. Price, of the Navy, who was destined to save the *California* from one of the crises of her extremely hazardous voyage, was so impressed with the pluck of the parson's wife that he wrote to her husband a quarter of a century later:

Your name brings back to me, most vividly, the heroism, fortitude, and quiet endurance of your wife, both in her transit across the isthmus and on board the steamship. Her ride across the isthmus on mule-back, man-wise, covered with waterproof overalls and coat, I have often referred to as an example of the brave spirit and will of American women, as the ride was made over a dangerous road, and in a perfect deluge of rain.

VI.

Fourteen hundred chafing Americans were penned up in Panama City when the *California's* pillar of smoke finally appeared in the offing, the 17th of January, 1849, almost a month late. It was a day of demoniac excitement. Gambling-dens, improvised by the New Orleans "professionals," disgorged swarms of maniacs, who tossed hats and fired joyous salvos as they rushed

down to the ancient seawall. Hordes of natives got there ahead of them, each dusky tongue ejaculating, *Tan feo!*—"How ugly!"—as the first steamboat to plow the Pacific Ocean cast anchor a mile offshore. Her pudgy black hull did indeed suffer by contrast with the trim lines and snowy canvas of the sailing vessels to which these natives had long been accustomed, but to the pioneers themselves the *California* seemed beautiful, this ark of their deliverance, as they called her, this *Argo* of a new Golden Fleece. She was built for but seventy-five passengers, but the Falconers, with through tickets buckled in their belts, not only felt confident for themselves, but had even persuaded the local agents to expand her capacity—on paper—to accommo-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39)



The first Argonauts never forgot their memorable voyage

New ZEALAND

Another World for Conquering American Motorists

By John Edwin Hogg

SIXTEEN days of leisurely steaming aboard palatial ocean ships cruising through languid semi-tropical and tropical seas, from the port of Los Angeles, lies the Dominion of New Zealand. It is a lovely land that New Zealanders like to speak of as "The Junior Partner of the British Empire." That title may sound a bit extravagant. But, after a comprehensive tour of New Zealand, one can only agree with the New Zealanders in the belief that theirs is one of the most delightful countries on the face of the earth.

British people are renowned for conservatism, and New Zealand's population of something more than a million people is proud of the fact that their country is 100 per cent white, and 97 per cent British. Thus, in speaking of "Zeelandia" as "The Junior Partner of the British Empire," they are quite conservative. New Zealand is all

they claim for it, and much more. It's a land that may be compared with Switzerland, but it's a hundred Switzerlands rolled into one. It's a land of marvelous scenic beauty, temperate climate, and happy, healthy people. Nature endowed it with rich resources. Thrift, energy and intelligence are rewarded under the protection of a government that is sane and conservative.

For the past eighty years New Zealanders have been so busy transforming an isolated group of islands into a land of beautiful farms, thriving cities, factories, and other sources of human wealth, that they have given little thought to the natural heritage that is theirs. They realize now that Zeelandia is one of the show

places of the world for natural scenery, strange geographical phenomena, and opportunities for healthful recreation in a climate that imposes no hardships upon the Caucasian race. They realize,

Maori braves dancing the "haka" in front of a whare at Rotorua. This is the native war dance, devised to arouse the fighting instinct, and consists of spear and sword throwing, jumping, shouting and weird facial gesticulations



A Maori house or "whare," pronounced war-rie, near Rotorua, in the central part of the North Island. Note the excellence of the carved embellishment, a craft at which the Maoris are particularly proficient



too, that these things constitute national assets as tangible as their gold and coal mines, their inexhaustible supply of hydro-electric power, or the green pastures that fatten their millions of sheep and cattle. They've hung the national latch-string out to the traveler from overseas who desires to visit the country, or contemplates it as a permanent home. And, to make their country just a little more inviting, they've plunged the shears of common sense into all the red tape of legal entry. They've gone to no



end of trouble to build up a national policy to make all foreign tourists feel that they are welcome guests, and to endeavor to send them home—if they don't like the country so thoroughly that they want to stay—with lasting good will toward the Dominion.

I was amazed by the simplicity, and courtesy of the government officials, in connection with our entry into New Zealand when we landed in Wellington from Australia. It was all over in a few minutes, and with the King's servants almost apologetic for asking me to open the lids of our trunks and close them again. A few minutes later I called at the headquarters of the police department to apply for a driver's license. It was obtained in about five minutes upon presenting my Australian license, and depositing the necessary five shillings (\$1.20). The customary examination for driving ability, physical and mental fitness was waived upon presentation of evidence that I'd previously complied with similar regulations in Australia. Securing the necessary permit for my machine—good for ninety days—was scarcely more of a bother than buying a ticket to a theatre in America.

That evening we had our first and only adventure with the New Zealand traffic police. I tell it for what it is worth, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. Mrs. Hoag and I had gone for a spin outside of Wellington to get a glimpse

Clinton Canyon, Milford Track, in the South Island of New Zealand. Note the splendid motor road winding along the floor of this titanic gorge

of the country, and to see how our motor behaved with the carburetor breathing air that is washed over thousands of miles of ocean before it reaches the land. Coming back into the city I was startled to hear a police siren in the near vicinity of our right rear wheel. Two police officers in uniform, speeding over the road with an American motorcycle and sidecar, came in sight and motioned to me to pull up. At the instant I couldn't imagine what traffic regulation I might have violated. I was driving at a rational speed, and on the left side of the road

as is the custom in British countries. As we rolled to a stop, the two officers came alongside, stopping, and tipping their hats. Then the officer in the sidecar spoke, saying: "We are very sorry to trouble you, sir. But, your rear light is extinguished. Will you please stop at the nearest motor shop and have it repaired?"

Such courtesy and politeness from motorcycle officers was positively bewildering. However, I managed to retain my composure sufficiently to assure them that I would take care of it at once. With that the two officers tipped their hats, exclaiming: "Thank you, sir," and were on their way again!

Before going on with the story of what New Zealand offers to the visiting motorist, a few general remarks concerning the country are in order. Mention of these here will serve to clarify many subjects to be touched upon later.

Americans who have taken no particular notice of the geography down under the Southern Cross, are often wont to think of New Zealand as a group of little islands somewhere in the South Pacific. This impression is correct in that New

The great Wairakei geyser in action. Some idea of its size may be gained by comparing it with the trees on the summit of the hill in the background





Sutherland Falls, the highest large waterfall in the world. It drops 1904 feet and is located near Milford Track in the mountains of the South Island

holiday without ever visiting the same place twice. He may make a trip each week to some point of interest capable of luring tourists from the far ends of the earth—and he could *never* visit them all during the period of the average human life.

Trying to describe the climate of New Zealand is a bit like trying to describe the climate of the United States in a few words. The three great islands cover more than 1500 miles of latitude. This produces a climatic range that includes everything from sub-Antarctic to sub-tropical. The

April and May is their period of autumn, and they have a long balmy spring during the months that we consider fall in America. This reversal of seasons gives the American traveler the opportunity of spending a summer in the United States, journeying to New Zealand, and arriving there just as the southern hemisphere summer is beginning.

Climate in New Zealand also is governed largely by altitude. At any season of the year one may leave Auckland, in the semi-tropical belt, and by a very easy journey may motor out to within hiking distance of perpetual snow and glaciers. The climate of New Zealand is, thus, somewhat like the climate of the great State of California. It's a country where climate is a matter of choice, with everything from sub-Antarctic to semi-tropical choosing to be made within a journey of not more than three days. In Stewart Island, and the southern portions of the South Island in the near vicinity of sea-level, winter and summer climates are about the same as in Vancouver. They may have considerable snow in the winter, and a few days in the summer when it's uncomfortably warm. Up at Auckland, near the northern end of the North Island, winter weather is about the same as a Los Angeles winter, and the summers, if anything, are a bit cooler than Southern California summers. Rainfall is rather generally distributed throughout the year, and in most sections is adequate for farming operations without irrigation.

The American tourist who ships his own car to New Zealand will land at Auckland, the principal

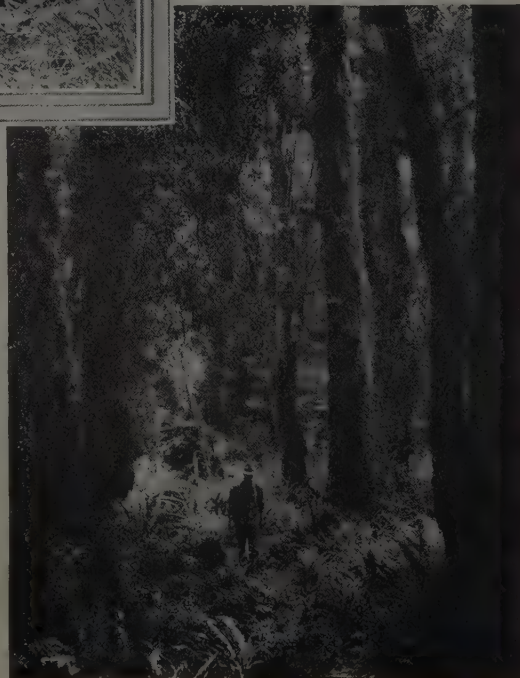
How's this for a forest primeval. It is located on the South Island near Milford Track



The kiwi, New Zealand's wingless bird. He's about the size of a small barnyard fowl, and has lived on the ground so long that his wings have degenerated into mere rudimentary appendages, and his feathers resemble hair. The kiwi lives in the dense bush, through which he can run so fast that he readily eludes dogs. His food consists of insects and grubs and his quest for food is aided by his keen sense of smell resulting from the location of his nostrils, which are at the point of his long snipe-like bill

Zealand is a group of islands, and they are located in the South Pacific. The total area of New Zealand, however, is 103,862 square miles. The vast bulk of that area is made up of three great islands—the North Island, the South Island, and Stewart Island. Hundreds of small neighboring islands, which are a political part of the Dominion, form only a fractional portion of the total land area. Some idea of New Zealand's size is conveyed by comparing the country with California, a State having an area of 158,297 square miles. From this it is obvious that New Zealand is only slightly smaller than the second largest State of the American Union. It is, thus, one-seventh larger than the British Isles—counting England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Of greater interest to the motorist, perhaps, is the fact that New Zealand has more than 40,000 miles of improved motor roads connecting nearly every point of importance in the three main islands. Of this total mileage 337 miles (exclusive of city streets) are bitumen or concrete highways, and 24,079 miles are graded highways surfaced with gravel—smooth, wide and well drained. The visiting motorist cannot cover the entire road system short of many months of constant touring. The resident motorist may plan a trip of several hundred miles every week-end or

bulk of the Dominion is as far south of the equator as the States of Washington and Oregon are north of it. Southern New Zealand thus receives its cold weather from the Antarctic regions, while the northern end is warmed and tempered by the balmy breezes of the tropics. The southern latitude also reverses the order of summer and winter, as we know those seasons in the northern hemisphere. June, July and August are the winter months there, while January, February and March are the New Zealand summer.



city and seaport of the Dominion; or at Wellington, the capital and second city. Nature has favored both of these ports with magnificent harbors where the biggest ships afloat tie up alongside the wharves of natural land-locked bays. The planning of one's tour should be governed largely by the things one is interested in. If it is hunting, fishing, camping and motoring through an Alpine wonderland of towering snow peaks and glaciers, he should arrange to land at Wellington. But, let him tarry not in Wellington. Wellington is a beautiful modern city, but cities are only cities, and New Zealand has plenty of these. The lover of natural beauty should take the ferry from Wellington across the narrow Cook Strait to Picton, at the north end of the South Island. From there he may spend as much time as he has at his disposal—or the rest of his life, as he'll probably want to—touring down the South Island.

The journey down the South Island is the equivalent to a longitudinal tour of 700 miles through Norway, with about twenty sets of Swiss and Italian Alps set alongside the trail. The coast line is deeply indented at many points with indescribably beautiful fiords. Back from these, in some places, there is a narrow strip of coastal plain, dotted with prosperous farms, and meadows of lush grass like the Kelly-green of Ireland, where tens of thousands of fat sheep and sleek cattle graze. Back from these coastal plains are snow-clad peaks that tower into the very heavens. And, back in those mountains are innumerable rivers of roaring white water, some of the highest and most magnificent waterfalls on

the face of the earth, and hundreds of fresh water lakes set like emerald jewels between the hoary-headed peaks all around them. In short, the whole South Island is one vast panorama of gorgeous country.

These mountains, and their more gentle forested slopes, are the home of countless deer, moose and elk, which may be hunt-



It looks just like the High Sierra from Owens Valley, doesn't it? But it isn't. It's a view of The Remarkables, a high mountain range on the South Island



Above—Mt. Egmont (8260 feet), one of the most spectacular snow peaks in the central portion of the North Island

Left—A scene on the Wanganui River on the North Island. This is the longest navigable river in New Zealand, a land of many rivers, the majority of which, however, are too short and swift for navigation

ed in season. The streams and mountain lakes are literally alive with trout, not little fly swallows, but great fighting ten- and fifteen-pound fellows that have smashed up the tackle and often ducked the American anglers who have pitted their skill against them. In the salt water fiords, great salmon of from twenty-five to seventy pounds lurk to match wits with the angler who cares to try conclusions with their fighting fury.

Few regions can offer as good hunting and fishing under such ideal climatic conditions as the South Island of New Zealand. And the most remarkable thing about it is, that there was none of it there when Jan Abel Tasman, the famous Dutch navigator, discovered New Zealand, and named it "Nieuw Zeeland," after his beloved Zeeland of Holland. When Tasman discovered the country in 1642, was chased out by the warlike native Maoris, and left it to be re-discovered and claimed for England by Captain Cook in 1769, there were no animals of any description other than bats. Likewise, there were no fresh water fishes in the lakes and streams.

It remained for an intelligent group of Englishmen to realize that fish and game would be an economic asset to New Zealand. They formed the National Acclimatization Association, imported moose from Canada, fallow deer from England, muledeer and elk from the United States. They brought rainbow trout from America, salmon from Alaska and Canada, Loch Laven trout from Scotland, and various other kinds of trout from continental Europe. In New Zealand all of those creatures found a habitat more favorable than that of their native countries—and without a single natural enemy to offset a breeding rate designed by nature to combat heavy mortality. As a result, New Zealand today is a sports-

man's paradise, created by man from a land that originally offered only birds and certain kinds of salt water fishes.

The North Island is by no means destitute of fish and game. Its forests teem with deer. Its streams and lakes are literally alive with huge fighting fish, while its neighboring salt waters offer exceptional deep-sea fishing. The best deep-sea fishing obtains in the Bay of Islands, near Russell, toward the northern end of the North Island; and in the Bay of Plenty, which indents the east central coast of the North Island. It was from these waters that the world's record swordfish, weighing nearly half a ton, was taken. It is these waters that have lured Zane Grey, the famous American novelist, on two fishing trips to New Zealand. Mr. Grey is one of the best living authorities on deep-sea angling, and if we accept his word, the coastal waters of New Zealand are not excelled elsewhere for the size and fighting qualities of salt water game fish. Mr. Grey was on his second fishing excursion in New Zealand at the time Mrs. Hoag and I motored up the North Island, and we had the pleasure of a chat with him in his camp a few miles from Lake Taupo, where the famous angler was having the time of his life with the greatest trout he had ever fished for.

As if Nature had not endowed New Zealand with sufficient attractions to lure travelers and sportsmen from the far corners of the earth, the creator added a finishing touch by assembling in the North Island a group of active volcanoes, and a thermal region that dwarfs all others by comparison. Here is a staggering collection of tremendous geysers, boiling pools, and roaring fumaroles of live steam, spouting from the



Mt. Ngauruhoe, New Zealand's spectacular active volcano. It is 7515 feet high and is located in the Tongariro National Park, in the central part of the North Island

ground with such a degree of heat that any combustible substance coming in contact with them is almost instantly consumed by fire. Mrs. Hoag and I came up the North Island from Wellington, toured the New Zealand National Park near Waimarino, and then motored on to Auckland by way of Lake Taupo, Wairakei and Rotorua. This enabled us to spend several days in the heart of the thermal regions, and to view their wonders from as little distance

as creatures of flesh dare approach.

In this district heaven and hell rub elbows with each other. It is a land of fire and brimstone that positively beggars Dante's conception of the inferno. Here, in an area of nearly 200 square miles, the crust of the earth is apparently so thin that one cannot tell at what moment a volcano may break loose, or just where he may unintentionally fall through into Lucifer's domain. When we speak of geysers in New

Zealand, we are not talking about little garden hose jets of boiling water and live steam. We are talking about hydraulic volcanoes such as the Waimangu geyser, which "pops off" occasionally to hurl boiling water, live steam, black mud and boulders from 1200 to 1500 feet into the heavens! In the immediate vicinity, other geysers ranging from toy, steam-hose demonstrations to thermo-hydraulic displays greater than any known elsewhere, are numbered by tens of thousands!

It is strange what contempt mankind invariably develops for a known danger with which he becomes familiar, and this trait is evidenced in the Rotorua thermal district most vividly. In spite of the fact that this region has repeatedly been devastated by one form of eruption or another, it is today well populated by both New Zealanders and native Maoris. They are driven out every so often by deluges of boiling water, live steam or molten lava; but things no sooner cool off after an eruption than they return. Property rights there are decid-

The Lion and Pembroke Peak, Milford Track, on the South Island



edly precarious. A man may buy a lot upon what appears to be solid ground. He may build a house, and the day after it is completed his wine cellar may become the site of a roaring geyser. When this happens, as it has happened repeatedly, there's nothing to be done but to move the house. Naturally, most of the buildings are so constructed as to render them easily portable. The native Maoris have met this condition more satisfactorily than the white man has done. They build a shack that they call a home, and put it on wheels. Then when a new geyser breaks out underneath, several dozen husky natives put their shoulders against it and shove it out of the way.

This is a land of fireless cookers, steam laundries, hot baths and household heating operations, provided by Nature. Houses are built without cook stoves, or any other kind of heating appliances, and there's no monthly bill to be paid to the public utility corporation upon a threat of discontinuing the service. To acquire a bath-tub, the householder merely selects a pool in the back yard of the desired temperature. Mrs. Maori who desires to cook a meal places her potatoes, meat or other food in iron kettles, and arranges them over fumaroles of live steam. The family laundry is done in a hot pool, rinsed out in a cold one next to it and strung out on the wash line. Nature provides the facilities for the majority of household operations, and when it becomes necessary to move the house there are no water or gas pipes, or electric wires to be disconnected.

At Wairakei, the tourist finds himself in a comfortable British hotel, in the midst of the famous Geyser Valley, with a grand display of terrestrial fireworks all around. Just outside the hotel a splendid swimming bath has been created by diverting the flow of a huge hot spring into an artificial pool. Here on frosty autumn mornings (in May) we dove into water heated by nature to 100 degrees. The water is so heavily charged with mineral iron and alum that it seals the pores of one's body, so there is little danger of contracting a cold upon emerging.

Convenient to the hotel by a ten-

minute motor drive is the spectacular Wairakei blow hole. This is seen at its best at night, but no traveler should attempt to go near it without an experienced guide. The deafening roar of the blow hole is audible soon after leaving the hotel. Leaving one's car at the roadside, a walk of a few yards brings one to the brink of this almost ghastly spectacle. It is a hole in the rock, perhaps twelve feet in diameter, from which super-heated steam is emitted at an estimated pressure of 400 pounds to the square inch. Near it, the noise is that of a thousand airplanes warming their motors for a take off. The steam is so hot that it comes from the blow hole as a lurid red mass, spouting like a great bunsen burner some 300 feet into the air. This terrifying thing may be safely approached to a point where it is possible to touch the steam with the point of a long stick which the guide usually furnishes. If the stick is not instantly wrenched from one's hand and hurled sky-

ward, the end of it promptly bursts into flame and vanishes. To demonstrate the terrific heat and pressure of this dry steam, our guide wadded up a heavy jute grain sack and hurled it into the blow hole. It burst into flame the instant it touched the steam, and went soaring heavenward like a great rocket to disappear as a mass of sparks among the stars.

In Geyser Valley, also about ten minutes by motor from the Wairakei Hotel, one finds himself in a vast field of geysers and hot springs somewhat similar to those in Yellowstone National Park, but infinitely greater. Here are great geysers that spout so regularly at period of half hours, six hours, and twenty-four hours, that the native Maoris are said to have used them for clocks through many generations. The Maori guides who know the habits of the geysers and conduct tourists, demonstrate the reliability of the geysers by carrying a Yankee alarm clock. They set the alarm for a certain time, and tell the party that when the alarm sounds the geyser will begin to play. We saw this done no less than a dozen times, and in every case the geyser was synchronized to within 30 seconds of the clock. Geyser Valley also affords a magnificent display of highly colored mineral terraces—deposits formed by the geyser fumes into many weird and grotesque natural fountains; boiling pools of mineral paint pigments, and countless fumaroles of live steam. A roaring, white water trout stream flows down through the valley, and in many places it would be a simple matter to catch a fish, and cook it without even removing it from the hook. It would only be necessary to lift the fish from the stream

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41)



When Captain Cook discovered Aotea-roa, claimed it for the King, and returned to England to tell of a people called Maoris, 'Who play flutes with their noses, and with faces chiseled like carvings in wood,' he was promptly classed with Ananias and Sapphira. This photograph of a typical Maori demonstrates Cook's observations to have been as truthful as they were descriptive



A group of Maori homes nestled among boiling pools, jets of live steam and small geysers in the Rotorua thermal region. Hundreds of such homes parboil in this natural steam, where Nature furnishes all requirements for cooking, heating and bathing. Property rights, however, are decidedly precarious

"Close Ups" of Our



Above—Middle Palisade, looking up the south fork of Big Pine Creek. Right—Split Mountain as seen from Cardinal Mountain

FEW Californians know even the names of the 14,000-foot peaks of the Sierra Nevada, their knowledge of them being usually limited to the fact that Mt. Whitney is the highest mountain in continental United States. Few are aware that there are ten others, all of which have at least one feature of interest.

They are either scenically attractive, afford exceptionally fine views from their summits, offer mountaineering inducements or possess all these characteristics. All are found along the axis of the range from a point west of Lone Pine to one in the same direction from Big Pine. All may be said to be included in three groups which we may call those of Mt. Whitney, Mt. Williamson and the Palisades, from the most prominent mountain in each of them.

In this sketch we shall begin with the first of these. Many appear to be disappointed with the views ordinarily obtained of Mt. Whitney. Viewed from the Owens Valley to the east, other considerably lower peaks, due to their position seem to rival or even to exceed it in height, while from the Kern region to the west, the comparatively

gentle slope of that face of the mountain appears to rob it of spectacular features. However, both of these estimates appear to be in some degree unwarranted, for as one approaches Mt. Whitney from the east, its series of granite pinnacles stand in beautiful perspective at the head of Lone Pine Canyon, a fine gorge walled in on either side throughout most of its length by high granite cliffs, while if one surveys it from the summit of any of the peaks of the Great Western Divide, the depth and breadth of the valley of the Kern seem to impart to it a certain grandeur that it appears to lack when beheld from nearer points in that direction.

But it is from seldom-trodden vantage points that Mt. Whitney is most imposing. From Lone Pine Peak, Mts. Mallory and Irvine, Le Conte and Langley to the east and south; from Mts. Russell, Barnard and others to the north, Mt. Whitney is spectacular to a degree that would surprise those who have seen it only from the usual viewpoints. The panorama beheld from Mt. Whitney is one



Below—Mt. Whitney as viewed from the east



High Sierra

An intimate description of California's noteworthy mountain peaks, from the mountaineer's viewpoint—

Part I

The 14,000-foot Peaks

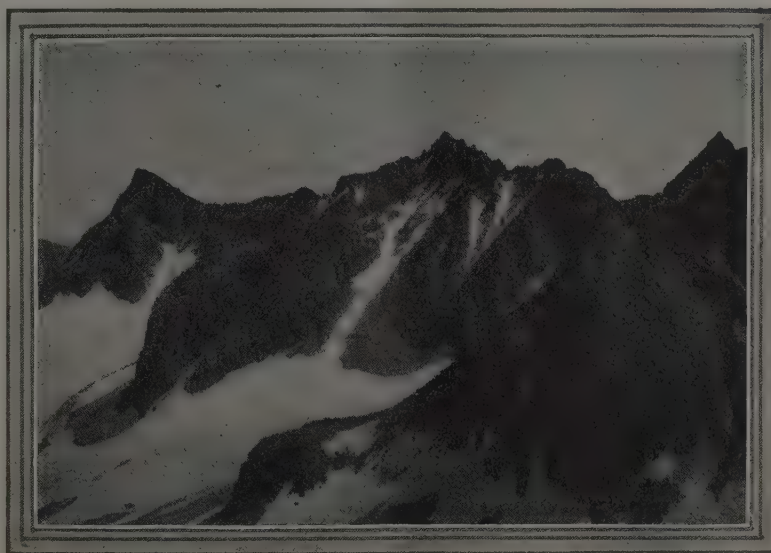
By Norman Clyde

of great extent and magnificence. To the north it extends along the axis of the range to the mountains of Yosemite; to the west it looks across the Kern basin to the castellated Kaweahs and the jagged line of the Kern-Kaweah divide; to the south, over gradually lowering forest-clad mountains; to the east and southeast, over a multitude of arid ranges and desert valleys. Mt. Whitney is regarded by mountaineers as being remarkably easy of ascent. From the west, aside from a chimney of about a thousand feet, it is a walk up comparatively gentle slopes. From the east it demands more endurance, requiring a person to be in good condition to climb it from timberline and return without suffering from over-exertion.

The last of the high pinnacles on the ridge running south from Mt. Whitney is called Mt. Muir. It attains an elevation of 14,025 feet. As one comes up the Mt. Whitney trail from the east, its sheer face and sharp summit are very striking. The summit commands an excellent view, especially of the rugged mountains to the southeast. It rises several hundred feet above the trail that winds along to the west of it, and necessitates a short but interesting rock-climb to reach it.

A few miles to the southeast of Mt.

Whitney is Mt. Langley, 14,042 feet in elevation and the southernmost of the 14,000-foot peaks of the Sierra. In form it is very similar to Mt. Whitney, as it



Above—A near-view of Mt. Russell from the east. Below—North Palisade and Mt. Sill, photographed from Agassiz Needle

slopes up gradually from the south and southwest and breaks off in sheer precipices to the north and east. The view from its summit is very good but does not equal that obtained from those farther to the north. The ascent from the south is extremely easy—in fact, a horse can be ridden to the sum-

mit from that direction. From the northwest it offers somewhat of a rock climb.

Immediately to the north of Mt. Whitney, across a deep cirque, is Mt. Russell, 14,190 feet in altitude. It is a fine, craggy mountain, one that delights the heart of a mountaineer, and has been ascended fewer times than any other 14,000-foot peak in the Sierra Nevada. Its summit possesses one of the finest views obtainable of Mt. Whitney, as it looks directly across a chasm-like depression to the precipitous northern face of the latter. The view northward along the crest of the range westward over the Kern is magnificent. The ascent

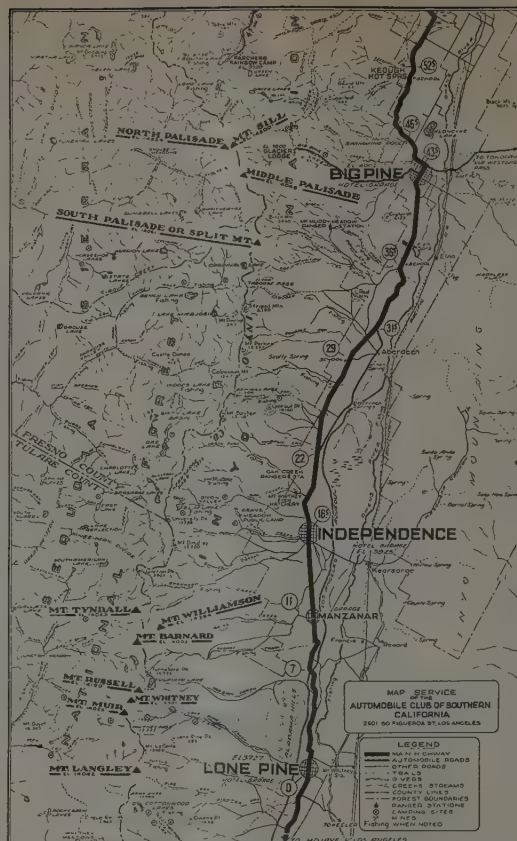
can be made from several directions, but it is foolhardy for any but experienced mountaineers to climb it. Mt. Williamson, about twelve miles north of Mt. Whitney, is one of the finest of the 14,000-foot peaks. Being only slightly lower than Mt. Whitney—14,384 feet—



and rising directly from the valley floor, it is probably the most spectacular mountain of all the range as viewed from Owens Valley. Its handsome, deeply-fluted, cathedral-like mass is especially picturesque from the east and the north, while from the crest of the Sierra it is one of the most conspicuous peaks and can be seen from almost every prominent elevation. The panorama visible from its summit is one of the finest in the Sierra, equaling, if not surpassing, that from Mt. Whitney, while its ascent is considerably more difficult than that of its loftier neighbor to the south. Although it can be made up its western front, only the trained mountaineer is able to find his way up the maze of chimneys that seam this face of the mountain. It has been scaled from the northeast, but this is even more difficult. It has been climbed also by ascending George and Bairs Creek and following a long ridge that runs southeastward from the summit. However, this is an unusually arduous trip as both of these gorges are very rough and neither possesses a trail. The same ridge can be reached from the upper Kern by swinging around the south of the mountain, crossing a ridge, and then working up the southeastern shoulder of the mountain.

A mile or so west of Mt. Williamson is Mt. Tyndall, 14,025 feet. Its steep eastern face can be seen from Owens Valley, just to the north of the former. A fine view is to be had from its summit, especially of the great amphitheatre of lofty mountains that encircle the upper Kern Basin. The ascent is an easy matter, despite Clarence King's hair-raising story. From the northwest the climber works his way up some 2000 feet of talus rock and then along about 200 yards of narrow arête to the summit.

For some forty miles northward along the crest from Mt. Williamson there occur no 14,000-foot mountains. At about that distance from it is the Palisade group, one of the finest in the Sierra. From the higher peaks all along the axis of the range from Mt. Whitney in the south to Mt. Lyell in the north, this cluster of serrated pinnacles and jagged ridges is conspicuous. Their southern faces rise abruptly—in most places sheer; their northern ones, with the exception of Split Mountain, are even more nearly vertical. The North and Middle Palisades have been scaled from the south only; the South Palisade (Split Mountain) from the north only; Mt. Sill usually from the south, several times from the north. The most beautiful mountain of these and one of the most beautiful in the Sierra is the North Palisade, whether one scans its jagged pinnacles from the south across



This map shows the location of the 14,000-foot peaks of the Sierra

granite gorges or across the Palisade Glacier and the basin to the north; it is one of the most striking peaks in the Sierra Nevada. Probably the view from its summit equals in scope and magnificence that obtained from any peak in the range and without being unusually hazardous or difficult, it is sufficiently so to render it interesting to the most skilled mountaineer.

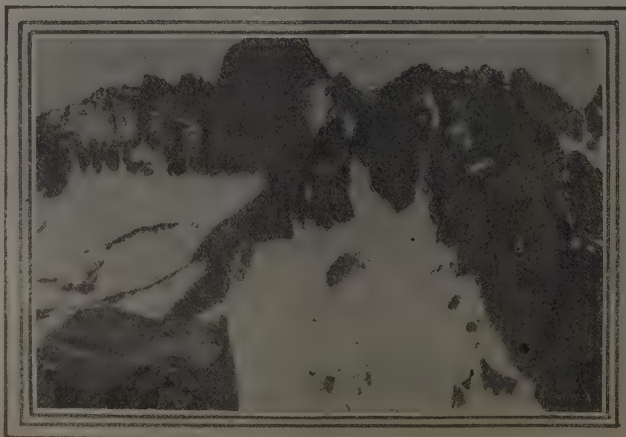
About a mile to the east of the North Palisade is Mt. Sill, approximately 14,200 feet in elevation. It is an impressive mountain from the north and northeast, its sheer

cliffs hundreds of feet in height facing those directions. It can be seen from Owens Valley in the vicinity of Big Pine. The view from its summit is fine but not quite equal to that of the North Palisade. Although a comparatively easy climb from the south, few have ever made the ascent. It can also be scaled from the Palisade Glacier by those experienced in rock-climbing.

Somewhat farther to the southeast is the Middle Palisade, 14,049 feet in elevation, the second of the group in scenic beauty and possibly the first in mountaineering difficulty. From the south it presents an imposing array of crags and pinnacles; from the north it is even more impressive as it rises in sheer cliffs above a steep glacier at the head of a deep canyon. There is an especially fine view of it looking up the south fork of Big Pine Creek about a half-mile west of Glacier Lodge. The panorama seen from its summit is inferior to that of those of this group already mentioned, but contains more of the great eastern escarpment of the Sierra. It has been scaled few times and only from the south; is essentially a crag-and-chimney climb and is not to be recommended for novices. The summit itself is a ragged knife-edge about a hundred yards in length.

A few miles farther to the southeast, so far as sometimes to be regarded as not belonging to this group, is the South Palisade or Split Mountain, 14,051 feet in elevation. It is visible from most high peaks to the south and is the most colorful of the 14,000-foot peaks, the great cliffs of its southern and eastern faces displaying broad bands and extensive areas of red, orange, brown and other tints, while the summit forms a great capping of dark gray granite. It is very striking from Owens Valley, a few miles north of Independence. The panorama seen from its summit ranks among the fine ones of the range. It is scalable from the north only, as the other faces of the mountain are sheer cliffs. From this direction it is very readily ascended, but due to its inaccessibility few have ever stood on the summit.

The above sketchings may give those unacquainted with the Sierra Nevada some slight idea of the beauty and grandeur of the highest peaks in this lofty and magnificent range. However, it is only by climbing them that one can acquire a full appreciation of them. Even repeated ascents continually reveal something new, as no mountains are altogether the same on any two occasions. Of all the ranges in the United States there is probably none that offers such opportunity for strenuous but healthful mountain climbing as does the Sierra Nevada.



A view of Mt. Sill from Temple Crag

The SOUTHWEST in Illuminated Verse

T O U R I N G . T O P I C S . April 1928



Mono Lake

By JAKE ZEITLIN

*T*HE BLACK LINE of hills chant a slow threnody,
The black islands kneel before the seven bare craters,
The gun-steel water lies upon its bier of death.

Ask any question:

*They will give you the last word—
The last answer.*

*When the craters spouted fire,
When the foothills were green against the snow-grey line of mountains,
When the baby lake nursed at the fresh-water breasts of the foothills
All the questions got different answers,
All stories had different endings:
A cloudy morning could mean a sunny day or a dark one.*

*Now time has made all the answers the same answer
And all the endings the same ending
And all the days dark days.*



Fire

By NINA WILLIS WALTER

Photograph by Karl Struss

*FIRE is a hideous, sneaking beast,
An ogre that stretches out horrible claws
And grasps to his loathsome, smoking breast
God's beautiful trees;
A leaping, howling, raging beast,
Sucking into his yawning maws
Homes and ships,
Beauty and joy,
And God's trees.*

The GRAND CANYON

By MABEL W. PHILLIPS

*HERE is 'a mighty painting limned on stone!
By some skilled hand in colors rare and true
Turquoise and crimson, tourmaline and blue,
With the soft grays that passing winds have blown;
And out of all this substance strange and known,
This blending of the clay with mystic hue,
The storm's swift breath the fragrant touch of dew
Is born a masterpiece that stands alone!*

*SUPREME in greatness, awe-inspiring, vast,
Like some great citadel unmarred by time
Where giants dwell and Titan reigns as king;
Where all the jewels of empires have been massed
And changed to flowers expressive of each clime,
Whose fame and wonder men unborn shall sing.*



First Across The Sands

JUAN BAUTISTA DE ANZA,
First across the sands
That guard fair California
From older, sadder lands,
Found a trail to the north and west
That crowned two hundred years of quest
From dreamy, slow
Old Mexico
To bright young California.

Juan Bautista de Anza,
Bearded and bronze and lean,
Hated and feared by Apaches
Where only the sky is clean,
Knew that San Gabriel lay in the west
Beyond what shadows he only guessed—
But he willed to go
Where roses grow,
And rode to California.

The winds of the waste are yellow,
Sabres against the skin;
The desert winds are golden,
Keen as a virgin's sin;
And under the steel-blue frying pan
Whose fires were lit when time began
Men sizzle and stew
The glaretime through
On the road to California.

Said the sun, "Turn backward, Anza;
I'll addle your grizzled head!"
"O bey for California!"
Was all that Anza said.

Into the waste rode Anza
North and north and north,
Over the waste rode Anza
To the Rio Gila forth,
And the rivers are swift and red and wide
But the Yumas smile and the Spaniards ride
And turn to the south
To the river's mouth,
Bound for California.



By JOHN RUSSELL McCARTHY

Block Prints by Kenneth McLellan

Into the maze rode Anza
Where sandhills rise and walk
And yellow dunes race crazily
With ghost-hills white as chalk,
And no one knew the way they came
To this dreadful land that had no name.
Whence only doubt
Could lead them out
And show them California.

Said the sands, "Turn backward, Anza,
Before my marching dune!"
"O hey for California!"
Was Juan de Anza's tune.

Into the south rode Anza
Around the crawling land,
Beyond the hands of the choking sands
With his fire-throated band;
And west across a plain that lay
Sea-deep in a younger, stranger day,
With feet that burned
De Anza turned—
And rode for California.

"Turn backward, backward, Anza!"
Growled the demon under the hill.
"O hey for California!"
Sang Juan de Anza still.

Into the hills rode Anza
By San Jacinto's head,
Over the speaking hills he rode
That cover the crumbling dead;
Through snow out of sandy hell he came,
From burning flame into freezing flame,
Until he stands
By promised lands—
An eagle's California.

Now sand and peak are at his back,
Before him lies the downward track;
Wind, waste and fear are left behind,
Before him all the land is kind;
Before him, under a friendly sky
The days like lazy gulls wing by.

Juan Bautista de Anza,
Bearded and bronze and lean,
Hated and feared by Apaches
Where only the sky is clean,
Has found San Gabriel in the west
By hill and sea and flowers blest;
He has traversed first
The sands accursed
And stands in California.



JORNADA DEL MUERTO

By K. T. O'HARA

Photograph by Paul M. MacFarlane

*T*HE DEAD MAN'S JOURNEY! Truly named aright,
This Hell on earth! No breath of air is here
Save when the norther blows the dunes aspace
And mile on mile sinks in the hot embrace
Of stinging, smothering sand. The Wraith of Fear
Rides on that wind and waves a deadly wand
O'er the stark bones strewn all across the land
Where Spaniard, Mexican, and Pioneer
Raced madly in the Handicap of Doom.

Yet, after rain, a myriad wild-flowers bloom
As if this land, though cruel, must revere
The courage of the long-dead Sons of Light.





Song of the Exile

By WILL COLTON

Photograph by Ernest M. Pratt

OH THE HILLS OF CALIFORNIA, they ever call to me
 With a symphony of mem'ries from the singing, southern sea,
 They ever call across the world to charm this heart of mine
 Where, panoplied with plumes of sage, from Shasta to the line,
 They've towered to greet the glowing sky
 For countless, sunny ages by,
 The olden hills, the golden hills of light that call to me.

They are calling me at morning, where their glinting tops are shining
 With the same high, sunny splendor that's endured a million years,
 That, dissolving mists of sorrow and outshining all repining,
 Has dispelled a million doubtings and eclipsed a million fears.

They are calling me at evening where the mocking birds are singing
 From the fragrant, fruited valleys hid in darkness at their feet,
 Safe beneath the giant outline their magnificence is flinging
 Out across the starlit milky way where sky and mountain meet.

Oh the hills of California that ever call me home
 Are more than shining chapparral on upslung heaps of loam,
 They're more than peaks of courage in the morning's gallant light
 Or silhouettes of grandeur on horizons of the night—
 They're gleaming monuments, beside,
 To God's eternal, mighty pride,
 The olden hills, the golden hills of love that call me home.

Confused city traffic...crowded corners, quick stops....short spurts through busy streets. Wide open roads and long level highways...easy rolling hills or forbidding grades. Richfield is equal to one or all. No



matter what the demand, how sudden the emergency; unlimited speed and power to the utmost capacity of your motor are always yours, when you have Richfield in your tank. Richfield is the *proven* motor fuel... the finest you can buy at any price.

RICHFIELD



Your Club's Activities

Aiding the Afflicted

TIME alone will throw a proper perspective on the value of the work of the Club's Highway Patrol Service following the distressing St. Francis Dam disaster. None who is intimate with the details can think of the patrol's activities in terms other than epic.

The dam collapsed at one o'clock in the morning. Club headquarters received the news shortly thereafter. In the space of two short hours, eight patrol drivers and the head of the Touring Bureau and an assistant had been notified and had reached the scene. They were among the first of the rescue parties to appear at Saugus and immediately placed themselves at the service of the Los Angeles County sheriff's office. Two cars were detailed to determine road conditions and the extent of the damage; the balance were pressed into relief work at once. Before the majority of Angelenos learned of the disaster, full and complete reports of highway damage and necessary detours were being phoned to headquarters and from there to various newspapers and interested members.

For twenty-four hours, without cessation, the patrol drivers plodded through silt and mud to rescue the marooned and the casualties, amplifying the work of the ambulance corps, directing traffic, carrying food from field stations to rescue workers and lending every possible assistance to the relief work.

Later the Patrol was divided, four cars remaining in the Saugus area and the other four being dispatched to Santa Paula and Fillmore, where similar services were performed. Equipped to render first aid, these mobile units, too, were an invaluable assistance to the Red Cross.

Reward Offered for Sign Mutilators

THE Automobile Club of Southern California offers a reward of \$25 for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of any person who violates that portion of Section 602 of the Penal Code which makes it a misdemeanor to maliciously tear down, damage, mutilate or destroy a sign, signboard or notice erected by any automobile club. Such information should be supplied to the district attorney of the county in which the offense is committed and notice of such action sent to the Legal Department of the Automobile Club of Southern California.



Two Highway Patrol cars of the Automobile Club of Southern California engaged in relief work near Saugus as a result of the St. Francis Dam disaster

In this, the second major disaster in Southern California since the Patrol was established, its utility and value in times of catastrophe is amply demonstrated. During the Santa Barbara earthquake, its labors were comparably valuable, and deeply appreciated when the strife of the moment had passed and retrospective appraisal became possible.

* * *

Educational Work

FEW ventures of the Club have created more interest than the recent action of the Signposting Department in erecting uniform markers on those portions of the national numbered highway system existing in Southern California. Many motorists still are uncertain as to the purpose of these new markers. This was demonstrated at the Los Angeles Automobile Show and the All-Western Road and Equipment Exposition where the Signposting Department conducted an educational campaign on the various activities of the Club.

The black and white shields which are seen so frequently on the principal highways of the State, each containing a number, the word "California" and the letters "U. S.", designate the roads on which they are placed as sections of the numbered transcontinental highway system.

Some little time ago the highway engineers of the various States, in conference with the United States Bureau of Public Roads, mapped the principal cross-country

highways, from east to west and from north to south, giving the former even numbers for their entire length, and the latter odd numbers.

All that a motorist who desires to cross the country need do is to select the route he wishes to follow, learn its number or numbers and then follow the conventional shields. The shields in many States are amplified by other signs showing the distance to various points, and by caution signs indicating railroad crossings, curves and other points of danger.

* * *

For Safer Crossings

GREATER protection for motorists at railroad grade crossings controlled by automatic signals is sought by the Engineering Department of the Club. Often motorists approaching such crossings as the many located along Slauson Avenue are confronted with the familiar semaphore signal "Go" when, as a matter of fact, a train may be approaching.

The Club has recommended that a test be conducted of an arrangement whereby the signals are electrically connected with the railroad track, automatically raising the "Stop" semaphore when trains pass over a contact. The Santa Fe Railroad and the city Signal Department are co-operating. The experiment will be watched with much interest by safety engineers and may result in the installation of similar schemes at other crossings along Alameda Street and elsewhere.

The Mysterious

MORE fiction and less fact

has been written about the California desert palm than any other of the State's many curiosities save, perhaps, the missions. Countless poets have rhapsodized over its gloriously graceful form and singular beauty, yet the literature on its life habits is incredibly scanty. Its fronded head and superbly stalwart trunk grace many painters' canvases and etchers' plates, still no palmographer has attempted to establish its origin. Thousands have photographed these sentinels of a forbidding land, but I find no botanist, pseudo or professional, who has had the temerity to venture their age. With their seldom-failing promise of water they have saved the lives of scores of weary desert travelers, but withal the man who named them didn't know their precise habitat.

Before man, came the desert palm. One must possess a fertile imagination to envision a mammoth sea covering the basin now occupied by the Colorado Desert. But a sea there was, its waters fondling the parched sands where presently the reptiles and the smaller vertebrates disport themselves.

At a period far from remote geologically speaking—at the most a thousand years—the Gulf of California extended far inland. Its northernmost waters lapped the base of Mount San Jacinto and the Santa Rosa range. Its eastern shore touched the Chocolate, the Orocopia and the San Bernardino Mountains.

The mouth of the Colorado then was in the vicinity of Yuma. But the mighty red river of the West, for eons an unconscionable glutton, was gnawing with insatiable

¶ Hardy survivors of a tropical kingdom that has vanished, the California desert palm is a remarkable tenant of a most inhospitable land—

¶ Little is known of its origin, its age, or its life habits, a circumstance that serves only to accentuate interest in its ramified attractiveness—

By Phil Townsend Hanna

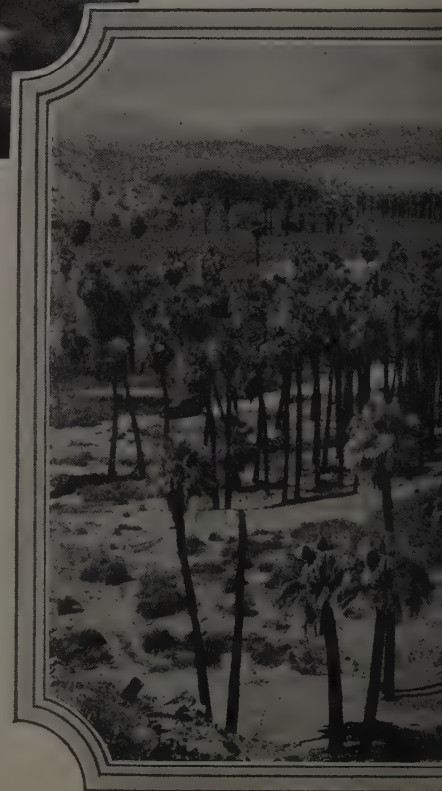
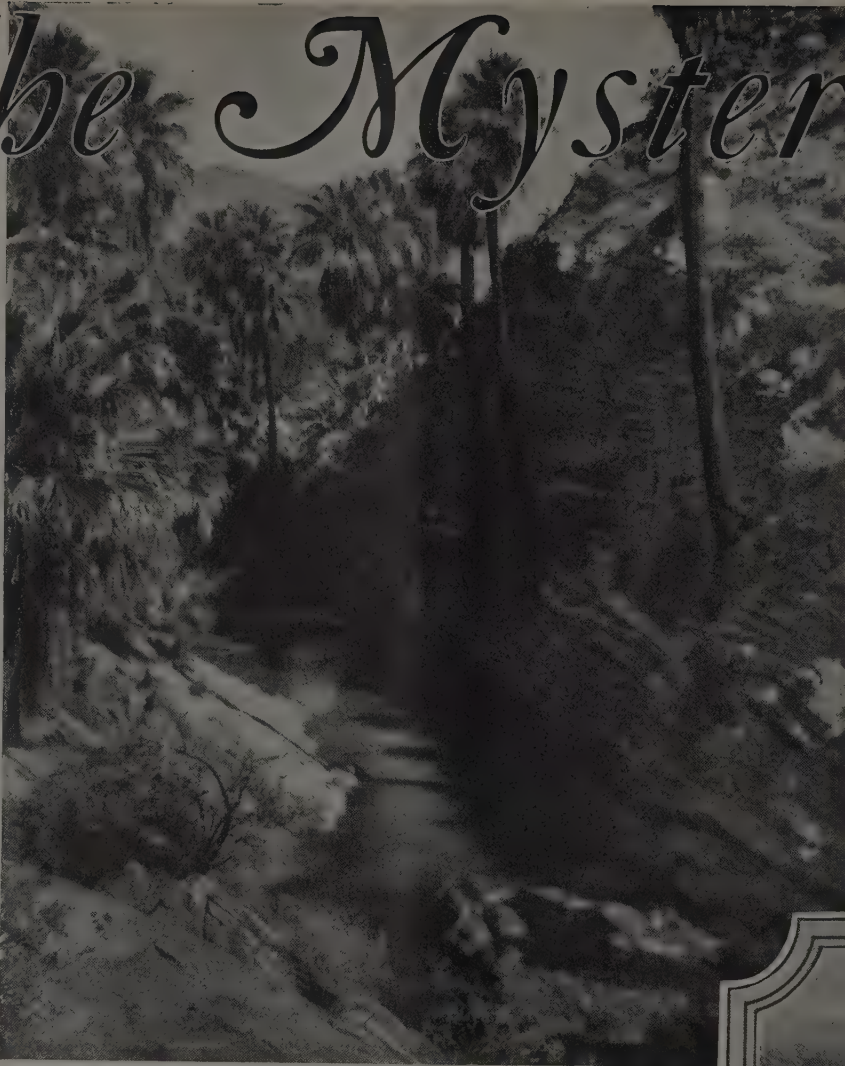
voracity at the buttes between which it passed. Into its maw went the earth it traversed. The soil of the canyons of the Grand, Cataract, Black and Diamond it greedily seized upon only to spew it out where its waters reached the Gulf.

And so a dike was built at its delta. And eventually this dike grew so large that it isolated the upper portion of the Gulf, and formed an inland sea to which geologists have given the name of Lake Coahuila and which we know by the more familiar title

of the Salton Sink.

The erratic and incorrigible river thereafter for many years alternately discharged into Lake Coahuila and the Gulf. At last, however, the dike it deposited grew to such imposing proportions that the river was virtually forced into its present general channel. Except for its migration of 1906 which again inundated the lower regions of the Salton Sink and created the existing sea, never since has it poured its waters into the area.

Left—The abundance of water and the presence of ruggedly interesting rocks give the Palm Canyon trees the most brilliant setting of all



DESERT PALM

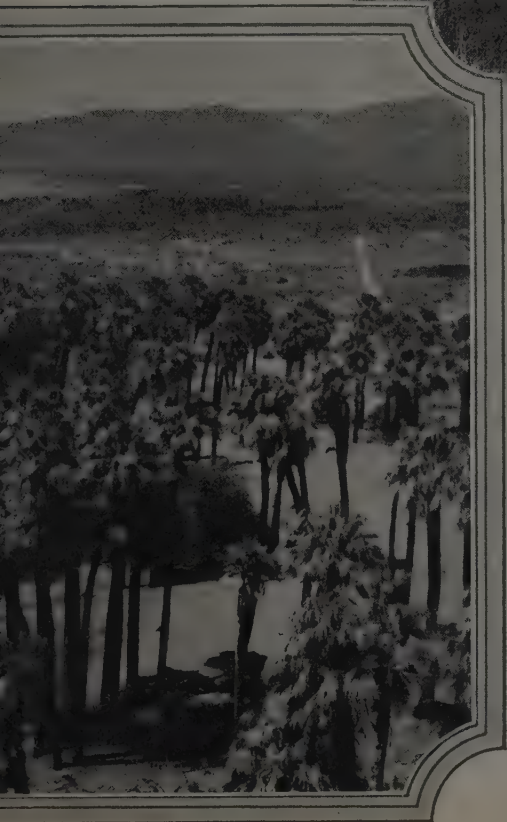
Evaporation did the rest. A sun, particularly energetic in this locality, soon removed the water and desert flora and fauna tenanted the region evacuated by the lake.

We are mainly interested in the period when gulf waters filled the basin. The temperature probably was little different than now obtains with the humidity somewhat higher owing to the presence of this vast body of water. A hundred estuaries lined its littoral and each of these estuaries became the home of groves of palms—typical tropical palms not unlike, and presumably at one time blood brothers to, the delightful

Below—Thousand Palm Canyon is a typical Saharan oasis. It is from this group that many trees have been uprooted to form the scenic investiture of urban homes



These palms, the southernmost group on the Colorado Desert, are located at Palm Springs on Carrizo Creek. In all probability it was these palms that Major Emory first discovered and called "cabbage trees"



Sonora palms that grace the west coast of Mexico in the vicinity of Guaymas.

Conditions were ideal for their propagation. The old Arabian aphorism that the palm must have its feet within water and its head in the sun here proved true. The palms thrived and multiplied. The birds that found the fronds a charming nesting place transported the seeds and the Indians have it that Don Coyote in a strange fashion unwittingly aided in the distribution.

When the sea began to vanish the palms started a fight for their very existence and thousands perished. Here and there in secluded canyons where water trickled down mountain-sides and where springs approached the surface sufficiently close the trees survived. Thus have the palms in Palm, Andreas, Thousand Palm and Murray Canyon flourished. But not without modifications, however, to adapt themselves to the changing environment. These changes

so differentiated them from their old Sonora comrades as to warrant their classification as new species.

All this is pre-history. Much of it is speculation. Botanists and palmographers won't even guess at the origin of the species. Dr. Willis Linn Jepson, California's most eminent botanist, contents himself with a description of the species, its habitat and its usage by the Indians. Diligent research uncovers no more illuminating information. S. B. Parish of San Bernardino, whose treatise on the desert palm appearing in the *Botanical Gazette* in 1907 is the most exhaustive extant, sedulously avoids recording the pre-history of the trees.

Of theories there are many. For long the Franciscan missionaries, who brought the olive and the grape, were credited with bringing the palms to California for their dates. This theory is an untenable fabrication. These are not date palms. And furthermore, none of the diarists among the padres—and there were many—refers to these palms.

Our factual knowledge of the history of the tree begins with the southern overland journey of Major W. W. Emory who accompanied Colonel Stephen W. Kearney to the conquest of Southern California. To him has been attributed the discovery of the trees. In his diary, on November 28, 1846, he wrote:

"We followed the sandy bed of the Carrizo (Carrizo Creek in western San Diego County) nearly all day at a snail's pace, and at length reached the 'little pools' where the grass was luxuriant, but very salt. This valley is at no point more than half a mile wide, and on each side are mountains of gray granite and pure quartz. A few miles from the spring called 'Ojo Grande', at the head of the creek, several scattered objects were seen projecting against the cliffs, hailed by the Florida campaigners, several of whom were along, as old friends. They were cabbage trees, and marked the locale of a spring and a

small patch of grass."

The palms, which Major Emory characterized so anomalously as "cabbage trees" still stand, the most southerly remaining outposts of the once vast palm forest.

Seven years later, W. P. Blake, surveying a route for the projected Pacific Railroad, camped at Palm Springs, then known as Agua Caliente, on his journey to Yuma. Recording his observations of the day (November 15, 1853) he wrote:

"A growth of rushes forms a narrow margin of green vegetation around the spring and its outlet. Willows and mesquite bushes grow there also, and I found a young palm tree, spreading its broad, fan-like leaves among them. The surrounding desert and the palm tree gave the scene an oriental aspect."

Dr. J. G. Cooper in 1861 published the names of certain trees "omitted by an oversight from a list of those on the Mexican boundary" which had appeared in a preceding report. Among these was one classified as "*Brahea dulcis* Mart". From leaves in his possession that were collected at Palm Springs in San Diego County, he particularly noted the characteristic thready and prickly stalks.

About this period the palms commenced to become known to householders and ranchers of Southern California and their domestication followed. Thus the desert palm became a common unit in the landscape scheme of public and private institutions.

It was not, however, until 1879, accord-

ing to Parish, that the tree was classified and it still remains questionable whether this classification is entirely proper. A seed collector named Roezl brought desert palm seeds to Europe in 1872. His report on the longitude and latitude where they were gathered would have placed the point in the region of Prescott, Arizona. Parish believes that Roezl obtained the seeds from someone else, and misunderstood or was given an inaccurate description of their source.

At any rate these stalwart desert denizens became popular on the continent, being known as *Brahea* or *Prichardia filifera*. In 1879 Dr. H. Wendland, Europe's most renowned palmographer, studied the palm and named it *Washingtonia* "in honor of the great American". The *Brahea* or *Prichardia filifera* thus became *Washingtonia filifera*, the botanical name by which the desert palm now is known, the second part of the name being descriptive of the thread-like fibres on the leaves.

In 1883 Wendland observed a second species, differing from the first chiefly in the armament of the petioles,

or the stalks of the leaves. In the first species the margins of the petioles were found to be unarmed near the blade. In the second species these margins were armed throughout. To this second species he gave the name *Washingtonia robusta*. This is virtually the only differentiation between the two varieties.

A myth is current that the *Washingtonia* are as old as the *Sequoia*. This is purely legendary. The species probably is, but it is dubious if individuals exceed a century in age and many perish before that life span is reached, victims of storms and floods and lightning, for which they are an outstanding target, and of human vandals who cart them from their native haunts to embellish garish Spanish homes and tinsel caravan-



Clinging precariously to a rough mountain slope, this group of palms was found and photographed by an expedition from the Automobile Club of Southern California in a canyon later called Forty-nine Palms, near Twenty-nine Palms

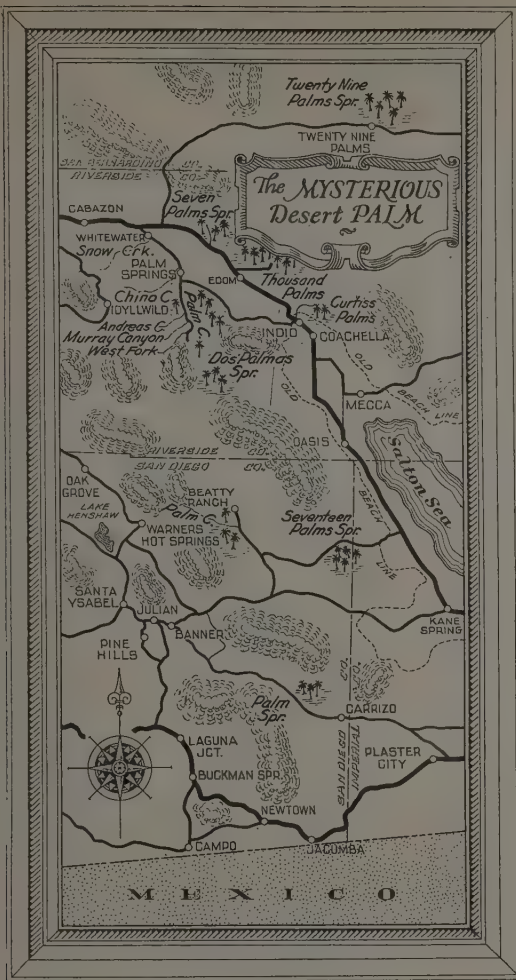


The trees at Twenty-nine Palms, the northernmost group on the desert, stand upon the open plain in splendid and magnificent isolation

series.

To the economic welfare of the Calmetz Indians who know them as "Mau-wal", the *Washingtonia* has contributed generously. The dead fronds have been utilized in the erection of tepees, for sandals and other articles of wearing apparel, and the fibre of the leaves, too, has gone into baskets. The small, black seeds, not much larger than a coffee bean, are prepared in numerous fashions for food, often being mixed with the meal of pine nuts or grass seed and baked.

The palm trees from which the dry fronds have been burned and which are to be noted in the numerous Colorado Desert stands did not result as one outraged nature lover at Thousand Palms re-



On this map have been located the principal stands of the native desert palm or *Washingtonia filifera*, found upon the Colorado Desert. Note that all are above the ancient beach line the location of which also is indicated here

cently informed me. He discoursed at length on the reprehensible knavery of a moving picture company that had burned the trees to provide a true Sahara setting for one of its films. And he lamented lachrymously that such beautiful evidence of the handiwork of Nature must be sacrificed to furnish a thriller for some neighborhood nickelodeon.

He was grossly misinformed. I don't mean to say that such may not have occurred in the instance, but the majority of the trees were burned by the Indians long before they were utilized by film producers. The Indians maintain that burning makes the palms more fruitful and the fruit more palatable and, therefore, they periodically remove the dead fronds.

Curious as it may seem, it is said the burning of the leaves from mature trees in no wise damages them. The inversion of fronds is a defense mechanism adopted by the palm to shade its large area of exposed trunk and conserve the moisture it takes from the soil during the growing period. Once its tap-root strikes permanent water it grows equally well without its protec-

tive covering as with it.

The real enemy of the *Washingtonia* is the same foe that all our natural resources have fallen prey to—commercial exploitation. A quarter of a century ago those residents of Southern California who desired to incorporate the *Washingtonia* in their gardens either planted seeds or transplanted seedlings and watched them grow. Now, when a certain type of individual plans his home he wants his garden full grown. An obliging gardener, therefore, dispatches a truck to the desert and brings in a 40-foot palm or two.

One can't even conjecture the number of palms that may have fringed the shores of the old gulf. At present I venture the notion that a census of all the palms wouldn't total more than 3,000 and this number will be reduced by half if some measure is not adopted shortly protecting those specimens now occupying the public domain. With the Torrey Pine, the Monterey Cypress, and the Sequoias, the *Washingtonia* is indigenous to California—an important and beautiful species in which we should take pride and whose preservation we should provide for.

The Coahuilas revere these trees. In times that are passed each male child born was carried to a palm grove and allotted a specific tree which he worshipped

during his lifetime. We would do well to cultivate a little of this spirit of veneration—at least to the extent of assuring perpetuation of the species.

Although stands of *Washingtonia* are to be found from 29 Palms on the north to Carrizo Creek on the south, and from Snow Creek on the west to Frink's Station on the east, in almost every canyon draining into the Salton Sink, the most spectacular group has its home in Palm, Andreas and Murray Canyons southwest of Palm Springs. An abundance of water here has contributed to the multiplication of the species. Both varieties—*filifera* and *robusta*—here will be found as well as specimens burned and unburned.

Another large group of imposing trees is to be found in Thousand Palm Canyon, 7 miles east of Edom on the main Imperial Valley Highway. At 29 Palms, 475 miles east of Whitewater a stand of veterans towers above the windswept open desert while 49 Palm Canyon, 4 miles west of the latter, seldom visited because of its inaccessibility, boasts a number of noble specimens.

Continuing southward along the west shore of old Lake Coahuila to the point where it bears westward to round the Santa Rosa Mountains one will find a notable forest known as Seventeen Palms. Due west across Borego Valley where Palm Canyon debouches from San Ysidro Mountain additional specimens are located.

The Carrizo palms which Major Emory discovered cluster about a spring a slight distance north of Carrizo Creek, approximately half way between the old Butterfield stage stations of Carrizo and Vallecitos.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)



Few of the palms in Andreas Canyon have been burned, hence they rear themselves above the canyon bed in all their glorious raiment

SPRING STYLES AND COLORS IN MEN'S SPORTS APPAREL

By Jack Worthington

Drawings by Victor Mall



A golf suit such as the one shown here is exceedingly smart. Of light tan twist, with necks of various colors here and there, a soft harmonious effect is achieved which is pleasing to the most conservative lover of color. With the suit is worn one of the very newest green sweaters, a shade that is difficult to describe but that is most pleasing to the eye. Shown at Desmond's

OF ALL man's toggerly the sweater is truly the most interesting and the most individual. For by his sweater you shall know him; indeed, you are sure to discover hidden traits, wild flights of fancy for which you have never given him credit. Yea, a man must have a care when selecting his sweater, for it is with this as it is with his neckties; a bit of color rightly placed and he is smartly attired, a trifle too much and he is sporty!

Of course, the very safest sweater for a man who is not a good judge of color combination or of the hues which most become him, is the one of solid color. At the Los Angeles Golf Tournament many of our leading golfers wore pastel colored sweaters innocent of any design, some of the men relieving their feelings by donning fancy hose of a pattern not too loud, while others matched the sweaters.

However, this does not mean that the sweater of gay colors is not worn—far be it from the truth—for one sees more colorful types than ever before, albeit these are more carefully designed than formerly and not so

easily copied in the cheaper models. When the design is unusually striking there is a noticeable absence of contrasting finish on the sleeves, neck and skirt. The more subdued patterns, however, carry brightly colored bandings to complete the color scheme.

Many a man prefers the Argyle pattern, and this is shown in many variations in as gay and colorful designs as could be desired, pleasing the eye of the onlooker with most tasteful combinations and satisfying the innate color craving of the wearer himself. To tone down the brightness of the sweaters, so as not to take the mind of other players entirely off the game, milord is extremely wary when golf hose are to be selected. Seldom do they match the sweater. On the contrary, they are mostly plain or at least quite subdued enough as to escape comment.

"V"-necks and pull-overs take the lead, and the colors are for the most part tan and gray for backgrounds with pastels and contrasting shades for decorative effects. A plain jersey pull-over of dusty blue, now known as "Wales" blue, is exceedingly smart, especially with hose to match. Indeed, the jersey or knitted grenadine is becoming very popular. It is exceedingly light weight and can be worn with a wind-breaker with ease and comfort.

There is a new golfing shirt which is tucked in at the waist. It is fashioned from striped flannel in any favorite color, the new blue and a palish green taking the lead. The polo shirt, which is just as good for golfing and other sports as it is for polo, is gaining in favor because it takes the place of both sweater and shirt and can be worn with the smart checked plus fours with good effect. By the way, the checked and plaided golf suits are even more popular than they were last year, but great care should be taken to select a plain colored hose, or at least those with subdued colorings.

Color being the watchword in men's sports fashions, a word must be said anent the newest shades which the much over-worked rainbow wots not of and never even dreamed of in its wildest flights of fancy. For here are wondrous hues taken from the citrus fruits, from precious stones, from shrubs, vegetables and from the earth and sky, all marshaled together in all their glory, combined, singled and doubled and placed before our astonished gaze in the form of spring neckwear, spring shirts, business suits and sleeping garments, to say nothing of hats and socks and handkerchiefs. For instance, we have orange and lemon hues, colors taken from old wine, from raisins, currants and beet root; there are cedar brown, wall-flower, London lav-

ender and salad green and whole armies of others, and with each of these is played the colors which blend or harmonize, which makes the ensemble a thing of beauty. No, the ladies, bless 'em, must not be allowed to have a monopoly on color.

Behold the shirts of spring! Never have they been so colorful and yet so harmonious. Stripes, very fine ones, jacquard designs, small plaids and conventional figures—lots of color but in subdued effects. Red, yes, in its darker shades shown with black, is seen in sport shirtings. And, by the way, there will be a difference this season between the ordinary business shirt and the one which is worn distinctly for sports. As with his other sports apparel, a man may choose more gorgeous shirts for playtime than for work-a-day hours.

As we have remarked in previous articles, the new neckwear, although quite colorful, is more conservative, the smaller patterns taking precedence over large ones and the striped effects appearing more subdued.

Special favor is accorded the animal and sporting designs for neckties. We have had the airplanes and the doggies and now we are being shown the race-horses in action, the little deers, proud ships at sea and round-the-world tours—veritable story-telling pictures like the wall-paper on nursery walls and the designs on little chintz frocks. Well, they do say that we men never grow up, and here's hoping we never will.

The handkerchief which formerly was wont to hide its plainness, now puts its best foot foremost—the French have seen to that—and it now flaunts its beauty to the

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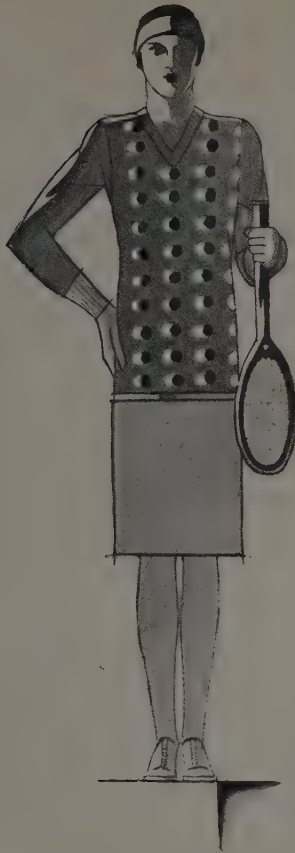


Especially popular are the animal and sporting designs in spring neckwear. Here are a few exclusive patterns created for Mullen and Blumett by their own fashion artist, Victor Mall, depicting indoor sports, touring and big game. These are shown in small, neat designs, featuring the season's most appealing colors

SPORTS TOGS FOR THE OUTDOOR WOMAN

By Opal Haynes

Drawings by Victor Mall



An entrancing sweater is this pale yellow model with orange and brownish polka dots—quite the newest idea in decoration shown this spring. Of very light weight zephyr, it makes an ideal summer garment

IT SEEMS that the nose veil just will “nose in,” determined at all hazards to have a place in the sun! Not a bad idea if this infinitesimal bit of lace were of any use in warding off the calamity of sunburn. On the whole, however, one cannot deny its effectiveness on a little street hat. But oh! save us, Dame Fashion, oh! do save us, please, from large spotty veils on large floppy hats. Rather let summer suns turn us the color of the Indian or quite, quite freckled than force us to become veiled ladies.

The hats of spring are unusually charming and tip-tilted, continuing to cover one eye in the most provocative fashion or turning precisely up in front, covering the tips of the eyebrows and giving a very narrow effect to the forehead. Many shade the face with brims of various widths, from the tiniest excuse of a brim to the widest sunshade effects.

The brim of medium width concerns us here, for 'tis this model which serves the outdoor woman best, being not only that most becoming style which frames the face with utmost flattery, but also a substitute for the parasol. As a golfing hat, this type is most useful, protecting the face and eyes from burning suns and completing the golf costume in a delightful manner.

One goes into ecstasies over the new ma-

terials, ballibuntl, baku, faille viscre, isol, yedda—so intriguing are the names—and one finds the latest colors too fascinating for words. Imagine a hat in “ember glow,” “Lucerne blue,” “meerscham,” or “grape nuts!” There is a distinct feminine note in the trimming, seen in the little bows which are not so tailored as formerly and in the lovely applique effects with cretonne flowers, the embroidered wool designs, and the fine tucking here and there.

The tiny hat most used for traveling by motor is oftenest of the soft and pliable new straw—that innovation which is giving the long popular felt hat many a heart throb—as it takes the felt one's place on many smart occasions.

Of sweaters there is much to say, for a revival of interest is taking place concerning this most comfortable and useful accessory which has graduated from the kindergarten of occasional use to the senior class of necessity. For who would venture forth a-golfing without a gay and woolly sweater to temper the combined effect of sun and wind? Who, pray, would attempt a hiking jaunt over a steep mountain side without the comfy sweater to don on the homeward journey, so chilly are these mountain evenings? And it goes without saying that none would dare a motor trip—for even a day's span—without a trusty sweater.

Since the style makers are vying with one another in producing perfect “dreams” of designs, we have many delightful models from which to choose. The outstanding feature of the newest sweaters is the higher waistline, achieved by means of the fitted hip-band which gives the coveted bloused effect and at the same time a swagger touch.

There is a very flattering rounded neck in some of the late models, while “V”-necks finish others; one merely has to choose the



This hat of medium brim is a model which serves the outdoor woman best, framing the face with the utmost flattery and protecting the eyes from the sun. “Baku” is the material and “off white” or “natural” the color



One of the dressier types of ensembles worn by the “onlooker” is this one, fashioned from beige jersey, which is accompanied by one of the new knitted jumpers so much in favor. The little hat of soft “hankie” felt matches the costume in color, adding a stunning touch. Courtesy Antoinette Hagen Shop

most becoming. The materials are legion, the metal threads which run like bright little streams of water through some of the yarns give a glistening effect which is delightful. Bright polka dots in contrasting colors embellish stunning models and silk bandings trim others in blouse-like fashion and stripes are seen quite often.

The tennis girl will delight in the pastel colored sleeveless sweater which is to be worn under her sports coat, a model which is fashioned from lightest zephyr yarn and specially suited for strenuous exercise.

And then again, the sweater has developed into a veritable blouse and in some instances is chosen to complete the sports ensemble of the dressier type worn by the onlooker rather than the player.

Milady's gloves, too, grow more and more arresting and are shown in numerous practical yet beautiful designs for sports as well as dress occasions. A stunning idea for a sports glove is to have, in lieu of a cuff, a narrow bandolet of woven straw to finish off a loosely fitting glove of washable capeskin. Another innovation is a smart wristband of leather or snakeskin which is fastened with a buckle like a belt, and still another is an edging of laced kid in a contrasting color with a large single button fastening.

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The Value of California's Game Resources

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

Slope. The value of the game to these pioneers, furnishing them with livelihood and raiment, is impossible to estimate. Without this natural resource the undertaking would have been impossible or long delayed. It can be safely stated that in those early times the principal and only value the game possessed was its food value, sustaining the early settlers and their families, and aiding materially in the early winning of the West.

But we were profligate with the rich inheritance nature had bestowed upon us. All the States of the Union without exception were tardy in passing the necessary laws, and slack in their enforcement when passed. Market hunting, almost without limitation, was permitted, and the large cities which sprung up like mushrooms consumed the game slaughtered by the irresponsible market hunter. The destruction of the plains animals, the buffalo and antelope, was inevitable but untimely, and the ruthless, wasteful destruction of these creatures is a blot upon the history of this country.

One State after another awoke to the realization that its game had disappeared, that it was of value, and following the practice of this nation to attempt to correct every evil or promote good by the passage of laws, the statute books were filled at the outset with unconsidered legislation. These laws have been amended and improved from time to time as experience has been gained, and the subject better understood, and an awakened public sentiment favorable to the game now exists which facilitates law enforcement.

It was not possible to create a great nation in a century and a half, with a population now exceeding 120,000,000 of people, build cities great and small, develop water power and lines of communication, devote enormous areas to the growing of food for livelihood and export, and provide employment, without disturbing Nature's balance and detrimentally affecting our natural resources. As our population and varied industries grow a further invasion is inevitable. It is not the expectation of the thinking conservationist that game and wildlife can be restored to its pristine numbers, but a happy balance can be maintained, permitting outdoor recreation without interfering with our industrial development.

We have discovered from past experience that even wise game laws properly enforced, while helpful, are not adequate to restore the game or in all cases maintain its present numbers. By actual experiments we are now learning that there is an unsought conflict between the game and especially our agricultural interests. To illustrate this problem let us examine this situation in our own State. For the protection of the farmer it was imperative that the jackrabbit, and the ground squirrel pest should be eradicated or controlled. Every rodent that is destructive to crops very rightly is warred upon. The

predatory animals and birds that formerly depended upon these animals for a livelihood, now under the ban, perforce prey upon the game to a greater extent than in the past and with disastrous results. The increase of population, primarily, and the lack of proper control of predatory birds and animals are the two destructive agencies the wild game cannot withstand. Migratory game, especially wildfowl and other birds, have suffered from reclamation of marsh lands, in that they have not only been deprived of their resting and breeding grounds, but are being destroyed in countless numbers by alkali concentrates forming from waste waters on low grounds incident to the attempted reclamation of a portion of Klamath Lake, the draining of the Bear River marshes in Utah, and Buena Vista Lake in Kern County, California.

To offset these adverse conditions it is necessary to assist Nature by artificial propagation of game—just as we have replenished our fish, both commercial and sporting varieties, by planting fry artificial-

judgment of the mass what should be destroyed. Many years ago Pennsylvania passed a general bounty law that almost bankrupted the State. Owls, hawks, and supposed predatory animals were indiscriminately slaughtered with the result that the rodents devastated the fields to the great injury of the agriculturist. Some of you will remember the California coyote bounty law which cost this State millions of dollars, and the scandals arising therefrom are still remembered. The bounty collector went into the business of raising and importing coyotes by wholesale, and sold them to the State at \$5 a head. The law required that the scalps should be delivered to any justice of the peace, who made affidavit that he had received the scalp, and had destroyed it by burning, and the bounty collector armed with this affidavit presented his demand to the State Treasurer and received \$5 as a reward for his enterprise. It was subsequently proved in some cases that the scalp, taken to the rear to be destroyed by fire, unscorched was reintroduced by the front door,

man who hunts—he cannot be called a sportsman—and who is opposed to all legislation which curtails his pleasures and opportunities, or increases the cost of his license. He tells the Legislature that game is actually increasing in the State; that if there is an apparent shortage of ducks it is not really so, but advances the argument that it is due to a mild winter in the Arctic, or a very severe season in the north which interfered with the breeding, or there exists a shortage of natural food in the State, due to inclemency of weather again, or possibly the indolence of the farmer.

It has been manifest to the most casual observer that all game in California, especially wildfowl, is becoming scarcer year by year. The alkali deposits at Klamath Lake and Bear River marshes, due to attempted reclamation, have played havoc with the wildfowl. It is possible that these conditions have destroyed as many ducks as the gunner. More than 300,000 hunting licenses are annually taken out by hunters in California.

Realizing that game generally, and wildfowl especially, was in need of further safeguards, the leading game protectionists of this State long before the Legislature convened prepared evidence for presentation at Sacramento. Committees were appointed by the leading sportsmen's organizations. The California Development Association spent two years in studying the game resources of California. The U. S. Biological Survey, through its then head, Dr. Nelson, contributed valuable data on the Klamath Lake conditions, and their observations generally throughout the West. The California Fish and Game Commission and the California Academy of Sciences contributed their evidence. All of this accumulated indisputable evidence, showing that a reduction in bag limit on wildfowl was imperative, was ably presented to the Legislature but disregarded. The only concession wrung was the amendment limiting the weekly bag of ducks of doubtful value because the growing scarcity of wildfowl seldom permitted the obtaining of the limit. The hunting and fishing license was increased in each case from \$1 to \$2. Our neighboring States to the north, with less population and more game, collect \$5 and \$7.50 for the same privilege. Florida collects \$10.25 yearly. A few selfish lobbyists, ably abetted by one or more legislators, all of them traders in duck lands, were able to nullify the evidence presented and bring to naught two years of effort and study made by acknowledged authorities in all that relates to game and its protection. So soon, however, as the increased license bill was passed, this coterie introduced and secured approval of a measure obligating the State to expend \$175,000 annually for a period of five years in the purchase of game refuges. They are now assembling the lands to be presently passed on to the State at some profit to themselves and as a reward for their valuable services



Market hunting and wholesale slaughter of birds are among the chief causes for the present sad plight of our native California fauna

ly reared. Many States in the Union have successfully done this, as has Europe for centuries. In spite of a very dense population the game supply of Europe has been maintained by this method, coupled with intensive warfare at all times directed against predatory birds and animals. That England has game to shoot is evidenced from the record of shotgun shells consumed last year. It will surprise even the sportsman to be told that England alone discharged half as many shells in the past year as the whole of the United States. And it is safe to assume they were not shot into the air, but at game.

In the control of animals and birds destructive of game it is not suggested or desirable that we should go back to the bounty system tried out disastrously by many of our States, where it is left to the

and a further bounty collected. The only successful way to control varmints is the practice now generally in vogue, of employing trained men by the State or county, who are instructed what to destroy and in what locality to operate. A few trained men will trap more animals in one year than all the combined population.

We now come to the most difficult problem to solve, and that is overcoming the apathy and indifference of the average legislator when matters relating to fish and game are presented, and securing the enactment of proper laws, and providing the funds for their enforcement. From this category should be excepted always the man, both lawyer and legislator, who is retained by the commercial interests, and he is never indifferent or apathetic. We have, too, the selfish

rendered the cause of game protection.

Game refuges are essential to game protection, but to California there has been already set aside by the Department of Agriculture thousands of acres of lands in forest reserves, which the State has taken over, but which have been almost totally neglected and unpatrolled and their boundaries undefined. More than one-sixth of the area of California is owned by the national government—roughly, in excess of 20,000 square miles—and I am assured the Agricultural Department is willing to turn over areas in addition to those now under State control for other game refuges, provided the State will undertake to patrol, post them, and prevent hunting thereon. There is no excuse for buying lands for game refuges with all these government lands available without cost. The only refuge that might not be supplied from government lands would possibly be an aquatic one.

The average legislator always has his ear close to the ground and

whenever he discovers that public sentiment strongly favors a certain measure he is quick to take note.

In the last twenty years there have grown up in this State numerous organizations that interest themselves in all that concerns the well-being of the State. Among these is the California Development Association, before referred to, the farmers' granges, the northern and southern automobile clubs, Californians, Incorporated, its southern prototype, the All Year Club, the great chambers of commerce of Los Angeles and San Francisco, the Associated Sportsmen, the Audubon societies, the women's clubs, etc. It is proposed to solicit all of these State organizations to actively join in a campaign to secure remedial and sane legislation so as to preserve our remaining game. The Automobile Club of Southern California, with its usual enterprise, is already, through its directorate, on record in favor of this laudable undertaking. The California State Automobile Association will be interested, and there is no doubt all of the other civic organizations will

do likewise. With such a State-wide movement, backed by public sentiment, the outcome will be favorable to California game.

What is the intrinsic value of this natural resource to California? Unfortunately California has never made an official survey, but other States of the Union have and by comparison we can reach a conservative figure indicating the revenue to this State from this source. Michigan estimates that her visitors spend annually \$40,000,000. In addition Michigan estimates that the food value of game and fish and fur amounts to another \$9,000,000—a total of \$49,000,000. Wisconsin estimates her total revenue under the same classification at \$28,000,000; Colorado, \$60,000,000; Minnesota, \$65,000,000.

These States in area are small when compared to California and it is safe to assume that if our game supply was increased we would presently enjoy a much greater revenue than do the States cited. We have, besides, our long coast line, and the waters of the Pacific, especially in Southern Cali-

fornia, teem with game and food fishes, attracting anglers from all over the world. The value of all commercial fish taken and packed in California in 1926 to 1927 reached the enormous sum of \$25,000,000. These natural resources then are of great value, and when we take into consideration that the raw product is produced by nature, without any investment on our part, except the pitiable sums we have expended in the past for its protection, few of our varied industries exceed in value these natural resources. They are worth conserving from a commercial viewpoint alone, but how much more they are worth in contributing to the health, recreation, and adding to the attraction of the out of doors no one can estimate.

To every resident of this State, and especially to the members of this organization, an appeal is made that you who enjoy the bounties of this great State interest yourselves in this subject, to its advancement, so that our mountains and valleys will not be voiceless and our streams tenantless.

The First Pacific Steamship

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

date some of their newly made friends. Alas for the best laid plans! A howl that had murder in it roared up as the first boat came in from the steamer with word that she was already "chock-full of foreigners,—men, women, and brats." The gold news had struck down the West coast to Chili and Peru before the *California* could get up there from Cape Horn, so that her Callao representatives, not knowing she was already oversold from New York and Panama, had completely sold out her state-rooms to South Americans.

"Throw 'em to the sharks!" howled the mob of North Americans; and this was no empty menace, for the harbor was hungry with man-eaters. "Burn the damned ship!" yelled others, forgetting she was their "ark of deliverance." With an organizing energy worthy of a juster cause, one or two Yankee leaders herded indignation meetings together, which they inflamed into the adoption of fiery resolutions proclaiming with perfervid eloquence the doctrine of America for North Americans only; and, in fine, worked up such a frenzy that General Persifer Smith, swept at length off his balance, issued an official proclamation warning all foreigners to keep away from the California gold-mines as trespassers against the sovereign rights of the United States.

This proclamation, destined to work harm enough later, failed of effect at the time. The "foreigners" coolly stayed where they were, a safe mile offshore. General Smith and Captain Marshall seemed at first quite helpless, but in the end the captain compromised matters by ousting his South American passengers into berths hastily improvised on the hurricane deck,—which he had no earthly right to do,—and then enlarging the *California's* capacity, as by a sort of

divine fiat, from seventy-five passengers to 400!

Next came the knotty problem of selecting 400 passengers from among 1400 clamorous candidates. After a good deal of quarreling and a few ugly fist-fights, it was all, after a fashion, arranged. First came General Smith's party, and all ladies. Then came the original *Falcon* party of thirty. The rest were to take chances in a lottery!

Amid tremendous excitement, this drawing at last took place—with the result that a large number of the New Orleans "professionals" not unnaturally struck luck. The *California* fired her parting gun for the last long leg of her journey on the last day of January, 1849, crammed and jammed from bowsprit to sternpost, but leaving a thousand worried wretches behind. Some of these actually put out to sea in *kayukas*, never returning, whilst others published the quaint little *Panama Star* as a vent to their patriotic wrath.

VII.

The 400 or so passengers who drew lucky numbers in the Panama lottery so crowded the little *California* that "it was difficult to move about in her, either on deck or in the saloons," as some of them say. During the month she paddled up the coast with this plethoric cargo she enlivened the voyage by catching on fire four times, running into two tempests, and staging one high-powered mutiny. Captain Rodman M. Price, of the navy, in reminiscences written twenty-five years later, does not hesitate to attribute some of the *California's* misfortunes to the inefficiency of her makeshift commander, Captain Marshall, substituted at Valparaiso for the original commander. Captain Forbes, Marshall and Price played opposite each other, so to speak, in the most dramatic incident of all those in this dangerous voyage, as it drew

near its close.

Early one cold, foggy morning late in February everybody on board was awakened by the strange, dismal consciousness that the engines had stopped, and that the steamer lay helplessly wallowing in the wash of the sea. Almost immediately she began hoarsely bellying her distress. Peruvians and Chileans on the hurricane deck rushed out from their improvised quarters, which they were never to occupy again. The *California* had run out of fuel! As soon as the North Americans thronged up through the hatchways, Lieutenant Price, who had assumed temporary command, shouted at them from the paddle-box:

"Turn to, there, all of you! We gotta get wood! Take those axes—and swing 'em! Smash those cabins yonder to kindling wood!"

The Yankees turned to with a relish.

"Chop up those spars yonder!" yelled Price. "Some of you go to the saloon and hack down the wainscoting! Anything—anything that'll burn!"

Captain Marshall stood shivering beside the young naval officer. He had not only run out of fuel, but had completely lost his bearings.

After hours of sweaty work with the axes, the pioneers were astounded to hear the joyous cry of "Coal!" A hundred bags had been discovered in the dunnage down beside the keelson, where it had been stowed as ballast! Once more the furnaces were stoked, and during the next five hours every lump of the newly found coal was consumed as the *California* steamed through the dense fog due east on Price's reckoning—until Captain Marshall shut off her engines just in time to avoid bumping into the custom house wharf at "the old Pacific capital" of Monterey!

The first man to clamber on

board at Monterey was a young lieutenant named William Tecumseh Sherman, now assigned to General Persifer Smith's staff. His colleagues of the garrison gave the pioneers a rousing welcome, assisted by the entire populace of native Californians. Here at Monterey the *California* filled up her bunkers with redwood for the brief passage still ahead of her, while the New Orleans "professionals" and the zealous apprentices they had trained on shipboard initiated soldiers and natives alike into new games of chance. Abrigo's billiard-tables sparkled all day and all night with huge heaps of gold-dust and nuggets, swept this way and that with the turns of the newfangled wheels of fortune.

An English adventurer who happened to be in Monterey at the time gives a lively and picturesque account of the *California* voyagers, as follows:

"As far as appearances went, a finer looking or a more respectable body of emigrants never stepped ashore from any vessel; but I venture to affirm there never landed at Monterey a shrewder or a 'smarter' set, or their match at gambling, with all its accompanying vices. At faro, monte, indeed, at any game of cards, they appeared quite in their element; and the Spaniards, though sharp enough, were mere children in this respect, compared to them. Several had brought roulette tables, 'sweat-cloths,' and dice, and banks were immediately established on every available spot. Even the billiard-tables were, for the time, diverted from their original use, and devoted to rouge-et-noir, and such like games of chance at which the dealers soon realized enormous sums in gold, receiving it in lumps and in ounces, according to the kind. There was scarcely a device common to gamblers which was not brought into active practice; and

many new tricks and games I had never seen played before were on this occasion introduced for the first time in California.

"Meanwhile, and in the midst of the excitement of play, numerous other individuals from on board the vessel were endeavoring to acquire money by legitimate trading. All sorts of articles were offered for sale at enormous prices. Shoes, hats, baskets, bowie-knives, handkerchiefs, spades, shovels, picks, and crow-bars, biscuit and flour, cheese, and beef and pork, confectionery and spices, tobacco and snuff, and spirits and wine—in fact, every kind of merchandise seemed to have been landed in minute quantities, expressly to tantalize purchasers, to raise an extra demand, and consequently to augment prices. One particularly shrewd fellow had a dozen of the commonest sort of bowie-knives, which he offered at the modest sum of five dollars each; and, having readily disposed of them, renewed the operation with another dozen, and another, and another, until he had realized a handsome sum. But he never appeared with more than a dozen at a time, as whole stock in trade; and, as he never made his appearance twice in the same place, nobody seemed the wiser, his miraculous dozen being renewed as fast as it went off.

"Another man greatly amused me by driving bargains for wearing apparel; and I am afraid to say how many times he stripped and reappeared clad anew, to sell his garments again, before he was satisfied. In a word, there was but one cry, but one all-absorbing thought—'money, money, money!'

"To add to the bustle of this bewildering scene, the rush to C's refreshment store, established at the bar of the coffee-house, was perfectly appalling. The habits of the place were neglected for the new-comers, and, on one hungry townsman appealing to C— for a piece of pie, I heard the latter exclaim—

"Pie! Pie! For God's sake, don't ask me for pie today! The inhabitants of the town will, I hope, forget themselves today, and give the strangers a chance."

"How far the keen-witted host forgot himself may be inferred from the fact that in two days he cleared upwards of two thousand dollars by his refreshments, and by the hire of the gambling-rooms.

"As an illustration of the spirit of gambling which prevailed, I may mention the case of one of the new-comers, the cook of the *California*, known by the name of 'English Ned.' This man was a bold gamester, who would coolly stake his all on the cast of a die, the turn of a card, or the stroke of a cue. The first day, he played at two American banks, and won eighteen hundred dollars; the next, he lost all, and in the evening returned on board with a dun at his heels for a couple of ounces of gold."

VIII.

On the morning of February 28, 1849, the first Pacific steamship drew opposite the Golden Gate. Captain Marshall, with Purser Price at his side, suddenly ported his helm, and the *California* swung slowly round. Quitting her long

northbound course, she now headed directly inshore; straight for the only gap in that continuous mountain range that forms the coast of upper California. This gap remained invisible until the ship was almost upon it; she seemed charging a rampart of mountains. Then the Gate swiftly opened! Through its portals the pioneers could see the narrow strait, five miles long, which forms the lane of this Golden Gate.

Spring came early that year, and it was a day of singular loveliness. The roughest spirits on board must have been touched by the prospect of beauty all round them. On both hands the hillsides were green velvet—a green of such vivid lushness as seemed almost beyond nature. Here and there in the verdure gleamed patches of golden poppies or pools of the purple lupin. Through the cleft heart of these hills ploughed the steamer, the tides ripping by with fierce swiftness. Then the enormous and dazzling bay of San Francisco slowly unrolled in the sun. Directly ahead towered the white island rock of Alcatraz, myriads of seagulls circling and screaming above it. In the blue distance loomed Mount Diablo. As the ship rounded Telegraph Hill the wooded island of Yerba Buena silently saluted her. Southward and eastward stretched the vast lonely harbor, with room for all the navies of the world. And here, off the starboard bow, like the tented outpost of an army—here stood the City of Gold!

At sight of San Francisco the wildly agitated passengers on the *California* rushed to starboard with such headlong velocity that the overloaded steamer listed as though about to roll over.

Righting herself, she glided very slowly toward her anchorage, and then these wayfarers, so far from home, saw the most thrilling sight they had ever beheld. Five ships-of-war rode at anchor in Yerba Buena Cove, their yards manned with bluejackets, and every spar and every cross-tree and each yard of rigging gay with the Stars-and-Stripes, loved symbol of Home. Commodore Aps Catesby Jones's flagship at length boomed her salute, all the jacksies aloft in the rigging of those five ships-of-war let loose a wild yell, and waved their headgear like mad. The commodore stood on the quarter-deck, in full dress, and, by his own oft-waved hat and graceful bows, "gave a most finishing touch and tone to one of the grandest salutes ever given in any part of the world," wrote one enthusiastic pioneer. Each vessel, as the pioneers passed it, gave them guns, until the sky was darkened with smoke. From one man-o'-war deck to another bands began to blare in martial music, their burnished instruments flashing. The *California's* anchor-chain clanked from its windlass, and the first Pacific steamship came to rest—a year and a month after Marshall had discovered the gold.

IX.

Ashore, the excitement was no less intense than on board. This excitement had been stimulated by the *Alta California's* editorial welcome to the steamship, prematurely

printed on the day she was first due:

"It is an event so fraught with future hopes of advantage, that our memories will almost deserve execration if we do not celebrate the event in proper style and spirit. It is an epoch that deserves to be brought into bold relief and he who takes an active part in getting up a judicious observance of the occasion, will, ten years hence, think it the proudest event of his life."

During the weeks intervening before the long overdue steamship actually arrived, this editorial exhortation was taken to heart by the citizens, one of whom has tersely described the result:

"In the forenoon of the twenty-eighth of February, 1849, the news ran through the town that a steamer had entered the Golden Gate, and the people ran out in joyful excitement, some going to the top of Telegraph Hill and others to Clark's Point, the landing place. The sun was bright, the sky clear, the atmosphere quiet, the temperature warm, the day still, and the hills green, the beauty of the day contributing to the general happiness. At last San Francisco was bound to the Atlantic Coast by steam. As the vessel, black with its wondering passengers, came round Clark's Point, warships at anchor in the cove welcomed the newcomers with cheer after cheer from the crews—cheers that were repeated upon the shore and answered from the steamer until the echoes came back from the hills. The occasion was never to be forgotten by those present."

Certainly the first Argonauts never forgot it. Twenty-five years later they recalled with zest the hilarious procession that escorted them, to the running accompaniment of gunfire, from Clark's Point to the Plaza,—pausing at intervals to dispense free champagne by the crate. Almost every passenger had at least two San Franciscans eagerly lugging his baggage in exchange for news from home. But this service was strictly voluntary and without price, as one passenger of a somewhat patronizing habit discovered:

"He threw his small cavalry valise down upon the rocks, and, reaching a half-dollar toward a man who appeared to be a ship's porter, said:

"Carry that valise up to the hotel, my boy."

"Jack drew back from the extended coin, and, with an air that would have done honor to a Persian monarch, drew from his own pocket two half-dollars, and, throwing them upon the ground, said, as he strode off with magnificent disgust:

"Carry it yourself!"

This incident introduced the First Steamship Pioneers to the low value of money in young San Francisco. Before the day was over they found the price of a common meal to be five dollars, and one egg one dollar.

Laborers, they discovered, got a dollar an hour. Carpenters getting twelve dollars a day went on strike in '49 for sixteen. Flour and pork ran neck and neck in the market at forty dollars a barrel. Washing was fifteen dollars a dozen; so that "when a shirt became very dirty, the wearer threw it away

and bought a new one!" The town was overrun with rats brought in by the gold-hunting ships, and, as no cats had been imported, there was a boom in the feline market, and all the cats that could be collected were sold at sixteen dollars each. The leading hotel earned \$120,000 a year in rents, half of it from gambling concessions, and the canvas tent next door, used as a gambling saloon and called El Dorado, was good for \$40,000 a year.

A copy of the menu at the Ward House has been handed down to us, reading in part, as follows:

Oxtail soup	\$1.00
Roast beef	1.00
Roast pork	1.25
Baked mutton	1.25
Corned beef and cabbage..	1.25
Venison, wine sauce	1.50
Brandy peaches	2.00
Rum omelette	2.00

When the Argonauts reached the mines they found the high cost of living no lower, as another bill-of-fare still testifies:

EL DORADO HOTEL HANGTOWN

Beef, with 1 potato, fair size..	\$1.25
Beef, up along	1.00
Baked beans, greased	1.00
New potatoes, peeled75
Hash, low grade75
Hash, 18 Karats	1.00
Roast grizzly	1.00
Jackass rabbit, whole	1.50
Rice with brandy peaches.....	2.00
A square meal	3.00

All payable in advance. Gold-scales on the end of the bar.

The impression produced on the first Argonauts by the aspect of San Francisco itself they found difficult to put into words. "Instead of seeing, as they expected, a harbor nearly empty, and a dull village," as one who greeted them wrote, they saw a bay crowded with ships and a town that looked like the camp of an army!

From the bay at night the sight of this transparent city of canvas, engirdling the steep crescent of Yerba Buena Cove, made one imaginative forty-niner call it a vast amphitheater of fire. Even the rough redwood scantlings for the fragile frames of its "houses" cost \$600 a thousand feet, while tacks and canvas literally brought their weight in gold.

"The natural boundaries of the bay had at that time been encroached upon. The bay then lifted her tides above Montgomery Street. As we walked up from the beach, we saw a succession of bleak, sandy hills, covered, here and there, with sagebrush, *yerba buena* ('good herb,' or mint), and a scrubby brushwood. We camped out under tents of our own construction and lived in the most rough and rude way. Salt pork and beans were the chief living. . . . The inhabitants of the town were by no means all Americans, or even English-speaking people. There were Indians, Mexicans, Sonorians, Kanakas, Spanish, French, British, Germans, Chinese, Peruvians, Chilenos, Malays and so on to the end of a chapter which would come near filling the inspired call 'from every kindred, and nation, and tongue, and people under the whole heaven.'"

To put it differently, authenticated news of the gold discovery took so long to reach "the States," and the journey of these first American Argonauts was so long drawn out, that even a few Chinese gold-hunters got into San Francisco ahead of them!

Their first meeting with San Francisco's most spectacular inhabitant is much too good to be lost. One C. V. Gillespie, they tell us, had an auction house, and "a cargo of tea arrived a few days after we did. There was very little in the country. On the day of sale a large number of up-country dealers in miners' supplies were present, each with a bag of gold dust, to purchase a few chests for his store.

The auctioneer put up 'ten chests with a privilege'—that is, with the right to take more than the ten at the same rate.

"The bidding was spirited and the excitement continually increasing, while a calm, dark complexioned man sat up on a high box, away from most others, and, without at all abating his 'whittling' regularly raised the bid just as 'Sold!' was about to be said.

"Finally the ten chests were 'sold to S. Brannan.'

"How many will you take, Mr. Brannan?" said the auctioneer.

"Without ceasing to whistle, or raising his head, he, with the most utter nonchalance, replied:

"The whole damned concern'—

and S. Brannan & Co. at once controlled all the tea on the Pacific Coast."

This was the man who had brought to San Francisco its first authentic news of the gold discovery,—now become California's first and only millionaire,—and the Steamship Pioneers lost no time in embarking on the first schooners headed for the chief source of Sam Brannan's wealth, "the diggings." In fact, the steamship herself was speedily deserted by both officers and crew with the single exception of one Foggin, her third engineer. And this for some months was true of almost all merchant vessels visiting the City of Gold, whose har-

bor at last became a dense forest of idle masts. To this very day steam-shovels excavating for San Francisco skyscrapers down near the water front occasionally bring up broken bits of the ships of '49, left to rot idly at anchor until buried by the swiftly made ground that now stretches from Montgomery Street all the way to the Ferry.

The *California* herself got under steam again with a fresh crew, in the following April, and resumed her mail service up and down the coast. But Astoria, the port for which she was destined, never once saw her. For San Francisco was born, and with it the commonwealth of California.

New Zealand

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

and drop it into a boiling pool, or into a fumarole of live steam.

Nature plays some queer pranks in these thermal regions. Near Rotorua we employed a bright Maori girl to pilot us through a volcanic and geyser region where it would be decidedly dangerous for a stranger. The girl, who answered to the name of "Rangi," and who spoke English with an Oxford accent, conducted us through many places where a misstep would scald a human being to death. After threading our way through spouting geysers, boiling "porridge pots," and among fumaroles emitting sulphurous gas that threatens asphyxiation, Rangi descended into a deep canyon. She crossed a small, swift stream on a narrow plank bridge, and squatting

down upon the bank bade me put my hand in the water. The water was almost ice cold. "Now," said Rangi, "put your hand down and dig into the sand very carefully with the tips of your fingers." I tried it, half suspecting that she was perpetrating some sort of a joke. But it wasn't! My fingers went down through the icy sand for about two inches. Then I let out a howl and withdrew my hand. The sand below the cold water and two inches below the bottom of the stream was boiling hot!

As has been the case with every newly discovered danger, a number of lives had to be lost, and many people injured before steps were taken to protect persons too foolhardy or ignorant to look after themselves. In 1903 two girls vis-

ited the crater of the great Waimangu Geyser, which was then erupting on a reliable schedule of once every thirty-six hours. They and their guide went close to the brink of the crater to secure photographs at close range. At that moment an eruption occurred without the slightest warning. The whole pond around the crater was thrown bodily into the air to a height of 1500 feet, together with hundreds of tons of boiling black mud, boulders and sand. The unfortunate visitors were caught by the backwash and swept into the crater, from which their bodies were later recovered, burned beyond recognition. Many other such accidents occurred before Waimangu and the other great and dangerous geysers were fenced off in such a manner

that nobody may approach to a point of danger. Today, any traveler who employs any of the competent licensed guides may journey through the entire thermal region, viewing its wonder from a safe and satisfactory distance, without the slightest danger. As for the fools, they get scalded occasionally, and every now and then the rural police use the Rotorua "gaol" as a safe deposit box for persons who are not safe at liberty in such places. In Auckland, a few days after we had driven down from Rotorua, I observed an American woman in the lounge of the Grand Hotel, proudly displaying an ugly blister on one arm to a group of "hero worshipping" friends. She was proud of her foolishness in having gone near enough to a Rotorua



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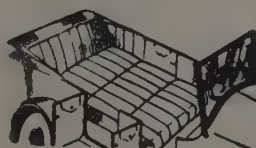
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"porridge pot" to get splattered with boiling mud. She was only in hopes that the scar would be permanent enough to be taken back to America.

Another attraction of the North Island is the famous glow-worm caves, also known as the caves of Waitomo. These great caverns, situated by an easy drive of roughly seventy-five miles from Auckland, present the curious spectacle of a tremendous water-worn stalactite and stalagmite cave, brilliantly illuminated by unnumbered billions of luminous larvae of a tiny moth. As one enters the cave, the experience is quite similar to going into the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky or any other great cavern. The guide, however, conducts one to a placid subterranean river, and there the visitor steps into a small boat in charge of a boatman who moves the craft with muffled oars. On into the cave over the water, the luminous chambers are soon reached. There the entire cavern, walls, ceilings, stalactites, and every nook and cranny, is alive with shimmering phosphorescent light, which is reflected into the water and back again. A trip into these caves is a jaunt through fairyland in a rowboat, but one is cautioned by the guides not to make the slightest noise. The boatman carefully dips his oars into the water to avoid the slightest splash. One loud noise such as a squeaking oar, or even ordinary conversation, and every light in the cave goes out as if someone had pressed an electric switch. Those billions of larvae keep their lights turned on



Mitre Peak and Sinbad Gully, as viewed from Milford Sound on the South Island

only so long as they are undisturbed, and apparently their "nerves" are in bad shape. Once the lights go out, one must wait for some minutes before they come on again, one by one.

If one watches very carefully, and in silence, he will observe that all the billions of lights are little strings of larvae hung on webs by a tiny mother moth. She's a pale little thing not much bigger than a house-fly, and she's busy in the Waitomo Caves all the time. She will be seen hovering about in various parts of the cave. Flying through the cave she is seen to alight upon some dark crevice of a

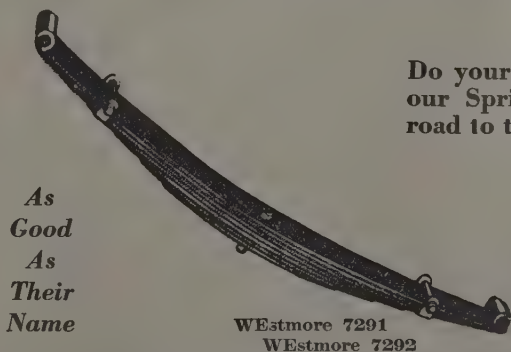
stalactite. There she deposits a fine, thin web, perhaps four or five inches in length. In a few days that web becomes a string of luminous larvae, like a microscopic set of Japanese lanterns hung end upon end, and another little jot of illumination is added to the wonders of the cave. The larvae become moths, and the moths lay more eggs.

The wonders of New Zealand are so many and varied that lack of space prevents a description that the scene warrants. However, any article upon New Zealand would be of short measure without some mention being made of the Maoris, the aboriginal inhabitants of these

marvelous South Sea islands.

As indicated previously, when Jan Abel Tasman, the great Dutch explorer, discovered New Zealand in 1642, he found the country already inhabited. These people, who called themselves Maoris, were obviously a distinct branch of the white race—Polynesians, without a doubt. They spoke a language so similar to the language of the natives of Hawaii that Hawaiians and Maoris of today are actually able to converse with each other in their native tongues. Unfortunately, however, they had no written language. Their origin is thus an enigma to anthropologists and general observers alike. When asked where they came from they replied: "From Hawaiki." But this did not mean Hawaii. It is merely a term meaning the home country, as many New Zealanders of today are wont to speak of England as the home land. They were a people of high intelligence, regal bearing, and magnificent physique.

When Tasman discovered them, they were apparently quite contented in their lovely land of Aotearoa, as they called New Zealand, and which translated means "land of white clouds." Moreover, they didn't welcome the intrusion of the "Pakepakeha," which is their word for white man. They launched an attack upon Tasman, slaughtering a number of his men, and sent the gallant Dutchman scurrying off over the sea from whence he came. The Maoris thus ruined for Holland one of the greatest colonial opportunities that otherwise might have been hers.



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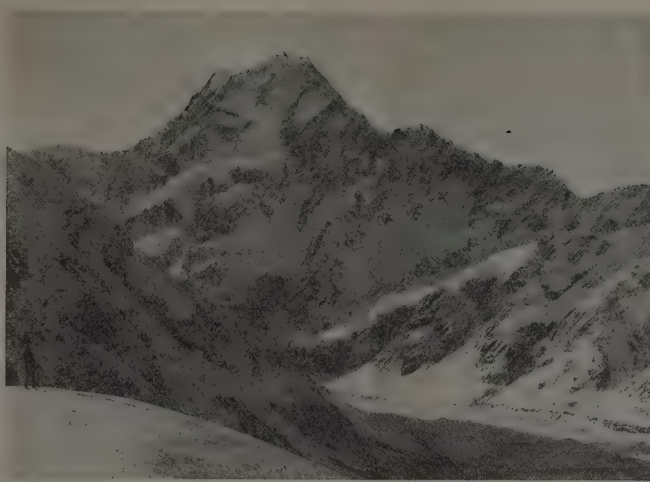
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The **STANDARD** Makes
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Captain Cook, who subsequently re-discovered New Zealand in 1769, and established England's claim to it, received everything but a friendly reception from the Maoris, as did all subsequent early explorers. The first colonization efforts were attended by wholesale massacres, and years of bloody warfare between the English and the natives. The hostilities delayed colonization to the extent that it was only in 1853 that New Zealand obtained her charter as a Dominion of Great Britain. The natives are now thoroughly subdued, but some of the most recent Maori wars have been within the memory of New Zealanders still living. It may thus be said that New Zealand as a white man's country is today only seventy-four years old—a mere baby among nations of the world. At this tender age her progress and prosperity is a marvel.

The Maoris of today are civilized to about the same degree as are our American Indians. Most of them still speak their native language. They all speak English, too. The school system has accomplished that. Most of them are now farmers, property owners, tradesmen, etc., people occupying almost the same relation to the European population as the Indians of our Southwest occupy in this country. When one sees some of the native Maori girls and women, whose beauty of face and form is positively striking, it is easy to understand why there has been considerable intermarriage between Maoris and English or other Euro-



Mt. Aorangi (12,349 feet), the highest mountain in New Zealand. The name, pronounced Ah-oh-rangee, is from the Maori language and means "piercer of the skies." It is the culminating peak of the Southern Alps of the South Island

peans. The half-caste children of these marriages do not deteriorate, but apparently retain the best characteristics of both Maoris and Europeans. As a result, many New Zealanders are just as proud of their trace of Maori blood as Americans are of their Indian blood.

True Maori institutions are now to be seen only in the museums of New Zealand, and in a few spots where native villages and customs are preserved as cherished traditions. The motorist who is interested in such things, and who lands at Auckland, would therefore do

well to drive straight from Auckland to Rotorua. There he may see the Maoris living in their stockaded villages, in their native costumes of reeds and feathers, and carrying on much the same as they did when they chased Tasman out of Aotea-roa.

Their music is limited to singing and performance on a strange instrument resembling an oboe which is blown with the nostrils instead of the mouth. When Captain Cook took that "nose flute" story back to England, and also told of Maoris with "faces and bodies

chiseled like carvings in wood," he was promptly set down as one of no more credibility than Ananias and Sapphira.

The Maori canoe, or "poi" dance, is accompanied by song and music from these nose flutes. It is a marvel of beauty, grace and terpsichorean interpretation. This dance is usually performed by a dozen women or girls of rare beauty. It is the dance story of the "great fleet" told about in Maori legends, of how the people came to Aotea-roa in huge canoes from "Hawaii-ki." In this dance the sound of splashing water is produced by the rattle of skirts made from sections of heavy reed into a bead-like structure. The "poi" balls, which are twirled continuously to represent the paddlers working over trackless seas, are balls of leaves made from the "raupo" (common cat tail), and swung on the end of a length of flax cord. The finale of the dance comes when the paddlers fall exhausted on the beach with the "poi" balls simulating the dashing surf about them.

The motoring tourists should by all means endeavor to see a "haka." This is the Maori war dance, and may be seen twice each week at Rotorua. It is a dance that is said to have had its origin as a physical culture exercise to strengthen every muscle of the warriors' bodies, including those of the eyes, tongue and vocal cords. It was also apparently designed to stimulate the war instincts of a primitive people. The "haka" is done by the huskiest men of the tribes, clad only in grass skirts, brandishing knives, spears,

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Here is rainbow trout fishing at its best, tumbling mountain streams, horseback riding and pack trips into the back country and away from the crowd. This is in the heart of the picturesque San Juan basin (the new tributary to California) which is in Southwestern Colorado and the ancient Cliff Dweller country.

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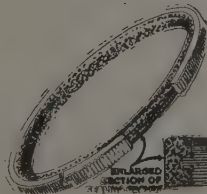
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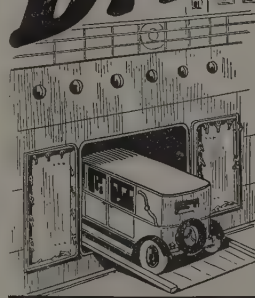
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We're inviting you to a land of snow-capped mountains, blue inland seas and evergreen forests, blessed with a cool, stimulating climate, where a midday maximum of 80 degrees is "hot" and rare—the summer average is 62 degrees.

This wonderland is almost at your door because of the paved roads and travel conveniences. There is no end to the diversity of recreation. Two or three hours from your hotel and you are deep in mountain meadows, or on the glaciers. Here you will enjoy a vacation unique in climate—soft, soothing, glorious days and cool, refreshing nights. You will be revitalized by the air of the sea, with its blend of the mountains and balsam forests.

Some Highlights!

Every city borders major scenic attractions. You'll want to see: Longview and the St. Helen's district, Rainier National Park, Snoqualmie Pass, the Cascade and Olympic Mountains, Hood Canal, Monte Cristo, Big Four, Whidby Island, San Juan Archipelago, Mt. Baker National Forest Park, Malahat Drive, Butchart Gardens, Capilano Canyon, Grouse Mountain, Harrison Hot Springs, and a hundred other places of scenic and recreational appeal.

This advertisement can scarcely outline the attractions which drew 175,000 motorists from California, Utah, Arizona and Oregon to Puget Sound and British Columbia last year. For complete description mail the coupon below and receive the free 32-page illustrated booklet.

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LONGVIEW SEATTLE BELLINGHAM VANCOUVER
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215 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
Gentlemen: Please send me your free illustrated booklet.

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or other weapons. It is a grand orgy of team-work jumping, stamping, shouting, spear and sword tossing and grotesque pantomime. Tourists witnessing it for the first time are occasionally put to flight.

After a glimpse of the Maori life in the interior of the North Island, it is well to have a few hours in the Maori exhibits of the Wellington or Auckland museums. From such it will be seen that these people had developed a fairly high degree of civilization before Europeans ever set eyes upon their country. They had bows, arrows, spears, axes and other implements edged with flint or obsidian glass. They had clothing of reeds for summer wear, and clothing of feathers to protect themselves in cold weather. Their canoes were great seaworthy things, capable of seating a hundred paddlers. These canoes were fashioned from a single log, and highly ornamented with carvings in wood, at which the Maoris are wonderfully skilled. They had a most ingenious process for embalming the heads of their enemies, some agriculture, and many other things that show them to have been anything but a stupid people.

And, while in the museum, it is also worth while to have a look at some of the almost unbelievable things that lived, or happened in New Zealand before the discovery by Europeans. We eliminate the painful details, and come quickly to the moa, that great extinct bird—one of the most terrible creatures that walked this earth in geological ages long past. There are two reconstructed moas in the Auckland museum, one in the Wellington institution, and a number of genuine skeletons. I stood under the tail of a reconstructed moa in the Auckland museum, and couldn't stretch far enough to make his tail feathers tickle the top of my head. It would take an 18-foot stepladder for me to feel the texture of the hair-like feathers on his head. One of his footprints could scarcely be fitted onto the floor of the living room of a California bungalow. His leg bone from the ankle to the knee would make about ten of the biggest beef shins ever turned out as a soup bone from a Chicago packing house. A moa's egg—well, we can't say much about the eggs, because none have ever been found. But if their eggs were as large as the eggs of other birds in proportion to the moa's size, an omelet couldn't have been made from one in an ordinary wash tub!

Fortunately for the ancient Maoris, the moa didn't fly. He was built like a tremendously exaggerated kiwi, the wingless bird of New Zealand found there, and nowhere else, today. The moa lived entirely upon the ground, but if he could travel as fast as a chicken in proportion to his size he'd easily have moved about forty feet at a jump. Very little is known of their food habits, but it is believed that they lived upon insects, small frogs, lizards, etc. Their extinction is thought to have resulted from the development of a cannibalistic trait by which they devoured their own eggs during a period when there was a shortage of natural food.

The visiting motorist in New

Zealand should break his journey up or down the North Island to make the scenic boat trip down the Wanganui River. This is the only really important navigable stream in the Dominion. As might be deduced from the most casual observation, in a land of abundant and evenly distributed rainfall together with varied topography, the majority of rivers are short and swift. The Wanganui, however, is navigable for shallow draft steamboats for approximately 150 miles, and the trip down it is, without doubt, one of the most magnificent water journeys available to travelers. Rising in the snows of Raupehu in the Kaimanawa Range, the Wanganui is a thundering torrent of rapids and waterfalls until it gets down below Taumarunui, on the railway line between Auckland and Wellington. From the head of navigation on down to the city of Wanganui on the Tasman Sea, the river flows through tremendous gorges and some rather thrilling rapids, with an average volume of 800,000 cubic feet of water per minute. Down through these gorges the passenger steamboats race. They shoot down rapid after rapid. Occasionally they bump the shore, or scrape over rocks in the bottom of the stream. The boats, however, are built to stand such things, and the skilled pilots, who know every inch of the course, seldom get into serious trouble. For the tourist the thrills are many and varied, and the scenery throughout the run simply beggars description.

In summing up New Zealand as a new world for American motorists, it may be said that it would be difficult to find a land on this earth offering so many attractions, set down in a network of good roads, with touring conditions so nearly 100 per cent ideal. It is a land of heart's desire, where everything imaginable seems to have been assembled for the pleasure and comfort of humans. For the American motorist who speaks no language other than his own, it is a pleasure to tour in a foreign country where there is no such thing as a language problem to be faced. There is only one real language in New Zealand, and that is the language of England, the mother of both America and the British Empire's southern Dominion. If there is any difference between American English and New Zealand English, it is that New Zealand English is purer, and contains considerably less slang. Sometimes the New Zealander's speech is tinged with a bit of an English accent, and some characteristically British expressions, but those things merely add to the pleasures of touring.

The time to see New Zealand is now, when it may be seen in all its youthful loveliness, past the pioneering stage of hardships and rapidly expanding into a nation destined to become the marvel of the Southern Hemisphere. When we look at it today, and see what has transpired there in the past seventy-four years, it does not require the wisdom of Solomon to visualize the future of this youthful giant which now calls itself "The Junior

In those Hills



Our Tribe Will Grow Strong and Alert

So long ago that even that clever fellow, the coyote, has forgotten the moon (so legend has it), Stalwart, the chief of certain Serranos, making their way down from the north, found a sunny highland overlooking two great plains, with many mountains visible to the north, and the wide sea to the south and west.

"Here, between the sea-ward plain and the inland plain, where the life-giving sea-wind blows over the strength-giving mountains, we will remain." So spoke the wise chief.

And until the white man came, in those hills that the Serranos called "Wukawi", happy and strong in the clean mountain air, these robust Indians lived and hunted and played.

... so said
STALWART
Chief of the
SERRANOS



Gone, now! A new race is here, in thousands upon thousands. A teeming city crawls down the plain and crowds the base of the sunny hills.

But the sunny hills themselves — the ancient "Wukawi", now a delightful park called Beverlyridge Estates — are still open and untrammelled in their native highland beauty. And always will be open to the sun and the sea winds and the clear mountain air. And always will be beautiful.

Beverlyridge Estates, in the sunny hills of promise, where the Santa Monicas overlook Beverly Hills to the sea, offer you and your family a life vigorous, bountiful and happy.

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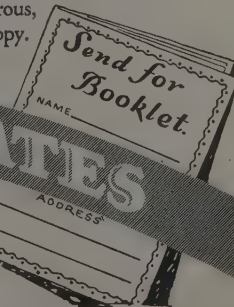
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Without obligation furnish me with cost of a 15-coat

Glossy Duco finish on my.....

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Partner of the British Empire." New Zealand has a population at present of only slightly more than 1,000,000 people. The country can support 20,000,000 without the slightest crowding. With potential resources almost untouched, the per capita wealth is already the greatest on earth. There is no abject poverty, likewise there are no great fortunes. Wealth is very evenly distributed. It is the one and only country which has experimented with an almost socialistic form of government and made a success of it. The government runs the railroads, the telegraph and telephone systems, the bulk of all insurance business, and many other forms of business which in other countries have been successful only under private ownership. But the New Zealand government is doing it and keeping out of debt. This same government pensions mothers, pensions the indigent aged, and maintains a system of health supervision that is an object lesson to the rest of the world. Its laws are few and sensible, but the enforcement of those laws is swift and certain.

With coal, iron, copper, lumber, fisheries, farms and innumerable other sources of wealth set down and awaiting development beside hydro-electric power that can never be exhausted, New Zealand is destined to become the manufacturing center of the Southern Hemisphere. New Zealand ships already carry most of the ocean tonnage to and from the islands. More ships are building to carry New Zealand wool, butter, lumber, coal, iron, textiles and other products of her growing commerce.

A most significant phase of the country's growth and development is seen when we consult the figures of recent years concerning foreign-born residents who have sought New Zealand citizenship. Our national pride receives something of a jab in the ribs when we note many Americans on the list. When Americans voluntarily leave the United States to swap Uncle Sam and the Stars and Stripes for King George and the Union Jack, it is a foregone conclusion that there must be some attractions in New Zealand even greater than those offered to the visiting motorist.

The Desert Palm

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

On the west side of the ancient sea, in addition to those noted in Thousand Palm Canyon, other trees appear at Curtiss Palms, north of Indio and Seven Palms, east of Whitewater. Chino Canyon, north of Palm Springs, at one time contained some magnificent specimens. Whether they have survived or not I can't say. It would be surprising if they have for Chino is close to civilization and acquisitive *homo sapiens*. The northernmost grove is located in Snow Creek on the south side of San Geronio Pass near its eastern end.

The Washingtonia is extraordinarily impressive to the desert traveler. It is the only native desert tree that rises any distance from the ground. An ironwood, a mesquite, or a smoke tree that stands more than 15 to 20 feet in height is a big tree, yet mature palms range from 60 to 80 feet and completely dominate the landscape.

I shan't indict a panegyric on the beauties of the Washingtonia. Virtuosi in all the arts, much better equipped than I, have done a neat job of it. And after all a

graphic description never can convey their great charm. To appreciate them one must spend a night beneath their rustling leaves, or a day in their cool shade, while the white desert all about shimmers in the heat.

All the desert palm groves are accessible to the motorist, but for genuine enjoyment a sojourn among them should be made in the cool months of winter or early spring. During the summer with the thermometer soaring well over the century mark the desert should be avoided. Not only is the weather then inauspicious but the palm groves become the retreat of desert reptiles and rodents, especially the sidewinder or horned rattlesnake. These little vipers are the real pest of the desert. Unable to live any length of time in the sun, they seek the shade of the palms whose fallen leaves provide refuge. There they sleep all day and with the coming of night wriggle forth with their peculiar corkscrew motion in search of food. But in the winter months they hibernate and the palm oases become really safe and habitable.

Sports Togs for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

These gloves, and many others which serve the outdoor woman, are comfortably loose and very swaggy, defying the sun and wind to do their worst, for the feminine hand must not take on the hues of the brown berry but should be lily white and soft. This not to say that she must forego sports, for this is surely the day and the clime for outdoor games and pastimes, but that she must needs have a care.

By the same token she wears her modernistic scarf—a square or triangle of heavy silk or taffeta—tied

tightly around her neck with the loose end fitting in the "V" of her blouse or sweater when on the links or in the country. Witness this same maiden when at the seashore. No longer does she dare the elements, but the very minute she emerges from the water, presto! on with her gorgeous beach robe and under a huge umbrella.

Just "style," you say? Well, yes and no, for necessity, so long famed for being the mother of invention, is quite as often the mother of our fashions.

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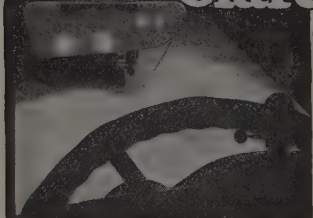
Fire, Lightning and Transportation; Theft, Robbery and Pilferage; Theft Extra Equipment; Collision and Upset; Property Damage, including resultant loss of use; Earthquake, Windstorm, Etc.; Automobile Plate Glass; Public Liability, injuries to others and death; Personal Accident, death and disability and injuries to yourself; Chauffeurs' Compensation.

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Priceless protection for only \$1.50—and besides, less eye strain and nervous tension for both driver and passengers.

Put one on your car. You can do it yourself in just a few minutes. If not enthusiastic, your money back without argument. If your dealer cannot supply you, your personal check for \$1.50 will bring one postpaid by return mail.



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**Automobile
Loans to
Members**

HAVING AUTO CLUB
INSURANCE



WE 9391
also
5900
HOLLY'D BLVD.

Desert Prophets

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

manufacture of paper and, curiously enough, soap. Souvenir makers have made a capital use of this typically desert plant, while for more utilitarian purposes it has proved useful in the making of hats, baskets and rope. A novel use for it is the practice of binding the bases of orchard trees with it, in order to protect them from rabbits and other rodents.

Though the desert has had a striking influence upon the western school of artists, the tree yucca, peculiar to the desert, has been conspicuously absent from most of the best canvases. The sand verbenas have been the keynote of many paintings, as have the sagebrush and smaller, brightly colored flowers. The Imperial Valley type of scene has become the "painted desert." The vista one sees about Palmdale and Victorville, with its huge expanses of tree yuccas, has failed to find its painter. The reason is not hard to discover. The yucca is too much of a scarecrow to appear seriously and with dignity in oils. It does not lend itself to impressionistic painting, but is reserved for photography or pen-and-ink, where greater faithfulness of detail can do it justice.

The Mormons gave the name of "Joshua tree" to the yucca, because, like that patriarch, it seemed to point the way from the wilderness toward the Promised Land. Poor Joshua! Was he really as vague as the tree yucca? Did he, in a moment of abandon, fling his arms wildly about him as he staggered toward his tent, and cry, "This is the way!"? What perplexity must have been the Israelites'! And the poor Mormons! If they followed the haphazard directions of the Joshua tree, 'tis little wonder they only got as far as Utah!

Spring Styles in Men's Apparel

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)

world. Two colors are used for the most part, with plain dark or light centers and the borders showing both colors, dotted centers or borders, plaids and checks and geometrical designs, black and white effects with satin border stripes, and a few silk ones in plain dark colors for the breast pocket of him who would be different.

And now, just as we have arrived at the time when men's apparel has lost all semblance of monotony, when the styles change with the comings and goings of the wild geese, along comes this science fellow and invents a "never-wear-out" fabric for men's suits. Ye gods! was there ever such a mad act? Yes, sir, this beautiful metalized material will wear a lifetime, so what's the use to change the fashions?

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Excellent materials! Alone, they are inadequate. Their use and application must be of the same distinctive high order.

Therefore, have your car refinished the better way—*The Thompson Way*, the way that has, since Duco's inception, established *Thompson's* as a standard of comparison.



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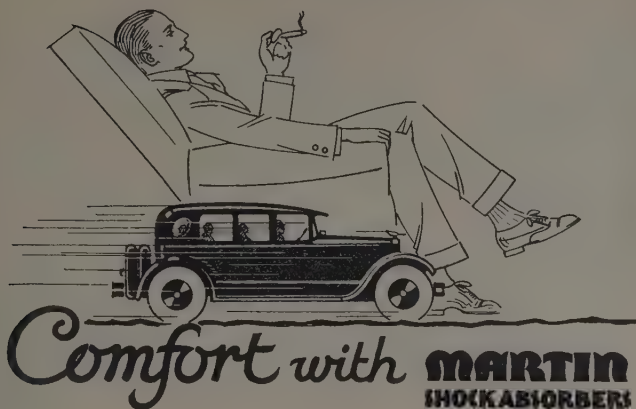
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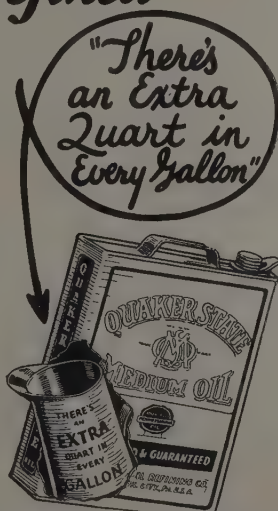
If you ask the court what interpretation they would put upon the word "Eastern" they would say that you had no recourse by simply asking for oil. If you wish Eastern oil, ask for Eastern oil by brand.

Ask for Quaker State by name. The motorist who gives some consideration to the proper lubrication of his motor should designate Quaker State by name. Refined exclusively from Pennsylvania crude—the highest grade crude oil in the world. Ask for Quaker State by name and you will save many dollars in repair bills.

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What a sense of security this adds to the joy of motoring!

And concrete pavements are *durable* as well as safe. They are built to stand up indefinitely under the constant flow of modern traffic. The concrete roads you ride over today will continue to give uninterrupted service for many years to come—and, *because they are concrete*, maintenance costs will be negligible.

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A National Organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete
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CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE

Routes and Rules for the Highway Patrol



THE HIGHWAY PATROL SERVICE CARS are not subject to call—they patrol daily the main thoroughfares of Southern California and service is rendered to Club members in distress on the highways when encountered.

¶ Mechanical first aid available for members consists of the following:

¶ Emergency repairs to a car disabled on the highways when it is possible to start same within a reasonable length of time. Patrolmen will not go into garages, private or public, to render service.

¶ Towing a disabled car (without dollies) free of charge to the nearest Official Garage, preferably on the particular route in the direction the patrol car is traveling, if it cannot be started on the road.

¶ In the event that the disabled car must be floated on dollies, patrolmen will arrange with the Club's nearest Official Emergency Road Service Station to tow same without expense to the member. (Refer to regulations printed elsewhere herein for Emergency Road Service.)

¶ Changing spare tires from rack to rim when car is operated by a woman driver unaccompanied by male companion. This service will not be rendered a man physically fit.

¶ Gasoline and oil will be carried by patrol cars and sold without profit to members.

¶ Patrol cars will not be permitted to deviate from their designated routes.

¶ Only competent mechanics, qualified to render mechanical aid, are employed on these cars.

¶ Medical first aid to injured persons consists of applying splints and bandages, and arranging for removal of injured persons from the scene of accident to the nearest hospital. Complete medical kits for emergency use are part of the equipment of each car. The patrol drivers have all undergone special training in Medical First Aid Work.

¶ Members are requested not to tip patrolmen for services rendered. Members are kindly requested to show their Club membership card when service is rendered, and to sign service report.

Where the Patrol Cars Operate

Patrol Car No. 72

This car patrols the highway between El Centro and San Diego daily—and covers the important roads in the Imperial Valley.

Saugus and Santa Paula to Ventura, returning to Los Angeles via Moorpark and Santa Susana Pass.

Patrol Car No. 64

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the route via Glendale, San Fernando,

Patrol Car No. 71

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. via Alvarado Street and Glendale Blvd. to Glendale; Verdugo Canyon to La Canada, Flint-

ridge, Devil's Gate Dam, thence to Pasadena and via Colorado Street to the San Gabriel Blvd., thence south to Downey, Norwalk, Buena Park and Garden Grove into Santa Ana; thence to Balboa and north over the Coast Highway through Huntington Beach, Seal Beach and Long Beach to Los Angeles, returning to Los Angeles via Wilmington and the Harbor Blvd.

Patrol Car No. 63

Leaves Visalia daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Inland Route south via Tulare and Delano to Bakersfield, retraces to Delano, then patrols the highway via Ducor, Porter ville, Lindsay and Exeter to Visalia.

Patrol Cars Nos. 61 & 69

These two cars patrol the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. One car leaves Los Angeles and the second leaves San Diego daily at 8 a.m.

Patrol Car No. 73

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Valley Blvd. through El Monte, Puente, Pomona and Ontario to Riverside, then to Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, returning to Los Angeles via Foothill Blvd and Pasadena.

Patrol Car No. 68

This car patrols the Highway between Los Angeles and Bakersfield—(off each Monday).

Patrol Car No. 70

Leaves San Luis Obispo daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Coast Highway north through Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel to the Monterey County line. Retraces to San Luis Obispo, then patrols south to Santa Maria and returns to San Luis Obispo

Patrol Car No. 66

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the highway via South Figueroa Street, Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park and Long Beach Blvd. to Long Beach; thence to San Pedro, Wilmington and Redondo; returning to Los Angeles via Western Avenue, thence to Venice via West Adams Street, Washington Blvd. and Culver City, thence to Santa Monica, returning to Club Headquarters via Wilshire Blvd., Vermont Avenue and West Adams Street.

Patrol Car No. 67

This car operates on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Maria—(off each Monday).

OFFICIAL CAR FORWARDERS



The following forwarders have been carefully selected and have agreed to receive and distribute automobiles shipped from the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to them and to receive automobiles for shipment in consolidated consignment to the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN

advised to communicate with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA or the appropriate forwarder.

CALIFORNIA at the lowest costs obtainable. Members and motorists contemplating shipment of automobiles to or from Southern California are

Alabama

MOBILE
Walker Storage Warehouse Co.,
926 Conti Street.

Arizona

PHOENIX
Automobile Club of Arizona,
217 East Adams Street.

TUCSON
Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Co.

California

LOS ANGELES
Automobile Club of So. California,
Adams and Figueroa Sts.

Colorado

DENVER
Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.,
1700 15th St., (and Denver Motor
Club, 1448 Tremont St., for information only).

Florida

JACKSONVILLE
Laney & Delcher Storage Co., Inc.,
657 East Bay Street.

MIAMI
John E. Withers' Transfer & Storage Co.,
1000-1012 N. East First Avenue.

Hawaii, T. H.

HONOLULU
Honolulu Automobile Club

Illinois

CHICAGO
Currier Lee Warehouse Co.,
427 West Erie Street.

PEORIA
Federal Warehouse Co.

Iowa

CEDAR RAPIDS
Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.

DAVENPORT
Ewert & Richter Exp. & Storage Co.

DES MOINES
Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.

FORT DODGE
Brady Transfer & Storage Co.,
Central at Sixteenth Sts.

SIoux CITY
Dougherty Storage & Van Co.,
409 Douglas Street.

WATERLOO
Iowa Warehouse Co.

Additional forwarders are being constantly added.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS
Indiana Terminal Warehouse Co.,
230 So. Pennsylvania St.

Kansas

WICHITA
Bryan Transfer & Storage Co.

Kentucky

LOUISVILLE
O. K. Storage & Transfer Co.,
801 West Main Street.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS
Importers' Bonded Warehouse Co.,
340 Bienville Street.

Massachusetts

BOSTON
Quincy Market Cold Storage Warehouse Co.,
178 Atlantic Avenue.

Michigan

DETROIT
Michigan Terminal Warehouse Co.,
Brandt Ave. and Wyoming Road.

Minnesota

DULUTH
Duluth Van & Storage Co.

MINNEAPOLIS
Great Northern Warehouse Co.,
714 Washington Ave., North.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY
Southwest Warehouse Corporation,
Nineteenth and Campbell Streets.

ST. LOUIS
Automobile Club of Missouri,
4228 Lindell Boulevard.

Nebraska

OMAHA
Terminal Warehouse Co.,
702 South Tenth Street.

New York

BUFFALO
Larkin Co., Inc.,
680 Seneca Avenue.

NEW YORK CITY
Tooker Storage & Forwarding Co.,
281 Eleventh Avenue.

SYRACUSE
Great Northern Warehouse, Inc.,
350-360 West Fayette Street.

Ohio

AKRON
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

CINCINNATI
E. J. Robben, 954 West Fifth St. (and Cincinnati Automobile Club, 8th and Race Sts., for information only).

CLEVELAND
Interstate Terminal Warehouse, Inc.,
1200 West Ninth Street.

COLUMBUS
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA CITY
O. K. Transfer & Storage Co.

TULSA
Tulsa Transfer & Storage Co.

Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA
Union Shipping & Forwarding Co.,
356 Drexel Bldg. (and Keystone Automobile Club, 250 S. Broad St., Keystone-Shubert Bldg., for information only).

PITTSBURGH
Keystone Storage & Warehouse Co.,
600 Second Avenue.

Texas

DALLAS
Dallas Transfer & Terminal Warehouse Co.

EL PASO
El Paso Fireproof Storage Co.

FT. WORTH
Binyon O'Keefe Firep. Storage Co.,
Eighth and Calhoun.

HOUSTON
Westheimer Transfer Co.

SAN ANTONIO
Scobey Fireproof Warehouse Co.
(Receiving only).

Utah

SALT LAKE CITY
Jennings Cornwall Warehouse Co.,
337 West Second South St.

Washington

SEATTLE
Automobile Club of Washington,
1109 Pine Street.

OFFICIAL

The Hotels listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices. Members are advised



HOTELS

to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show cards. (A) American Plan. (E) European Plan.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LOS ANGELES			
Alexandria Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Chelsea Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 4.00	
Coliseum Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	
Hotel Figueroa	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
Westlake Olympic Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel Rosslyn	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel St. Paul	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	Double 4.00 up
Hotel Savoy	(E)	2.00 up	
Stillwell Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50
Hotel Stowell	(E)	2.00	
Ambassador	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Trinity	(E)	2.50 & 3.00	1.50
Van Nuys Hotel	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	1.50 to 2.50

HOLLYWOOD			
Hotel Christie	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Gilbert	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	
Hollywood Plaza Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	
Village Inn	(E)	2.00 to 4.00 per day	
PASADENA			
Hotel Constance	(E)	3.00—5.00	
MT. WILSON			
Mt. Wilson Hotel	(E)	4.00	1.50 up
GLENDAL			
Hotel Brand	(E)	1.50	1.00
SANTA MONICA			
Hotel Windermere	(A)	7.50	6.00

Inland Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

BAKERSFIELD			
Hotel El Tejon	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Euclid	(E)	2.00	1.00 up
Hotel Moronet	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Tegeler Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
Hotel Bifford	(E)	2.00 up	1.25 up
Hotel Willis	(E)	1.50 up	
DELANO			
Hotel Kern	(E)	2.50	1.50
LEBEC			
Hotel Lebec	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00
LINDSAY			
Hotel Lindsay	(E)	1.75 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50
PORTERVILLE			
Hotel Porterville	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN FERNANDO			
Porter Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
TAFT			
Savoy Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.75 to 2.50 up
Hotel Fox	(E)	2.50	1.75
TULARE			
Fox Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.75
Hotel Tulare	(E)	2.50	1.50

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK			
Giant Forest Lodge	(A)	8.50	6.00 to 6.50
(Opens May 15th, 1928)		15.00	10.00 to 11.00
VISALIA			
Hotel Johnson	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.75 to 2.00

Coast Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

ATASCADERO			
New Atascadero Inn	(A)	6.00 up	2.50 up
BUELLTON			
Buell Tavern	(A)	3.50 per day up	1.50 per day up
LOMPOC			
Hotel Arthur	(E)	1.00 to 2.00	
LOS ALAMOS			
Hotel Los Alamos	(E)	3.00	2.00
LOS OLIVOS			
Mattel's Tavern	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up
OJAI			
El Roblar Hotel	(A)	6.00 per day up	
Pierpont Cottages	(A)	6.50 up	
PASO ROBLES			
Hotel Taylor	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel	(A)	6.50 up	5.00 up
PISMO			
Hotel Butler	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Olsen	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN LUIS OBISPO			
Anderson Hotel	(E)	2.50 per day up	
Hotel Andrews	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Blackstone	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Motel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

SANTA BARBARA			
The Samarkand	(A)	12.00 up	
Hotel Barbara	(E)	3.00 to 6.00	2.00 to 4.00
Hotel Californian	(E)	2.50 up	
Carrillo Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	
Upham Hotel	(E)	3.00	2.00
Hotel Virginia	(E)	2.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA MARIA			
Santa Maria Inn	(A)	7.00 to 8.00	
Hotel Massey	(E)	1.75 to 2.00	
Hotel Bradley	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel California	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 up
SANTA PAULA			
Glen Tavern	(A)	4.00 to 6.00	3.00
VENTURA			
Hotel Baldwin	(E)	2.50	1.50 and 2.00
Hotel Fossnaugh	(E)	2.50	

Los Angeles—San Diego, Coast Route

CARDIFF-BY-THE-SEA			
Beacon Inn	(A)	8.50	5.50
DEL MAR			
Hotel Del Mar	(A)	7.00 up	6.00 up
FULLERTON			
California Hotel	(E)	2 to 2.50	1.50 to 2
LA JOLLA			
Hotel Cabrillo	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Casa De Manana	(A)	10.00 up	

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
OCEANSIDE			
Hotel Keisker	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
ORANGE			
Sunshine Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA ANA			
St. Ann's Inn	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	2.00
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO			
Hotel Capistrano	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
SAN DIEGO			
Albany Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
El Cortez Hotel	(E)	5.00 up	
U. S. Grant Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	
Hotel Churchill	(E)	3.00 to 4.00	2.00 to 3.00
Hotel Knickerbocker	(E)	1.50 to 3.00 per day	
Hotel Sanford	(A)	4.50 up	3.00 up
Hotel St. James	(E)	2.00 to 6.00	1.50 to 3.50
San Diego Hotel	(E)	1.00 to 3.00 per day	
Maryland Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	1.50 up
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	
Admiral Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
Kine George Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up
CORONADO			
Hotel Del Coronado	(A)	10.00 up	8.00 up

Los Angeles—San Diego, Inland Route

EL SINORE			
Amsbury Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50
GLEN IVY			
Glen Ivy Mineral Hot Springs	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
ONTARIO			
Ontario Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.50 to 3.00
Casa Blanca Hotel	(E)	2.50	2.00
RIVERSIDE			
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
HEMET			
Palomar Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50
VISTA			
Vista Inn	(A)	6.00	5.00

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

CLAREMONT			
Ye Claremont Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
FONTANA			
Fontana Farms Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up
GLENN RANCH, CAL.			
Glenn Ranch Resort	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Housekeeping Camping			1.50 up
MONROVIA			
Leven Oaks Hotel	(A)	5.50 to 7.50	4.50 to 5.50
SAN ANTONIO CANYON			
Camp Baldy	(E)		1.50 up
SAN BERNARDINO			
Antlers Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
San Bernardino Mountain Resorts			
(Rim of the World)			
LAKE ARROWHEAD			
Lake Arrowhead Lodge			Closed for Season

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Pine Knot Lodge			(Closed for Season)
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Big Bear Lake Tavern			(Closed for Season)
Highlander Hotel	(A)	6.50	6.00
Knight's Camp	(A)	7.00 up	
	(E)	1.50 to 5.00	

SAN BERNARDINO P. O.			
Pinecrest Mountain Resort	(A)	7.00	5.00 up
Hotel			Housekeeping 5.00 up

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO			
Monkbridge Manor	(A)	5.00	4.50
	(E)	2.50	2.00

AMBOY			
Amboy Hotel	(E)	1.50 up	Cottages 2.00 up

BARSTOW			
Hotel Melrose and Annex	(E)	2.50	1.50 up

KINGMAN, ARIZ.			
Hotel Beale	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 to 2.00
Commercial Hotel	(E)	2.00	1 to 1.50

LUDLOW			
Hotel Oasis	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up

SOCORRO, N. M.			
Hotel Val Verde	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up

VICTORVILLE			
Hotel Stewart	(E)	2.50	1.00 up
Hotel Smith	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

BRIDGEPORT			
Bridgeport Hotel	(E)		1.50
	(A)		4.50

BISHOP			
Kittie Lee Inn	(A)	6.50	5.50

BISHOP P. O.			
(Between Silver and Gull Lake)			
Gull Lake Lodge	(A)		5.00

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
INDEPENDENCE			
Winnedumah Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
LANCASTER			
Lancaster Inn	(E)	2.00	1.50
LONE PINE			
Dow Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

MOJAVE			
Hotel Alton	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley

(Salton Sea Route)

Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix.

BANNING			
San Geronimo Inn	(A)	6 to 7.50	5 to 6.00
	(E)	3 to 4.00	2 to 2.50

BRAWLEY			
Planters Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Dunlack	(E)	2.50 up	(Air cooled and fireproof)

COLTON			
Anderson Hotel	(A)	5.00	3.50
	(E)	2.00	1.50

INDIO			
Hotel Indio	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
The La Quinta	(A)	15.00	

PALM SPRINGS			
Desert Inn	(A)	10.00 up	
El Mirador	(A)	10.00 up	

RIVERSIDE			
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up

REDLANDS			
Casa Loma Hotel	(A)	4.50 up	4.00 up
	(E)	2.00 up	1.50

San Jacinto Mountain Resorts

IDYLLWILD			
Idyllwild Inn	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 up

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway

(Borderland Route)

San Diego—El Paso and Points East.

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
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THE WILLOWS, SAN DIEGO CO.			
The Willows		5.00 up	4.00 up

CALEXICO			
Hotel Reeder	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

DESCANSO			
Hulburd Grove Inn	(A)	4.25 up	3.25 up
Housekeeping Cottages			

PINE VALLEY, SAN DIEGO CO.			
Pine Valley Cabin	(A)	6.00 up	5.50
	(E)	4.00 up	3.00

(All modern conveniences) Housekeeping Cottages.

EL CENTRO			
Hotel Barbara Worth	(E)	2.50 to 5	2 to 3.50

EL PASO, TEXAS			
Hotel Sheldon	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00

YUMA, ARIZ.			
Hotel Del Ming	(E)	3.50 up	2.00 up

Miscellaneous Hotels and Resorts

TEHACHAPI			
Juanita Hotel	(E)	1.50 per day up	

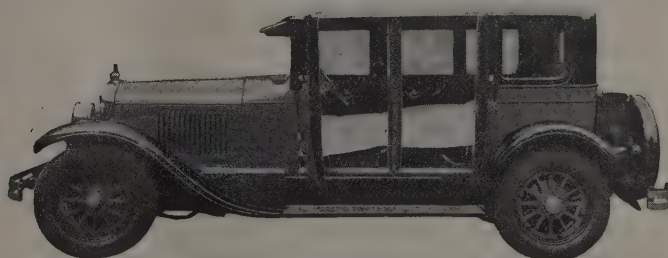
HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS			
Alexander Young Hotel	(E)	3.50 up	2.50 up

RAMONA			
Kenilworth Inn	(A)		3.50

RYAN			
Ryan Hotel	(A)		5.00 to 7.00
	(C)		2.50 to 4.00

DEATH VALLEY			
Furnace Creek Inn	(A)	10.00	All Rooms with Bath

Going Fishing?



Sleep "Western" Style The Improved Arrangement


**A Comfortable
bed adjustable
to any height**

WITH the new "Western" method of seat adjustment you have ideal overnight accommodations, a bed easy to make ready . . . and one you can set at the height you find most comfortable. For fishing trips, camping or touring the "Western" way is the enjoyable way.

YOUR car . . . with the seats adjusted to provide sleeping facilities of perfect comfort . . . furnishes the ideal means of thorough enjoyment . . . with total independence of hotel accommodations. And with seats cut in the improved "Western" way, the strength and the appearance of your car will not be injured in the slightest degree.

Come in and let Buck, Nat and Ham point the way for you to truly appreciate the call of the great outdoors.

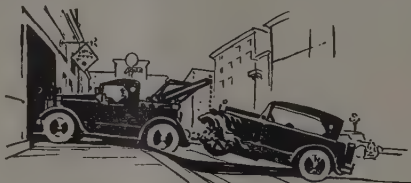
Western Mechanical Works

Buck·Nat·Ham  **Proprietors..**
3721 S. Figueroa St. HUMBOLT 4155

Official Garages and State-wide Emergency Road Service

for Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Automobile Association

The Garages listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices.



Members are advised to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show their cards

How to Obtain Free Emergency Road Service

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Southern California are designated by star and phone number

MEMBERS with their disabled cars on the road outside of Los Angeles are requested to call the nearest Emergency Road Service Station—listed here and in each issue of TOURING TOPICS. In or near Los Angeles City call Club headquarters, BEacon 8600—always open.

Give your name, address, membership card number, make of car, license number, location, and nature of trouble.

The mechanics on arrival will either start your car in 30 minutes mechanical labor or tow car to the Official Garage. (Elsewhere at your expense.)

This is an emergency service only for members whose cars are disabled on the highways. Calls cannot be answered at the Club's expense to start cars in garages.

Service cannot apply to employees or friends of members who do not belong—even when such employees or friends are operating the member's cars, as Club service follows the member and not the car.

Be sure to carry your membership card. No free service will be extended to persons who fail to carry paid-up membership cards.

The service will be extended to owners of firm or commercial cars only when the drivers thereof can produce a Club member-

ship card in their own names. This service does not apply to trucks of any make.

This service is for emergencies when disabled while actually on the road, and does not apply on mechanical or repair work at garages, nor include supplies or parts.

Tire service—changing spare tires from rack to rim—will be extended when car is operated by a woman member unaccompanied by male companion, or a man physically unable to change tires.

Carry the current issue of the Club magazine, TOURING TOPICS, containing list of appointed garages in your car.

The Club's Emergency Road Service, as above outlined, applies only to the territory embraced by the thirteen Southern Counties of California. As a member of our organization, however, you are entitled to Emergency Road Service in Central and Northern California through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association (Northern Club) in accordance with rules and regulations established by them for their own members.

Members cannot be reimbursed for services secured from garages not under contract with the Club as Emergency Road Service Stations.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NOTE: This list is complete to date of publication. A revised list will be published monthly in Touring Topics. Carry the latest list in your car so it may always be available.)

Los Angeles

*A-1 Auto Sheet Metal Works, 3701 Moneta Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Arrow Garage, 1016 W. Vernon Ave.
Auto Centre Garage, 746 South Hope Street
Bernard & Johnson Garage, 1317 Wilshire Blvd.
*Beverly Drive Garage, 439 Beverly Drive, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Biltmore Garage, 325 West 5th St.
Blue Ribbon Garage, 4251 South Broadway
Bozzani Motor Car Co., Cor. Sunset Blvd. and Broadway
Buick Garage, 1000 West Washington St.

Burlington Garage, 517 South Burlington St.
Carlton Garage, 5533 South Western Ave.
Clark-Wall Garage, 634 Wall St.
Clinton L. Clark Garage, 2219 West Pico St.
Clippinger Garage, 708 Merchant St.
The Detrick Garage, 545 Maple Ave.
De Luxe Garage, 534 South Union Ave.
Eddy's Fireproof Garage, 816 So. Grand Ave.
Ellsworth Cadillac Service, 1105 West Pico St.
Fifth Street Garage, 221 East 5th St.
Penn-Shelton Super Service Station, 1832-50 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

*Gagen's Motor Service, 222 North Vermont, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Gold Arrow Auto Works, 2714 South Figueroa St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Granada Garage, 526 S. Western Ave.
 *Grand-Adams Garage, 2525 S. Grand Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Harris-Davenport Super Service Station, 1600 So. Western Ave.
 Heller's Garage, 4165 Beverly Blvd.
 Hotel Clark Garage, 4th and Olive Sts.
 H. & S. Garage, 2415 South Vermont Ave.
 *Herdling Garage, 12518 South Main St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Jack McArdley's Garage, 4421 South Western Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Kreutzer Garage, 1801 South Hope St.
 *Loy's Garage, 3412 West Pico St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *L. A. Motor Service Garage, 2524 South Hill St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Lincoln Park Garage, 3319 Mission Road, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Larchmont Garage, 241-243 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Love & Love Garage No. 2, 232 So. Figueroa St.
 Manhattan Wilshire Garage, 606 S. Manhattan Place
 Master Service Co. 811 So. Whittier St.
 The May Co.'s Patrona Garage, 9th & Hill Streets
 *Montclair Garage, 4321 W. Adams, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Mt. Washington Garage, 4127 Pasadena Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Ready-Go Service Garage, 2701 South Figueroa St.
 *Reliable Mechanical Works, 320 Venice Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Schuler Auto Service Garage, 4708 W. Washington St.
 Schuler Co. Garage, 3241 South Figueroa St.
 Security Garage, 430 South Los Angeles St.
 *Snyder's Garage, 2459 Brooklyn Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Sonoma Motor Sales Co., 636 Maple Ave.
 Southwest Auto Works Garage, 4274 S. Broadway.
 Spear-Dodge Works, 1827 South Hope St.
 *Stewart's Garage, 4917 Whittier Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 260 So. Vermont Super Service Station, 260 South Vermont Ave.
 Washington Park Garage, 18th and Grand Ave.
 *Welcome Garage, 329 Glendale Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Western Avenue Garage, 226 South Western Ave.
 Witmer Garage, 528 Columbia Avenue
 *Woodward Garage, 10th and Alvarado Sts., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Wilmont Garage, 144 Wilshire Blvd. (Call Club Beacon 8600)
 Wilshire Garage, 6th and Kenmore
 Wolfe & Allen Super Service Station, 7726 S. Vermont Ave.

Los Angeles—San Diego Coast Route

*ANAREIM—Frahm's Garage. Phone: 799 (Day) 703-R (Night)
 *CORONADO—Guarantee Garage. Phone: Coronado 518
 *CORONADO—Pioneer Garage. Phone: Coronado 56
 CORONADO—Woodward's Hotel Del Coronado Garage
 *CARLSBAD—Standard Garage. Phone: 12-J-1
 *CYPRESS—Cypress Garage. Phone: Anaheim 8711-R-4 (Day) 941-W (Night)
 *DEL MAR—Hotel Del Mar Garage. Phone: Del Mar 88
 *DOWNEY—Faulkner's Garage. Mach. Shop. Phone: Downey 432-60
 *FULLERTON—Bill's Garage. Phone: 697
 *FULLERTON—Lillian Yaeger Garage. Phone: Fullerton 115 or 114
 *LAGUNA BEACH—Coast Garage. Phone: Laguna Beach 52
 *LA HABRA—Missouri Garage. Phone: La Habra 8-176
 *LA JOLLA—Pacific Garage. Phone: La Jolla 768
 *MONTEBELLO—B. & H. Garage. Phone: Montebello 345
 *NATIONAL CITY—Tutwiler's Garage. Phone: National 528 (Day) Randolph 3922 (Night)
 *NORWALK—Central Garage. Phone: 5582 (Day) 5361 (Night)
 *OCEANSIDE—Bo ulvard Garage. Phone: 27-J
 *OCEANSIDE—Oceanside Garage. Phone: 42
 *ORANGE—Acme Garage & Machine Shop. Phone: Orange 80
 SAN DIEGO—Savoy Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Sixth Street Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Adair's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Elite Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Dupree's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Hi-Ho Garage.
 *SAN DIEGO—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5101
 SAN DIEGO—Price Motor Car Co.
 *SAN DIEGO—White Front Garage. Phone: Hillcrest 2562
 SAN DIEGO—San Diego Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Crescent Garage.
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodward Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Congdon Motor Car Co. Phone: 131
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—White Garage. Phone: 4
 *SANTA ANA—Grand Central Garage. Phone: 2457
 *SOLANO BEACH—Cochran & Weiss Garage. Phone: Del Mar 93-J
 *TUSTIN—Tustin Garage. Phone: Tustin 11-J (Day) Tustin 155-R or 155-M (Night)
 WHITTIER—J. W. Cox Motor Sales Co.
 WHITTIER—Terquist & Olson. Phone: Whittier 423-249
 WHITTIER—L. G. Rinderknecht Garage
 *YORBA LINDA—Liberty Garage. Phone: Placentia 8705-R-1

Los Angeles—San Diego Inland Route

*BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage. Phone: Covina 64853
 *EL MONTE—Commercial Garage. Phone: 216
 *ELSINORE—Graham & Graham Garage. Phone: 72 (Day) 162 (Night)
 *ESCONDIDO—Escondido Garage. Phone: 406 and 157
 *ESCONDIDO—Guarantee Garage. Phone 68
 *FALLBROOK—Fallbrook Garage. Phone: Fallbrook 11-W
 *ONTARIO—Dietz & Graves Garage. Phone: 818 (Day) 1052 or 749-J (Night)
 *ONTARIO—Cochran & Nichols O. K. Garage. Phone: 197
 *ONTARIO—McGready Bros. Garage.
 POMONA—Opera Garage
 POMONA—Elshery-Reynolds, Jr. Inc.
 *POMONA—Wurts Garage. Phone: 1424
 *PUENTE—Puente Garage. Phone: 532-21 (Garage) 554-91 (Residence)
 *PUENTE—Service Garage. Phone: 532-33
 *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000

Los Angeles—San Francisco Coast Route

*ARROYO GRANDE—Barcellos & Morgan Garage. Phone: 15
 *ATASCADERO—Atascadero Garage. Phone: 74
 *BUELLTON—Buellton Garage. Phone: 31-F-13
 *CALABASAS—Calabasas Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 115-R-11 (Day) 115-J2 (Night)
 *CAMARILLO—Knob Hill Garage. Phone: 956-M-2
 *CAMBRIA—Service Garage. Phone: Cambria 11-F-2

*CARPINTERIA—Rincon Garage. Phone: 20-W
 *CAYUCOS—Cayucos Garage. Phone: Cayucos Garage.
 *CHATS WORTH—Alamo Garage. Phone: Oceanside 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)
 *ENCINO—Encino Garage. Phone: Van Nuys 428-J
 *FILLMORE—John Opsahl Garage. Phone: 42 or 15
 *HOLLYWOOD—East Hollywood Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Classic Garage, 1262 No. Western Ave.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Mission Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Sierra Vista Garage
 *HOLLYWOOD—Southern Motor Service. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Standard Motor Service. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Fred R. Winnett Garage.
 *LOMPOC—Ruffner & Ruffner Garage. Phone: 74 (Day) 41-R or 169-W (Night)
 *LOS ALAMOS—Los Alamos Garage. Phone: 37
 *LOS ALAMOS—T. & T. Garage. Phone: 27
 *MOORPARK—Mission Garage. Phone: 20
 *NORTH HOLLYWOOD—Huffaker Garage. Phone: Lankershim 290
 *OYAL—City Garage. Phone: 4
 *OKCUTT—Okcutt Garage. Phone: 593-J-2
 *OKNARD—Slagle's Garage. Phone: 73 or 285
 OKNARD—Buick Garage.
 *PASO ROBLES—Pioneer Garage. Phone: 247
 *PISMO BEACH—Pismo Garage & Mach. Shop. Phone: 6-W
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Berkemeyer Garage. Phone: 3
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Studebaker Service Garage. Phone: 601
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Kamm's San Luis Garage. Phone: 162
 *SAN MIGUEL—Tucker's Super Service. Phone: San Miguel 6-W
 SANTA BARBARA—Arlington Garage
 *SANTA BARBARA—Huff's Garage. Phone: 701
 *SANTA BARBARA—Johnson's Garage. Phone: 3054
 *SANTA BARBARA—Carrillo Hotel Garage. Phone: 3900
 SANTA MARIA—California Garage.
 *SANTA MARIA—Automotive Garage. Phone: 3
 *SANTA MARIA—Santa Maria Garage
 *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage. Phone: 233
 *SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage. Phone: 85
 *SATICOY—Saticoy Garage. Phone: 41
 *VAN NUYS—J. R. Wardlaw Super Service Station. Phone: Van Nuys 150
 *VENTURA—Neiderhauser Garage. Phone: 620-W
 *VENTURA—Ventura Garage. Phone: 1142
 *VENTURA—Reid's Garage. Phone: 176 (Day) 642 (Night)
 VENTURA—Union Garage.

Los Angeles—San Francisco Inland Route

*BAKERSFIELD—Class A Motor Company. Phone: 133
 *BAKERSFIELD—Bakersfield Motors Co. Phone: 3322
 BAKERSFIELD—Chester Avenue Garage.
 *BAKERSFIELD—East Side Garage. Phone: 990
 *BAKERSFIELD—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: 702 or 703
 *BAKERSFIELD—California Garage. Phone: 621
 *BURBANK—Patterson's Garage. Phone: Burbank 268
 *DELANO—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: Delano 1
 *DINUBA—Biswell, McDonald & Biswell. Phone: 12 (Day) 307 (Nights Sun.)
 *EXETER—Square Deal Garage. Phone: Exeter 46-R (Day) Exeter 27-W (Night)
 *FELLOWS—Fellows Garage. Phone: Black 362
 *GLENDALE—Pellegrini Garage. Phone: Glendale 5080
 *LEMON COVE—Lemon Cove Garage. Phone: Lemon Cove Gar. bet. 7 a.m. and 6 p.m. Sunday 7 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.
 *LINDSAY—Cate & Woolmes Garage. Phone: Lindsay 60
 *MARIPOSA—Maricopa Garage. Phone: B-463
 *MCARLAND—King Garage. Phone: McFarland 13 (Day) 4-F-3 (Night)
 *MCKITTICK—McKittick Auto Supply Co., Phone: Main 61
 MONTROSE—Evans Garage.
 NEWHALL—White Star Garage.
 *PITNEY—Gaudin Motor Co., Phone: 17-J (Day) 17-W (Night)
 *PORTERVILLE—Dick's Automotive Service. Phone: 574 (Day) 414-R & 574 (Night)
 RIDGE ROUTE—Ridge Road Garage, 15 miles from Sausalito on Ridge. (Castaio P.O.)
 *SANDBERG—Sandberg's Garage. Phone: Sandberg Toll Station.
 *SAN FERNANDO—Cascade Garage. Phone: Main 184
 *SAN FERNANDO—Willis A. Rowe Auto Supply House. Phone: Main 41
 *SAUGUS—Wood's Garage. Phone: Saugus 38.
 *SHAFTER—Miller Bros. Garage. Phone: 4-W
 *TAFT—H. R. Kanode Garage. Phone: 220 J (Day) 109-W (Night)
 *TULARE—Central Garage. Phone: Tulare 102
 *TIPTON—Rainbow Garage. Phone: Tipton 10
 *VISALIA—Main Garage. Phone: Visalia 980
 *WASCO—Wasco Garage. Phone: 12

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

ALHAMBRA—Eagle Garage.
 *ALHAMBRA—Hatty T. Moore Garage. Phone: Alhambra 242 (Day) 3027-J (Night)
 *ALHAMBRA—E. C. Woodward Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 4386 (Night)
 *CLAREMONT—Foothill Garage. Phone: Claremont 4961
 *COLTON—Taylors' Electric Service Garage. Phone: 90
 *COVINA—Webber Garage. Phone: Covina 12111
 *FONTANA—Fontana Garage. Phone: Fontana 257
 *GLENDALE—Rowe Motor Service Garage. Phone: Covina 42004
 *HIGHLAND—Coy Garage. Phone: 35
 *MONROVIA—Ruechel Garage. Phone: Green 70 (Day) Black 389 (Nights, Sun. and Holidays)
 *RIALTO—Bo ulvard Garage. Phone: 204-J (Day) 204-W (Night)
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodward Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 EAST SAN GABRIEL—Barlow's Automotor Service.
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Central Garage. Phone: 271-82
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Draper's Garage. Phone: 271-63
 *SAN BERNARDINO—California Garage
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Tonneson's Super Service Station.
 *UPLANDS—Waterman Garage. Phone: 116-J

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Central Garage & Machine Works.
 *AMBOY—Amboy Garage. No Phone.
 *BARSTOW—Barstow Garage. Phone: 26-M.
 FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—Babbitt Brothers Garage.
 *GOFFS—Goffs Mercantile Garage. Phone: Goffs Garage.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Ford Garage.
KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Farrow Stackpole Auto. Co.
*LUDLOW—Murphy Bros. Tourist Garage.
MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO—Stendel's Garage
NEEDLES—Old Trails Garage. Phone: Main 28
SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Becker's Transcontinental Garage.
*VICTORVILLE—Victorville Garage. Phone: 8-J
WINSLOW, ARIZ.—Bazel Motor Co.

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway (Borderland Route)

*ALPINE—Alpine Garage. Phone: El Cajon 342-3
*EL CAJON—J. R. Dall Motor Co. Phone: 101 (Day) 691 (Night)
*EL CENTRO—C. E. Coggins Garage. Phone: El Centro 166
*EL CENTRO—Barbara Worth Garage
*JACUMBA—J. R. Fowle Garage. Phone: Fowle Garage, Jacumba.
*LA MESA—La Mesa Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 145 (Night)
YUMA, ARIZ.—Super Service Garage.

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

*BISHOP—Smith Auto. Co. Phone: Bishop 81 (Day) Bishop 91-J (Night)
*BISHOP—Crescent Garage. Phone: 48-R (Day) 69-W (Night)
BISHOP—Watterson's Garage
*BIG PINE—Glacier Garage. Phone: 121
*BRIDGEPORT—Bridgeport Garage. Phone: Bridgeport Store
*INDEPENDENCE—Independence Garage. Phone: Bishop 25-4
*LANCASTER—Inn Garage. Phone: 1001
*LONE PINE—Mt. Whitney Garage & Livery Co. Phone: Bishop 21-1
LONE PINE—Square Deal Garage.
*MINT CANYON—Balestier's Garage. No phone.
*MOJAVE—Andy Smith's Garage. Phone: 221
MOJAVE—Paula's Garage.
*MONO LAKE—Tioga Lodge Garage. Phone Tioga Lodge (Summer Only)
*OLANCHA—Romero Garage.
*PALMDALE—Mission Garage. Phone: 17-W

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix

*BANNING—Dickinson Motor Car Co. Phone: 96 (Day) Main 82 (Night)
*BLYTHE—Valley Garage. Phone: 26
*BEAUMONT—Brown & Sons Garage. Phone: 774
*BEAUMONT—Beaumont Garage. Phone: Beaumont 782
*BLOOMINGTON—Bloomington Garage. Phone: 8710-R-1
*BRAWLEY—Plaza Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 709 (Night)
BRAWLEY—White Garage.
*COACHELLA—Union Garage. Phone: 138
*INDIO—MacKenzie Motor Co. Phone: 3 Indio

*PALM SPRINGS—Bunker's Garage. Phone: Bunker's Garage.
*REDLANDS—Eddie Meyer's Garage. Phone: 102
*REDLANDS—T. N. Gibson Garage. Phone: Main 909
*RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1006
*RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870

Miscellaneous

*ARLINGTON—Arlington Garage. Phone: 9008-W (Day) 9315-W (Night)
BELLFLOWER—Bellflower Garage.
*BIG BEAR LAKE—McCroskey Garage. Phone: Pine Knot P.O. 36
*BIG BEAR LAKE—Jack Preston's Garage. Pine Knot P.O. Phone: Bear Valley 41
*CHULA VISTA—C. V. Brown's Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 35 (Day) 34-W 1979 (Night)
*CHULA VISTA—Helm Bros. Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 319-J (Day). 231-J (Night)
*CULVER CITY—Walker's Complete Auto Works. Phone: Empire 2072 (Day)
Culver City 2555 (Night)
*COMPTON—National Garage. Phone: 491
*CORONA—Mission Garage. Phone: 2024 (Day) 1312-R-2 (Night)
*CRESTLINE P. O. (Crest of Waterman Canyon) Crest Garage. Phone 3 or
San Bernardino 29200
*EAGLE ROCK—Dahlia Motor Service Co. Phone: Garfield 5291; Night, Albany 29,48
*HEMET—Monte Vista Garage. Phone: 1030 (Day) 497 (Night)
*HUNTINGTON BEACH—Security Garage. Phone: 2391
*HUNTINGTON PARK—Owl Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*HUNTSVILLE—Schilling Garage. Phone: 332 (Day) 333 (Night)
*INGLEWOOD—Hona ker-Nash Motor Co. Phone: 339
*JULIAN—Julian Garage. Phone: Julian 1-J
*LONG BEACH—Park Garage. Phone: 322-62
LONG BEACH—K. & S. Garage.
LONG BEACH—El Camino Garage.
*LONG BEACH—Loynes Garage. Phone: 652-76
LONG BEACH—California Garage.
LONG BEACH—Long Beach Motor Sales
*LONG BEACH—Forbes-Curtis & Warren Garage. Phone: 664-45
*LYNNWOOD—Lynnwood Garage. Phone: Compton 1131
NEWPORT BEACH—Ohowell's Garage.
*PASADENA—Eddie Motor Works. Phone: Terrace 1745
*PASADENA—Paramount Garage. Phone: Terrace 8787
PASADENA—Pasadena Storage Garage
*RAMONA—Ramona Garage. Phone: 35
REDONDO BEACH—Redondo Auto Works & Garage. Phone:
*REDONDO BEACH—California Garage. Phone: Redondo 2652
*SAN JACINTO—Record Garage. Phone: 120
*SOUTH PASADENA—Mission Garage. Phone: Elliott 2661 (Day) Sterling 7618 (Night)
SAN PEDRO—Goodrich Bros. Super Service Station.
SAN PEDRO—William Lever Garage. Phone: 478 (Day) 946-W or 1648-J (Night)
*SANTA MONICA—Santa Monica Garage. Phone: 21523
*SAWTELLE—Slater's Garage. Phone: Sawtelle 31452 (Day) 31222 (Night)
*SIERRA MADRE—Sierra Madre Garage. Phone: Main 110
*TEHACHAPI—Bartlett's Garage. Phone: 55-W
*TORRANCE—Ed's Service Garage. Phone: Torrance 161
WILMINGTON—Wilmington Garage.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Northern California

CALIFORNIA STATE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

(NOTE: Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California when touring in Northern California are advised to get in touch with the nearest office of the California State Automobile Association for their rules and regulations pertaining to this service.)

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ADIN	Adin Garage	Adin Exchange	BURNEY	Tourist Garage	Tourist Garage
ALAMEDA	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, or Park St. Garage	Glencourt 4400 Alameda 386	BYRON	Byron Garage	(Day) Byron 1; (Nights, Sun- days & Holidays) Byron 18
ALBANY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	CALISTOGA	Wilber R. Snow Elec. Garage	Calistoga 50
ALBION	Johnson & Larson	Albion 1-F-3 or 10-F-32	CAMPTONVILLE	C.O. D. Garage & Machine Co.	Camptonville 8
ALTAMONT PASS	Mountain House Garage (nine miles west of Tracy)	Mountain House Livermore Exchange	CARMEL	Carmel Garage	(Day) Carmel 112 (Night) 353-568-570
ALTURAS	Modoc Machine Shop	(Day) Red 272 (Night) Black 622	CASCADA	Solomon Garage	Rangers Station at Big Creek
ALVARADO	Alvarado Garage	Alvarado 28-W	CASTROVILLE	Kings Garage	Castroville 4-J
ANGELS CAMP	Central Garage	(Day) Angels Camp 32 (Night) Angels Camp Exch.	CEDARVILLE	Western Garage	Cedarville Exchange
ANGWIN	College Garage	St. Helena 79-F-5	CHICO	Service Garage	Chico 311-W
ANTIOCH	W. A. Christiansen	Antioch 123	CHINESE CAMP	Chinese Camp Garage	(Day) Chinese Camp Exch. (Night) 5
ARBUCKLE	Aran Garage	(Day) Arbuckle 4-K (Night) 28-W	CHOWCHILLA	Chowchilla Garage	Day & Night Chowchilla 4
ARCATA	Sacchi Service Station	(Day) Arcata 109-W or 245-J or 363	CLEMENTS	Service Garage	Clements Exchange
AUBERRY	Auberry Garage	(Day) Auberry 1	CLOVERDALE	Tyre Shop Garage	(Night) Cloverdale 118-J
AUBURN	R. & D. Service Shop	(Night) 296 (Day) Auburn 220	CLOVIS	H. B. Owens Garage	Day & Night Clovis 4
AUBURN	White's Garage, Newcastle	(Night) 118 (Day) Newcastle 110	COALINGA	V. V. Oyster Auto & Mach. Shop	(Day) Coalinga 165 (Night) 326-J
BASS LAKE	The Pine's Garage	Shaw line, one long ring	COLFAX	McCleary Garage	Main 20
BAY POINT	Bay Point Garage	Bay Point 22	COLMA	Bill's Garage, Daly City	Randolph 940
BECKWITH	Sierra Valley Garage	10-W	COLUSA	Universal Garage	Colusa 53-W
BELMONT	Belmont Garage	Belmont 6	CONCORD	Concord Auto Service Co.	Concord 87; after 9 p. m. call 319
BELVEDERE	Belvedere Garage	Belvedere 37-J	CORCORAN	Corcoran Garage	Corcoran 441
BENICIA	Enterprise Garage	Benicia 214-W	CORNING	The Corning Garage	Corning 75
BEN LOMOND	Ben Lomond Garage	Ben Lomond 23; after 9 p.m. Ben Lomond 4-W	COTATI MADERA	Community Garage	(Day) Corte Madera 305 (Night) 147 or 395
BERKELEY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	COTTATE	Fox Garage	Cotati 20-F-11
BIEBER	Oak's Garage	Bieber Exchange	COTTONWOOD	Cottonwood Garage	(Day) Cottonwood 7-J After 8 p. m. send word
BIG CREEK	Solomon Garage	Rangers station at Big Creek	COURTLAND	Thomsen Auto Repair Shop	(Day) 67; (Night) 66
BIGGS	Biggs Garage	Biggs 34	COVELO	Covalo Garage	Covelov 8-F-21
BLAIRSDEN	Mohawk Valley Garage	Blairsdien 4	COVOTE	Krusz's Garage	San Jose 119-J-1
BLUE LAKE	Blue Lake Garage	13-J (Day only)	CRESCENT CITY	Crescent City Garage & Mach. Works	Crescent City 441
BLUFF CREEK	Gephart Bros. (Via Weitchpec)	1 long, 2 short & 1 long ring	CRESCENT MILLS	Crescent Mills Garage	Crescent Mills Exchange
BOLINAS	Bolinas Garage	Bolinas 3-W. 14 no answer, call Bolinas 12.	CROCKETT	Community Garage	Crockett 326, 206-W or 206-J
BOONVILLE	Live Oak Garage	Phone 8; after 8 p.m. send word	CUMMINGS	Redwood Empire Garage	Laytonville 3-F-4
BRIDGEPORT	Bridgeport Garage	Bridgeport, Mariposa Exch.	DALY CITY	Bill's Garage	Randolph 940
BUCK MEADOWS	Buck Meadows Garage	Buck Meadows	DANVILLE	Olson's Garage	Danville 10-J
BURLINGAME	Hillebrand and Caldwell San Mateo	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031 (Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 895 or 673-W	DAVIS	Davis Garage	(Day) Davis 50 (Night) 50-W
BURLINGAME	Pattison's Garage, San Mateo	Burlingame 4480	DELTA	Follmer's Garage	Follmer's Ranch
BURLINGAME	El Camino Garage		DIAMOND SPRINGS	Diamond Springs Garage	332-F-4
			DIXON	Ross Bros.	(Day) Dixon 115 (Night) 141-R

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
DORRIS	Dorris Garage	(Day) Dorris Exchange (Night) send word	MARTINEZ	Allen's Garage	(Day) Martinez 395 (Night) 748-W
DOS PALOS	Ford Garage	(Day) Dos Palos 63 (Night) 4405	MARYSVILLE	M. & K. Garage	Marysville 468
DOWNIEVILLE	Downieville Garage	Downieville J	MARYSVILLE	Sutter Garage, Yuba City	(Day) Yuba City 1165 (Night) Yuba City 891-W and 628-J
DUBLIN	Hansen Bros.	Pleasanton 82-F-2	MCARTHUR	Highway Garage	McArthur Exchange
DUNSMUIR	Dunsmuir Service Station	(Day) Dunsmuir 177 (Night) Dunsmuir 54	MCCLOUD	McCloud Garage	McCloud Garage
DURHAM	Highway Garage	Durham 811-J-4 (Day & Night)	MENDOCINO CITY	S. & E. Garage	Mendocino City 14-J
ELK	Matson & Dearing	Elk 5-F-2	MENDOTA	Mendota Garage & Mach. Shop	Mendota 5-J
ELK GROVE	Mack's Garage	Elk Grove 62-F-3	MERCED	Lounsbury's Garage	Merced 107
EMERYVILLE	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	MERCED FALLS	Barrett's Garage	
ESCALON	Jess A. Seaman Garage	(Day) Escalon 44 (Night) 49	MERIDIAN	River Garage	
ESPARTO	Central Garage	Esparto 5-W	MEYERS	Herrick Garage	
EUREKA	Eureka Garage and Service Sta.	Eureka 2300	MIDDLETOWN		
FAIRFIELD	Solano Garage	(Day) Fairfield 227 (Night) 147-W, 147-J	CAMP MIDDLETOWN	Camp Middletown Garage	Kent Exchange (Day only)
FAIR OAKS	Fair Oaks Garage	(Day) Fair Oaks 15 (Night) 21-R	MILL VALLEY	Eveready Garage & Elec. Co.	Tallac 2-F-11 (Day) Middletown 8 (None after 10 p.m.)
FALL RIVER MILLS	Pioneer Garage	Pioneer Garage	MILLVILLE	Fawcett & Bartell	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4 (Day) Mill Valley 407
FERDALE	Peterson's Service Station	(Day) Ferndale 102-W (Night) 72-R	MINERAL	Mineral Garage	(Night) 155-J
FIREBAUGH	Valley Garage	Firebaugh 1-J (Night) send word	MINKLER	Minkler Garage	Central at Millville
FOLSOM	People's Garage	(Day) Main 49 (Night) Main 1187	MODESTO	Silva Motor Car Co.	Mineral 1
FORESTVILLE	Forestville Garage	Forestville 8-F-2	MOCKELUMNE HILLS	Mockelumne Hill Garage	(Day) 12-F-13 (Night) Sanger 155-W
FORT BIRDELL	Fort Birdwell Garage	No phone	MONTEREY	Monterey Garage	Modesto 1130
FORT BRAGG	Pacific Garage	(Day) and (Night) 174	MONTGOMERY CREEK	Young's Garage	(Day) 10-W; (Night) 3-W
FORT JONES	Scott Valley Garage	122	MORGAN HILL	Jos. J. Verge Garage	Monterey 224 and 225
FORTUNA	Fortuna Garage	Fortuna 22-W	MT. SHASTA CITY	Northern California Garage	Bass Telephone Line
FOWLER	Baxter Bros. Garage	Day and Night 711	MORGAN HILL	Jos. J. Verge	Morgan Hill 291. If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South
FRESNO	A.B.C. Garage	Fresno 3-3719	MOSSDALE	Moore Bros. Garage	(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W (Night) 4-F-3
FRESNO	Auditorium Garage	Fresno 551	NAPA	Napa Motor Supply Co.	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4 (Day) Mill Valley 407 (Night) 155-J
GALT	Service Garage	Galt 21-J	NAVARRO	Navarro Garage	Central at Millville
GARRENVILLE	Redwood Garage	Redwood Inn	NAVATO	Cheda's Garage	Mineral 1
GAZELLE	Gazelle Garage	(Day) Gazelle 18 (Night) Call Res.	NEVADA CITY	Nevada City Garage	(Day) 12-F-13 (Night) Sanger 155-W
GERBER	Chapman's Garage	Gerber 24	NEVADA CITY	Kneebone Motor Sales Co.	Modesto 1130
GEYSERVILLE	Lampson's Garage	(Day) Geyserville 25-W (Night) 12	NEWARK	Grass Valley	(Day) 10-W; (Night) 3-W
GILROY	Pacheco Pass Garage & Super Service Station	Gilroy 32	NEWCASTLE	Newark Garage	Monterey 224 and 225
GOLD RUN	Pine Grove Service Station	Paystation, Gold Run	NEWCASTLE	White's Garage	Bass Telephone Line
GONZALES	Johnson's Garage	Gonzales 41-W	NEWCASTLE	R. & D. Service Shop, Auburn	Morgan Hill 291. If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South
GRASS VALLEY	Kneebone Motor Sales Co.	Grass Valley 119	NEWCASTLE	Patchett & Carstensen, Inc.	(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W (Night) 4-F-3
GRASS VALLEY	Nevada City Garage,	Nevada City 133	NEWMAN	Jensen Bros. Garage, Gustine	Stockton 27-R-1 (Day) Napa 202 (Night) 683-R, 950-W and 362-R
GREENFIELD	Greenfield Garage	Elk 5-F-2	NEWMAN	American Garage	No phone
GREENWOOD	Matson and Dearing	Grenada 18	NILES	Brownie's Auto Repair Shop	Point Reyes Station 4-J: after 8 p.m. send word
GRINADA	Grenada Garage	(Day) Gridley 211 (Night) 223	NORTH FORK	Carlson's Garage	Nevada City 133
GRIDLEY	Vance's Garage	Gridley 211 (Night) 223	NORTH SACRAMENTO	Peoples Motor Sales Company	Grass Valley 119
GROVELAND	Sierra Garage & Service Station	Guerneville 15-J	NOVATO	Pederson's Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
GUERNEVILLE	Guerneville Garage	Brooks Exchange	OAKDALE	C. S. A. A. District Office	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
GUINDA	Guinda Garage	(Day) Gustine 60-J (Night) Gustine 60-J	OAKLAND	Orange Cove Motor Company	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
GUSTINE	Jensen Bros. Garage	(Day) Gustine 60-J (Night) Gustine 60-J	ORANGE COVE	Park Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
GUSTINE	Patchett & Carstensen, Inc.	(Day) Newman 6 & 7 (No Night Phone)	ORICK	Orick Exchange	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
HALF MOON BAY	Isadore Garage	Half Moon Bay 9-W	ORINDA	Orinda Parke Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
HANFORD	Erwin Motor Co.	Hanford 400	ORLAND	Nock Auto Company	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
HAYFORK	Hayfork Garage	Hayfork	OROVILLE	Bradley Auto Works	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
HAYWARD	Hayward Garage	Hayward 725	PACIFIC GROVE	Pacific Grove Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
HEALDSBURG	Standard Machine Works	(Day) 41; (Night) 112-294-J	PALE ALTO	Danison Sales	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
HELM	Helm Garage	Fresno 2-J-3	PARADISE	Paradise Super Station	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
HOLLISTER	Tiffany Motor Co.	Hollister 143	PATTERSON	Patterson Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
HOPLAND	Central Garage	Hopland 21	PASCADERO	Pescadero Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
INDIAN FLAT	Indian Flat Service Station	(5 miles west of El Portal) (Day) Lone 41 (Night) 7	PETALUMA	Shell Service Station and Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
IONE	Tonn's Garage	(Day) Lone 41 (Night) 7	PETROLIA	C. S. A. A. Oakland Office	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
IRVINGTON	Corey's Garage	(Night) Send Word	PITTSBURG	W. & W. Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
ISLETON	Owl Garage	Isleton 258	PLACERVILLE	Placerville Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
JACKSON	Davies Garage	Jackson 104-W	PLEASANTON	Hanson Bros. Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
JAMESTOWN	J. L. O'Neil's Garage	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) Sonora 16-W	PLYMOUTH	Alpine Garage and Mach. Shop	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
JANESVILLE	Janesville Garage	1223	POINT ARENA	Point Arena Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
KELSEYVILLE	Waste & Pass	Kelseyville Exchange	POINT REYES STA.	Silacci & Cheda	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
KENWOOD	Meads Garage	Kenwood 2-F-3	POPE VALLEY	Pope Valley Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
KERMAN	Service Garage	(Day) Kerman 263 (Night) 25	PORTOLA	Portola Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
KING CITY	El Camino Garage	King City 31	QUINCY	Brivin's Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
KINGSBURG	Wilton & Shertling	(Day) Kingsburg 71 (Night) 249	RAVENDALE	Ravendale Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
KNIGHT'S LANDING	Knight's Landing Garage	34-M	RED BLUFF	Paul's Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LAKEPORT	Unbar Chevrolet Co.	Call Lakeport Operator	REDDING	Hersey's Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LATON	Laton Garage	(Day) Laton 37 (Night) 34	REDDING	Service Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LAYTONVILLE	Tillford's Garage	Laytonville 10-J	REEDLEY	Osborn Bros. Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LEMOORE	Sillano Motor Co.	Lemoore 223	REQUA	Ocean View Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LINCOLN	Service Garage	Lincoln 18	RICHMOND	Seventh Street Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LITCHFIELD	R. Q. Deal Garage	Litchfield 502	RIO VISTA	Sidwell's Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LIVERMORE	Valley Garage	(Day) Livermore 106 (Night) 197	RIPON	Madsen's Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LIVINGSTON	Shaffer Motor Co.	(Day) 25 or 33 (Night) 91 & 21-R	RIVERDALE	L. H. Byron's Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LOCKFORD	Central Garage	(Day) 13-J (Night) Send Word	RODOE	Rodeo Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LODI	Tourist Garage	Lodi 155	ROSEVILLE	Saugstad Bros.	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LOOMIS	Loomis Motor Co.	(Day) Loomis 32 (Night) 61-F-4	SACRAMENTO	Central Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LOS ALTOS	Depot Garage	(Day) Los Altos 12 (Night) 175	SACRAMENTO	Union Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LOS BANOS	Kaljian Garage	Los Banos 85	ST. HELENA	Napa Valley Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LOS GATOS	Gateway Garage	Los Gatos 271	SALINAS	Highway Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
LOS MOLINOS	Adam's Bros. Garage	Los Molinos 7			
LOWER LAKE	Morrell Garage	(Day) Main 1-J (Night) 1-W			
LOYALTON	White Garage	1 long ring			
MACDOEL	Macdoel Garage	Madera 240			
MADERA	Standard Garage	(Day) Manteca 64 (Night) 194-R			
MANTECA	Main Highway Garage	Manteca Exchange			
MARIPOSA	Fort Sumpter Garage	Mariposa Exchange			

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
SAN ANDREAS	<i>Mother Lode Garage</i>	(Day) San Andreas 40-W (Night) Sheriff's Office	TAROMA	<i>Tahoma Garage</i>	Tahoma Garage
SAN ANSELMO	<i>Durham Garage</i>	(Day) San Anselmo 3133 or San Rafael 944	TOMALES	<i>Tomales Garage & Mach. Wks.</i>	Tomales 3-W
SAN BRUNO	<i>Cabin Garage</i>	(Day) San Bruno 160 (Night) 650-R	THORNTON	<i>New Hope Garage</i>	Thornton 9-J
SAN FRANCISCO	<i>C.S.A.A. General Office</i>	Hemlock 3400	TRACY	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Tracy 157
SANGER	<i>William Epps</i>	Sanger 163	TRANQUILITY	<i>Banker's Garage</i>	Tranquility 147
SAN JOSE	<i>San Jose Buick Co.</i>	Ballard 6600	TRINIDAD	<i>McConaha and Spinaz Garage</i>	Trinidad 1
SAN JOAQUIN	<i>Chevrolet Garage</i>	(Day) Fresno 63 (Night) 118	TRUCKEE	<i>Truckee Garage</i>	(Day) Placer 123 (Night) 122-W 38-J-31
SAN JUAN	<i>San Juan Garage</i>	San Juan 52-J	TUDOR	<i>Brander Bros.</i>	(Day) 13R: Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Closed Sundays, holi- days and nights; for service call Kimball Hotel
SAN LEANDRO	<i>Palace Garage, San Leandro</i>	San Leandro 930 or C. S. A. A. Office, Glencourt 4400	TUOLUMNE	<i>Blair Garage</i>	Turlock 132
SAN LEANDRO	<i>C.S.A.A. Oakland Office</i>	Glencourt 4400	TURLOCK	<i>Simon's Garage</i>	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 126
SAN MARTIN	<i>Hall's Garage</i>	Main 1	UKIAH	<i>E. Neuhaus Garage</i>	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 407
SAN MATEO	<i>Pattison's Garage</i>	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 895-M or 673-W	UKIAH	<i>Scales Garage</i>	Upper Lake Exchange (Day & Night) Vacaville 2
SAN MATEO	<i>Hildebrand and Caldwell</i>	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031	UPPER LAKE	<i>Upper Lake Garage</i>	Vallejo 232
SAN RAFAEL	<i>Cebalo Garage</i>	(Day) San Rafael 268 (Night) San Rafael 376-J	VACAVILLE	<i>Vaca Auto Supply Co.</i>	Valley Springs 8
SANTA CLARA	<i>San Jose Buick Co., San Jose</i>	San Jose 6600	VALLEJO	<i>Lewis Garage</i>	Vina Long Distance
SANTA CRUZ	<i>Marks & Leonard</i>	Santa Cruz 357	VALLEY SPRINGS	<i>Valley Springs Garage</i>	Vollmer's Ranch
SANTA ROSA	<i>Central Garage</i>	Santa Rosa 518	VINA	<i>Wood Brothers Garage</i>	(Day) Walnut Creek 19 (Night) 146
SARATOGA	<i>G. E. Tarlton</i>	(Day) Saratoga 133 (Night) 136-R	VOLLMER'S	<i>Vollmer's Garage</i>	Courtland 272
SATTLEY	<i>Yuba Pass Garage</i>	Sattley Pay Station	WALNUT CREEK	<i>L. G. Lawrence Garage and Service Station</i>	1-W 164
SAUSALITO	<i>Rosa's Auto Repair Shop</i>	(Day) Sausalito 408 (Night) 368-R	WALNUT GROVE	<i>Kammeyer & Crowell</i>	Watsonville 82
SCOTIA	<i>Scotia Garage</i>	Scotia Operator	WATERFORD	<i>Booth Motor Company</i>	Black 43
SEBASTOPOL	<i>Tough Bros. Garage</i>	Sebastopol 188	WATSONVILLE	<i>Appleton Garage</i>	(Day) Weed 9 (Night) 129
SELMA	<i>Eugene H. Mayes Garage</i>	(Day) 20-W (Night) 207-R or 432 3Y	WEATONVILLE	<i>Inside Garage</i>	Westwood 212
SIERRA CITY	<i>Service Garage</i>	Smith's River 171	WEAVERVILLE	<i>Day's Garage</i>	Westwood 31-J
SMITH'S RIVER	<i>Buckner's Garage</i>	Soledad 17-W	WEED	<i>Mountain Service Station</i>	William's 8
SOLEDAD	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	(Day) Sonoma 30-J (Night) 142	WEOTT	<i>Wm. Fraser Service Station</i>	(Day) Willits 71-J (Night) 167
SONOMA	<i>Garry Garage</i>	(Day) Sonoma 221 (Night) 16-W or 397	WESTWOOD	<i>Westwood Garage</i>	Willows 96
SONORA	<i>J. L. O'Neil Garage</i>	(Day) So. City 118-W (Night) 765-W	WHEATLAND	<i>P. M. Reedy</i>	Woodland 123
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO	<i>Service Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	(Night) 765-W	WILLIAMS	<i>Central Garage</i>	(Day) Redwood 1378-W (Night) 367-J
STIRLING CITY	<i>C. G. Wolohen Garage</i>	Toll Station	WILLITS	<i>Steel's Machine Works</i>	
STOCKTON	<i>Oranges Bros. Garage</i>	Stockton 398 and 7121	WILLOWS	<i>Willows Motor Sales Co.</i>	
STOCKTON	<i>Tousis Garage</i>	Stockton 124	WINTERS	<i>Winters Garage</i>	
SUNNYVALE	<i>Sunnyvale Garage</i>	Sunnyvale 150	WOODLAND	<i>Electric Garage Co.</i>	
SUSANVILLE	<i>Smith Auto Co.</i>	332-B	WOODSIDE	<i>Woodside Garage</i>	
SUTTER CREEK	<i>Oneto Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Sutter Creek 59 (Night) 52	YOSEMITE ALL-YEAR HIGHWAY	<i>See listings under Merced, Bridgeport and Mariposa</i>	
TAHOE CITY	<i>Sierra Garage & Machine Shop</i>	Tahoe City 11-W	YREKA	<i>Traveler's Garage</i>	Yreka 89
			YUBA CITY	<i>Sutter Garage</i>	Yuba City 1165 (Day and Night)
			YUBA CITY	<i>M. & K. Garage, Marysville</i>	Marysville 468

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 EUREKA—608 Fourth St., Humboldt and Del Norte coun-
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 FRESNO—660 Van Ness Ave., Fresno County.
 HANFORD—316 N. Irwin St., Kings County.
 HOLLISTER—379 Fourth St.
 MADERA—114 No. F St.
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 OAKLAND—399 Grand Ave., Alameda County.
 RED BLUFF—608 Main St., Tehama County.
 REDDING—313 Yuba St., Shasta, Trinity and Modoc coun-
 ties.

SACRAMENTO—1416 K St., Sacramento, Placer and El
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 SALINAS—334 Main St., Monterey and San Benito counties.
 SAN JOSE—1034 The Alameda, Santa Clara County.
 SAN MATEO—100 El Camino Real, San Mateo County.
 SAN RAFAEL—401 Fourth St., Marin County.
 SANTA CRUZ—21 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz County.
 SANTA ROSA—544 Mendocino Ave., Sonoma and Mendo-
 cino counties.
 STOCKTON—929 El Dorado St., San Joaquin, Amador,
 Calaveras, Alpine and Tuolumne counties.
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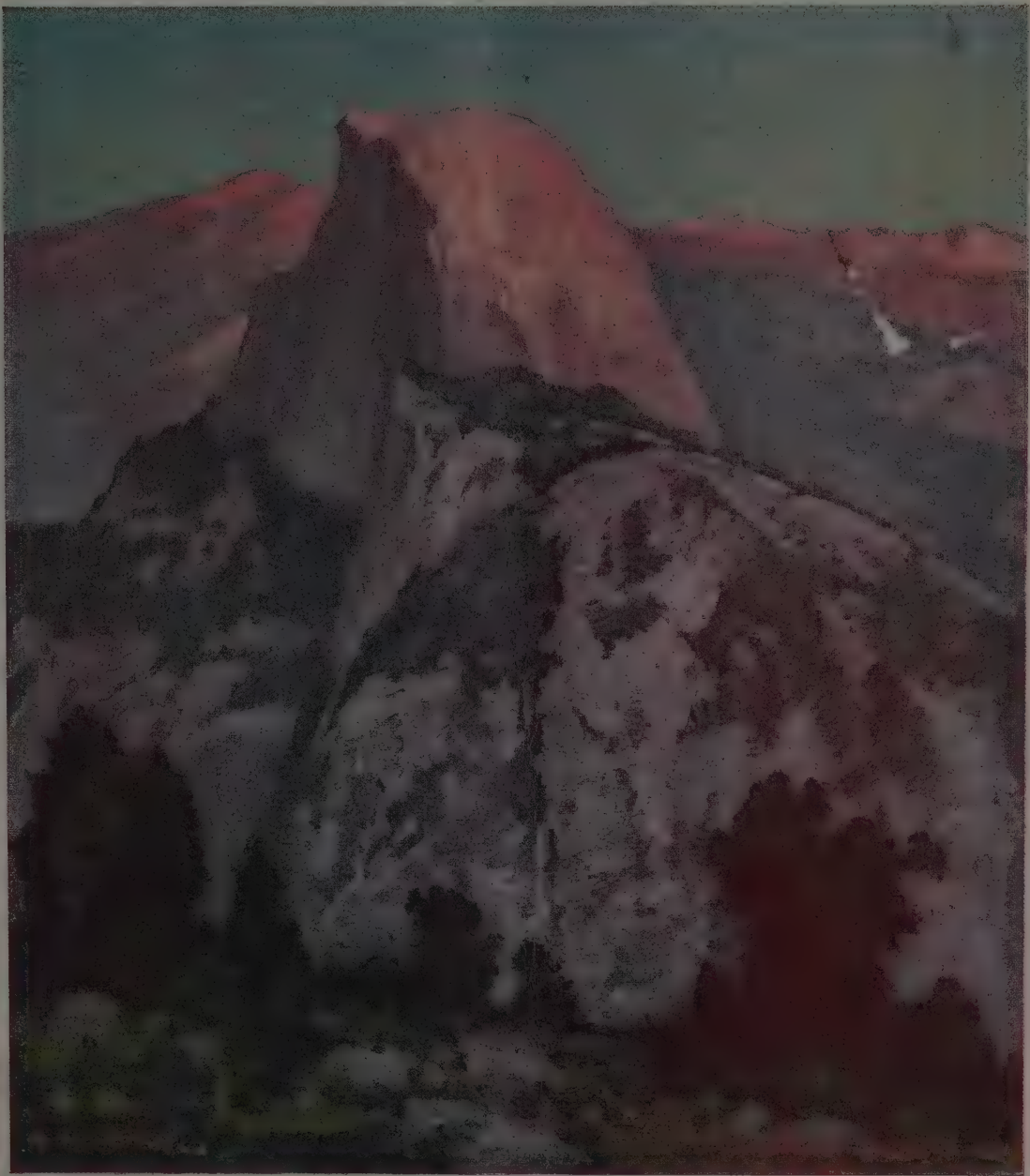
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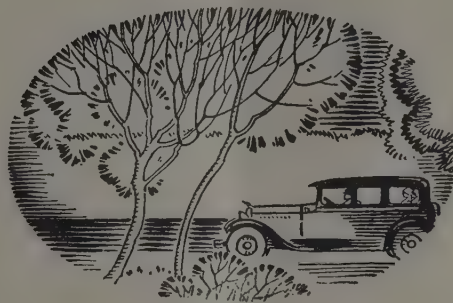


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TOURING TOPICS

Volume 20
Number 5



May
1928

Published monthly by
The Automobile Club of Southern California

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
1507 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California
EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES
2601 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California

STANDISH L. MITCHELL, *Business Manager*
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Pasadena - - - 332 W. Colorado	

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Entered as second-class matter February 27, 1928, at the post office at Beverly Hills, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Formerly entered March 8, 1913, at the post office at Los Angeles. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscription rates: Members, first year, \$1.00; renewals, 25 cents for six months; non-members, \$1.00 per year.

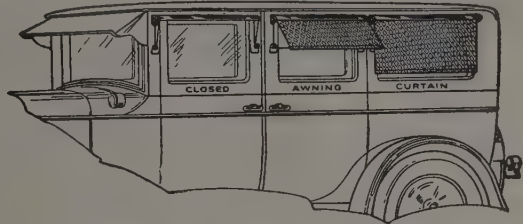
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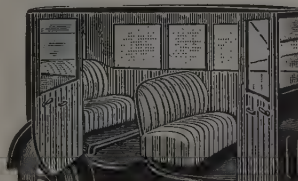
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There is a particular policy written to cover each of these various risks. And with certain obvious exceptions, there is no more reason why you should take out one policy than another. If it is logical for you to protect yourself against *one* risk, it is logical for you to protect yourself against *all* the risks that you habitually subject yourself to through the ownership and operation of your automobile.

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TOURING TOPICS

VOLUME XX *A Magazine for Motorists* NUMBER 5

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1928

	PAGE
COVER DESIGN— <i>Half Dome, Yosemite. Painted by Maurice Braun</i>	
THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE— <i>An intimate discussion of Touring Topics contributors and contributions</i>	9
SANTA BARBARA ISLANDS— <i>A frontispiece. Verses by Carrie W. Egan. Photograph by Will Connell</i>	11
TRAIL BLAZING— <i>An Editorial</i>	13
✓ SONORA CALLS THE MOTORIST— <i>Club officials investigate roads and touring attractions on West Coast at request of Mexican governor. By Phil Townsend Hanna</i>	14
✓ ANCIENT FISH TRAPS OF COACHELLA— <i>By Gordon Brookes Wolfe</i>	19
VIA ROMANTIC ROADS TO ROME— <i>The story of a fifty-day motoring jaunt across Europe from Glasgow to the Eternal City. By John Anson Ford</i>	20
DOUBLING IN BRASS— <i>How the cost of building cars is being reduced by making one part do the work of two. By Frederick C. Russell</i>	25
STUNG!— <i>A short story by E. S. Wheeler. Illustrations by George D. Alexander</i>	26
THE SHOW CASE— <i>Presenting the new and novel in things for the motor car. By Gil-land Mason</i>	29
THE IDEAL CAR— <i>What makes a "perfect" automobile? Four veteran motorists of Southern California here write specifications. By Chester N. Hess</i>	30
✓ DUTCH FLAT AND BRET HARTE— <i>By Harold D. Carew. Illustrations by Arthur Millier</i>	33
YOUR CLUB'S ACTIVITIES— <i>What the various service agencies of the Automobile Club of Southern California are doing</i>	35
✓ "CLOSE UPS" OF OUR HIGH SIERRA: Part II— <i>The 13,500-14,000-foot Peaks. By Norman Clyde</i>	37
BIBLIOTHECA CALIFORNIANA— <i>A review of literature—new and old—about the South-west</i>	41
FORTHCOMING— <i>A calendar of future events</i>	43
ROTAGRAVURE SECTION—	
<i>Mountains and Sea at Santa Barbara. Photographs by J. Walter Collinge</i>	
<i>Indian Pueblos of the Southwest. Etchings by Edward Borein</i>	
<i>Along the Balboa Shore. Photographs by Howard Cloyes</i>	

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The Editor's Own Page



ENJOYING the beauties of Maurice Braun's painting of "The Half Dome, Yosemite," especially painted for the cover of this issue of *TOURING TOPICS*, the casual observer would scarcely suspect that behind its serene surface lurked a tragedy of the West. So peacefully does the silver light of early morning steal into the air about the noble mass of granite; so complete is the illusion of nature in all her quiescent loveliness—and yet . . .

It was in 1915 that an artist, fresh from the effete studios of an eastern metropolis, strayed into the Yosemite Valley, to conquer with paint and canvas the majesty of that chief jewel in California's scenic crown. Alas, our artist had never bestrided a horse in his life—not even the gentle beast of eastern lawns—and this tenderfoot faced the ordeal of riding a lank, rangy specimen of the equine race a day and a half's journey from the valley up to the Gale Lakes at the head of the Merced River.

Only a Homer could do justice to that ride. As he sat wondering whether one said "Giddap" or "Commence," the animal headed out for his own barn. Then followed a contest of will which the impartial observer can only grant ended in a draw. The horse went to the lake alright but the rider walked most of the way. Over the sufferings of the return journey we draw a merciful veil. Suffice it to record that the subsequent studies of the Half Dome, upon which this canvas is based, were painted standing up; neither is it mentioned anywhere in history that Maurice Braun has been known to mount a horse since.

But horsemanship has nothing to do with painting, and doubtless had Braun put into the former one-tenth the concentrated study he has given to his chosen art, his den would today be decorated with blue ribbons and silver engraved cups, for Southern California can count few painters who enjoy such widespread popularity. He has explored and painted Southern California from desert to ocean, and



Maurice Braun, whose painting of Half Dome, Yosemite, appears on the cover of this issue of *TOURING TOPICS*

in recent years, particularly the beautiful back-country of San Diego county, making his home and studio on Point Loma.

He has painted for the home rather than the museum. Let who will glory in honors earned by some great, slashing picture that can howl down its neighbors in a mighty exhibition. Fidelity to the more pleasing aspects of nature, harmonious color schemes that will not overstrain the quiet charm of a "homey" living-room, and qualities of repose and balance, have placed Braun's pictures—whether of California or of eastern snows and autumns—on the walls of countless homes, and, more important, kept them there.

—A. M.

MEMBERS of the Automobile Club of Southern California will be gratified to know the high esteem in which this organization is held beyond the confines of its territory as well as therein.

The most recent example of this respect and admiration came in the way of a formal request of Gov-

ernor Fausto Topete of Sonora, Mexico, who asked the Club to send a party of experts to investigate the road needs, tourist requirements and scenic attractions on the West Coast of Mexico and to give him their advice on highway construction and allied problems.

A party of Club officials spent ten days in Sonora late in February and early in March. What they discovered and an epitome of their official report will be found in this issue under the heading *Sonora Calls the Motorist*. Those who have cast contemplative eyes on this region as a touring objective will find this contribution both illuminating and entertaining.

AN OLD contributor and a new march into the pages of *TOURING TOPICS* in this issue with *Stung*, a short story of E. S. Wheeler, illustrated by George D. Alexander.

The author is new. This story is, in fact, his first fiction to appear in print. Hitherto he

has written for the technical press on such esoteric subjects as pertain to the building of roads, bridges and similar structures.

For many years, Wheeler was district engineer for the United States Bureau of Public Roads in Arizona and New Mexico. Alert to all that went on about him, he absorbed with avidity the folkways and customs of the racially complex society of the Southwest. From these contacts developed several capital yarns, the first of which appears here. There's a real wallop in it and a faint hint of the colorful verbiage that features the author's everyday conversation and which gained for him a singular admiration in mesa-land.

The artist returns to *TOURING TOPICS* after an absence of several years, the majority of which he spent in hard work and study at Paris. When last seen by readers of this publication, Alexander's genius, as exemplified by his work, was still in embryo, to say the least.

But now, after six years of labor and uncompromising devotion to an ideal, he returns—a full-fledged illustrator, working for such opulent journals as *Liberty* and the *Saturday Evening Post* and producing drawings as good as are being made in these United States.

THE romance of oil in California is quite as remarkable as the romance of gold. As a matter of fact it has been called our black gold. In a measure the automobile and its voracious consumption of petroleum products has been responsible for our extensive oil development.

Fortunes have been made overnight by judicious investment and sheer luck. In a future issue, Howard Kegley relates the origin of many of these fortunes, tells how modest investments have become fabulous riches; how palaces have risen for the courageous and the canny and gives a comprehensive picture of the value of its oil resources to this State. His contribution is titled *Billions from Boneyards of the Musty Past*.

—P.T.H.



George D. Alexander, an old contributor to *TOURING TOPICS*, who returns this month with some magnificent illustrations for E. S. Wheeler's story "Stung!"



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Santa Barbara Islands

Verses by Carrie W. Egan • Photograph by Will Connell

I.

*Majestic mountains of the sea,
Marvelous you seem to me,
Across the waves of sparkling blue
A silhouette of darker hue.
In changing light are clearly seen
Arch, peak, broad upland and ravine—
Marvelous you seem to me,
Majestic mountains of the sea.*

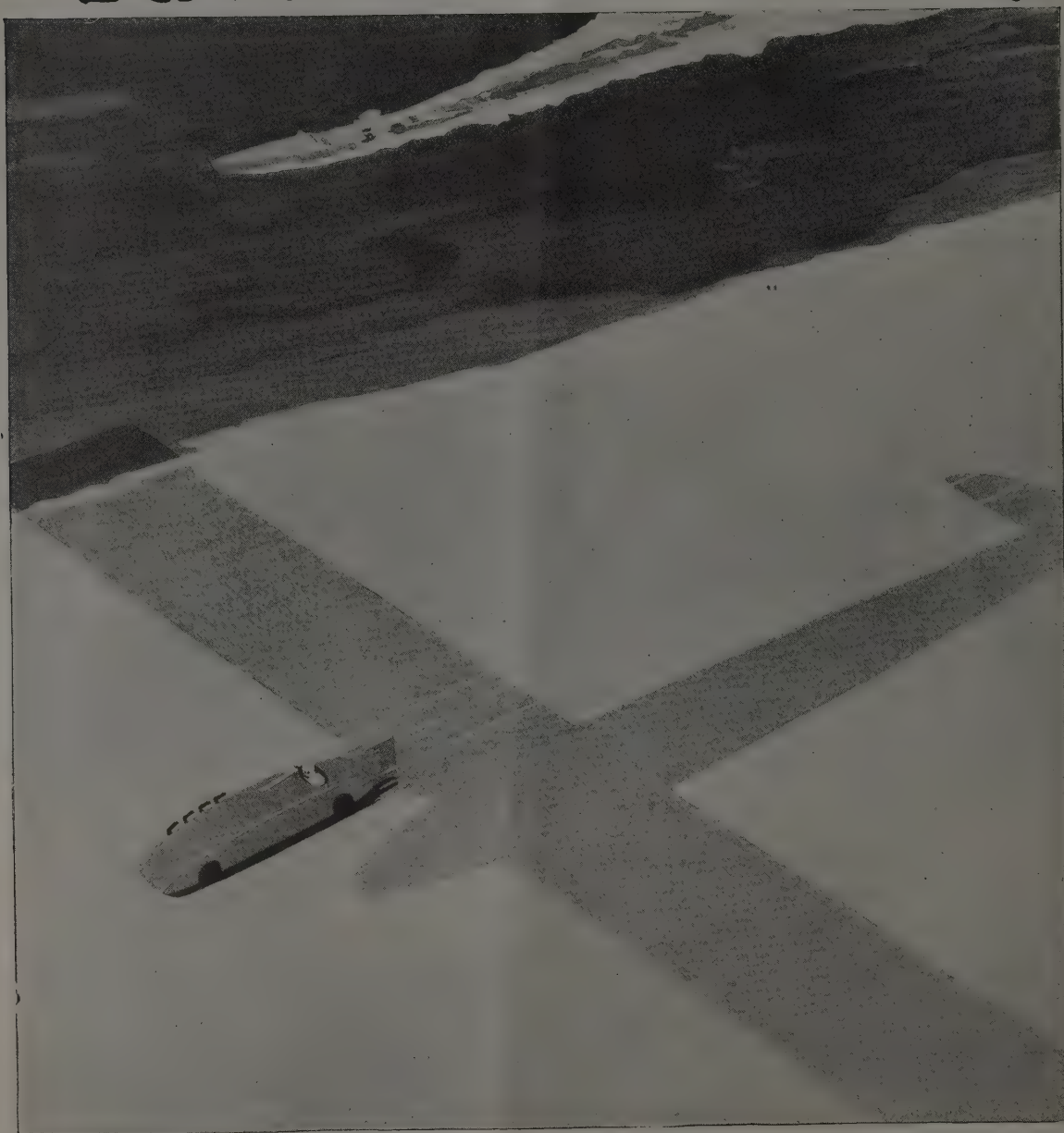
II.

*Magic mountains of the sea,
Mysterious you seem to me;
Invisible though bright the day
As if a thousand miles away.
Beneath a Hermes cap of waves,
Hide crags and peaks and Indian graves—
Mysterious you seem to me,
Magic mountains of the sea.*

III.

*Matchless mountains of the sea,
Miraculous you seem to me,
For when the Sunset Artist pours
His gold unstinted 'round your shores
You float in glory, turquoise blue,
Then amethyst, and darker, too—
Miraculous you seem to me
Matchless mountains of the sea.*

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TOURING TOPICS

MAY, 1928



TRAIL BLAZING

BUILDERS of highways have come to occupy such an important place in world progress that it is gratifying to note that the contributions made by the Automobile Club of Southern California toward the improvement and development of highway construction and maintenance have won world-wide recognition.

Almost from the beginning of its organization the Club's officials have recognized that the entire highway problem is essentially an important part of the Club's work of serving motorists. Highway engineering has therefore been included among the Club's major functions for many years, with the result that this organization has been a factor in determining and putting into operation better and more adequate methods of building roads and keeping them in serviceable order.

So rapid has been the rise of the automobile and so great has been the increase in highway demands and requirements, that much of the work of the Club's engineers has been in anticipating new and larger demands—in blazing the trail. With such a background of practical research and expert engineering study, it is natural that the Club should not only participate in California's highway triumphs, but that its advice should be sought by other communities with highway problems. Letters of inquiry concerning highway engineering matters are received frequently from the various countries, and a few years ago the governor of a great province in China sought the help and advice of Club engineers.

The Club's most recent engineering activity outside the United States is of special interest to motoring tourists, as it concerns the proposed construction of a highway from Nogales to Hermosillo and Guaymas, State of Sonora, Mexico. At the request of Governor Fausto Topete of Sonora, the Club's chief engineer and other

Club officials made a survey and reconnaissance of the proposed highway, which was followed by an extensive report and recommendations by the chief engineer to Governor Topete. The report contained recommendations as to route, materials and method of maintenance, together with suggestions pertaining to the economic phases of the enterprise and a map showing the proposed highway.

This new highway down the west coast of Mexico is likely to be built soon and, when completed, will give tourists from Southern California and elsewhere a new, hitherto undeveloped land for pleasure touring, a country rich in historic and scenic interest as described elsewhere in this number of *TOURING TOPICS*.

Governor Topete's letter of thanks and appreciation for the report of the Club's engineer was a pleasing recognition of the Club's services in furthering this important highway enterprise which will do much to promote friendly international travel.

But while it is pleasing to take account of the highway improvements already achieved, it must be recognized that the big task still lies ahead. In the past twenty years a considerable portion of highway building has been experimental in the effort to meet the increasing demands of each succeeding year. These demands will continue to grow, and highway engineers must endeavor to meet them in anticipation so that highway efficiency shall keep pace with motor travel.

America's investment in highways is huge, and California, with its superior motoring opportunities, must needs stay in the vanguard of highway progress. On the one hand, mistakes are costly, and on the other hand, the direct and indirect revenue from a road system wisely planned and administered is enormous. So, the Club's extensive and expert work in highway engineering constitutes a real and lasting service to its members and to all motorists.

Sonora Calls the M

THE land of *mañana* is becoming the land of today. The idyll of the romanticists and the objective of the wits is passing down the corridor of yesterdays. Lazy, dreamy, pathetic Mexico . . . civilized before this republic was born . . . cradle of culture in the New World . . . ground into national oblivion beneath the heels of alien conquerors . . . immured in serfdom and exploited by vain and unconscionable despots of her own, flaunting their indecent oppression under the guise of patriotism . . . rent and torn and bled by civil strife engendered by foolish misunderstandings and common distrust.

And now there is working a metamorphosis as complete and as amazing as the doctrine of transubstantiation. The chamber of commerce is displacing the *junta*; the service club, with its luncheon meetings and community singing, is inevitable. Progress is in the wind.

I can't vouch personally that this laudable regeneration is universal, but I do know that it is the prevailing spirit in the State of Sonora, one of the largest and richest of Mexico's provinces, for I've perceived it at close range with all the senses with which man is endowed. And I

The shores of the Bay of Guaymas are lined with numerous caves, hewed out by wave action and lined with mollusks of many varieties

know it, from the same intimate contact, to be operating in the Territory of Baja California. So the prophets in the public prints who promise a renaissance in this land of our nearest neighbors to the south may be regarded as speaking with knowledge and authority.

The observer needn't look far for the reasons for the incredible transformation now proceeding. The explanation is to be found in the gradual improvement of communication and transportation facilities. It is the self-same influence that has maintained unity and coherency in this land of ours. Without the railroads, the telegraph, satisfactory postal service, and highways, the Union could

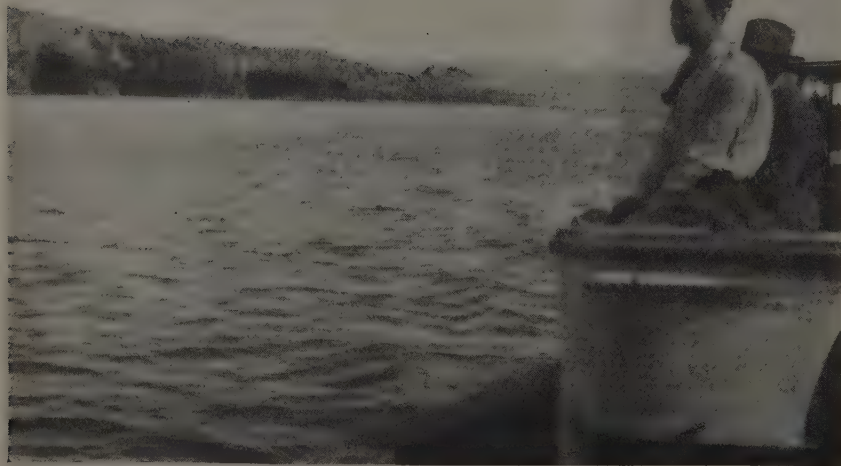


Much of the existing road between Nogales, Arizona, and Guaymas, Sonora, although no improvement work has ever been done on it, is excellent in character

Left—The mission of San Ignacio, one of the group that gives the highway a romantic appeal, harks back to the days of Father Kino, more than two and a half centuries ago

hardly have weathered the storm of accretion.

The record of the progress of these United States in their first few years is a record of the strivings of high-minded men, struggling to bring the semblance of order out of the existing social and political chaos; of petty jealousies and intrigues; of inherited racial antipathies; of age-old national incompatibilities. Virginia was a penal colony for England; Louisiana the temporal limbo of France. Both were populated, in the main, by knaves. New England contained the descendants of the hardy Puritans who fled from the intolerable exactions of the High Church of England, to seek religious liberty in the new land. In the hinterlands to the south and west were the pueblos where dwelt the offspring of the Spanish conquistadores who discovered the Americas. The Puritans looked upon the French and Spanish as idolaters, and upon Holy Church as a vile and evil institution. Antithetically, the French and Spanish regarded the English as heretics and, therefore, eccle-



torist

Club officials investigate roads and touring attractions on West Coast at request of Mexican governor—

By Phil Townsend Hanna

bring the citizenry to a realization of their mutual purposes. Communication between elements of the new society being inaugurated, hatreds dissolved and passions disappeared, and the seed of brotherly love and friendly co-operation toward the attainment of a common purpose was sown.

The public school system, the telegraph, the railroads, improved highways and the automobile, appearing in due course since, have served to weld more strongly than ever the bonds of our national unity.

The greatest democratizers—and civilizers—of all, it seems, have been the automobile and good roads. And these will do more to stabilize the economic and social conditions in Mexico than all the armies that can be mustered. Not alone will they prove of benefit in harmonizing internal differences, but better roads will make it pos-

sible for Mexico to readily and comfortably visit the United States, and the United States, with facility and ease, may call upon Mexico. Each will find that mankind, after all, is pretty much the same. Mexico will discover that but few Amer-



Below—The Bay of Guaymas seen from one of the many caves along its shore



A species of the *Cereus giganteus* which is found in profusion through Sonora. This cactus is known locally as "pitahaya" and, in season, bears a palatable fruit

Native Sonora palms located on the shore of the Bay of Guaymas. Some botanists aver that this species is closely related to the California desert palm

siastical enemies. In New York and Pennsylvania the Dutch were living as they lived for centuries along the Zuyder Zee.

But deep beneath the superficial epidermis of racial and national characteristics of these diverse elements, there beat a common, human heart.

The postal system was the first national effort to



icans, in reality, are oafs and hoidens, and that all hidalgos don't live below the international line. America will find, in turn, that the Mexican villain, armed with dirk and evil intentions, is quite as rare as an Indian in war regalia in Pershing Square.

Mexico has come to an understanding of the potency of improved highways, and the typical Latin fire, once unleashed from the bondage of lethargy, has generated some



A corner of the business section of Hermosillo as viewed from the roof of the State palace. The mountain in the background is the Cerro de la Campana or Rock of the Bell.

ambitious road building enterprises.

One of the foremost of these is the projected motor highway from Nogales, Arizona, to Guaymas, Sonora, the first section of what will eventually be a motor road from Nogales to Mexico City via Hermosillo, Guaymas, Mazatlán, Tepic and Guadalajara. Excellent highways already have been finished in various sections of the republic. The City of Mexico is connected with Guadalajara and Acapulco to the west and with Tampico and Vera Cruz to the east, and work is virtually completed on the important arterial highway leading south from the international boundary at Laredo, Texas.

But the west coast of Mexico—the market basket of the land—has hitherto been neglected. Sinaloa, with its agricultural products, and Sonora, with its live stock and mineral wealth, must depend for transport upon a single railroad—the Southern Pacific of Mexico—or upon unreliable water carriage. In fact, for meats and other perishable produce, Sinaloa and Sonora have only one dependable outlet and that is to the north, which means the United States. To the south and east lie the populous centers, but intervening is the formidable barrier of the Sierra Madre. The construction of the railroad across this cordillera was a vexing engineering feat, requiring numerous tunnels, cuts and fills. The tunnels not infrequently suffer from



Though a modern city in many ways, the principal fuel used in Hermosillo is wood—generally mesquite—and the wood vendor, with a wagon such as this, or a train of laden burros, is a familiar and picturesque figure.

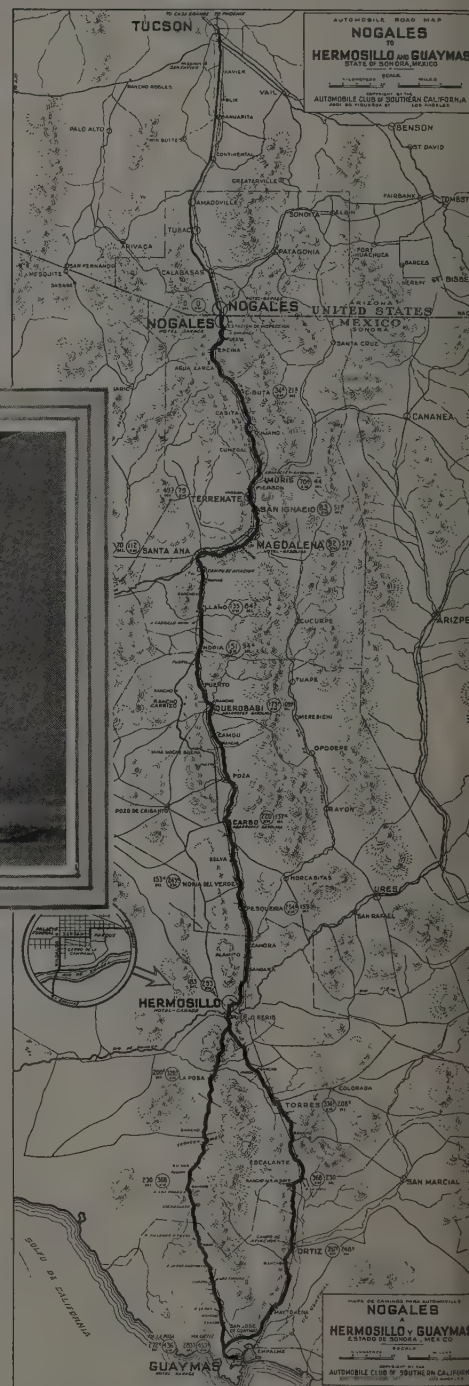
cave-ins, the cuts from slides, and the fills from settling, and rail service from the coastal plain to the metropoli of the republic may be interrupted for a week at a time. Tomatoes and beans and peas and fruits of divers kinds will not survive such circumstances.

So these perishable commodities come north by carload and trainload, through the port of Nogales, Arizona. From here come "June" peas and beans in February, and tomatoes and other fruits and vegetables the year 'round. New York and Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles eat Sonora beef and Sinaloa vegetables and give little thought to the land of their origin, perhaps 3000 miles away.

Road building, of course, is not a panacea for all the social and economic ailments of Mexico, but it more closely approaches a cure-all than any other agency that can be invoked.

"Just what beneficial results may we expect from highway construction? More specifically, if the State of Sonora spends, say, 1,000,000 pesos for a good road from Nogales, Arizona, to Guaymas, how will we profit?"

These were the questions Governor Fausto Topete of Sonora propounded to officials of the Automobile Club of South-



This map, prepared by the Club cartographer assigned to the inspection trip, shows the location of the Nogales-Guaymas road, with the alternate route between Hermosillo and Guaymas.

ern California in Los Angeles not long ago, when he paid this organization the singular compliment of asking it to conduct a thorough survey of the feasibility of building the highway mentioned.

Even in Sonora, the reputation of the Club as an outstanding advocate of good roads, economically built and sanely administered, was known. Too, the word was about in Mexico that the Club's opinions, judgments and recommendations were honest and sincere, uninfluenced by public clamor, selfish personal motives, or by political pressure.

Would the Club send a party of qualified experts to investigate and report on the projected road, its potentialities for the people of Sonora, the scenic and recreational attractions and the possible interest of the State to American motor tourists? With this information in hand, Governor Topete explained, he would be enabled to determine the advisability of starting a task that will require a half million dollars or more for its eventual completion.

The Club acquiesced in the request, and early in March a party composed of its Chief Engineer, Field Secretary, manager of the Touring Bureau, a cartographer and the editor of *TOURING TOPICS* initiated a penetrating survey.

At Nogales, the Club party was joined by a group of Sonora

Right—Although customs and immigration officials of both countries are alert and efficient, the legitimate traveler who crosses the international line at Nogales suffers virtually no annoyance

Below—Officials of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the Mexican government in front of the Gran Hotel de Almada at Guaymas



The old and the new in transportation on the principal street of Guaymas. At the left is the two-wheel cart, still very popular; in the center, a Ford bus, and at the right an old carruaje, or carriage



officials who participated in the ten-day reconnaissance. The existing road, such as it is, between Nogales and Guaymas was traversed, as well as all possible alternate routes.

To say that we were amazed at the diversified appeal of Sonora is to platitudinize. It seemed incredible that here, within 600 miles of Los Angeles, was the gateway to a land of rare exotic charm—primitive and natural—and in so many

ways diametrically opposed to the United States.

It is 268 miles from Nogales to Guaymas by the most direct route, and 279 miles via the military garrison of Ortiz. The latter, despite its greater distance, for other and more important considerations doubtless will be the location eventually improved. The fact that one is in a different and fascinating land is vividly impressed upon the consciousness by some inescapable circumstance at every mile of the almost 300 that separate the border town from the gulf port.

Where Nogales, Sonora, faces Nogales, Arizona, across the street down which a barbed wire fence designates the international boundary line, there is little to distinguish one country from the other. Of course there are the *cantinas* on the Sonora side—saloons without their complement of boozy bums and reeling tipplers. Actually! The liquor problem is no problem at Nogales. The line never closes; neither do the *cantinas*. The boisterous, nevertheless, get short shrift. Visitors or natives, they're



promptly lodged in the *calabo*. The former are liberated in the morning; the latter are adjudged and sent out upon the public works at hard labor.

There is a fine spirit of cooperation in the Siamese towns that border Sonora and Arizona, of which Nogales is typical. Fugitives wanted by either State who attempt to escape by fleeing across the line and who depend upon the complex technicalities of international law to avert or thwart apprehension discover, with consternation, that police authorities thereabouts seem never to have heard of extradition proceedings. Law-breakers are captured and returned to the proper jurisdiction with little or no formality. Thus is order maintained.

At the line, as I said, it's hard to tell which is Arizona and which Sonora. But as one gets farther back—a few blocks and more—the Americanized city rapidly becomes a typical Mexican pueblo.

The road to Hermosillo and Guaymas follows the railroad for its entire length. As a matter of truth, the railroad follows the road, for the road was there more than two centuries before the threads of steel. No one ever has put a day's work on it, but it has been a trade route since the time of the missionary labors of Father Eusebio Kino, who accomplished in Pimería Alta, as this region of the Southwest then was known, what Father Junípero Serra achieved in Alta California.

Even before the coming of the Christians the route was a popular trail along its northern end for marauding Apaches, and in the south, an artery for Yaqui excursions. More than a hundred years after Kino, this region of northern Sonora gave



The canyon of the San Ignacio River, twenty-nine miles south of Nogales, one of the many charming scenic spots along the road

to the Southwest its real Ulysses—Don Juan Bautista de Anza, who is coming, year by year, as we learn more of his remarkable exploits, to loom larger and more heroic in the annals of the Spanish conquest.

Limited space makes it impractical to more than sketch an outline of Sonora's history here. The record is so rich in color and drama that a consideration of the conquest and colonization of "Kinoland," as Dr. Herbert Bolton, the eminent historian, calls it, is warranted and will appear in these pages in the not far distant future.

The landscape immediately south of the line closely resembles the mesas of New Mexico and northern Arizona, covered with a scattering growth of chaparral. The first pueblo of any consequence is encountered at Imuris, forty-four miles to the south. A description of Imuris will suffice for virtually every pueblo, or I should say, *pueblito* (little town), from the line to the gulf. Each will have its distinguishing

characteristics that will recall it to the visitor long after he has departed. The essentials, however, are very much the same.

There is, for example, the inevitable plaza with its accompanying church, and, nine times out of ten, a statue of Guadalupe Hidalgo; the tenth time, the patriot commemorated, one may safely hazard, will be that other national hero, Santa Anna. The plaza is the forum, pantheon and colosseum combined. Here *reglamentos* are read or the traveling circus sets up for business.

Stretching away in all directions from the plaza are streets, one or two, possibly, closely built up with mercantile establishments and dwellings. It's difficult to tell which are which at times. In the

pueblitos the plaza may merely head a single thoroughfare and the dwellings may be widely scattered thereupon.

The prevailing color is that of the common building material—adobe bricks. Except in the larger hamlets, this is uniformly a light drab. The gentlefolk of Hermosillo may cover their windows with decorative iron grilles and paint their domiciles in ultramarine, white or salmon pink, but in the *pueblitos* aspirations are more modest.

Of three commodities there is seemingly no end. Hordes of chickens promenade blasély upon the road, unconcerned at the passage of seldom seen automobiles; dogs of every color, size and breed, from Chihuahuas to huge mongrels, issue from every courtyard to snap and snarl at one's very wheels. And then there are the *muchachos* and *muchachas* who peer shyly through magnificent ebony disks from sheltered doorways, awed at the splendor of the *Americanos* and their *automovil*, the like of which doubtless they had never seen before.

At the intervening ranchos where gates bar the road to confine the cattle, they watch one approaching from afar off, appear at the gate at the proper moment, open it, permit one's car to pass and stand eagerly awaiting the customary *cinco centavos*. The tribute collected, they close the gate and scamper away with neither the time nor the inclination to pass a friendly "*Buenos días*."

The anthropologist who would correctly record the mores and manners of Mexico must gather his material from the ranchos and the *pueblitos*. This is Mexico,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43)



Enmired on a tidal flat between Guaymas and Empalme. The figures at the rear of the car are "tame" Yaquis, most efficient workmen indeed, who extricated this automobile in fifteen minutes after every other means, employed for nineteen hours, had failed



In these rock-bound structures, the Cahulla Indians of a millenium ago captured fish that inhabited the sea that covered the Salton basin



A rock along the old beach line covered with calcium carbonate, erroneously referred to as "coral"

Ancient Fish Traps OF COACHELLA

By Gordon Brooks Wolfe

WITH the first sign of daylight, figures began to steal down the steep trail. At the foot of the cliff the path ended abruptly at the margin of black, unruffled water lapping softly against the rocks. The figures grouped here, until the increasing light showed them to be scantily-clad Indian women, looking out over the broad waters of the gulf to dim mountains in the east. The tide was at its ebb and presently the women strung out along the slippery rocks.

For a considerable distance along the shore rounded stones, piled in a series of circles, showed above the surface of the water. These regular circles of rock had been heaped so that at high tide they were well covered. Large schools of fish were wont to feed along the shore. As the tide went down, some of them would remain in the pools. Then the water, running out through the crevices between the stones, left the fish secure prisoners in the rocky pens.

By now, the water had receded till the pools were almost empty and the women, strung out in a dark, groping file against the dawn, peered hopefully down into each. Suddenly one searcher crawled down into a trap and in a moment scrambled out, bear-

ing a flapping, finny prize. Others did likewise, as they proceeded along the shore. Fishing was good, this particular morning, and by the time they had reached the last of the traps, each bore a fair-sized burden. Then they retraced their steps and toiled up the cliff. On its summit was their camp and around a fire clustered their several lords and masters, awaiting breakfast. As the women returned, the sun was just tipping the distant ranges across the waters and the smoke from the fire rose straight through motionless air.

Thus must have passed a typical morning with the Fish-Trap Makers. But the years rolled around and became centuries—how many, we do not know. The builders died and their children after them and their children's children. Through these dim ages, many changes took place. The people were scattered and their sea disappeared, leaving only parched land. But their works lived after them and remain to this day.

Some years ago a local newspaper printed an account of the discovery of a prehistoric stone city in the Coachella Valley. But the layout was peculiar for a "city" and when it was noted that it lay along the old beach line its real purpose became plain. This was the site of the fish-traps of the ancient people, and is one of the most interesting relics that remain to us from aboriginal times.

By automobile, one follows the Imperial Valley highway past Indio and Coachella to 66th Avenue. Here a turn to the right is made and a dirt road followed for two and a half miles. This ends in a mere trail that threads the mesquite thickets growing along the



The desert incense or brittle bush makes its home now in the old fish traps

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)



A villa on a dream island in Lake Geneva, near Montreux

66 **A**ND again came the dawn!" An iceberg had disputed our path, denting the side of the *Montcalm* and snapping two blades from the propeller on the port side. Then Father Neptune had added his bit of excitement by making sure that we had our quota of trans-Atlantic ups and downs.

It is not hard to imagine the alacrity with which we recovered our buoyancy when dawn began to peep in the east, outlining a Scotch horizon, while our ship steamed majestically up the Clyde toward Glasgow, where Lois and I were to begin an all-motor tour of nine different countries—count 'em—Scotland, England, Wales, Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland.

I call attention to the number of the countries because that had unexpectedly become a source of perplexity to us. Viewed in the abstract from the remoteness of the previous spring, three months motoring in Europe had seemed little short of a heavenly gift. But now that we were actually steaming up the Clyde and in a few hours were to start on our journey in foreign lands we began to wonder if we had studied our itinerary enough; were we sure that we had allotted our time to the very best advantage?

As nearly as I had been able to gather from a survey of the maps, these nine coun-

tries possessed at least 10,000 towns and villages with interesting names and historic associations. England alone had some twenty cathedrals and abbeys

Via Romantic ROADS to Rome

tries possessed at least 10,000 towns and villages with interesting names and historic associations. England alone had some twenty cathedrals and abbeys

thusiasm Scotchman had pointed out the village of Dunoon and assured me that I must not miss visiting it as it was the "home of Sir 'arry," meaning Sir Harry Lauder. I had never so much as heard of Dunoon before. Fear seized me lest this was but one of scores of famous places that I had wholly overlooked.

There were, for example, the homes of great men in literature, past and present, eminent statesmen, famous painters, the graves of kings and saints, the monuments to martyrdom and victory, famous highways and historic bridges. All these things crowded our minds to bewilderment and we were almost undone.

But the calm of our first dawn in Scotland seemed to bring with it something of composure. Not wholly without previous preparation nor entirely ignorant of the lands we were to visit, we set about the truly hard task of con-



The stable near Baden Baden, where we garaged the car with two cows, a St. Bernard dog, and three geese



The "Old Curiosity Shop," made famous by Charles Dickens, still stands, but is occupied chiefly by a far from romantic tailoring establishment

The story of a fifty-day motoring jaunt across Europe from Glasgow to the Eternal City—

By John Anson Ford

structing a day-by-day itinerary that would give us the cream of western Europe. Even in our planning we had occasional thrills, as for example, when we found that we would traverse St. Gothard's Pass. Nevertheless itinerary planning, if carefully done, takes a lot of hard plugging. Every hour spent in preliminary study means added joy during the journey.

We landed in Glasgow July 10 and set forth, "a gay and jocund company," headed for specific places in the nine different countries already mentioned, always prepared, however, because of our independent means of travel, to depart from our schedule as conditions seemed to warrant. Just fifty days later we were back once more in Great Britain, having changed our motor's speedometer reading from naught to 4315 miles. While this narrative relates only to the memorable journey from Glasgow to Rome, it will, I hope, give a sufficiently clear picture so that one can get an appreciation of our entire journey. In those fifty days we

made a thorough test of our carefully compiled interpretation of the Grand Tour, and we found that it was splendid. Neither Lois nor I take the major part of the credit for having so successfully chosen the cream of Europe's sightseeing. A very dear friend and veteran traveler gave us the benefit of her long familiarity with foreign lands.

Not alone in Scotland, but in almost every other land, the good people with whom we came in contact were appalled at what they were pleased to call our haste. But I still insist that we traveled as leisurely as Americans could be expected to travel, and we did not tire ourselves.

Our time in Scotland was from July 10 to 13 inclusive. Making our headquarters in the



Above — Arches and shadows in Siena, Italy. Left — An ancient city gate and tower west of Cologne, Germany



Central Station Hotel we began practicing the art of concentrating on things of first importance at once. For that reason we did not do much sightseeing in Glasgow itself. It's a great commercial city, primarily. In Edinburgh we spent a night and parts of two days. The short motor ride from Glasgow to Scotland's cultural capital gives one an idea of this thrifty land, with its highlands on the north and lowlands on the south. The many-locked canal, with its heavily laden barges, bespeaks mines and manufacturing. Close cropped pastures tell of

flocks and shepherds.

There is no finer street in the world than Princess Street, Edinburgh. And dominating that magnificently landscaped thoroughfare is "the castle" high overhead on its frowning cliff. At the terminus of a circuitous ascent we parked our car near the castle gate, paid our fees and walked inside. Instantly our whole world changed. Knighthood, chivalry, border warfare, battlements, portcullis, dungeon, banqueting hall, Queen Mary, James the Sixth, Scottish regalia—these and many other terms which had been mere empty phrases, sprang into vivid meaning as we walked about the courtyard and from room to room. With bated breath we both leaned over the window sill in the room in which James VI was born and wondered how his daring mother ever let her royal son down that perilous precipice in a basket.

An hour or so told us the full story of the castle and then we returned to the motor to traverse High Street, carefully noting the points of interest in the "royal mile" that extends to Holyrood Castle. What contrast one finds along this ancient narrow street between the glory of Edinburgh's past and the present poverty that is everywhere manifest in this district! In St. Giles Church we lived again the fervor of Jenny Geddes when she defiantly hurled her stool at the intruding clerical. Stern John Knox seemed still to dwell in his grim-fronted house a little farther down,

while Tolbooth Prison harked back to a penal system far removed from our day. The climax of this historic mile is the palace and abbey, the latter an exquisite ruin, vine covered and glorious in its decay. A little time spent within the shadows of this famous pile compensates for other equally appealing ruins that one must omit from his fifty-day itinerary.

Not being dependent on sight-seeing buses or trams we found little difficulty in covering Princess Street and other worthwhile portions of the city in allotted time, with a good portion of the afternoon available for shopping! Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford, though beautiful, could not be included, so we determined to return to Glasgow via the Trossachs and the Lady of the Lake country.

It was early in the day when we rolled via excellent roads into the highlands, catching glimpses now and then of Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and many darkly shadowed glens. A sign post pointed down a shady path to Rob Roy's cave. The sun burst through the clouds, flooding the peaks with a gorgeous light and from the vaults of our memories, welled those old familiar verses:

Each purple peak,
each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods
of living fire.
But not a setting
beam could glow
Within the dark ravine below
Where twined a
path in shadow
hid,
Round many a
'rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly

Descending the southern slope of St. Gothard's Pass. Within the space of three miles we traversed twenty-nine hairpin turns

from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.

Was there ever another such lake in all the world as Loch Lomond? Incidentally, I know of no more picturesque village among all the hundreds through which we passed than rose-bowered little Luss, its trim cottages nestling close by the water's edge, its slender kirk-spire rising proudly amid heavy green and perfectly reflected in the smooth waters of the lake. But perhaps I see Luss through

French peasants stopped in their gleaning of roadside wisps of grain long enough to be photographed



Banbury Cross, Banbury, England, famous alike for Banbury tarts and the universally known nursery rhyme

a happy memory that harks back to college days when father and I laboriously pedaled our way to this very village and partook of a canny Scot's board, and then dropped off to sleep with the sound of the waves lapping beneath our window.

How reluctantly one turns from the Scotch Lake country and yet how eagerly one looks toward Ayr and Dumfries. Among the many bridges in Europe which we had to make selections from, we felt we could not omit the "twa brigs" at Ayr. These began to make Bobbie Burns live again. Nor did we feel that we could afford to miss Alloway, where the poet was born. What humble surroundings greeted that babe whose songs in a few swift years were to touch the hearts of all mankind!

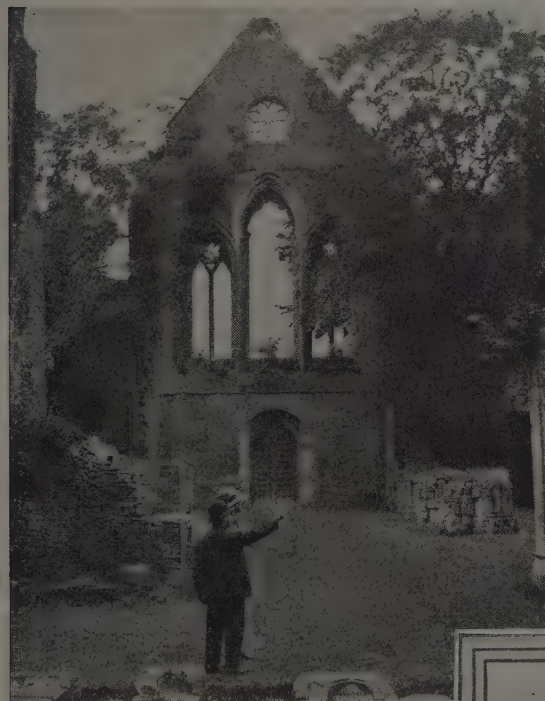
Seriously, no European trip is complete without a few graveyards, however inclined we may be to obliterate them in our own sunny land. So it pays to stop for the night at Dumfries. This typical Scotch town is not interesting to the motorist so far as its manufacturing goes, but there is a quaintness about its winding streets, and the character of the simple people who throng its public square during the long twilight, that add much to the day's experiences. After an excellent dinner at the Sta-



tion Hotel we deserted our faithful sedan and walked to the kirkyard. Led through the iron gate by the sexton, we found the mausoleum of Bobbie Burns who lies buried, as he lived, among the common folk. A bit monotonously, but nevertheless effectively, our guide repeated for us in the richest of Scotch brogues snatches of familiar poems, including "A man's a man, for a' a that, an' a' a that."

From Dumfries we turned southward toward Gretna Green, where we saw the famous blacksmith shop, scene of numberless weddings. In the bare rooms there is little to suggest the excitement that is supposed to have marked these events.

Beginning in Scotland and continuing all the way down to London we had the fun of compiling a list of quaint tavern names.



In the charming ruins of Valle Croce Abbey, near Llangollen, Wales

By the time we were ready to leave England we had more than sixty. "Golden Pheasant," "Green Man and Still," "Elephant and Castle," "Boar's Head," "Wheatsheaf," "Seven Stars," "Queen's Arms," etc., were among those listed.

Crossing the border into England the character of the scenery changes. To me the English Lake country is the most exquisitely beautiful portion of Great Britain. The ruggedness of Scotland is lacking, but still there are strength and grandeur to uplift every thoughtful traveler. No wonder Wordsworth wrote "Intimations of Immortality." Of all the rural churches abroad, I have seen none that equals Grasmere, with its wide-spreading ruff and sturdy square tower. Not far beyond is Keswick, which we found more than a delightful luncheon place. Here is one of the most exquisite formal gardens in England, and a house filled with marvelous antiques.

Lancaster, Chester, Llandudno and Llan-

gollen were visited in the next two days, Chester and Llangollen being our stopping places for the two nights. The motorist will find this an easy schedule, with plenty of time to completely encircle the old city of Chester by walking around the top of the city wall. The second story "rows" of shops beneath overhanging Elizabethan gables intrigue with their wares as well as their unique architecture.

We debated some time whether to include Wales in this carefully compiled itinerary, and never have been sorry that we turned westward from old Chester and penetrated the hill country of the sturdy Welsh. We passed, en route, Hawarden Castle where Gladstone, Britain's grand old man, lived amid magnificent oaks and far-stretching lawns. Llandudno gave us a picture of Britishers at play. Its perfect crescent bay is lined with stately apartment houses and imposing hotels, reminding one of our own Santa Monica. All England delights to come to this Welsh watering place. We lunched at the Grand Hotel—well named.

Among the many castles that beckoned to us from guidebooks, maps and literature, Conway ruins near Llangollen amply justified their inclusion in our journey. Edward I did a wonderful job when he constructed this stronghold by the sea away back in 1284. How they must have made the welkin ring within the shelter of those massive round towers!

From Llangollen to Stratford-on-Avon is 120 miles of pure delight. The rugged hills

of Wales gradually give way to the more pastoral scenes of central England. Hedge rows, placid villages, many of whose houses have thatched roofs, rolling green pastures—these gave us endless vistas of loveliness.

All the world knows the home of Bill Shakespeare—bard, cosmopolite, sage, iconoclast, prophet, historian and paripatetic all wrapped in one. Gladly we joined the endless stream of tourists most of whom stroll not too reverently through the house where the great poet was born, and through Ann Hathaway's gem of a cottage where the courting was carried on, doubtless with neither rhyme nor drama. At Kenilworth ruins nearby we tried with limited success to picture the glory of the days of 1575 when the imperious Elizabeth came here to visit Leicester. Warwick Castle, perfectly preserved, interested us much more. To see its luxurious furnishings, its great hall, its masterpieces in oil, and to look from its mullioned windows onto the winding Avon, is to get a new understanding of feudal days and modern nobility. I understand the present earl devotes the fee of two shillings per visitor to charity. More power to him!

About fifty-eight miles London-ward we came to Oxford. Here twenty-two colleges, hoary with age, boast of their separate green quadrangles lined with vivid geraniums, separate chapels, and separate dormitories. Oxford's antiquity gives it something approaching the divine. A college generation is but a day when it is passed. But if old, it is still virile. Poignantly remindful of the superb stamina of England's educated men are the long lists carved in stone and lettered in gold, of the soldiers who died in the World War.

Dick Whittington's palpitating heart had nothing on ours, as we turned toward Lon-

The beautifully preserved Arch of Constantine, Rome, with a corner of the Colosseum on the right. This arch was erected in 311 A. D.



don. What a world of pleasure awaits one there. We set aside seven of our fifty sightseeing days for London and recommend that apportionment to others. Of course, anyone who has so much as traveled the length of the Strand, or sauntered from Trafalgar Square to Westminster Abbey, knows that he might spend weeks and months in old London without the slightest monotony.

Taking Charing Cross and St. Paul's cathedral as the foci for numerous excursions we devoted successive days to threading our way along the crookedest streets in the world. The Tower of London came first with its long cruel story of blood and intrigues. Windowless Bank of England, its hoary traditions and gold-filled vaults made British financial power very real to us. Old Bailey harked back to the law courts and prisons of mediæval days, and yet revealed a modern judicial efficiency that would put most American courts to shame. Whitechapel, Cheapside, Fleet Street, the old Curiosity Shop, Elephant and Castle, these and a hundred other names that made Dickens as close to one as a talkative companion, all contributed their thrills during our excursions.

Here is the route of one day's drive which I can recommend to anyone who wants to get a general view of principal places of interest in both east and west London. Starting in Hyde Park we see first, Rotten Row, where royalty often takes a horseback ride. Near by is the Albert Memorial, whose bas relief has 169 figures representing the world's great. Directly opposite is the Royal Albert hall; next come Kensington Park, the Natural History Museum, Victoria and Albert Museum and Brompton Oratory. (These most travelers will want to visit only in the event of plenty of leisure). We then passed Hyde Park corner, where free speech flourishes in flagrant forms; Apsley House, a gift to the Duke of Wellington; Piccadilly, Green Park, St. James Street, Somerset House, King's College, Pudding Lane and Pie Corner (where the great fire was halted); London Bridge (a name lisped in every nursery where English is spoken); the Tower Bridge, John Wesley's chapel, Bunhill Cemetery (where John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe are buried); St. Bartholomew's (mentioned in Dickens' story of Little Nell); and the place where the Smithfield martyrs were burned.

That is a drive which for contrasts, multitude of historical associations, and lessons in the science of human conduct, is unexcelled in the world unless it be in and about Jerusalem.

Other places of interest which we found time to visit were Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the Zoo, the National Gallery (Mrs. Ford adding the Tate Gallery and Wallace Collection); the British Museum, the Crystal Palace, and Covent Garden Market. Most of these places were covered in four and one-half days, our



A modern roadside sign, forty-two kilometres from Rome, with an ancient sign in the background. The word "Terni" can be faintly discerned on the white marble block set in the column. The old sign is more artistic; the new one more useful.

itineraries for each morning or afternoon being worked out with the aid of a pictorial map, purchased on the street for a shilling. A part of our London-and-environs sightseeing had to be left for the remaining three days of our stay in the British capital, when we returned from the continent. This included a drive to massive and majestic Windsor Castle, a stroll through Eton College and a pensive half hour in Stoke Poges, the unspeakably charming old church yard where Grey's *Elegy* was written.

On July 25 we were bound for the continent, much excited about the strange scenes yet to be unfolded. England, speak-

Hoisting the car that took the author's party through Europe from the channel boat. Thirty minutes after the car was landed, the party was on its way



ing our own tongue, seemed almost like home to us as we faced Ostend, on putting out from Dover. The sedan had a good berth and minded the rough passage very much less than ourselves. Thanks to the efficiency of the Royal Automobile Club, all of the details incident to putting the car on board, unloading it and passing through customs were quickly attended to both on leaving England and reaching Belgium.

What a different world envelopes one as he steps into his car and starts down a foreign highway following strange road signs! One of the latter we interpreted to indicate that Zeebrugge was but a few "kms" away (meaning kilometers, as we soon learned). Again we were in a right-hand-driving world, after having just gotten comfortably accustomed to left-hand turning in England!

Wooden shoes, ponderous windmills bigger than any baker in Los Angeles ever dared to build, level far-flung pastures dotted with contented cattle, these are the things that first register on motoring through Belgium and Holland. Looking back upon it, it seems incredible that we visited Scheveningen (Holland's loveliest watering place on the North Sea); Brussels (second only to Paris in its combination of historical buildings, modern palaces and wonderful city planning); The Hague, with its serene canals and Carnegie Peace Palace, and Antwerp, third harbor in the world, all from July 26 to 28. But one must remember that Holland and Belgium are small countries, the former being about the size of Massachusetts and Connecticut combined.

The good roads, the contented thrifty people, the richness of their cultural treasures, the immaculate and hospitable hotels all share in the happy memory which we have of Holland and Belgium. Three out-

standing items of interest deserve special mention—The House in the Woods, at The Hague; the *Descent from the Cross*, in the old cathedral at Antwerp, and the *School of Anatomy*, in the art gallery in The Hague. The House in the Woods (open to the public) is an exquisite gem of a palace, reflecting the very essence of Dutch taste and culture. The paintings by Rubens and Rembrandt respectively tell stories in color and form an expression that have seldom been equalled in the world of art.

Germany was our next objective—Cologne on the Rhine. This is an easy day's run from Holland if you can follow a map such as can be purchased from the R. A. C. for a small fee. In order that I might be with a group of friends on this trip I made this leg of the journey by train, turning the car over to a friend. Not being familiar with the country or language he experienced a little difficulty in finding his way at first, but he came through with flying colors. In the car once more at Cologne I soon had occasion to dust off my long neglected German.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

Doubling in Brass

How the cost of building cars is being reduced by making one part do the work of two—

By Frederick C. Russell

AFTER a grand and glorious swing in the direction of complication, the pendulum of progress in the automobile world is about to start its long-forecasted swing toward simplicity. Let us tune in on a typical conference of car makers in order to catch the spirit of this newest and perhaps most interesting of all automotive developments aside from the creation of the self-propelled vehicle itself.

There is the majority stockholder complaining of dwindling profits. There is the sales manager pointing out that, profits or no profits, the car must offer every convenience offered by every other car in its price class. There is the president reviewing the impressive sales statistics but frowning a bit at the small margin of profit and speculating as to what would happen if volume fell off. Close by sits the chief engineer making some meaningless sketches on a small pad which he holds in his hand. He alone says nothing. He is thinking.

"We have got to corner the market by making this an outstanding car," declares another official of the company. "We should swing to front-wheel drive or adopt a supercharger or something, at any rate, that will place us in a position to give the car buyer more than he can find in any other car."

"That's my opinion exactly," the sales manager seconds the motion. "Salesmen have got to have some new features to offer. The advertising department has exhausted the novelty in announcing engine efficiency devices and external equipment. We've got to have something new such as—well, why not a power steering gear?"

"You've got to do something," adds the majority stockholder.

"But don't forget that the car buyer has plenty to take care of in the way of mechanical adjustments," warns the company's service expert.

"That's an advantage rather than a handicap," a vice-president in charge of finances says. "Perhaps we can recover some of our dwindling profits in service and replacements. Profits are made on razor blades, you know, not on the razors themselves."

"But we take great pride in the low cost of servicing the Blank Six," argues the sales manager. "You'd be stealing some of the thunder of the advertising department if you were to look to profits at the service

end of the business."

Round and round the circle they go, hitting here, hitting there, but getting nowhere. Finally the group becomes conscious of the strange silence of the man with the pad and the queer sketches on it.

"What have you to suggest?" asks the president, directing his inquiry to the chief engineer. "You fellows are always filled with ideas; let's have your thoughts as to what we can add to this car to make it outstanding."

"You may think it very strange, Mr. President, but I was just wondering if we wouldn't be making more progress by trying to figure out what we could take off the car instead of looking for things to add to it," comes the unexpected reply. "I'm not quite so revolutionary as to advocate immediate elimination of the transmission or the differential, but it does seem to me that we could get rid of a lot of things by making other parts do double duty."

"You mean we ought to design the car

your program of simplicity?" asks the president.

"Well, just as an instance, take the air cleaner they had on the defunct R— car," the engineer explains. "It was simply an intake pipe with a reverse mouth so that any particles of dirt would be trapped out. This arrangement required a special pipe but the principle of it was so simple that a few of the cars have seen the light and are using extremely compact cleaners that cost little to furnish with the car and that are not in the way when engine work is to be done. My thought would be to design a carburetor that has an air cleaner built into it or that accomplishes the work of filtration by some ingenious handling of the air."

But here we will draw the curtain on the conference and step out into the world of every-day automobile affairs where the new trend toward simplicity can be studied first hand and without any suggestion of its being a mere laboratory dream. Busy men are seeking simpler ways to make automobiles even more efficient than they are today and the air is filled with good ideas that need to be captured, tamed and put to work for the general good of the motor world.

Those who have been able to do more than gasp at the beauty of the new cars doubtless have noticed the extra leaf which, attached to the top of the end of each spring on one of the low-priced cars, enables a spring to be its own spring control device. The development is a modern version of what used to be called the rebound plate and which, in the earlier days of motoring, served to make a spring resist too violent deflection. In its new form it is so effective that these cars ride remarkably well without spring control devices and might well be sold this way were it not for the fact that a majority of buyers drive fast and need the additional protection which these comfort giving accessories to the springs provide.

Self-controlling springs may come into popularity as a matter of necessity. Manufacturers are entitled to their profits and it is not reasonable to suppose that they can go on forever seeking profits exclusively through volume. If a spring can be made to do double duty, or triple, the automobile is simplified to just that additional extent and everyone is better satisfied.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)



The starter pedal on some cars is a remote control and in one instance it serves merely as an additional protection against damaging the starter gear and flywheel teeth. Truly the manufacturer is faced with peculiar problems when he seeks to eliminate complicated parts from his products

so that some parts would 'double in brass,' says the sales manager, warming to the idea. "Now there's a real thought. Think of the selling argument in offering a man a car that will do its stuff with less parts to take care of and to get out of order!"

"What do you propose eliminating in

STUNG!

A short story by E. S. Wheeler

Illustrations by George D. Alexander

THE *Slim Princess* came to a stop at Toro Junction. I grabbed my hand baggage and left the car at once, mighty glad that the trip from Santa Fe was over.

"Where is the driver of the stage that goes to Toro?" I asked of a bald-headed and very sun-burned man in a sleeveless khaki shirt.

"Friend," he answered in a husky voice, "your search is over," and he reached for my bags. "Get right in and sit on the front seat before some of these skirts do. We'll roll from here in just fifteen minutes." He hustled around, loaded the Toro mail into the boot and collected two other passengers.

"Traveling man?" he asked as he slipped the clutch into high.

"No. Just seeking a change of climate," I answered, noncommittally.

"I'm a lunger myself," he wheezed. "You sure came to the right place. Great country. Plenty of fresh eggs, milk, sunshine and elbow room."

Driving the stage with one hand and waving greetings to his Mexican friends with the other, he informed me that he had been born in New York state, and that his name was Jim Watson. He had hoped to become a preacher, but the bugs got to work on him and he had to be hustled to the Southwest on a cot. For six long months he had lain on his back in the Presbyterian Hospital in Albuquerque. At the end of that time he was able to get up. Within a few days he was able to walk a few feet. Soon the distance increased in arithmetical progression until he was able to do three miles a day and back. The scars on his lungs healed, he took on weight, and eventually he was able to get out and earn his beans and bacon.

He assured me that when he drifted into Toro, his inventory consisted of a few clothes, fifty dollars in change, a lot of hard luck, a million dollars worth of health and a colossal dread of poisonous insects. He went to work for Don Juan, the owner of the Toro Auto Stage and Express Company, and there he had stuck. Now it was one of Don Juan's in and outdoor pastimes to give every one with whom he came in contact, and was associated with, a nickname that seemed to suit the peculiarities of the particular individual. After hearing Jim's story, sizing up his portly shape, listening to his wonderful flow of language—which was a gift—and learning that his

name was the same as that of a famous character in the only detective story he ever read, he promptly dubbed him "Doc."

But though Doc had successfully fought off the bugs, he was, when it came to poisonous insects, a coward. He could no more dig angleworms or handle a fat cockroach than he could take hold of a rattlesnake. They were not only repulsive to him but the very sight of them caused the skin on his back to crawl. The last serious encounter he had had was in October when it commenced to get quite cold in Toro, and he went to put on a sheepskin-lined mackinaw which had not been worn for several months. When the coat was last hung up the sleeve had been caught under the belt, and was still in this condition when Doc tried to put it on. He got his arm half way down into the sleeve and kept on poking and jabbing away in an attempt to free it, when suddenly he received several vicious stings on the hand which made him pull the coat off pronto. Upon shaking it a big, fat, healthy, slippery, turquoise-colored centipede about nine inches long fell out of the sleeve onto the floor of the stage office. Leaving Pablo, the garage hand, to kill this disturber of his peace he rushed off, cursing eloquently, to the house of Ramona Martinez, a *mestiza* woman who did Doc's laundry by day, and to whom he paid considerable attention during the evenings.

Ramona identified the sting at once, pronounced the one word "*cienpies*," and then promptly and vigorously applied a linament compounded from roots, leaves, barks and berries by the Taos Indians who live in Toro. Doc averred that this linament was strong enough to blister a burro or peel the paint off a battleship, and while it took the pelt off of him it did counteract the poisonous effects of the hungry centipede.

"Yessir," he declared, in a manner characteristic of one who knows his centipedes, "I know a cowpuncher down in Pecos who got stung on the wrist by a wallop of a centipede while he was out on a rodeo, and it damn near killed him. Arm is all drawn up and wasted away. He said he would a' died if it had not o' been for a quart of whisky which he stole from Pete Reiley, the Indian agent, and drank. But this doctoring I got at the hands of Ramona sure saved my life."

Doc shook his head after the manner of a man who has pleasant thoughts and continued: "There's a girl for you. Honest,

hard working, husky, and knows more things to do when anyone is sick or gets hurt than all the medicos in Toro County. She can chop wood, wash clothes, cook, talk Spanish and English and get more out of fifty cents than any native I ever saw. She can talk longer and louder about the price of one pound of beans or a string of chili peppers than a young drummer making his first trip can talk about himself, and if that ain't enough, I'll quit you.

"Yep, Ramona and I gets married next Sunday. Going to have the wedding at the Paris Hotel. By the way, where you going to put up in town?" I said that I was going to stop at the Paris, and that if he would let me out there, it would be fine.

"Well, now let me hand you some advice." He spoke in a fraternal tone—in a one-lunger-to-another manner. "She's the only hotel here, and a darn good one for eats, and Mamie will treat you right, but she's older than the bridge over the Rio Grande, and God knows that if that bridge stands up another year, I lose a box of cigars to Don Juan.

"That dump is just plain sour, stale and musty," punctuating his remark with nods of the head. "Cockroaches the size of chicken hawks fly in and drag the food right off the plates. These here *cienpies* hide under every carpet in the joint, crawl up and scratch around under the wallpaper, make nests in your clothes, and romp over a man after he is in bed some frequent and considerable. Don't put your clothes or shoes on the floor. Hang them from a hook in the ceiling. A *cienpies* will climb an iron bedstead just like a fireman goes up a ladder. If you want to sleep in comfort and be absolutely safe, get four sardine cans, fill 'em with coal oil and stand the four feet of your bed in 'em. Look between the blankets a whole lot before you crawl in, and always shake a towel plenty before you wipe on it. That's the way I do. That's me every time."

With these few admonitions the conversation was brought to a close, as we wormed our way into Toro up a narrow crooked street, between adobe walls freshly plastered with another layer of mud. They were broken here and there by solid high board gates which would not permit so much as a squint of what lay behind. We proceeded cautiously to avoid colliding with slow moving and, apparently, underfed goats, natives who were evidently suffering from hookworm, and Indians who acted as

though the whole right of way belonged to them.

We halted in front of the Paris Hotel. The hotel faced the plaza. It was adobe and one-story high. Its position, that of being in the middle of the block and facing the plaza, indicated that it had been one of the original buildings in Toro. Indeed it looked as old as I expected it would look after listening to Doc's description. The walls were about two feet thick, the doors all sagged, and the floors creaked. I was assigned a room off one of the numerous small patios. As Doc set my baggage down he remarked that while he had only met up with me a few hours before, that I looked perfectly human and that he felt as though he had known me for twenty years. I was, therefore, cordially invited to the wedding the following Sunday night at 8 o'clock. I accepted with alacrity. In fact, nothing could have kept me away.

That night I carefully examined my room to determine what were the possibilities for the more common varieties of insects to disturb me, and more particularly to see if there were any of those industrious myriapods lurking about against which Doc had

so loudly warned me. I found none, however, and despite the rather cold and poorly furnished room I prepared for the night without further ado, for I was tired and any bed would have looked good to me.

I had been sound asleep for three hours and was dreaming that my throat was being cut by one of the bloodthirsty looking Indians I had seen at the Junction. My dream was so real that it brought me out of my sound slumber. My throat burned and stung like four of a kind. I felt to ascertain whether there was not a slit there large enough for me to stick two or three of my fingers into, but to my pleasant surprise everything about my neck felt normal. I turned on the light, looked in the mirror and across my throat there was a series of thirty or more red and inflamed spots about the size of sweetpea seeds. And as soon as I saw them, then they did sting. The inflammation commenced to spread, but I took prompt measures to relieve the pain by applying an antiseptic liniment which I always carry.

Immediately I thought of Doc's stories regarding the large number of sturdy centipedes that paraded through the rooms of

this inn, and was convinced that I had been stung by a full grown specimen. In fact, judging from the size of the red blotches on my neck, I was convinced that he must have been the father of the whole lot. I had trespassed on his private grounds and had been given to understand, in no uncertain terms, to get out. I started an investigation and found the son-of-a-ghost under the pillow—an apparently well-fed, man-sized centipede. When I moved the pillow I disturbed him and he wriggled around in much the same manner that a rattler draws back to strike. It was a challenge.

Now you may beat and pound away at a centipede on a mattress with everything up and down from a Gideon Bible without so much as breaking a leg. The articulated shell in which he hides himself protects him perfectly. I proved this point conclusively, and finally shook him off onto the floor and went after him with a hobnailed boot. The battle was short but successful so far as I was concerned, and with a few well directed blows I reduced that centipede to a pulp.

By this time I was in no mood to sleep, so I spent the hours until dawn reading



"We wormed our way into Toro up a narrow, crooked street . . . proceeding cautiously to avoid colliding with slow moving and, apparently, underfed goats, natives who were evidently suffering from hook-worm, and Indians who acted as though the whole right of way belonged to them"

the Gideon Bible; believe me, I never knew how interesting a Bible could be.

I told Doc of my experience in the morning, just as he was nursing "Limber Liz," as he called his stage, to hit on three out of four, in preparation for his daily haul to the Junction. As soon as he heard my tale, he wheezed: "Wasn't I right? Dog on right I was right. And you didn't put any coal oil about the legs of your bed; there's the answer. Now you just come on up to the house and let Ramona fix you up some. Lemme see them stings," he said, calling to Pablo to have a look at my neck also, which for the moment made me the hero of the herd. "Them's sure bad ones," he concluded, and without listening to my protests, dragged me away to the house to have Ramona treat me with her Indian remedy.

It was savage treatment all right, so savage that if ever I get another centipede sting I'll not mention it to Doc or Ramona until the following September.

That afternoon I took the precaution to wrap oil-soaked rags around the legs of my bed and was not bothered by any more centipedes, nor were my nights disturbed by dreams of dark-skinned murderers, armed with bowie knives a foot long, slashing away at my wishbone.

I gave no more thought to insects of any kind but proceeded to enjoy the unique life of Toro; to enjoy nightly Doc's bullyragging, and his further blood curdling recitations of the doings of various and sundry *ciempies*; of observing and studying the contact he had made with the native element by virtue of his approaching marriage to one of their women; the preparations that were being made at the hotel for the wedding; the gossip and speculations of the curbstome orators as to who would be stung, Doc or Ramona, and all the local scandal and reports of happenings to be heard in the forum of the village—the hotel office. The hotel clerk in Santa Fe told me, when he learned that I was going to Toro to absorb local color, enjoy the free, large outdoors and study human na-

ture at first hand, that I would get all of that and a lot more—mostly sleep. He was completely wrong. That man has no imagination. Why, I was living twenty-four hours a day, every minute of which was worth sixty minutes of paddling up and down pavements and sucking smelter smoke into my hide. He said that in Santa Fe they buried their dead, but in Toro they allowed them to walk the streets and save the expense of a funeral.

Saturday came too soon, and with it came the final preparations for Doc's wedding. The business district of Toro was unusually active that Saturday—both stores were open and doing a rushing business with the ranchers, whose custom it has been for ages, and will continue to be for centuries, to come into town on Saturday afternoons.

About five o'clock I was romancing along the lane-street where the stores were located, when suddenly I saw Doc running, hatless and coatless, shoving his way through the crowd, pushing men, women and children—to say nothing of the underfed dogs—aside, in a hair-raising and record-smashing rush to get into one of the

stores.

Now when a man in Toro is in a rush, it is indeed news. But when a T. B. is seen rushing hatless and coatless about and picking out Saturday afternoon to do it in, there must be something of great importance behind it.

"What's the big idea, another *ciempies*?" I called as I followed him into the store; "why all this moving picture stuff?"

"Moving picture hell," barked Doc, "here it is Saturday afternoon at five o'clock and I ain't got no clothes to get married in tomorrow. Stand aside and let a man that's got money spend it."

Doc inspected the pile of ready-made clothes in stock and turned them all down flat. "No," he said to Dick Tutt, the proprietor, "them's no good. I want the best suit you got in the joint. I want a wedding suit, not a work shirt and a pair of overalls. I'm goin' to be hitched tomorrow night, and nuthin' is too good for me. A man may go through the motions a dozen times," he said, "but he gets married just onct."

Dick scratched his head, expectorated in the general direction of the stove, and half soliloquized: "Now let me see. There's that suit that Enrique Diaz ordered when he was runnin' for office in the State legislature, and never paid for 'cause he lost. I believe that suit is the eyedential thing for you Doc. You and Enrique's about the same size. I'll get it and let's try it on. Of course it's goin' to cost you a leetle bit more money than one of these here suits, but I'll make it right to you Doc."

Doc got into the suit as soon as it was brought from the warehouse, and while it fit a little quick across the neck and shoulders, it was a suit good enough for a wedding any place on earth, so Dick assured him.

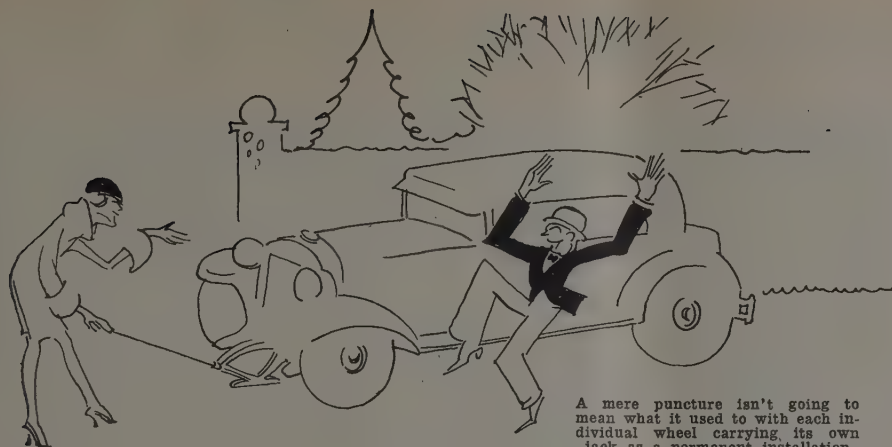
"How much is she gonna set me back?" inquired Doc after he had satisfied himself that it was big enough.

"Oh, not so very much," said Dick. "You take it along and I'll make the



"A few minutes before eight o'clock, Doc and Ramona entered the parlor from the rear patio, followed by the Presbyterian minister from Albuquerque"

(CONTINUED ON
PAGE 47)



A mere puncture isn't going to mean what it used to with each individual wheel carrying its own jack as a permanent installation

The Show Case

Presenting the new and novel in things
for the motor car—

By Gilland Mason

WE HAVE always felt that some day there would be a puncture that would bring cheers instead of curses. You can't have billions of something without eventually getting at least one case that runs contrary to all rules, and so it is not surprising that after all these years we should find that the annoyance of having tire trouble should be punctured.

The story of highway grief with the rubber full of nails and the jack back home in the garage is now a flat tire. If you are strictly up-to-date and equip your car with the latest, a mere puncture isn't going to mean what it used to. You simply attach a rod to one of the four permanent jacks carried on the car. You make a few turns of the hand crank at the end of the rod. Then you wonder why a million inventors hadn't thought of this convenience many years before.

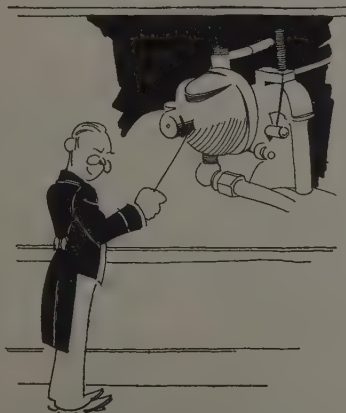
The show case has a lot of interesting things to reveal this month—whistling tire gauges, safety gasoline tank caps, new and tricky devices to take the worry out of rough roads, but these permanent jacks seem to be most impressive. Maybe it's because there are four of them, or because they suggest four important uses. It's difficult to explain their way of basking in the spotlight of our attention, but they do.

"I never have tire trouble any more," said one wiseacre who happened to come along as we were peering through the show case at these newest in jacks. "You couldn't interest me in anything like that. I wouldn't have any need for them."

We informed the gentleman that he was most unfortunate. Car owners who never jack up their wheels really do not know what's going on and stand to pick a lot of trouble unnecessarily. How, for example, can a motorist be sure a brake band isn't dragging unless he jacks up the car and spins the wheel? How can he tell if a wheel is running true unless he resorts to the time-honored method of raising a part of the car? How can he be certain that his wheels are not loose unless he is old-fashioned enough to raise them off the ground and test them for this point?

Many are using jacks to simplify the process of attaching or removing tire chains. For four-wheel brake adjustments it is essential to have the complete car off the ground. And then there is the matter of storing the second car when it is not being used.

The show case assures us that in the near future the well equipped motor car will carry permanent jacks so that it will never be necessary to fish around for the one and only jack or wait endlessly



One of the outstanding advantages of this vapor humidifier is the fact that it utilizes the car's radiator for its moisture supply

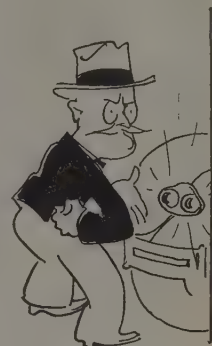
in a repair shop until one of those clumsy truck type jacks is available. Meanwhile progressives will want to equip their cars with these sets of jacks and enjoy all the conveniences which they provide. The price tag on the set in the show case says "\$25," which certainly emphasizes the fact that such convenience does not require a lot of jack. Incidentally, because these jacks fit under the springs and carry a special plate under the spring leaves, they act to stabilize spring action.

II

AND now that our attention is directed to bodily comfort, just take a look at that new type of spring control which operates on a vacuum principle. It introduces a new word in the growing lexicon of motology.

We have learned to say "snubber" as readily as we say "gas" or "skid." More recently we were educated to say "stabilizer," and to sit around the club and talk fluently about "stabilization." A year or two ago we picked up a new word in the term "levelizer," and here we are just learning to say "snubit." Roll the word around in your mouth for a minute or two and then we'll explain what it means.

A "snubit" acts like any device used to check the rebound of a wild spring, but it does the job in its own special way. It has a strap that attaches to the axle and an instrument that becomes part of the frame of the car. This instrument is a small cylinder and carries a piston, coil spring and flutter valve. Since the device operates in a horizontal position



The blinking stop-signal is one of the latest and, certainly, one of the safest of the new accessories

it is necessary to provide a pulley over which to carry the strap so that the latter can then run in a perpendicular direction to the axle where it is attached.

Here's how this simple device operates: When your car strikes a bump, and the spring compresses, the coil spring is then permitted to push the piston to the far end of the cylinder and expel air in doing so. Then, when the spring starts to rebound, pulling the strap and piston with it, a resistance is created due to the vacuum that has been created in the cylinder. The bigger the deflection of the spring of the car the greater the vacuum resistance; the smaller the deflection the gentler the rebound control. In other words, a soothing syrup for every bump.

III

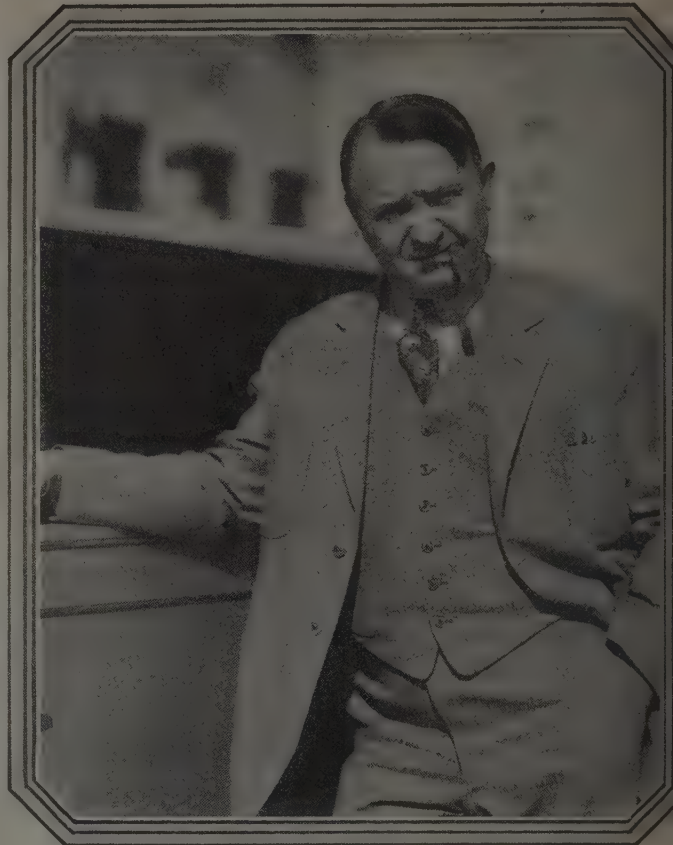
NOW about that innocent looking article over in the corner. It is known as a "blinker," so put that down in your book as another term to become chummy with. By wiring this little device into any one of the lighting circuits you can make whatever

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50)

What makes a perfect automobile? Four veteran motor



Johnny Chaldou, veteran Pickwick stage driver, has put more than 800,000 miles behind the various motors he has driven. He favors, among other things, a closed "job," rear-wheel brakes with generous braking surface—as opposed to the four-wheel variety



The Nestor of racing drivers, Barney Oldfield, has motored almost a million miles. His "perfect," automobile would not cost more than \$2,000 and would flaunt such innovations as the super-charger, more rugged transmission and greatly improved lighting equipment

PERFECTION is desirable, hence man's restless mind, ever striving for ideality, is constantly evolving standards of excellence for every form. We do no less here for we inquire: What would be the ideal automobile for the average owner-driver?

Judging by its archetype, the "gasoline buggy," the modern motor car is far removed from the first horseless carriage. The present-day automobile is a product of evolution. But nearly three decades of development have not brought this self-propelled vehicle to its ideal state. In all probability, it never will reach that point.

Since, then, it would have to be agreed that no one existing make of car would satisfy the requirements of an Utopian automobile, an imaginary one embodying the desirable virtues, mechanical and otherwise, of today's cars might be arbitrarily created.

To approach the specifications of such an automobile, designed for average use, four representative Southern California drivers were asked to give their ideas and opinions about cars that they themselves might build, "from the ground up." They were limited to dealing with current automotive practice and equipment.

The men questioned represent four im-

portant fields of motor car operation: One is a famous racing car driver and record-breaker; one is a motor stage driver with an extra-ordinary record; one is a highway engineer of pre-eminent authority, and the fourth is a prominent physician with an unusual experience in automobile driving.

The personal driving mileage of one approaches the million-mile mark. That of another, a figure well more than 800,000 miles. Each of the remaining men has a more than 200,000-mile record. Their answers are interesting. The ideas of each driver, characteristic as they are and colored, perhaps, by prejudice, are none the less significant.

Recapitulating for a moment: The cost to the owner of our hypothetical automobile, according to the four subjects of the inquiry, ranges from \$1300 to \$2500, extra equipment excluded. The average price is \$1875.

As to type of body, three would have the five-passenger sedan. One specified a five-passenger, four-door, enclosed body capable of being speedily converted to an open style body. The car would be "moderately sized," with a low center of gravity.

The engine would have six cylinders and be water cooled, each of the four agreed.

The Ideal

By Chester

Two preferred the valve-in-head type, one the L-head, and the other the sleeve-valve arrangement.

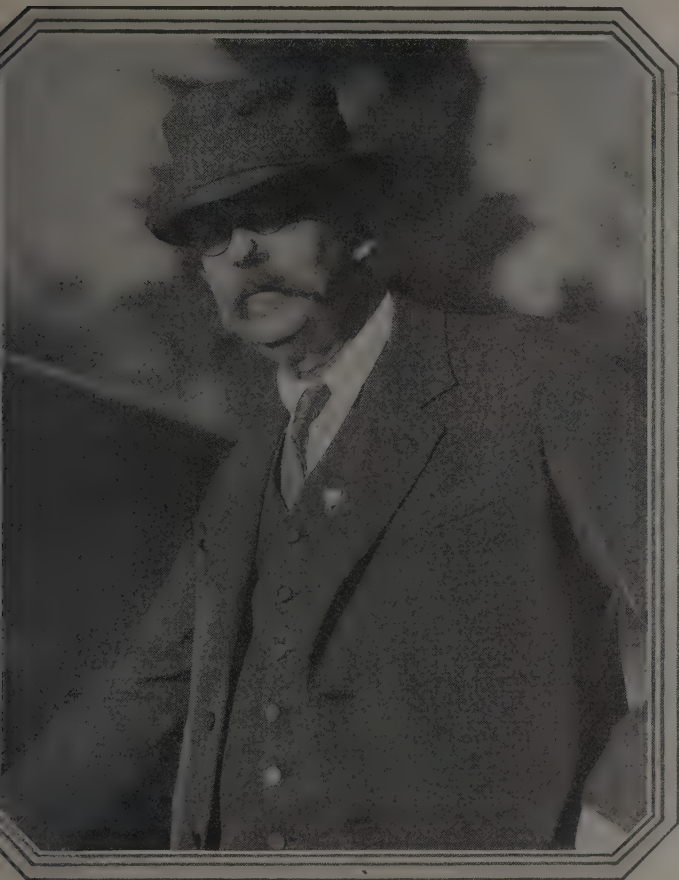
With one exception, four-wheel brakes were specified for our ideal car. The three listing four-wheel brakes particularized on the mechanically controlled brake of the internal expanding kind. One mentioned external contracting bands for the front wheels.

Two of these veteran automobilists chose wire wheels for their ideal cars; two considered the disc wheel the most desirable; small wheels were favored.

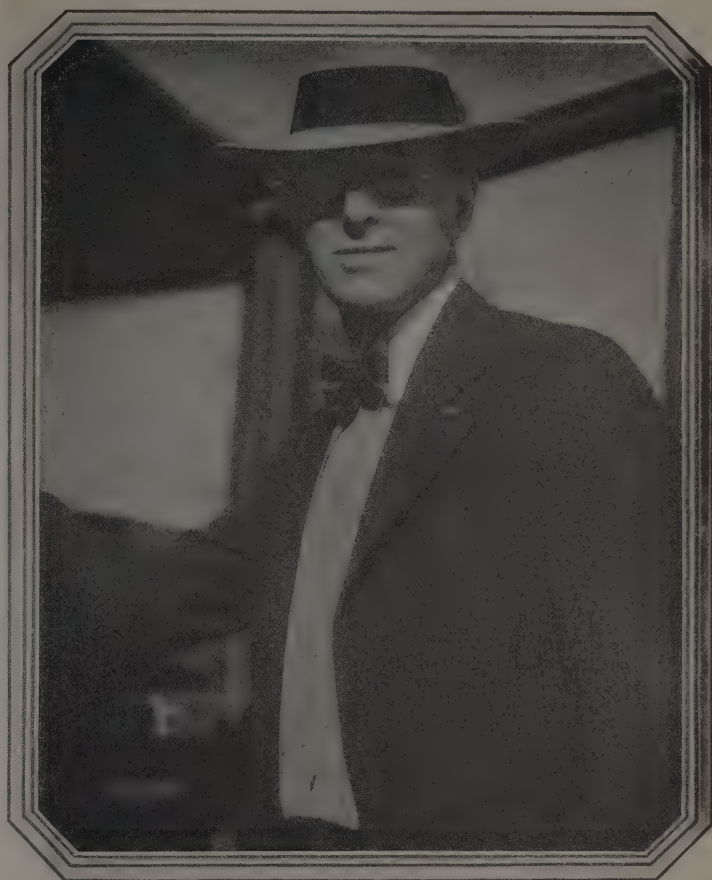
Balloon tires of generous cross-sectional dimension were the demand of all four.

In each case, long, semi-elliptic springs, underslung, were items. Hydraulic shock

ts of Southern California here write specifications for—



One of the first American highway engineers, Frank H. Jaynor's specifications are the result of thirty-two years' driving experience. The car of his choice would be small, capable of moderate speed, but be possessed of adequate power and great flexibility



The average habitual motorist's requirements are, perhaps, best reflected by the opinions of Dr. Dane L. Tasker, president of the Osteopathic Hospital. His views, like the others presented here, afford an interesting commentary on essentials for "the ideal car"

Real Car

. Hess

absorbers to control spring action were the unanimous choice of the quartette.

The perfect car would have a gearing of three speeds forward and one in reverse, standard shift.

Reliability in maintaining a sustained speed of about fifty miles an hour for eight consecutive hours of driving, was favored more than a high speed, by three of the drivers. The fourth wanted ability to perform perfectly at from sixty-five to seventy-five miles an hour for a number of hours.

All were of the opinion that a high quality alloy steel should be used wherever necessary, consistent with cost limitations. High grade roller bearings were specified under the same conditions.

Provisions were made, with one excep-

tion, for the storage of camping or touring equipment. Ample lighting for all purposes was listed. Convenience and comfort in appointments and other accessories had their places in the reckoning. The car must have sufficient power to meet any driving exigency, all maintained.

Consider first the ideal automobile of Barney Oldfield, whose name has been synonymous with automobile racing and record-breaking ever since cars were cranked on the starboard and entered aft.

Barney Oldfield, Nestor among racing drivers, has been piloting automobiles since 1902 and has driven approximately 40,000 miles annually since that time. He has made more than fifty round-trip, cross-country runs. He has driven nearly 1,000,000 miles.

Barney, nursing his inevitable cigar, declared that this automobile should cost "not more than \$2000."

"A man can get all the automobile he needs for that price," he said. The body, he said, should be of the five-passenger, four-door convertible type, capable of being readily changed from enclosed to open. An arm rest, dividing the rear seat, folding up into the seat back when not in use, was desirable and the upholstery should be

of leather.

The car would be small enough to be parked easily and driven on tortuous mountain grades, and would have plenty of head clearance. "Cars do not have to be large to be comfortable, these days," Mr. Oldfield observed.

Six cylinders in his engine. And the valves in the head. Water cooling. Barney thinks that the supercharger method of injecting the fuel mixture into the combustion chambers could be easily adapted to the car under discussion.

"This," he said, "has been done with many European cars, and I would want such an arrangement on this car about which we're talking. With a supercharger, or engine-driven blower device, the mixture can be injected under pressure, the reserve power being subject to the driver's will. If he plunges the throttle clear down suddenly, the supercharger automatically 'cuts in,' giving tremendous power to get away quickly. Gradually depressed, the throttle actuates the supercharger only after a certain speed has been attained. Rapid acceleration is vital to a car nowadays, because of traffic exigencies."

Four-wheel brakes, by all means, hydraulics favored. But brakes made better

and having a larger braking surface than any American ones made today. "Europe is far ahead of us in the matter of deceleration," he said, "but a few dollars more spent on our brakes would bring them far ahead of those of continental manufacturers."

Wire wheels for this automobile, Barney said. And six-ply balloon tires of any excellent manufacture, are without question the best road-contact medium known at present, he believes.

Springs of the semi-elliptic, underslung type, constituting at least 85 per cent of the wheelbase, were specified by this driver. As in all instances where a first-class material is essential, the highest quality alloy steel should go into the springs. Hydraulic shock absorbers would have their places on the car.

Looking to the transmission, Oldfield declared that it should be extraordinarily rugged, with second or intermediate gear especially husky. "The great American driving public," he here interposed, "is afraid to shift. But I contend that second gear should be freely used and should be built accordingly strong. I would have the high gear ratio about 3 to 1."

The ideal car should be very fleet, this modern Jehu declared. "It should be capable of doing sixty-five to seventy-five miles an hour without serious strain to car or engine. With roads becoming better, speed is the thing. Some States already have eliminated speed laws. They arrest you for reckless driving or for going too slowly."

Considering equipment, Oldfield held that the car should have "plenty of lights, well controlled." Good headlights, with an efficient dimming device, a rear light for backing, stoplight and cowl lights are necessary, he said. Instruments should include a clock, and there should be at least one electrically driven windshield swipe.

Extra wheels with tires, mounted in front fender wells, trunk and luggage rack in the rear, and camping or touring paraphernalia boxes provided for installation on running boards, but very little of such equipment "built into" the car. Non-shattering glass used throughout in windshield and windows, he favored, and bumpers, of course.

Barney Oldfield has very definite notions about motor cars. "The automobile," he declared, "has not been fundamentally changed in the last twenty years. It is still the same order of units—radiator, motor, clutch, transmission, propeller shaft, differential. True, there have been improvements and refinements in materials in all units; in appointments and in comforts but, essentially, the automobile is right where it has always been.

"If the engine, for instance," he explained, "is going to be in front of the driver, why isn't the car made front-wheel drive? Personally, I think the motor should be in the rear. I don't believe any driver will tell you that he enjoys sitting behind

that noisy, smoky, odorous piece of machinery. And if it be in the rear, let the engine and rear axle—the entire driving mechanism—be built in one unit, easily removable for repairing."

The second person interviewed toward an ideal car was Johnny Chaldy, top-notch driver of the Pickwick system. Chaldy has been driving Pickwick stages 200 miles a day, six days a week, since February, 1916. He estimated that he has traveled, during that period, perhaps more than 800,000 miles.

Johnny Chaldy heads the seniority list of the southern division of the system, as well as the master roll of all divisions. He is known and liked in every stage terminal

The Ideal Car

has been pictured here for you by a quartette of experienced motorists. What do you think constitutes the perfect driver? In a suppositious interview with a characteristic automobile, Chester Hess has discovered certain necessary qualifications. These are featured in a contribution appearing in next month's Touring Topics

The Ideal Driver

point on the Pacific Coast and at present is on the Los Angeles-San Diego round-trip daily run. Johnny knows automobiles. He knows driving conditions.

The ideal motor car for the average individual or family should not cost more than \$1700, he said. He agreed with Oldfield that it should be a five-passenger, four-door, enclosed job, except that he would have the top permanent. Its wheelbase should be "short enough for easy parking and long enough for comfort."

This much experienced stage skipper would not have four-wheel brakes. Somewhat paradoxically, he added that, next in importance to the motor, good brakes come next. "Fact is," he said with a grin, "give me good brakes and I don't care whether the old cement mixer has a motor or not."

Despite the importance he attaches to deceleration, Chaldy maintains that rear-wheel service brakes of at least twelve inches diameter and a two and half inch band, together with a hand brake operating on the drive shaft, are more satisfactory than four-wheel brakes.

Disc wheels for his car, he said, and balloon tires sized 32 by 6 for the kind of car he has in mind.

Long, semi-elliptic springs with wide, thin leaves of the best steel, forming 75 or 80 per cent of the vehicle's wheelbase, are right for this car, Chaldy declared on the point of cradling. Like Oldfield, he favors hydraulic shock absorbers.

His attitude with regard to speed reveals the public carrier travel-rate principle:

"The car," he said, "should be able to percolate right along about forty-five or fifty all day. This dizzy speed business is all wrong. And fifty isn't a breakneck speed out on the open highway. Strike a good, safe gait and hold it as far as possible, if you want to get anywhere. A race track's the place for high speed, and those birds are in the business of flirting with the coroner."

Chaldy thinks the multiple dry disc clutch is the best for his ideal automobile, and he wants a sturdy transmission. "If you'd shuffled gears as much as I have," he personalized, "you'd want plenty of transmission, and you'd want the third speed geared up pretty well, to save your motor out on the highway. And I'd put a whale

of a rear end in that car, too."

As for body and its finishing, Chaldy would have a wood-frame body, steel covered. Leather upholstery, trunk mounted rear, extra wheels in front fender wells and detachable carriers for camping goods built for the running boards.

Satisfactory headlights with manual dimming device, cowl lights, a small but powerful spotlight, rear light for backing and a stoplight integral with the tail light, would complete the illumination array for Johnny Chaldy's ideal automobile. There also would be a fire extinguisher handy and good tools for all ordinary purposes.

Next in the quartet was Frank H. Joyner, consulting engineer for the Los Angeles County Road Commission, who has known all about roads since July, 1896, when he served with the Massachusetts Highway Commission, becoming a division engineer two years later.

In 1911 he came to Southern California and was appointed chief engineer of the Los Angeles County Highway Commission. He became the county's first road commissioner in 1914 and held that office until 1919 when ill health forced him temporarily to retire. From 1921 through 1923 he was an inspector for the southern division of the State Highway Commission and took up his present duties in 1925.

Mr. Joyner has personally driven more than 100,000 miles during his unique career, and has been driven another 200,000 during that time. He, too, knows automobiles and what is desirable in them.

Frank Joyner's ideal motor car would cost its owner approximately \$1300. "I do not know that complete comfort is provided for that price now," he explained, "but it can be." The car would be the five-passenger sedan type, with a comparatively short wheelbase.

Sensitive of road space value, the highway designer opined that there were "too many big box-car limousines cluttering up the streets and highways. One man in a big barn of a car," he dilated, "takes up fifty square feet of valuable space on the street, while a person in a trolley car consumes only three square feet of room. If big cars can't be kept loaded, then they should be barred from congested districts.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)



The main street of Dutch Flat, showing the old bank of W. & P. Nicholls from which the gold of mining days was shipped

DUTCH FLAT & BRET HARTE

By Harold D. Carew

Drawings by Arthur Millier

ALL the Pacific Coast is a-buzz with anticipation over the proposal to initiate legislation at Sacramento which will remove injunctions against hydraulic mining and again throw open the treasure troves of gold in the Mother Lode and other old-time mining areas in the historic hill country of Northern California.

Financial and industrial leaders of the State are backing the movement by which these treasure chests of the Argonauts may be made to glitter again and to give forth even greater stores of wealth than they yielded in the fabulous '50s and '60s. In the halcyon days, when the mighty fortunes of these northern hills strengthened the country's financial condition and helped to finance the Union cause in the Civil War, only about 10 per cent of the pay dirt was removed, it has been estimated. Their chief treasures are still locked up, say those who are sponsoring the plan to tap the vast deposit vaults in Mariposa, Tuolumne, Calaveras and Placer Counties. And if the plan is successful, as is now sanguinely predicted, California may reawaken to the

spirit of its old adventures. Her frontiers of romance, deserted these many years, are beginning to stir with the expectation of becoming once more an Eldorado for adventurous men.

Names of mining towns in these remote sections which for fifty years have been all but forgotten may thrill the imagination of the present generation as they thrilled our grandfathers when Bret Harte was in the heyday of his fame. For where else in all America could Dutch Flat, Red Dog, Roaring Camp, Jackass Hill, Gold Run, Poker Flat, Brandy Flat and Whiskey Bar have survived to this day?

"I find men and women much the same on Fifth Avenue as in Dutch Flat," Harte wrote to William Dean Howells when the nestor of American letters was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1877. Six years had elapsed since the author of *The Luck of Roaring Camp* went to Boston and New York to find himself acclaimed the literary hero of the hour and to be lionized in the citadels of the giants. "I want to make some dramatic dialogues and monologues like my 'Jim' and 'Cecily'—minus the dia-

lect and the California flavor," he confided to Howells, "for I find men and women much the same on Fifth Avenue as in Dutch Flat."

Here was a momentous discovery. Its momentousness lay not in the fact that the California poet and story-teller had discovered that human nature is human nature the world over, nor yet in the fact that the people of Dutch Flat were being compared with the social-elect of the most famous avenue in America, but in the more significant fact that the boulevard of the country's financial aristocracy half a century ago had been measured and tested for its humanity and its goodness, its lapses and its shortcomings, by the standards which Harte had found in a little jumping-off place beyond the Rockies.

By the East's preconceived notions of the West, Harte ought to have been wearing a black suit, a flowing black tie, high black boots, and a black broad-brimmed hat of sombrero dimensions. Instead, he shattered the East's idea of what a Westerner—and particularly a Western poet and story-teller—should look like by wearing a loud

checked suit of the latest fashion, a flashy cravat with a diamond stickpin, and a boutonniere of bachelor buttons. The Westerner the East expected to see turned out to be as punctilious as the gentleman who sells tickets at a circus. But if Harte's personal appearance served to change some of the East's romantic notions of the West, Fifth Avenue revealed to the Californian a surprising similarity to his own Dutch Flat, the little mining town in the Sierra foothills of Northern California, which furnished much of the background and atmosphere for the stories that made him famous.

It was Dutch Flat's greatest day, even though the Dutch Flatlanders themselves, if they had known it, would have attached little importance to the comparison. Yet what triumph in the quest for gold could have compared with the greater glory of serving as a measuring-stick for the most meticulous avenue in America? It was no haphazard selection that Harte made when he named Dutch Flat's inhabitants to represent the West, for they embodied the spirit and romance of his tales and were counterparts of the characters that gave the East its first real glimpse of the West in fiction.

Dutch Flat today is a deserted village, with grass growing in its one lone thoroughfare that meanders off to the abandoned "diggings." The old buildings, their worn sills disjointed, are falling into decay, and some whose window-panes are broken present an appearance of having been bombarded. As I turned off the road to Truckee, the little railroad town in the Sierra Nevada range, and shot down a hill in a cloud of dust to Dutch Flat, a mile and a half away, the whirling of my engine broke the stillness of the morning scene. A baker's wagon was standing in front of the only store in town, a combination grocery and postoffice; though where such an ancient outfit could have come from, and whither it was bound in that sparsely settled region, I could not imagine. One may travel for miles without seeing an inhabited house. The nearest town is Colfax, a dozen miles distant and over a rough and rocky road that winds in and out of the hills.

It was at Auburn, thirty-one miles from Dutch Flat, that the second gold strike was made in 1849, which brought the hordes of prospecting adventurers and soldiers of fortune from the four corners of the earth. In 1851 Joseph Doranbach pushed out from Auburn ravine

in the direction of Emigrant Pass, and the place where he pitched his lean-to on the ridge which divides the waters of Bear River from those of the North Fork of the American River, was named in his honor. He was known as "Dutch Joe" to all comers; and what was more natural than that his habitation should be designated in the nomenclature of places? They called it Dutch Flat, and within four years the name was enrolled in the government records in Washington when an application was granted for the establishment of a post-office. From a trading post the settlement developed by leaps and bounds; buildings with false fronts went up as if by magic, and in 1860 Dutch Flat cast 500 votes in the November presidential election.

What the population was in that year, there is no means of determining; but fully 1500 men were probably there combing the ridges, and thousands more were scattered through the hills—at Gold Run, Rough and Ready, Clipper Gap, Diamond Springs, Dead Men's Gulch, and South Fork. Hangtown, not far away, where two thieves, a Frenchman and a Spaniard, were retired with pomp and ceremony on the end of a rope in '49, was directly in the line of travel to Coloma, where James W. Marshall made his historic discovery at Sutter's Mill. Over in Calaveras, three counties away, were Angel's Camp and Murphy's, and in Tuolumne County were Chinese Camp and Jimtown. All were to gain

lasting fame through Harte and Mark Twain.

In 1861 Dutch Flat offered a further attraction. *The Enquirer*, the only weekly newspaper for miles around, was established, and on publication day the prospectors trekked the hills to get news from the outside world and home. Everything was wide open, and bars did a flourishing business. In Dutch Flat then, as in all early California, every man took his whiskey straight, and every man was presumed to be a gentleman until he had proved himself otherwise. In the early '50s gold dust was the only circulation medium. Part of every man's equipment was a buckskin bag, and what the seller could take with his thumb and forefinger went for "two-bits." To this day twenty-five cents is "two-bits" at Dutch Flat, as it is in most California towns whose early customs have not been submerged by the recent tide of emigration from the East. At "two-bits" a copy, the editor and publisher of *The Enquirer*, which was little more than a large handbill, netted a tidy weekly sum for his labors.

The Dutch Flat which Bret Harte beheld in the '60s when he wandered up from San Francisco is much the same as it was then, except for its Chinatown, consisting of forty or fifty shanties, which were swept out of existence by fire on the night of November 5, 1873. Hardly a vestige remains of that section which made the town colorful by the diversion it offered to men whose

normal life a romantic wanderlust had uprooted. The Dutch Flat which Mark Twain saw when he crossed the Sierras from the little Nevada town of Virginia City is little changed in its outer aspects, but the wandering tribes of Chinese departed long ago with the general exodus that took place in the middle '70s. A few orientals who remained uncovered in 1877 a nugget worth \$12,000—the largest nugget ever found in that region.

In the early years of the feverish hunt, practically all prospectors were placer miners. Each man's equipment consisted of a shovel, a pick, a pan, a rocker or "cradle," and a long-handled dipper. Hydraulic mining, the washing of the dirt by means of heavy streams of water, replaced the old "cradle" method and continued until the '80s when legislation prohibiting the hunt for gold by this process sent the remaining miners on other adventures.

In a little old building
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)



Aged houses and abandoned mining machinery in the Dutch Flat ravine

TOURING TOPICS

ROTAGRAPHURE
SECTION for MAY, 1928



CARMEL BY MOONLIGHT

Reminiscent of romantic trysts or, perhaps, clandestine rendezvous of swashbuckling conquistadores, this remarkable picture of the Monterey coast, from the camera of Karl Struss, was made by moonlight, with an exposure of some ten minutes' duration.



Mountains
and
Sea
at
SANTA
BARBARA

Santa Barbara Bay



Sycamores by the Sea

California's oldest, mellowest, and most enthralling communities
PHOTOGRAPHIC studies
of the landscape about
one of California's oldest,
mellowest, and most
enthralling communities

by
J. WALTER COLLINGE



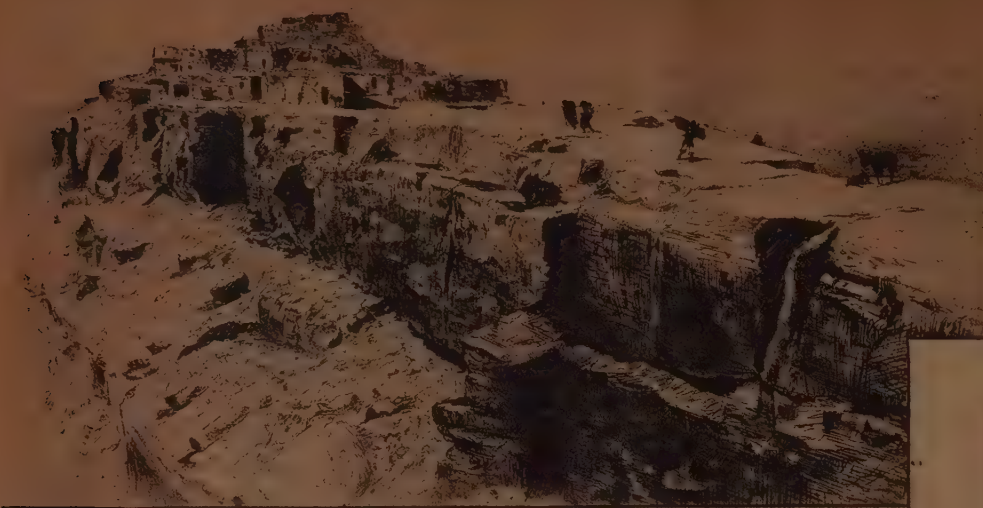
An Aeolian Harp



California Hills



INDIAN PUEBLO of SOUTHWEST Etchings by



Walpi, Arizona

THE artist who seeks to portray any subject must be in complete rapport therewith if a meritorious work is to result. This, doubtless, explains the great virtue of Edward Borein's etchings of the West. Forced to live in a city to gain his livelihood, he despises them nevertheless and loses no opportunity to express this contempt by glorifying the open range



Last House



Taos, New Mexico



AN LOS e WEST rd Borein



Laguna, New Mexico

and the life of the last remaining freemen,
the Indians. The etchings of Indian
pueblos of the Southwest shown here
possibly are less widely known than his
prints of wild horses, "buckaroos," and
the various episodes related to the cattle
business which have brought him a
deserved renown.



izona

W. S.
BUREN



Acoma, New Mexico



The Entrance to Newport Bay



Along the Ballboa Shore

Newport Harbor Yacht Club



Balboa Pier

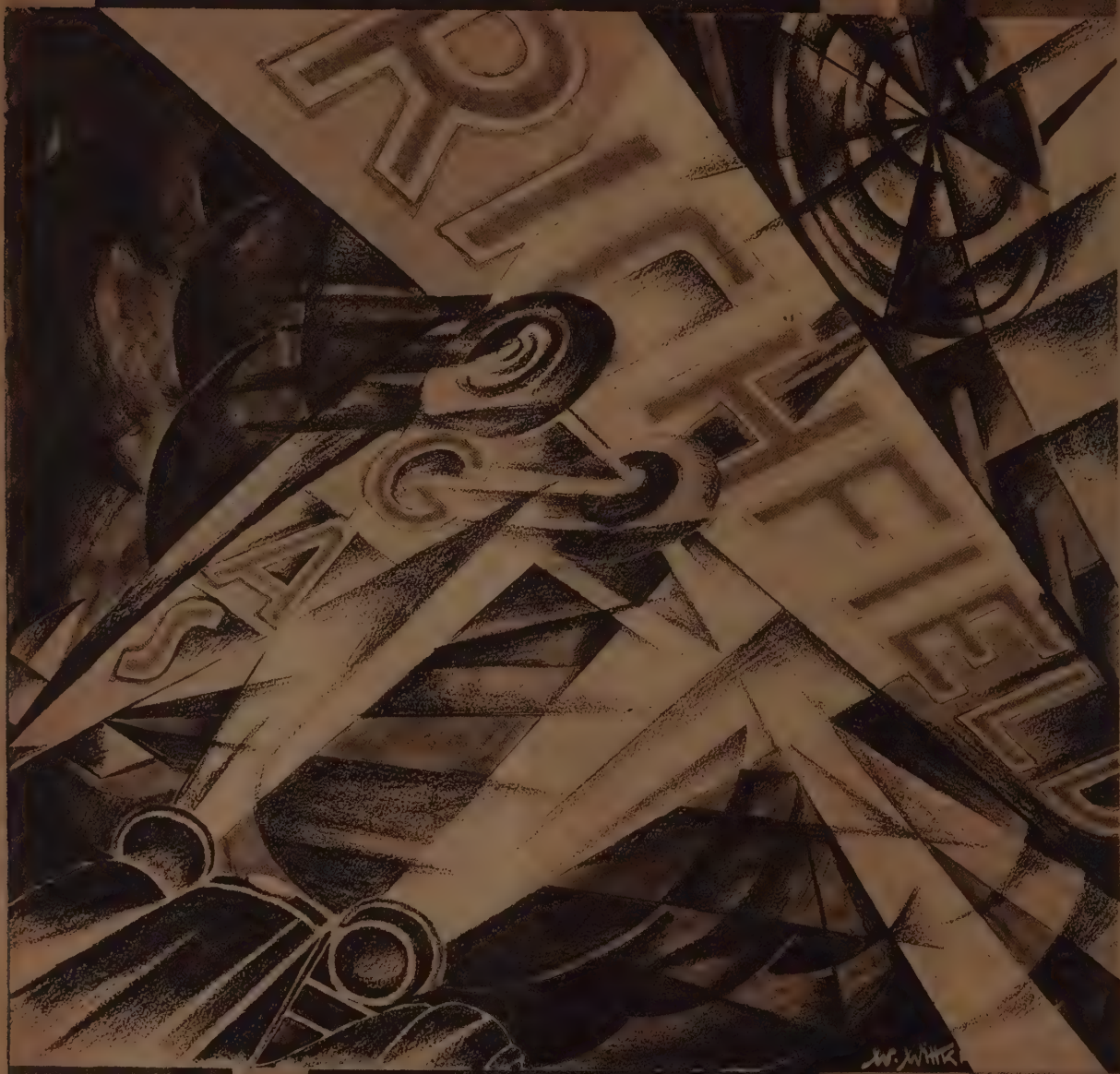
SCENES of sea and bay
in the vicinity of
Orange County's
port and watering-place

Photographs by
HOWARD
CLOYE S

On the Beach at Balboa



RICHFIELD



MILEAGE



**P
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R**

SPEED

Your Club's Activities



"Where Shall We Camp?"

66 **W**HERE can I get reliable information concerning the auto camps?" "See the Outing Bureau." These arbiters of where to camp, fish, hunt, swim, golf, yacht, or what have you, are now in a position to supply the camper-motorist with this handy information in the form of two thoroughly dependable handbooks.

It seems that we motorists must ever and anon be troubling people with more or less asinine questions, but wonder of wonders, the Outing Bureau not only answers them with surprising accuracy, but even has them answered before we can ask them.

The one handbook, "Auto Camp Guide for Transcontinental Travel," is, as one might possibly expect, an exhaustive compilation of the various auto camps encountered on a transcontinental voyage. The other, "Auto Camps, Courts, and Camp Grounds of California," not only covers California thoroughly, but guides the tourist through Oregon, Washington, and settles him safely in British Columbia, which destination is proving to be one of the most popular objectives of the Southern California motorist.

* * *

An Appreciation

THE State of Sonora, awakening to the realization of the benefits to be derived from the development of her territory through improved highways, recently called upon the Club to investigate the potentialities of the country with respect to highway

construction, touring attractions and so forth.

The Club responded with its usual alacrity, and dispatched representatives to make a thorough inspection of the country. The expedition was made at the request of Governor Fausto Topete and under his personal auspices.

Chief among the results of this inspection trip was the report made by the Engineering Department, which was sent to Governor Topete. This report, in addition to the details of the expedition, contained certain recommendations pertaining to the construction of an improved highway connecting Nogales, Arizona, and Guaymas, Sonora.

The Governor acknowledged receipt of this report and conveyed his appreciation to the Club in the following letter:

Hermosillo, March 31, 1928.

Honorable E. E. East,
Chief Engineer, Auto Club of Southern Calif.,
Figueroa Street at Adams,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Mr. East:

Your favor dated the 27th inst., including two copies related to the report issued upon the proposed road from Nogales to Hermosillo and Guaymas, is at hand and in reply wish to state that such a report is deserving of my special and particular attention.

I hereby express to you my thanks for your keen interest displayed by you and your party in performing such a task of great value to the State of Sonora; and further, wish to express to you my congratulations for your efficient work accomplished in surveying the mentioned road.

I can assure you that my government will use all the necessary efforts to build up the said projected road, as soon as possible, and realizing one of my aims and desires connected with the prosperity of my State.

It is a great pleasure to make you present my highest esteem, respect and consideration.

Very truly yours,

THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE.

(Signed) Fausto Topete.

Reward Offered for Sign Mutilators

THE Automobile Club of Southern California offers a reward of \$25 for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of any person who violates that portion of Section 602 of the Penal Code which makes it a misdemeanor to maliciously tear down, damage, mutilate or destroy a sign, signboard or notice erected by any automobile club. Such information should be supplied to the district attorney of the county in which the offense is committed and notice of such action sent to the Legal Department of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

Main and Columbia streets, El Monte, and Huntington Drive and Fremont Street, South Pasadena, and reports were subsequently submitted to the respective City Councils pertinent to a method of handling the traffic which would alleviate congestion at rush hours.

Death lost its sting when, upon the recommendation of the Engineering Department, the City of Los Angeles widened the so-called "Death Curve" on the Coast road just north of El Segundo.

* * *

Broadway-to-Broadway

FOR the purpose of stimulating interest in all-year tourist travel via what has been termed the Broadway of America route to California, and to formulate plans for the completion of the highway, a convention was held at Memphis, Tennessee, April 20-21. Memphis was chosen as the site for this meeting since it is approximately the halfway point on the route.

To further stimulate public interest in the project a motor caravan, which, it is estimated, will comprise more than a thousand automobiles when it reaches its destination, started April 11 from San Diego to attend the convention at Memphis.

The route, from San Diego, passes through Phoenix, Arizona; Dallas, Texas; Little Rock, Arkansas, and thence to Memphis. The eastern half of the route heads northeast from this point, through Charlottesville, Virginia, and on to Washington, D. C., Philadelphia and New York.

Is Your License Number Here?

FOUR Southern California motorists who secured their 1928 license plates through the Club's License Bureau failed to deposit their 1927 certificates which makes it impossible for the Motor Vehicle Department to issue 1928 certificates to accompany the 1928 plates now in their possession. As this will involve no little confusion and, possibly, some difficulties when licenses are renewed next year, holders of the following numbers are requested to call at the License Bureau at Club headquarters for the certificates.

Here are the numbers for which certificates are being held:

1-188-041	1-189-274
1-189-275	1-214-462

The motoring public is becoming more and more aware of the valuable assistance the Engineering Department is able to render. During the month of March seventy-five special investigations were made of unsatisfactory street and road conditions. These investigations were followed by recommendations for improvement to the proper city or county officials, and the desired changes ultimately were effected.

The cities of El Monte and South Pasadena, being seriously troubled with traffic congestion at certain intersections, called upon the Club for plans to eliminate the "jams." Traffic surveys were made at

As would be expected from its interest in promoting good roads and in the general welfare of California, the Club supported the movement whole-heartedly. Not only was a car being sent with the impressive motorcade under the guidance of the Club's Field Secretary, but the Highway Patrol also dispatched a patrol car to eliminate, in so far as is possible, trouble which might befall the motorists enroute to their destination.

This is but an instance which again proves that the Club is ever willing and anxious to sponsor and aid materially any worthy enterprise which proposes to benefit the motorist and to further the development of California.

* * *

"Conscious Driving"

WHAT might be termed "conscious driving" should be the aim of every motorist. To be a conscious driver one must be not only constantly aware of the condition of the road and the position of other cars in relation to his own, but he must know definitely which way to turn, when to slow down, and the speed he may travel at in any particular locality. Road signs, both direction and caution, are obviously an essential aid toward this driving consciousness.

During the month of March the Signposting Department contributed greatly toward achievement of conscious driving. The ten trucks of this department registered a collective total

of 19,307 miles in erecting 1200 permanent direction and caution signs, in placing 2611 temporary markers and in maintaining, by painting, repairing and resetting, 9000 permanent Club signs.

The work of this department is becoming increasingly important as more and more highways are being traversed by more and more automobiles. Monthly this department issues extremely impressive figures telling the story of many miles traveled and a vast deal accomplished in this particular phase of befriending the motorist. And a friend in need, indeed, is the mute, never-erring direction, caution, or information post which enables us to speed safely on our way with a comforting knowledge of

which way to turn and how far to go to reach our destination.

* * *

Policies that Pay

PROMPT and efficient adjustment of claims is the aim of the Insurance Department. Whether one suffers a scratch on the fender or the total loss of his automobile, this department has been effecting an increasing number of agreeable-to-all adjustments, we've discovered.

The staggering total of 8772 claims received during March showed an increase of nearly 16 per cent over the number placed during February, 1928. The punctual and satisfactory manner of handling claims has

gained for the Insurance Department an enviable reputation.

* * *

Teaching the Law

WHEN Chief of Police Davis decided to institute a police school for traffic officers and patrolmen of the Los Angeles Police Department, the Legal Department of the Club was called upon to instruct the officers in the gentle art of enforcing the Motor Vehicle Act, by explaining and clarifying its many precepts.

The problem of enforcing this law is obviously of vital importance, and the Club appreciates the opportunity to assist the Police Department in its efforts.

We venture to hope that in the future we will not have to waste our valuable

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)



Above—Officials of the Automobile Club of Southern California who represented this institution in the transcontinental motor caravan that journeyed from San Diego to Memphis in April in the interests of the Broadway-to-Broadway Highway. Below—The start of the journey at San Diego





A general view of the precipitous Kaweahs as seen from the south

“Close Ups” of Our High Sierra

Part II: *The 13,500-14,000-foot peaks*

By Norman Clyde

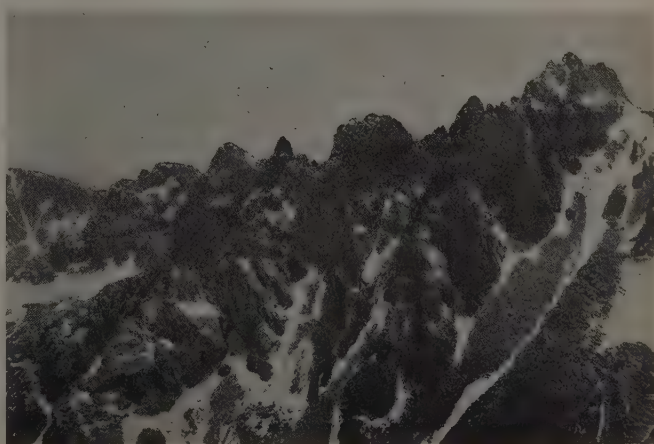
BOTH from a scenic and from a mountaineering standpoint many of the finest peaks of the Sierra Nevada range from 13,500 feet above sea-level to a trifle less than 14,000 feet. It seems to the writer that from neither of these viewpoints is the Sierra Nevada adequately appreciated, for the Sierra is not only one of the most imposing ranges in the United States en masse but also contains many individual peaks of great beauty and numbers whose ascent requires considerable mountaineering skill and daring. In both these respects there are probably more noteworthy peaks within the range of elevation spoken of above than any other of similar radius in the Sierra. Beginning with the most southerly in the range I shall briefly review some of the most outstanding of them.

As one looks westward from the vicinity

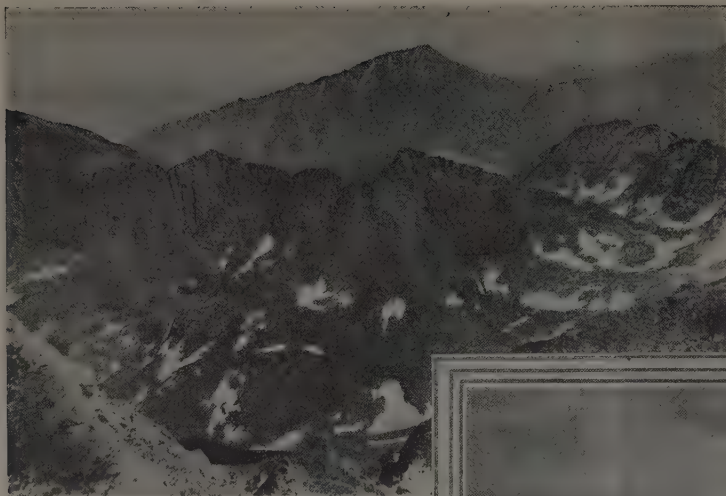
of Lone Pine he observes a jagged line of pinnacles along the crest of the Sierra, that gradually increases in height from the south to the north, to the highest which attains an elevation of 13,960 feet. This is Mt. Le Conte. If it is impressive when beheld from Owens Valley, it is much more so when seen from nearby peaks across deep cirques which greatly enhance the striking appearance of this

array of giant pinnacles that rise sheer for hundreds of feet. In the matter of ascent it ranks among the more difficult peaks of the Sierra and has been climbed but twice. Nearby to the north and northwest are Mts. Mallory, Irvine and Peak (13,800 feet) that have been scaled but few times—the last but once. The first two are especially noteworthy on account of the excellent views that they afford of the precipitous eastern front of Mt. Whitney.

From almost any of the higher elevations of the southern Sierra, one can descry the splendid group of the Kaweahs, situated westward from Mt. Whitney across the Kern basin. They attain an average elevation of about 13,700 feet and form one of the most beautiful and spectacular groups in all the Sierra. They include Mt. Kaweah, the Red, Gray and Black Kaweahs. To the north, the sheer walls of all of them rise above a great cirque; to the south and west, three of them have an easy approach up one face, with the exception of the Black Kaweah which is sheer on all sides. In their beautifully serrated lines they are among the most conspicuous mountains in the Sierra; in richness of coloring, they are the finest in the Kern region and among the finest in the range. In all, except the Black Kaweah—which in most lights is a gleaming black—the prevailing color is a rich red. Like the Palisades farther to the north, they have the distinction of being picturesque, no matter from what direction they may



Mt. Le Conte (13,960 feet) honors Joseph N. Le Conte, former professor of geology and history at the University of California

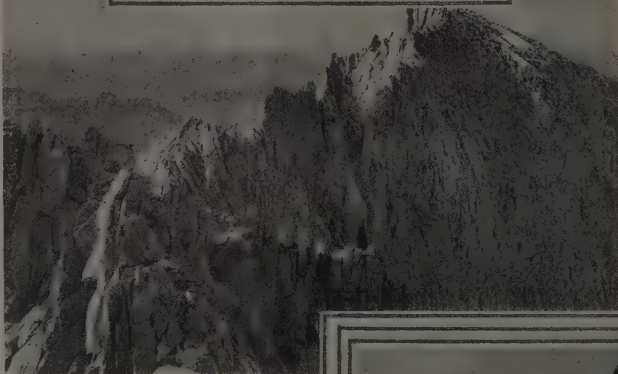


Left — Mt. Tom, an imposing peak of 13,649 feet, as it looks from an unnamed summit to the west

Below — Mt. Brewer (13,577 feet) seen from a point near Bullfrog Lake. William Henry Brewer, for whom the peak is named, was principal assistant of Whitney in the California State Geological Survey

be readily climbed from the northeast, the south and the west, and possesses one of the best views obtainable in the Sierra. From the north especially it is a remarkably beautiful peak, its broadly pyramidal lines and vertical northern face being visible far up the range, and together with the North and South Guards on either side of it, forms one of the most imposing groups in the Sierra. Along the Kings-Kern divide, slightly to the south of Mt. Brewer, are numbers of lofty peaks, the finest of which is Mt. Stanford, 13,983 feet in altitude. Its wide, massive form is seen to best advantage from the north across the great amphitheatre in that direction, but its southwestern cliffs are very impressive from the western portion of the upper Kern Basin. It has twin peaks of almost equal height, the northern one being perhaps a few feet the higher. The more southerly of these can be readily scaled from the Upper Kern, but few care to traverse the ragged knife-edge that connects it with the more northerly one. Other worth-while peaks along the Kings-Kern divide are Junction Peak (13,903 feet) and Mt. Ericson (13,625 feet). Neither has been climbed frequently and the former affords good rock-climbing up a knife-edge from the east; the latter, up its eastern face.

Along the main crest, to the east of the upper Kings amphitheatre, are two peaks over 13,500 feet in altitude: Mt. Keith (13,990 feet) and University Peak (13,588 feet). The former can easily be climbed from Junction Pass; the latter can be scaled from Bullfrog Lake, Vidette Meadow to the west, or from the Matlock Lakes and the head of a canyon to the east. The view obtained from the summit is extremely fine. University Peak is a very beautiful and imposing mountain when seen from Kearsarge Peak to the northeast and from Independence Peak to the east. From University



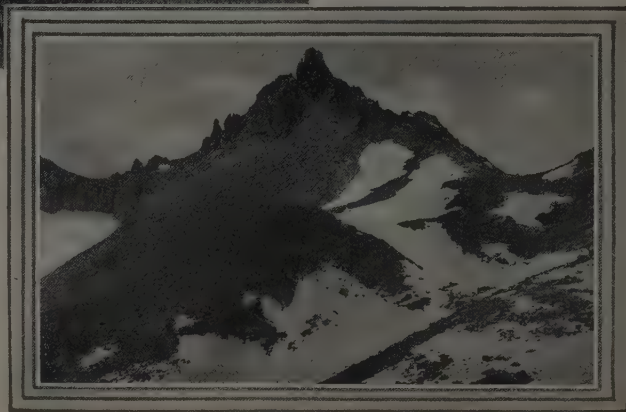
The forbidding summit of Mt. Abbott as the mountaineer on Mt. Dade sees it. The trail isn't exactly a boulevard

Peak to Split Mountain, a distance of some fifteen miles in an air-line, there occur no peaks with an altitude of 13,500 feet or over. Just to the north of the last named are several seldom-climbed ones, including Bolton

Brown Mountain, Birch Mountain, the Thumb and others. In the northern portion of the Palisade group are two unusually fine ones in Mt. Winchell and Agassiz Needle. Both are scalable from the Palisade Glacier; the former being an excellent but not dangerous rock climb; the latter, a comparatively easy one. Agassiz Needle can also be scaled up its eastern face—a somewhat hazardous feat—and up its western slope, a very easy one. Both afford superb views, especially of the Palisades; both are very picturesque, especially from points to the east and northeast across the Palisade amphitheatre.

Some fifteen miles to the northwest of the Palisades is the Evolution group, an unusually interesting one containing a dozen or more peaks surrounding a basin about six miles in length of the same name. The best of these are Mts. Goddard and Darwin. The broad, dark cone of the first, 13,841 feet in elevation, is a conspicuous landmark far to the north and south along the crest of the range. Due to its central and somewhat isolated position at the southeastern end of Evolution Basin, it possesses one of the most extensive views that can be had in the Sierra—one commanding the main axis of the range from Mt. Whitney to Mt. Lyell. The ascent is rather easy and can be made from the Evolution Basin to the north; the upper San Joaquin to the west and from the headwaters of Goddard Creek to the south. Along the crest to the northeast of the basin is the great, flat-topped Mt. Darwin. Its walls are vertical almost everywhere and can be scaled from only two directions—across a glacier on its northern flank and along a knife-edge to the summit; up a tangle of chimneys on its southwestern face and thence by the same arête to the top. The highest point of the mountain is a slender turret just to the east of the main peak. Few have ascended the latter and still

Milestone Mountain (13,643 feet) shown here as it looks from the east was originally known as Mt. Langley

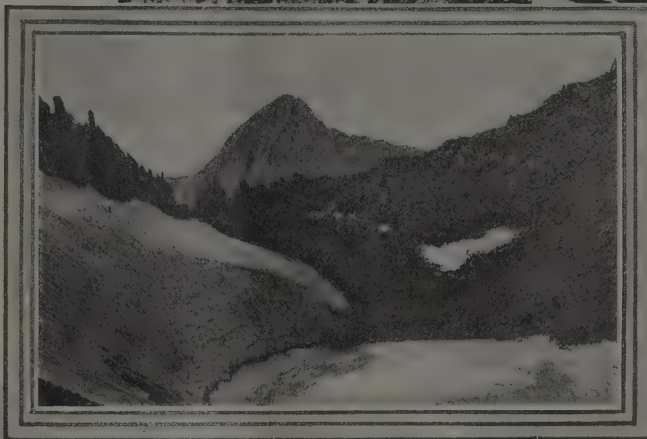


be viewed; or whether from far or near. Close at hand, they are especially striking from the Five Lakes Basin and the Chagoopa Plateau to the south, and from the elevations about the upper Kern-Kaweah to the north. From almost all points in the upper Kern region this cluster of peaks stands out superbly picturesque, while seen from the high peaks far up the range, they form one of the most beautiful landmarks in the Sierra. All of the main peaks but the Black Kaweah are easy of ascent. The last is regarded as one of the most difficult and dangerous peaks of the high Sierra, and its summit can be reached only by climbing a long chimney running up its southern face. Slightly to the west of the Kaweahs, extending north and south past them, is the Kern-Kaweah or Great Western Divide. It was once the main crest of the Sierra and is now remarkable for the extreme ruggedness and variation of the forms of the peaks of which it is composed. It is a long line of spiry, pyramidal and mesa-like peaks that are extremely impressive as they stand silhouetted against a blue sky, or as billowy clouds hover about their ragged crest. The most noteworthy of these is Milestone Mountain. It is essentially a pyramid surmounted by a slender flat-topped spire several hundred feet in height and attaining an altitude of 13,643 feet above sea-level. Apparently inaccessible on all sides, it is actually so on three of them, but the western side—despite its formidable wall-like appearance—can be scaled with comparative ease. This vulnerable face can be approached from the south, the north—with difficulty—or from the east by crossing the crest on either side of the great obelisk that forms the summit. It is regarded as one of the finest viewpoints in the Sierra. To the south, the Kaweahs; to the east, across the Kern Basin, the great peaks of the main crest of the Sierra; to

Right—Mt. Winchell (13,749 feet), named in honor of the eminent geologist Alexander Winchell, and Agassiz Needle (13,882 feet), named for Louis Agassiz, Harvard naturalist



Below — Mt. Dade, seen across a glacial lake from the east



the north and northeast, those of the Kings-Kern divide form a panorama of most rugged sublimity. Northward a short distance from Milestone Mountain is Table Mountain, 13,646 feet in elevation. It is a great, flat-topped mountain whose sides in most places seem almost vertical. Although comparatively easy of ascent from the

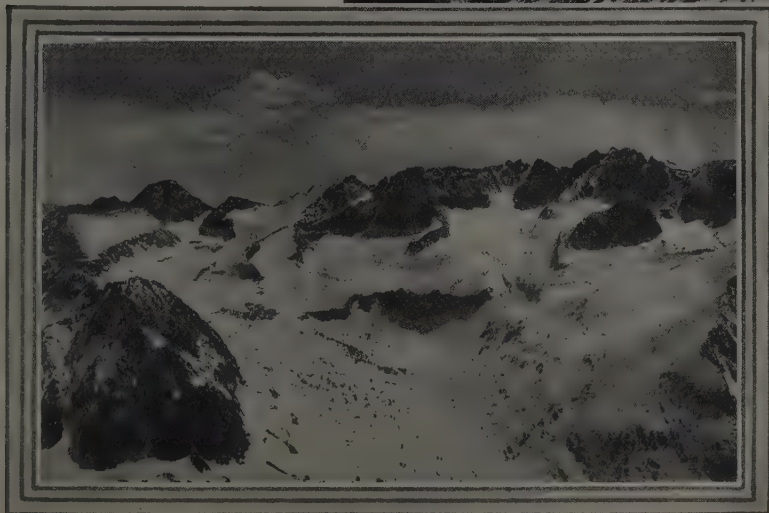
south along narrow shelves and up a rocky chimney, it has been climbed but few times. It can also be surmounted by forcing one's way up a precipitous chimney on its northern face and over several hundred feet of broken, steeply sloping wall above it, but this route is likely to entail a good deal of snow and perhaps some ice-climbing. The summit slants down gently to the south and it is both novel and interesting to walk across it, or around its border that

drops away in most places in sheer precipices. In striking contrast to the mesa-like form of Table Mountain is the slender pyramid of Thunder Mountain (13,578 feet) only a short distance to the north of it—one of the finest examples in the Sierra of what one might call the Gothic type. Its summit tapers to three slender spires, one of which is somewhat higher than the others and only a few feet in diameter at its highest point. It commands an excellent view and has probably been scaled but twice.

Northward a few miles from Thunder Mountain is Mt. Brewster, 13,555 feet in height. It can

Above — Mts. Irvine (left) and Mallory (right) as they appear from the Whitney Trail. These peaks recently were named by the Sierra Club as a memorial to the gallant Britons who lost their lives in the last attempt to reach the summit of Mt. Everest

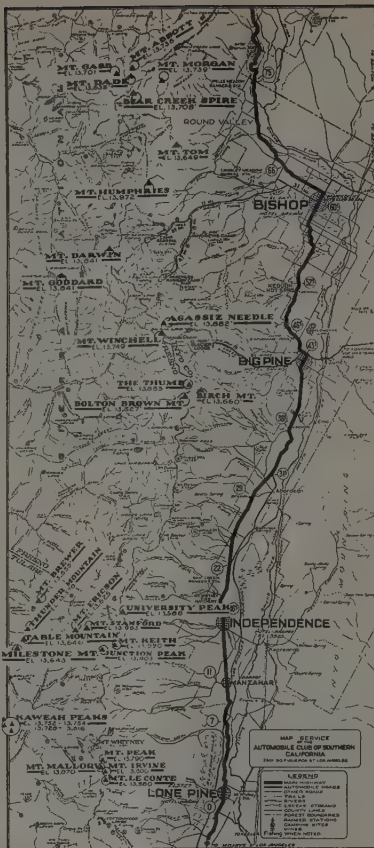
Left — Mt. Stanford (left) and Junction Peak (right) with Center Basin in the foreground



fewer the former. Mt. Darwin is considered to be one of the difficult mountains of the Sierra, and one possessing a very fine view.

As one looks northwestward from the summit of Mt. Darwin, he descries, within a distance of ten miles, a rather solitary peak rising from the verge of a wide, timberless basin mostly above an elevation of 11,000 feet. It is Mt. Humphreys. The mountain possesses an unusually stern and almost forbidding aspect. It is generally rated as one of the most difficult of the higher peaks of the Sierra Nevada, and although comparatively accessible, only about twenty-five humans have stood on its summit. The climber who scales its seemingly impossible western face—the only route to the top—is rewarded with one of the most magnificent views in the Sierra. Northward a few miles from Mt. Humphreys is Mt. Tom, a beautiful, symmetrical mountain when viewed from any direction, whether from the summit of Mt. Humphreys, the South Fork of Bishop Creek, Owens Valley or from the summit of Bear Creek Spire and other peaks to the northwest. Its richness of coloring, chiefly soft reds and browns, is very pleasing to the eye. The ascent presents no mountaineering difficulties but is rather long, as the usual starting points are at comparatively low elevations.

To the northwest from Mt. Tom, across a profound gorge looms a sharp, pyramidal mountain 13,708 feet in elevation. This is Bear Creek Spire, perhaps the finest of a number of peaks that encircle a treeless,



Above — This map shows the location of the various peaks of the Sierra from 13,500 to 14,000 feet elevation described by the author



Left — Bear Creek Spire (13,705 feet) named by Joseph Le Conte in 1908



Right — The Black Kaweah (13,762 feet) is classed as one of the most difficult climbs in the Sierra

granite basin containing Lake Italy. This basin is locked away in the Sierra in such a fashion that few have ever seen it. Lake Italy is a rather beautiful lake with rugged granite peaks springing up in every direction. Except for a few stunted albacaulis pines clinging to slopes with unusually favorable exposures, the valley is entirely devoid of trees. Bear Creek Spire rises at the northeastern corner of the basin. Perhaps the most striking views of it are from the east across deep gorges; from the north, up Little Lakes Basin; from the southwest across Italy Basin. It is an unusually impressive mountain of the Matterhorn type. On all sides, except the west, it drops away in almost vertical walls hundreds of feet in height. The summit itself is a single monolith only a few feet in diameter from which these jagged arêtes radiate in true Matterhorn fashion. It has been scaled twice up its western face. On that side it slopes up gradually until within about a hundred and fifty feet of the summit, where a rock wall of considerable difficulty must be negotiated. The last rock, projecting above a narrow knife-edge with a drop of 500 feet in one direction and 150 feet in the other, being of rather smooth granite and reaching a height that one can scarcely reach over and with no holds on its flanks except one or two shallow cup-like depressions, requires steady nerves. The view obtained from this circumscribed perch is superb. To the east, across deep gorges, is Mt. Tom; to the south, beyond others, is the lofty and commanding form of Mt. Humphreys; to the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47)

Bibliotheca Californiana

A review of literature---new and old---about the Southwest

"Juan Largo" Warner

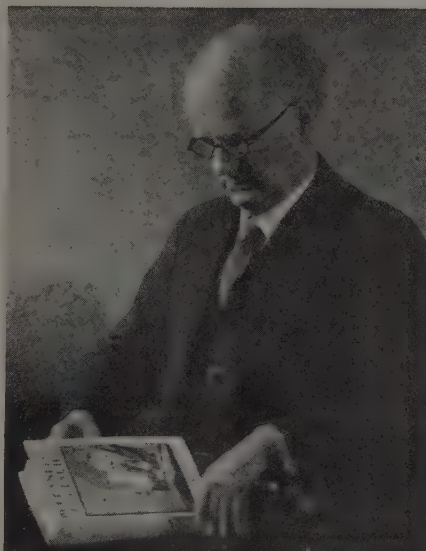
WHEN he reached California in November, 1831, he still made himself known by the characteristically "down East" name of Jonathan Trumbull Warner, which he had brought with him from Lyme, Connecticut. The Spanish Californians, among whom he elected to work out his destiny, found this appellation impossible of translation into—and without a suitable equivalent in—the native tongue. Perforce, he formally became Juan Jose Warner, and a Mexican citizen not long thereafter. During the long years of this region's formative period, however, he was best known, perhaps, as "Juan Largo" (Long John).

And now his life—as much of it as a diligent search of the records and the fading recollections of human memories, too feeble at best, will disclose, has been told in a handsome volume entitled *The History of Warner's Ranch and Its Environs*, by Joseph J. Hill of the Department of History, University of California. The book is privately printed by that exemplary craftsman, A. B. McAllister, for John Treanor, who produced it as a memorial to his friend and associate, William Griffith Henshaw.

The opus, in truth, is less of a story of Juan Largo than of the development of Warner's Rancho, the immense principality he founded in eastern San Diego County—its feet in the cloying sands of the Colorado Desert, its head in the heavens of the San Jacinto Mountains. Here the canny Yankee, so Mr. Hill informs us, succeeded in securing from various governors grants of land that totaled upward of 40,000 acres. When California came into the Union, Warner's title to but 26,688 acres was sustained. Here cattle and horses and Indians thrived—the latter none too pacifically.

The rancho in *El Valle de San Jose*, as the region was called, soon became an important point on the chief overland route to California. Through it came the Army of the West to place under subjugation the rebellious Mexican province; thousands on thousands of weary gold-seekers; engineers seeking a way for the Pacific Railroad, and the Butterfield Stages. It was to that portion of California lying below the thirty-sixth parallel what Sutter's Fort was to that section lying above—a sanctuary in a not altogether friendly country.

Creditable and valuable as



George Wycherley Kirkman, a frequent contributor to *Touring Topics*, whose book "Buccaneers of the Pacific," recently published, has gained a widespread audience

Mr. Hill's book is, I can hardly refrain from wishing that he might have told more of the man, if not less of the land. What manner of man was this who came into maturity with a physical disability, trapped with those veteran frontiersmen, Jedediah Smith, David Jackson, William Sublette and Ewing Young? who clerked for those pioneer merchants of *El Pueblo de Los Angeles*, Abel Stearns and John Temple, and became a business partner of Henry Melius? who talked crafty Mexican *gobernadores* out of 40,000 acres of land? The book gives us only fragmentary glimpses.

The material is scarce, I know. Perhaps, after all, this is a poet's task and not an historian's.

The shortcomings of Mr. Hill's book, what few they may be, are amply compensated for by the excellent chapter on the secularization of the California missions. For the first time I find here a comprehensive explanation of this significant period in California's annals. The next time you hear a friend sentimentalizing on "the crime" of secularization, commend to him this sane and simple appraisal.

* * *

"Black Angels" Unabridged

THE story of Warner's Ranch reminds me that a new edition of Horace Bell's *Reminiscences of a Ranger* has recently been published. The volume is from the house of Wallace Heberd at Santa Barbara. It may be remembered that this noteworthy collection of memoirs of life in Los Angeles three-quarters of a century ago appeared in an abstracted form in *TOURING TOPICS* for September, 1927, under the title *Black Angels*. The present edition is a re-print of the first—the binding being a facsimile. The contents, however, are amplified by a group of illustrations, a foreword by Arthur Ellis, and, more important than either of these, a worth-while index.

In his comment on men and events, Major Bell at times is quite as humorous as Twain. He describes, for instance, a suit instituted in December, 1852, by "Juan Largo" Warner for the recovery of a horse. The animal was valued at \$12.50. Warner spent \$3,000 in litigation to repossess it. Told in Bell's style, it is as amusing as *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras* and reveals more about Warner, the man, than Mr. Hill's whole book.

Exaggerated as the yarn undoubtedly is, it is a valuable index to Warner, the inflexible, individualistic Yankee. The Bell reprint is by far the most outstanding item of Californiana for 1927.

* * *

A Guide to Piracy

THERE are those who labor, generally unconsciously, under the delusion that they possess some of the genius of Napoleon, transmitted in some occult and inexplicable fashion; there are others whose lives are unwittingly shaped after the pattern of Lincoln or Cromwell or Voltaire; still others who preen themselves as avatars of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)



The statue erected to the honor of Jose Maria Yanez in a plaza at Guaymas. Yanez was the captor of the notorious Count Gaston de Baousset-Boulbon, California filibusterer. An amusing biography of the latter has recently appeared

Dutch Flat and Bret Harte

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

still standing on Dutch Flat's lone village street are the scales on which dust was weighed before being sent to San Francisco by Wells-Fargo messengers. It rests on a long circling counter with a cage at the far end, and standing against the wall within the enclosure is a massive safe bearing an inscription in dust-covered gold letters, "P. & W. Nicholls, Bankers." This and the other vacant buildings on either side of the hilly street bear silent testimony to the departed glory of the forgotten town which basks lazily in the sun, with none to disturb the dreams of the few old-timers who remain. Through this bank, dust and nuggets totaling hundreds of thousands of dollars once passed; but how much will never be known, for Philip and William Nicholls have long been dead, and William's son, who went to Dutch Flat when a young man in 1865 and has never lived away from the place except for brief intervals, says he would not venture to guess. In twelve years, from 1865 to 1877, hydraulic mining there yielded \$1,650,000, and Gold Run, nearby, the bonanza "diggings" of the early days, gave up \$4,500,000 during the same period. In all the years Nicholls Brothers conducted their bank, it was their proud boast that not a dollar's worth of the gold they sent to San Francisco was ever stolen by highwaymen who infested the hills. The reason for the boast was that early California justice, ready to blaze through the muzzle of a pistol, was perched on the box with the driver on shipment days. Dutch Flat's wildest nights, when strangers dropped in to mingle at the bars and in the gaming houses with the town's gambling adventurers, were never as bad as modern writers of Western fiction would have us believe. Taking them in the aggregate, they were an honorable lot, these miners who toiled from sun-up to dusk and came into town to spend their earnings lavishly when the day's work was done.

"I find men and women much the same on Fifth Avenue as in Dutch Flat." Much the same, except perhaps in the matter of their respective social registers. Fifth Avenue had arrived, so to speak; Dutch Flat was a frontier of dreams. Not dreams that had materialized, but dreams that were in the making. But all that has changed. She no longer awaits the clattering of hoofs and the rumbling of stagecoach wheels as she sits somnolently of a morning in reveries of the past. Only occasionally does an automobile appear at the top of the hill and descend the old, uneven, tree-lined road that stands sentry over the abandoned diggings.

Across the way from the old bank building is a weather-beaten structure with a columned balcony. It was once a general store whose three double doors of iron tell a story of the care with which the

owner protected his merchandise from the "pirate of the placers," the notorious Tom Bell gang, and other outlaws. Seventy-one years ago this summer Dutch Flat forgot its occupation for a week and formed a sheriff's posse to rout the desperadoes led by the intrepid Bell. Three years later the "pirate," whose name was Richard Baxter, and who was also known as "Rattlesnake Dick," came to an ignominious end with a bullet through his neck. "Rattlesnake Dick" dies but never surrenders, as all good Britons do," were his last words after tumbling from his horse as the speeding pellet of lead hit the fleeing rider. The son of an English colonel, he had been lured to the fabled land of riches. Immigrating from Canada in 1850, he fell in with thieves in San Francisco and started upon a career of crime that for nine years terrorized the mining camps in the north country. In his pockets after his death were found letters from his mother and his sister, telling him that they were praying "that God will keep you from harm." But divine Providence was helpless to intervene when the miners of Dutch Flat put on their spurs and swung into their saddles. The poet knew the fearlessness and courage of the men he immortalized in song and story.

Bret Harte came to California in 1853 and for a time was an express messenger. Then he learned the printer's trade, and in the San Francisco city directory for 1860 he was listed as a compositor. He had written odd pieces as early as 1856, and was soon to hold an editorial position, but he was always

desperately poor. In 1866 he became the editor of the *Overland Monthly*, and soon a professorship in English at the University of California brought him added distinction but no income; and with a wife and family to support he turned to fiction as an avenue of possible escape from bill-collectors. A political appointment as secretary in the United States mint in the Bay City helped to round out an all too meagre income.

Many of Harte's tales are sheer imaginative inventions so far as place-names are concerned, while others are embroidered around events which occurred in localities which he never visited. It has been said that he never saw Poker Flat, the scene of one of his most memorable stories, and there appears to be some ground for the statement. The law of probability bears out the belief of many people that he never visited Jimtown (Jamestown it is now called), Angel's Camp and Murphy's. *Plain Language from Truthful James* ("The Heathen Chinese," as it is more familiarly known) bears the sub-title, "Table Mountain, 1870," in his published works. The poem was not written at Table Mountain but in the office of the *Overland Monthly* in San Francisco; and, according to the testimony of more than one of Harte's editorial associates, several persons, including the compositor who put it in type, had a hand in its authorship.

The picturesque names of places selected by the early pioneers and miners appealed to Harte because they had within them the spirit of adventure. It is likely that he ob-

tained most of his "local color" in Placer County in the vicinity of Dutch Flat, which is 67 miles from Sacramento and 155 miles from San Francisco. It is probable that he did not visit Dutch Flat before 1862, the year the building of the old Central Pacific Railroad was begun, and he may not have gone there until after *The Luck of Roaring Camp* appeared in the *Overland* in 1868. In the first flush of his success as a writer he probably felt that he needed to rub shoulders in the mining camps with men who were counterparts of the characters in his stories. Dutch Flat supplied them, and Dutch Flat at that time was a familiar place-name to all Northern California. Leland Stanford and Mark Hopkins, Sacramento hardware merchants, had joined partnership with Collis P. Huntington, a wholesale grocer of the same city, to build a transcontinental railroad. They had had difficulty in selling the idea to the public, and their scheme had been dubbed "the Dutch Flat swindle" by the doubting Thomases of the West who regarded the attempt to scale the Sierras as the dream of madmen. Thus the name of the little mining town in Placer was familiar to Harte.

California's place-names served Harte's purpose because they bodied forth the romance of his stories. He was not particular, however, in matters of geography. The fact that places which were near together in his tales were miles apart on the map of California made no difference to him. If he wanted a name he used it to suit his purpose. "The Luck" would have been lost forever in Greenwich Village or Harlem, but in Roaring Camp she found her rescuer, and the romance of the setting and the story caught the world's fancy.

It is a magnificent feat to swim the English Channel, but where is the romance in being followed by a dozen tug-boats and barges filled with officials and newspapermen eagerly watching the swimmer every stroke of the way? It is not to be compared with the daring Romeo in miner's jeans.

... who breasted high water
And swam the North Fork and
all that,

Just to dance with old Follinsbee's daughter,

The Lily of Poverty Flat.

Old Follinsbee cashed in on his adventure when he struck pay dirt but lost the romance of living when he took his family to New York to splurge on his new-found wealth.

"What do you think of New York?" the gay Lothario asked the Lily in one of his letters. And the daughter of the man who sold bacon and flour at Poverty Flat before he struck riches answered that the city beside the Hudson, even with all its fashion and wealth and comfort, offered nothing to compare with her memory

Of Harrison's barn and the muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their
bright lustre



These old cabins at Dutch Flat were moved up Beale's Canyon, where they now stand, as mining operations changed. The whole town now is above the site of the earliest cabins

And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer vis-a-vis;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man who shot Sandy McGee.

If the man who shot Sandy McGee was a welcome guest at a dance on the Fork, we may be cer-

tain that Sandy himself was to blame for the trouble. Men were not shot in early California days for behaving themselves. The man who pulled the trigger on Sandy was a hero; he was of the stuff of which Harte's heroes were fashioned. Fame did not wreath his name in garlands; but Fame is a fickle thing. Was it not honor enough to have danced with the Lily of Poverty Flat?

San Francisco still "sits by the Western Gate," but is transformed into a modern city since the days Harte and Mark Twain foregathered at the Bank Exchange Saloon and the What Cheer House. The Barbary Coast, too, is no more, though its rows of deserted saloons, gambling houses and dance halls remain. Only along the Embarcadero, the wharves and the docks, may one glimpse something

suggestive of the past in the full-rigged ships, odd-looking crafts from Mediterranean ports, bulging Chinese junks and tramp steamers that ply the seven seas. It is not to this modern city on its seven-times-seven hills that one must go to see something of the California that was, but to Dutch Flat and the other mining towns in the foothills of the Sierra which inspired Bret Harte to write his best stories.

Sonora Calls the Motorist

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

undefiled and uncontaminated by alien forces. From this strata will come its enduring poetry and its literature and its art as already has come its music, that art form by which the native most readily finds expression. During the 600 miles and ten days we traveled on the west coast we were never, it seemed, out of hearing of *Rancho Grande*, *Los Coyotes* or *Madre*, the currently popular songs of Mexico, each a poem of life in the outlands.

Imuris is the first of five *pueblos* clustered closely together. Five miles farther comes Terrenate, at 49.3 miles from Nogales; San Ignacio at 51.8 miles; Magdalena at 57.5 miles, and Santa Ana at 70 miles. Each, with the exception of Santa Ana, has its mission, founded by Father Kino or his associates long before the California missions were built.

Magdalena is a true pueblo, much larger than the others named. It was an important commercial center and the market for upper Sonora when Sonora's boundaries included a large share of Arizona, and Tucson was an Indian village. J. B. Bartlett, United States boundary commissioner, visited Magdalena in 1854 and describes it in his *Personal Narrative*. The pueblo is situated on the Rio Magdalena, one of the larger water courses of Sonora.

Indicative of the progressive spirit now working in Mexico is the establishment of an airplane landing field three miles south of Santa Ana. The field is the terminus of an air mail route from Mexicali, Lower California, designed to improve contacts between this isolated territory and Mexico proper. Proceeding farther southward over broad mesas and a much better road, Llano appears at 84.3 miles; Noria at 94.4 miles; Puerto at 101.7 miles; Querobabi at 109.5 miles; Camou at 115.5 miles; Poza at 124.3 miles; Carbo at 137 miles; Noria del Verde at 153 miles; Pesquiera at 158.7 miles; Zamora at 167 miles and Hermosillo at 182.5 miles. From Pesquiera into Hermosillo an improved road now exists.

Capital and metropolis of the State, Hermosillo will prove one of the chief points of interest for the motorist of the future who ventures into Sonora. Situated on the north bank of the Rio de Sonora, it lies at the mouth of Horcasitas Valley, a highly productive agricultural region, the oranges of which are favorably known throughout Mexico for their sweetness and delicious flavor. Imposing mountains rise in several directions, and at the back

of the town, several hundred feet in height, stands the *Cerro de la Campana* (Rock of the Bell), a peculiar formation that gives forth a peal whenever and wherever it is struck.

The streets of Hermosillo are narrow, as all Mexican pueblo streets are, but many are paved with concrete. From the *Cerro de la Campana* one gains an interesting panoramic view of the city. Flat roofs of a rather monotonous similarity fade off to meet the horizon. Blocked out with an almost mathematical precision will be seen the wells that constitute the patios so typical of the country. From these spring the graceful Sonora palms, and one gains a faint impression of the charming gardens that exist within these cloistered walls and with which, if he be wise, the sojourner will become better acquainted.

The sky-line, too, is broken by the spires of the huge cathedral; the *Palazzo Federal*, or government building, and the State Capitol. Gay colors and exquisitely designed iron grilles and balconies grace the otherwise sombre buildings where they front the street.

There is a bustle of industry about Hermosillo that distinguishes it. Automobiles scurry about, dodging *caballeros* whose horses' hooves, clacking on the paved streets, emit an overtone both strident and anachronistic. And, to be sure, there

is the ubiquitous *carruaje*—the four-wheeled carriage of half a hundred different designs that is the principal means of transport in a city devoid both of trolleys and taxicabs. From early morning until late at night they clatter about, their warning bells ringing to signify their approach.

Along the sidewalk are passing *senoras*, huge loads of laundry or what-not skillfully balanced upon their heads. The sweetmeat vendor is another frequently noted pedestrian. He moves from place to place where trade appears promising, his tray of cakes and sweets atop his hat.

From another direction, as one stands at the entrance to his hotel, may come a group of burros, aimlessly wandering down the street, heavily laden with wood. Hermosillo has a fine sewer system and electric lighting, but wood continues to be the chief fuel for heating and cooking.

From Hermosillo to Guaymas, the motorist has a choice of two routes, that via Ortiz being 96.8 miles; the other, via La Poza, being 86 miles. The former routing follows the railroad and probably is the line on which improvement will take place.

Four miles south of Hermosillo, at the pueblo of Seris, the roads fork, that via Ortiz passing to the southeast; that via La Poza turning southwest. Seris has a singular

interest for the traveler. It derives its name from the fact that it is inhabited by the Seris Indians, native to this spot and Tiburon Island in the Gulf of California. When Hermosillo, known as the presidio of Pitic, was founded in 1741 at its present location, the Seris were seriously annoyed, for their territory was thus invaded and they took every possible occasion to avenge the usurpation.

Many fabulous tales have been related about the Seris. The legend prevailed for many years that they were cannibalistic and it wasn't until scientific investigators visited Tiburon Island and discovered that they ate no flesh, subsisting entirely on fish, that the facts were established. The Seris, like the Apaches, were reputed to be dead-shots with bow and arrow. They poisoned these arrows, tradition has it, by placing the liver of a steer in a pit of rattlesnakes. The reptiles then were provoked into striking at the liver until it had become infiltrated with venom, whereupon the arrowheads were drawn through it and coated with the toxin.

Whichever road one takes from Hermosillo to Guaymas he will be rewarded by most uncommon sights. Through the country south of La Poza he may see a herd of from five to twenty antelope or a similar band of the famous mule-deer. The mesquite forests in this region afford both species a favorable habitat, and, as a result, they have multiplied prolifically and now exist in quantities. It is difficult for American sportsmen, forced to extremities to bag a deer, to realize the abundance of game that exists in Sonora. On the Ortiz road, on the other hand, the spectacle is floral rather than faunal. Here are to be seen majestic specimens of the native cactus, *Cereus giganteus*, known locally as "pitahaya." This species consists of a plant attaining a height of thirty or more feet, branching from a common trunk near the ground and sending its fluted and barbed columns upward with grace and symmetry.

At Guaymas the road projected by the State of Sonora ends, though it is highly probable that the State of Sinaloa or the national government, or both, will continue it to its logical objective. But Guaymas is a fitting terminus to the thoroughfare now planned. The blue waters of the gulf, the incomparable bay—said by navigators to be one of the finest on the entire Pacific—tropical palms, game fish that put up a real battle; here is everything that the rest of Sonora has,

Forthcoming

A Calendar of Future Events

MAY 1—Meeting of Nature Club of Southern California, Los Angeles Public Library, 7:45 p. m.

MAY 1—Opening of trout and bass season in all but Inyo and Mono counties.

MAY 5-6—Baker Ranch Rodeo, Baker Ranch, Saugus.

MAY 5-6—Ramona Pageant, Ramona Bowl, Hemet, California.

MAY 6—Second Annual Motion Picture Golf Tournament, Riviera golf course.

MAY 6—Class races for R-boats, 6-meter boats, and star boats, California Yacht Club, San Pedro.

MAY 13—Illustrated public lecture, "Flying Weather in California," Dr. Ford Carpenter, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce meteorologist, Los Angeles County Museum, 3 p. m.

MAY 15—Meeting of Nature Club of Southern California, Los An-

geles Public Library, 7:45 p. m.

MAY 20—San Diego Industrial Pageant, under auspices of San Diego Chamber of Commerce, San Diego, California.

MAY 24—Astronomy lecture, Los Angeles Public Library, 8 p. m.

MAY 30—Opening of trout and bass season in Inyo and Mono counties.

MAY 30—Indianapolis Annual Speedway Automobile Races, Indianapolis, Indiana.

JULY 4—Southern California Rowing Regatta, under auspices San Diego Rowing Club, San Diego, California.

JULY 27-AUGUST 13—Pacific Southwest Exposition, Long Beach, California.

JULY 27—Speedboat Regatta, under auspices Southern California Yachting Association, Long Beach, California.

plus the entrancing allurements that a seaport always seems to have over any other locality.

Guaymas is old—very old; how old it really is doesn't matter for the purposes of this discussion. It takes its name from the Guaymas Indians who once possessed it. It, too, was an outpost in the Christian mission chain long before California was settled. Mission San José de Guaymas, halfway around the bay between the present town and the railroad center of Empalme, testifies in mellow and decayed antiquity to the valiant labors of holy men.

In the years that have passed, Guaymas was the seaport for Sonora. Huge boats steamed and sailed mile upon mile up the gulf to unload their cargoes of manufactured goods and take on the rich wealth of Sonora's active mines. But the railroad changed all this. Now cargoes are landed at Mazatlán, placed upon the cars and distributed the length of the west coast. Guaymas shipping, therefore, has been reduced to a single monthly boat to San Francisco and the modest commerce with Mulegé, Santa Rosalia and La Paz, across the gulf in Baja California. Commercial fishing is pursued, but in a desultory fashion. If American gourmets really knew the quality of Guaymas oysters, fishing alone would regenerate this remarkable town.

Wherever one eats a meal in Sonora, he may reasonably expect these extraordinary shellfish as a first course. And he needn't be surprised if he be served quail and venison or dove and antelope as the *pieces de resistance*. All are as plentiful as cattle and chickens and may be obtained in the public markets or the better restaurants.

The shores of the Bay of Guay-



Sweetmeat vendors peddle their wares from almost every corner in Guaymas and Hermosillo

mas, a land-locked estuary which, it is said, could give refuge to all the navies now afloat, displays numerous points of interest. Its caves, with their coating of shellfish, almost countless in variety, invite exploration. The entrance to the bay is guarded by an imposing eminence capped with lighthouse and radio station. And while the gulf outside may lash itself into a veritable fury, within its portals the bay is as serene and placid as a saintly grandmother.

There, in essence, is the picture of Sonora as we saw it. It is not difficult to surmise the benefits that will accrue from the improvement of the road under consideration. That valuable mentor, experience,

applied in the present instance, gives a fairly faithful image of what may be expected.

Benefits to be anticipated may be said, broadly, to be twofold; those accruing to the economic and social welfare of Sonora internally, and those arising out of the ability of its people and the people of the United States to pass freely from one country to the other.

In the former instance, some of the problems that have most vexed Sonora will find alleviation if not solution. There can be, for instance, little of a "Yaqui problem" when roads are available and Ford's are cheap. These warriors basically are entirely human. "Tamed," they make the best of

workmen. Half a dozen of them rescued us in fifteen minutes from a tidal flat near Empalme where we had become enmired, after we had, for nineteen hours, exhausted every device we knew of to extricate ourselves!

From the angle of encouraging and stimulating friendly contact with the United States, it is difficult to estimate and, I'm sure, impossible to over-estimate the value of the projected highway.

The official report of the Club's Chief Engineer to Governor Topete contains some valid conclusions. He says, after discussing the technical details of road location and construction:

"On the basis of observation of the development of travel into new recreational areas that have been opened up in recent years in the western part of the United States, and a knowledge of the hospitality of your State, its historical and scenic attractions, we know that a motor trip therein will have a strong appeal to thousands of tourists. We feel confident in predicting that the construction of this proposed highway and the opening of your State to tourist travel, and the providing of adequate hotels and automobile camp grounds, will bring to your people an annual return of several hundred thousand dollars. In addition, this interchange of travel will do much toward promoting a better understanding and friendship between the people of our respective countries."

With a knowledge of the fallibility of prophets and their frequent errors, I have no hesitancy in making the prediction that if this road is built a vast number of those now reading these remarks, a few years hence will be heading for Sonora.

Via Romantic Roads to Rome

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24)

"Gerade aus" was one of the first phrases to be brought out. This we remembered meant "straight ahead" after several landmen had used it in giving us directions. "Gerade aus" proved to be one of our main linguistic stand-bys until we reached Italy.

The great sight in Cologne is the cathedral. Well may the architects call it the grandest Gothic church in the world. Backing the dust-covered sedan up to the curb in front of that marvelous structure we stepped from the car and stood speechless before those twin spires that rose straight above us 512 feet—the tallest in the world. To pass through the massive doorway of that edifice is to step back 500, yes, 600 years. In the dim light of that gigantic, vaulted nave, one fancies that the worshipers, scattered here and there kneeling in prayer, are the peasantry and nobility of mediæval days, and not countrymen of a newly born republic.

The popular way to see the Rhine valley is from the steamers that make the trip from Cologne to Mainz daily. But comparing two such boat trips with our motor journey, I would vote for the latter every time. It was like a tour

through a series of history books, nursery rhymes and collections of old prints. Bruhl, Bonn, Rheinbach, Sinzig, Andernach, Coblenz, Rhens, St. Goar, Oberwesel, Backarach, Bingen—these were but a few of the towns through which we passed. We left Cologne the afternoon of the 29th of July and traveled seventy-odd miles to Andernach that day.

With the run the next day from Andernach to Heidelberg we traversed the most storied part of the Rhine Valley and a good portion of the charming Black Forest. In England our runs had averaged scarcely a hundred miles a day. On the continent the typical day's jaunt was somewhat longer, approximately 145 miles. But this run exceeded that by about ninety miles. However, the castle ruins above the terraces of wine grapes, and the intimate glimpses of peasantry in the fields afforded so much novelty that we did not mind the distance.

Heidelberg always repays the visitor. Not a great city, but a venerable one, it lines either bank of the Neckar with a fascinating collection of mediæval and modern buildings. Students with scars upon

their faces, some of them still fresh from their famous duels-for-sport, and with their hotel-page caps on one ear, were reminders of the great university part way up the mountain slope, but still in the confines of the town. Dominating all is the castle, half palace, half fortress. Our car easily took us up the mountainside to this pile, where a guide showed us the big "tun" or winecask which was holder of the world's record until an enterprising Californian came along to dispute the claim. Most intriguing was the mouth of a secret passage said to lead a mile or more under ground beneath the river to the opposite bank. By such means did valiant mediæval warriors "carry on," thoroughly enjoying, I suspect, both secrecy and intrigue. Two nights we stopped in this old university town and then headed for Baden-Baden, lying in the midst of rougher, more picturesque country, fewer peasant-tiled fields and more forested slopes. Preferring to lodge in a more distinctive quarter than the luxurious hotels of this health resort, we went a few miles beyond and were amply rewarded. Knocking at the door of a typical village hotel a smiling German girl invited

us in, via a spacious bar-room half filled with sober drinkers. Leading the way to the second floor she proudly ushered us into an enclosed veranda with a marvelous outlook on the rolling hills of the Black Forest, while at our feet through the tavern yard ran a crystal clear mountain brook in which we actually could see trout.

"Ah, garage?" the maid repeated in response to my inquiries. Evidently the storage question presented no difficulties. Leading the way to a hay-festooned stable she flung open the double doors and soon our car was housed with two wondering cattle, a St. Bernard dog, whose tail and bark both were expressive, and three stately geese that emphatically resented the intrusion.

Our bed, supper and breakfast in this tidy place only strengthened our love of the Black Forest region. The next day's run was to Bern, capital of Switzerland. Basle was the border town where we again appreciated the convenience of the triptyques. Neither our three suitcases, our camera, hand bags, feather duster, nor miscellaneous souvenirs interested the customs officers.

What glories await one in Switzerland! Again and again our thoughts turned back to our magnificent High Sierra. The Alps and the Sierra are not rivals. One complements the grandeur of the other.

Bern's greatest pride aside from its own well-kept streets, public parks and fine public buildings, is its unrivalled vista of the Bernese Alps. Riding along from the capital toward Interlaken after a day spent in seeing the sights of the city, we drank in this great panorama of peaks, all pure white with snow. Eiger, Moench and the Jungfrau dominated that jagged skyline, but its whole length of more than a hundred miles was magnificent. As we sped along over perfect roads at forty-five and fifty miles an hour, the setting sun changed that whole white range into exquisite pink. Drawing up by the side of the highway we drank in the scene extending from peaceful, soft-lighted pastures in the foreground to that far-flung coral horizon. It was an exhilarating hour.

Sometimes it takes just such a period of exaltation to bring one down to earth. I suddenly thought me of the gas tank. With dire misgivings I plumbed its depths with a twig, the gauge having gone on a strike a day or two before. A moistened twig-end told us that we were either near the end of our travels or close to a fuel station. In the fast gathering twilight we proceeded with caution, "free wheeling"—as the Englishmen describe de-clutching—down every incline and sitting very lightly on the seat cushion while we climbed the grades.

The fates were with us and we presently spied a sign. No uniformed attendant was there to rush out and offer his services, but by dint of some backyard exploration we roused the genial Swiss lad from his evening meal and replenished our fuel supply. I might interject here that on the whole we found European gasoline more reasonably priced than we expected. In England it ranged from twenty-six to thirty cents per U. S. gallon. On the continent we paid as high as sixty cents in remote villages in Italy and Switzerland. These figures are, of course, approximate, as litres and imperial gallons have to be reduced to our unit of measure, and shillings, gilders, marks, francs and liras reduced to U. S. currency equivalents in accord with unstable foreign exchange quotations.

We selected Interlaken for a two-day-and-night stop, because we believed it offered more of beauty, more typically Swiss atmosphere in its village life and surrounding mountainsides than any other one spot in the matchless mountain republic. Of the many hotels, great and small, in Interlaken, our pick is the Eden. With old-fashioned, winding hallways and a single "two-by-four" elevator, it nevertheless offers as delightful cuisine and as comfortable and cleanly beds as we found anywhere in Europe.

The first leg of our travel in Switzerland, i. e., Basle on the border to Bern, was roughly sixty-five miles. The route from Bern to Interlaken and thence to Lucerne de-

scribes a seventy-five-mile crescent, the bow of which curves southward, with Interlaken at the southernmost portion of the curve, flanked on the west by Lake Thun and on the east by Lake Brienz, each lying within the arc of the crescent. Bern lies at the western tip and Lucerne at the eastern tip.

A digression from this curved route should be made at Interlaken to include Lauterbrunnen Valley, the Yosemite of Switzerland, and Trümmelbach falls. We would gladly sacrifice almost any full day of the trip for the sheer delight of motoring through that chalet-dotted valley. Its sides bear a close resemblance to Yosemite. Even the numerous waterfalls are there. And at the upper end is a sight which our own park cannot equal—Trümmelbach Falls. Here nature has taken a huge column of water and with it has bored into the granite heart of a mountain. When one penetrates on foot or by elevator into this spray-filled interior it is as if he were inside a gigantic penstock with many tons of water rushing straight downward within an arm's length, to the accompaniment of deafening thunder.

Almost every point on our journey was hard to leave. Lois, having freed herself with difficulty from the spell of the falls, found the woodcarvers' shops even more alluring.

But, somehow, we did manage to say good-bye. The rear of the sedan seemed to have long since reached its capacity to hold souvenirs but we kept on storing them in nooks and corners. Not having given close attention to our "strip list" of towns supplied by R. A. C. we unexpectedly found ourselves climbing what proved to be Brunig Pass. The altitude is only 3316 feet, but for a few miles the ascent is steep.

At the top of the stiff climb, during which we had reason to be justly proud of our "mount" as compared with various European cars that we passed, was a typical Swiss mountain village. Many of the peasant folk were in costume, for it happened to be a holiday. Such interesting places as Sarnen, Alpnach, Alpnachstad, and Hergiswil followed in rapid succession.

We spent the night at Lucerne, stopping at the St. Gothard. Here one's chief interest, aside from a magnificent view across the lake, is the huge carved Lion of Lucerne—a monument by Thorwaldsen to the fortitude of the Swiss Guard. That memorial in the sheer wall of a natural cliff is worth going miles to see.

Brunnen and Fluellen lie to the east of Lucerne and near the end of the Lake of Four Cantons. Despite a torrential rain we skirted the lake on a tortuous mountain road and thrilled at the half-revealed grandeur about us. After a restful night in lovely Brunnen, August 3 found us heading for St. Gothard's Pass. Both of us had been through the St. Gothard tunnel, but until the start of this journey had never dreamed of this mountain adventure. We were to see the Alps from near their summit and tread in the path of hordes and armies of past centuries that had struggled over this mountain

trail to gain access to sunny Italy.

In actual experience the memorable day in which we climbed to 7000 feet and then descended into the plains of Italy, was fully as profitable as our fondest expectations, which is saying a good deal. Nevertheless the three outstanding memories of that day amid the snow peaks are, first, the thick walled, squat structures built near the summit to shelter monks and military forces; second, a few peaceful, contented cattle that grazed on green grass at the very edge of snow banks; and third, a Swiss tea-room luncheon, replete with the most delicious cookies, tarts and cakes I have ever eaten. Such are the tricks of memory.

Frankly, I started forth on Italian roads with many misgivings. My "*gerade aus*" which had been my chief source of information in Germany and Switzerland was lost in Italy. The magic phrase which meant straight ahead became "*sempre dritto*."

In this Italian lake country we felt nearer to our beloved California than in any other part of Europe. Exquisitely clear sunshine, mountainsides bearing much the same vegetation as our own, villas with red tile roofs and vari-colored stucco walls—all these reminded us of our southland. The roads were far better than I expected. Throughout northern Italy there is considerable oiled road, and all main roads are hard and in fair condition, but very dusty where not asphalted or oiled. In central Italy we went southward via Bologna, Florence, Perugia, Assisi, Rome. And returned via Viterbo, Acquapendente, Siena, Florence, Bologna, Modena, Reggio, and Milan.

The roads of central Italy are almost entirely macadam, much used by peasant vehicles, and, in many instances, pitted with chuck-holes. There is plenty of romance along the highways leading into Rome, but picturesque villas, stately rows of Italian cypress, ruins a thousand and two thousand years old, do not make for smooth going. Mussolini has a hard road to travel before he can satisfy his motoring subjects.

But I am somewhat ahead of my story. From Lugano beside the beautiful blue lake of the same name, we traveled, as if in a dream, toward Venice, Queen of the Adriatic. At Mestre, "where the pavement ends," we garaged our sedan and started by ferry, bag and baggage, for the city that rises from the sea. Its domes, minarets, towers and palaces are an endless joy to the artist. Shouting, gesticulating gondoliers greeted us when we disembarked from the ferry. Soon we were slipping noiselessly and rhythmically via a black gondola along the Grand Canal, trying to let no palace or colorful side canal, or time-stained church escape attention.

Followed idyllic hours. Leisurely we "did" St. Mark's square and cathedral, nor did we overlook the fluttering pigeons, the Doges' Palace and its grim evidences of tyranny, the glass factories, the shawl factories and the Grand Hotel, where we stayed. This latter was a show in itself, with its many interesting evidences of for-

mer ducal grandeur. Perhaps most memorable of all was a moonlit night on the Grand Canal with a melodious gondolier on the high stern of our craft, who sang again and again from Italian classics as he threaded his way through the throng of gaily decorated and lighted boats that swarmed the placid waters of the canal.

The 102 miles from Venice to Bologna, via Padova and Ferrara are not particularly interesting, although the dusty road is reasonably smooth. It is not a difficult task to push on sixty-six miles more to Florence, although this last third of the journey is over the Apennines. Once more in these rolling sunbathed hills and mountains we were reminded of California. Even the mountain resorts suggest home.

Florence lies in the heart of the Tuscan hills. Through it the Arno flows full and swift in winter, and scantily in summer. Each traveler will sight-see according to his taste, but all will find it really thrilling to catch a few glimpses of what this rare city has achieved because some hundreds of years ago its people determined in a regular Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce fashion to make Florence a center of culture. These things Lois and I count priceless: The cathedral, built a hundred years before Columbus' day; the Campanile, a bell tower of unmatched beauty; the Baptistery, with its bronze gates, two of which occupied eighteen years of the life of Ghiberti and his son; Palazzo Vecchio, built in 1297; the Loggia, with its score of statues, each worth a fortune; the Uffizi gallery, where an artist or student could spend days and weeks; the Pitti Palace and the Ponte Vecchio. Last but by no means unimportant is the Hat Market. Who fails to subject himself to the bewilderment of that open air center of merchandising hasn't the slightest concept of what the word bargain means.

Unless one is prepared for a little hardship in the way of rough going, intermingled with thrills such as ancient Assisi offers, I would suggest leaving the motor in Florence and traveling to Rome by train. But if you have just a small amount of courage the highway route to the Eternal City will abundantly reward you. One can gain a true conception of Italy in no better way. Motor travel leads through numerous villages with small factories and primitive handicraft industries, such as copper-smiths and rope making surrounded by far-stretching fields bearing scantily because of the thinness of the soil.

At length our sedan shook the dust of rural Umbria from its fenders and began rolling smoothly on asphalt pavement. Stuccoed dwellings and occasional shops, bearing on their walls stenciled likenesses of Mussolini, told us we were in the outskirts of Rome. A uniformed customs officer, endowed with the right to collect on produce and foodstuffs brought into the city, halted us for a moment. Possibly dismayed at the aggregation of luggage, souvenirs, cameras, etc., he let us pass with a smile that we interpreted to mean "the freedom of the city."

As in all other Italian cities save Milan, traffic control is still a primitive art, and an American motor car driver rolling along one of Mussolini's fine boulevards gets the impression that the survival of the fittest is Rome's first law. Determined to do as the Roman drivers do, we unhesitatingly parked at either the right or left hand curb; we took the most convenient hole through traffic when donkey carts and trams became numerous; we turned down narrow streets which apparently were laid out in Nero's time or before, and were intended solely for pedestrians. And one thing we did which I think neither Romans nor anyone else has ever done—drove our car into the Coli-

seum!

In all Christendom there is no other ruin equal to that grim, yet graceful, monument to ancient Rome's greatness and brutality. We undertook to tour the city and get a general view of its attractions. This being our third trip to Rome I thought I had a fair conception of what the city contained. Now I know that we only scratched the surface. Merely to catalog the places we visited in four days is to scan two thousand and more years of history. At the head of the list, perhaps, stands that greatest of all church edifices, St. Peter's—vast and gorgeous. But among the hundreds of embellished churches in Rome—and no sight-seer can ignore churches in the Eternal City—my

favorite is St. Paul's Outside the Walls, a magnificent basilica built on the spot where the apostle is believed to have been buried.

No words can picture the art treasures of the Vatican galleries. What giants of genius have poured their lives into those collections of statuary and painting! Nor can one describe the sensations one feels wandering among the broken columns of the Forum, beneath the Arch of Constantine, through the Catacombs, or along the dusty Appian Way. Of course it is a humiliating confession, but vivid as are my memories of all of these things, stronger still is my recollection of a little place on a narrow side street—the Anchovy Cafe! A

few hundred yards away rolls the chocolate Tiber. Stepping through the curtained doorway from the glare of the street into the cool interior one finds his place at a bare table. Sitting on those rude seats is to know the full measure of contentment, whether you eat anchovies or not. Through a door that connects with a diminutive bar float the sweet strains of a rich Italian tenor singing *Santa Lucia*. Our genial host generously replenishes our platter of fried chicken. A donkey cart rattles leisurely over the rough pavement outside. New voices take up *Santa Lucia*. You settle back, thinking of the long colorful trail that started in bonnie old Scotland. You are sure that Rome is the Eternal City.

Doubling in Brass.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

There is nothing new about this business of making the important units of the car double in brass. We have simply lost sight of the idea and in a few instances have purposely abandoned it just because it was old. It is the opinion of many engineers that every part of an automobile ought to be designed to do two or three things, and many of them have put their views into actual practice.

It was Hotchkiss who put into practice the plan of having the springs of the car take both the driving and the braking forces. In order to impart the "push" of the rear wheels of an automobile to the chassis it is necessary to provide some medium to convey this push, so Hotchkiss simply used the springs. In order to hold the chassis back when the wheels start to stop it is necessary to provide some medium through which to conduct this braking force, and it was not surprising that Hotchkiss figured that the springs might as well take care of this too.

The result was "Hotchkiss drive," a feature of many American and European cars. Other manufacturers favored a more rigid connection to handle this drive as well as the braking force, with the result that motorists have been introduced to a variety of braces, including torque tubes, torque rods and the familiar "wishbone" of the Ford. There are advantages and disadvantages to either arrangement, since nothing is perfection. Meanwhile, however, millions of motorists get along famously with less mechanism in their cars. And the motor world is doing some deep thinking!

Rubber spring shackles and fabric universal joints are other straws that indicate this birth of the trend toward simplicity with the additional feature of making each part serve at least two purposes. A rubber shackle, for instance, not merely provides the coupling between frame and spring end but offers a shock absorbing feature not found in mechanical shackles and spring bolts. A fabric universal joint eases the shock of power application and while it has its limitations, it is viewed as the starting point of a type of power conveyor which, in the development of front-

wheel drive, may become the basis of a combination clutch, transmission and joint.

It isn't necessary to be technical about these matters. They are seen in process of development in some of the simple features of the automobile where even those who are not mechanically inclined feel on familiar ground. In the past year or so we have seen door handles become door locks and it should be but a matter of another year or two when the window cranks will also open the doors and lock them. Already one of the largest producers of cars in America has eliminated the time-honored body sills and has made the body and frame all one.

The gasoline tank of the future probably will be built into the channel sections of the frame. We have seen the combination generator and fan, and any one with a little imagination can picture the hub of the car of tomorrow being increased just a little until it meets the smaller diameter, fatter tire, and displaces the conventional wheel. But there are some difficulties which it might be well to mention.

It seems that sometimes the part that doubles in brass does not play either part as well as the specialist. Engineers have their doubts about the Jack-of-all-trades part and for that reason those who have considered the car buyer have never hesitated to provide two parts where the use of only one might be a source of annoyance. There is much to be said for this viewpoint but times are changing and one must also consider the fact that the automobile has been dressed up mechanically in so many ways that it is just a little bit overburdened.

Furthermore, it would seem that the manufacturers have been just a little too considerate of the car buyer and user. There are many concerns that will not use a fan-generator combination because they do not fancy the picture of the car owner having electrical trouble because he ran around with a broken fan belt. This is pampering the motorist just a little too much, and is comparable to adding a cello to the orchestra when the audience appreciates only the cornet and the drum. It might well be assumed that the conscientious car owner will see that he doesn't drive

around with a broken fan belt.

Without water in the radiator the best of water-cooled engines are powerless, but there has been no disposition on the part of designers to provide a reserve water supply or to condemn the arrangement because the car owner's forgetfulness traps him into serious difficulties. In this connection it is interesting to note that one of the features of air-cooling for automobile engines is that of utilizing the flywheel for two purposes: securing uniform crankshaft motion and creating air draught.

Piston suction is utilized on one of the finest cars to operate a crankcase ventilating system of a very efficient order. All of us are familiar with the double work which the engine's suction does in the majority of cars. It draws in vaporized fuel from the carburetor; and, in addition, it provides the suction force essential to the operation of the vacuum tank and the liquid fuel feed system. In many instances it saves us the bother of cleaning our windshields.

A very good example of the process of doubling in brass is found in the clever design of many of the new cylinder heads. Here is a part that serves to provide a top for the engine but which, in its latest form, accomplishes the additional purpose of making the gas vapors more efficient in their combustion. Just the shape of the inside of these new heads serves to make them doubly serviceable.

Simplicity alone will not answer the purpose. A two-cycle requires only a check valve instead of the usual valves with their tappets and camshaft, but it isn't efficient like the four-cycle type and will not do the work of the latter. Two-wheel brakes are simpler than four, but they do not offer the safety and control of the latter. We want our cars as simple as possible but we would rather have them complicated than deficient. It is only now that we are coming to see that without any further complication of the automobile—possibly with a little well-directed simplification—we can obtain still better results. There is no good reason why many parts of the car cannot do the work of others, thereby making the elimination of these other parts entire-

ly practical.

Why, for instance, should a starter-motor work but a mere fraction of the time an engine is in operation? We use it to start the engine and then carry it around as a burden when we might be using it to far better advantage. One of the greatest arguments in favor of the single-unit electrical system is that by combining the starter-motor with the generator we eliminate one of the drones from the automobile. The fact that a majority of manufacturers have preferred the two-unit system merely serves as further evidence of the trend toward an excessive number of parts—a trend which is now in process of being checked.

Much of the present complication of the automobile is predicated upon the theory that the car owner is a very careless fellow and that unless everything is done to protect the various units of the car against possible failure there will be more knockers than boosters. But the public is changing. It is becoming motor wise and no longer indulges in many of its time-honored habits. In a great many instances, too, it might be argued that it is high time some owners paid the penalty for their own mistakes instead of asking their more careful contemporaries to share the expense in the form of more complicated and therefore more costly cars. We must ever bear in mind the fact that while car prices are low car costs are high, and if manufacturers are to make their legitimate profits either cars must be simplified along the lines of doubling in brass or price tags must be revised upwards.

Consider the arrangement whereby a car is cranked by pressing on a pedal instead of the conventional starter button. If you raise the floorboards you will find that the pedal and its mechanism merely act as a remote control for a starter button which is located near the starter-motor. Certainly it would be simpler and less expensive construction to place the starter button where the pedal now is found and do away with the mechanical action. Why all this indirect control?

One manufacturer who uses this arrangement offers a good argu-

ment. It shows him to be extremely thoughtful of his owners. He says that drivers do not always remove their foot from the starter button promptly with the result that starter gears are damaged and that by providing the pedal arrangement a spring quickly removes pressure from the starter button even if

the driver is a bit slow in lifting his foot from the starter pedal.

One wonders, however, whether the people who drive so well designed a car are really so careless as to hold their foot too long on a starter button or whether a manufacturer ought to worry so much over the car buyer's service ex-

penses when profits are constantly on the decline. One wonders, too, whether or not that starter button couldn't be designed to provide its own automatic release very much as the Bendix starter releases itself automatically.

To meet two problems with one part or to make the automotive or-

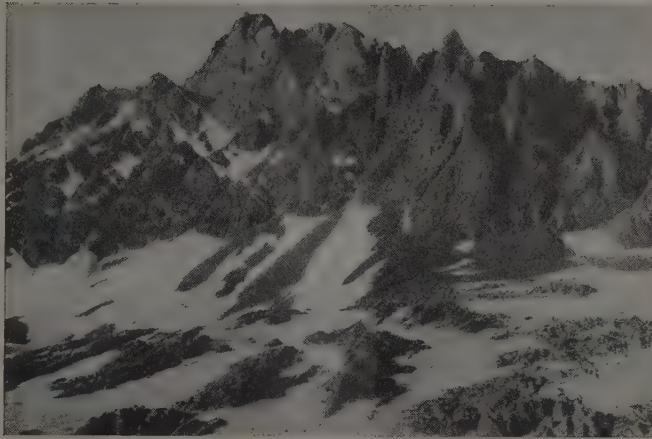
chestra of parts so augmented that no one can pay the bill. That seems to be the problem. And if it appears to be an insurmountable task to tackle let us not forget that higher compression is making engines more effective as brakes and that the engine-brake combination is already a reality in the Swiss Alps.

"Close Ups" of Our High Sierra

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40)

south, Seven Gables, Mt. Hilgard and other rugged peaks; to the west, across Italy Basin, Mt. Gabb; to the northwest, the group containing Mts. Dade, Abbot and Mills.

Another handsome mountain as one looks up the Rock Creek Basin is Mt. Dade. To the north it breaks away in sheer cliffs at whose base lies a small glacier. It can be readily climbed from Italy Basin, which is reached from upper Rock Creek by crossing a saddle to the east of the peak. It has been ascended only a few times, although the view from its summit is a very good one. It looks directly across Italy Basin to Seven Gables and far north and south along the crest of the range. West of Mt. Dade, and joined to it by a sharp knife-edge is Mt. Abbott (13,736 feet). It can be ascended by scrambling up a chimney on its southern face and may possibly be climbed from the headwaters of Rock Creek. To the west of Italy Basin and occupying a somewhat isolated position is Mt. Gabb (13,701 feet). It is an easy climb and its summit commands a fine prospect. The fact



Mt. Humphreys (13,972 feet) commemorates the contributions of Andrew Atkinson Humphreys to the study of California geography. Humphreys was an associate of the renowned Clarence King

that none of the Abbott group is climbed frequently is due largely to their standing to the side of the main lines of travel in the Sierra

Nevada. They rise in a somewhat remote and sequestered region which possesses a certain charm all its own. In every direction they

overlook high granite basins for the most part above timberline. As one looks up upper Rock Creek Basin, Bear Creek Spire and Mts. Dade and Abbott form a superb skyline of jagged peaks.

To the southeast of upper Rock Creek Basin is Mt. Morgan (13,739 feet). It also has been climbed but few times, notwithstanding the fact that its summit affords a sublime view southward across great gorges, far down the crest of the Sierras; northward past the richly colored mountains about Convict Lake to the Yosemite Mountains beyond them.

With the above peaks the 13,500 foot peaks of the Sierra terminate, the loftiest of those to the north being only slightly over 13,000 feet in elevation. Although less than 14,000 feet in elevation, they are mountains of which California may well be proud, for the picturesqueness, for the magnificent views obtained from their summits and for the opportunities for strenuous but beautiful mountaineering which they afford.

Stung!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

price right, especially to you Doc. I got too many people to attend to right now. I'll send you a bill some day and you can pay me when you get ready. No hurry. You will be saving up your laundry money from tomorrow anyway."

The suit was boxed up and delivered to Doc, who paraded out of that emporium with his wedding clothes under his arm, with a light heart inside him, his chest sticking out in front of himself about six inches, and a sparkle in his eye, the equal of which was not to be seen in the eyes of any other person on the street with lungs as sound as a blacksmith's bellows. Everybody he met was invited in true Western spirit to come to the wedding and everyone promised to be there. Miss a wedding in Toro, and especially the wedding of their friend Doc? Never! Ramona was well known, and Doc was the stage company to them.

In front of the hotel we met Don Juan and Pablo, and as I had a bottle of wagon-tire whisky in my room, I proposed that we lay in a supply of ginger ale and fortify ourselves against further dangerous *ciempies*, and all said: "Bueno." As we lowered the drinks into ourselves Pablo toasted Doc with: "*Salud, pesetas y felicidad!*"

"That goes both ways," said Doc, "whatever it means. Well, here's mud in yer eye," and he leaned back slightly and tossed off that slug of white mule with as much disregard for the consequences as a Texas cowpuncher with a copper lined stomach. We wished Doc all the luck in the world, slammed him across the shoulders as hard as his frail frame would permit, and after promising once more to be on hand the following evening, went our respective and happy ways.

The wedding was to be performed in the parlor of the Paris Hotel, and Mrs. Ortega and Mamie had turned the old adobe upside down in an attempt to make things look right in their eyes for a wedding. Ramona and Mrs. Ortega were bosom friends and back door gossipers of long standing—both were natives of Toro. Doc brought trade to the hotel, and whether she fancied him or not, it was a commercial proposition entitled to every consideration. As a consequence Mrs. Ortega went all the way and spread herself. Everything within her power was done to make this wedding the event of the season in Toro's social calendar. Lace curtains of the vintage of 1890 were draped from the ceiling across one corner of the room and formed a sort of nook in which the bride and groom were to stand;

fresh red paper poppies were arranged in bright green-glazed jars on each side; mirrors were taken from all of the rooms in the hotel and hung from every available nail, but few of them were hung so as to be parallel to the horizontal plane; the door and window frames were given a new coat of Spanish blue paint—the color that screams at you when you walk into a room and find it generously but not judiciously applied. The room was done up in every color but brown. Furniture was shifted, chairs taken from the office, patios and rooms, and the wood box which had occupied a position in the center of the parlor for a year or more was cleaned out, turned bottom up, covered with a Navajo rug and converted into a seat for two. If there were any insects lurking about—and Doc had said that the place was alive with them—this general disturbance was sure to get them going.

Preparations went on all day long and I got a great kick out of trying to analyze the operations of the native mind. Aside from the foods prepared at the hotel, nearly every family in the town contributed towards the feast which was to be indulged in after the ceremony. Extra long tables were set up in the dining-room, through which I had to pass in going to

my room, and it was with some care that I was able to make the trip without disturbing the arrangement of things.

The work went merrily on right up to the dinner hour. By half past seven dozens of guests had filled the little parlor, and an overflow meeting was being held in the hotel office.

A few minutes before 8 o'clock Doc and Ramona entered the parlor from the rear patio, followed by the Presbyterian minister from Albuquerque, who had been a friend of Doc's during his six long months in the hospital, and who was spending a week in Toro enjoying the quail shooting and the colorful sunsets.

Don Juan, Pablo and I, being old friends by this time, got ringside seats, and when the preacher, Doc and Ramona, and the witnesses took their places, we anchored ourselves in such a position as to be able to get an eye and ear full. For as Don Juan remarked: "This is a job that needs a heap of supervision." The parlor was crowded—every guest craning his neck to get a better view. The preacher had just commenced reading the ceremony, when my attention was attracted to what I thought at first was a short string of beads which some one of the señoritas had lost in the scramble to get in the front

row. It lay on the rug a few feet to the right of Doc and the preacher, but it did not lay there long. To my surprise this string of beads commenced to wiggle and move, and I recognized it as the widow of the centipede that I had killed in my bedroom several nights before. It must have been the widow because it looked exactly like him. Slowly but surely it was proceeding in the general direction to the rear of Doc and Ramona. I nudged Don Juan, and he caught sight of it at once—a broad grin coming over his long horse face.

And then we noticed certain minor evidences of nervousness on Doc's part which were proof to us that he also had seen this enemy of his. He seemed to sense the presence of the centipede in the same manner that a good hunting dog scents the game in the brush. He was too far away to reach it with his foot, even if the circumstances would have made it permissible to give it a kick. He kept his eye trained on the insect as long as he could without breaking up the performance, but finally it got out of his field of vision, crawled under a chair without so much as being noticed by any other of the guests and disappeared from view.

And then Doc's troubles did commence to show on him. His position was, to him, extremely uncomfortable and serious. Here he was being married to the best washerwoman in Toro, and his social code, whatever might be said of his rough exterior, was such that he would give the preacher his full attention, even if he was thinking mighty hard of the whereabouts of that centipede, which he was sure had crawled right around behind and was preparing to attack him. And in Doc's mind there was one and only one person in the room which that centipede would tackle, and he was that person. He felt it in his bones. He was positive

of it. "Some people were so fortunate," he was accustomed to declare, "that if they fell out of a sixth-story window, they would land in a garbage barrel, come up with a biscuit in their mouth, with never a tea leaf nor a coffee ground on it. But if I fell from a hay wagon, I'd be ruined for life."

He became extremely nervous and shifted from one foot to the other with clocklike regularity. The best man, who was standing rather close to Doc, changed his position a little and accidentally touched Doc's trouser leg. This caused Doc to jump. All of his senses were tense and tuned to receive advance information as to where that centipede was going to sting him first.

His wedding suit was not a perfect fit. It was tight across the shoulders and neck, which caused Doc to twist frequently. It gave him a legitimate excuse for twisting his head around so he could look on the floor back of himself.

The preacher finished the ceremony, and then, since he had been a close friend to Doc during his long period of sickness in Albuquerque, felt constrained to counsel the couple in a few well-chosen words as to what he felt was the proper conduct for newlyweds. He advised them to work hard, lead honest, God-fearing lives, practice charity, save money and grow up to be a credit to the metropolis of Toro. As was customary he then stepped forward to kiss the bride.

Then things commenced to happen with lightning speed and disorder. Doc gave one violent twist of his head and shoulders, and yelled: "Great God, I'm stung again!" He grabbed the back of his coat collar with both hands, and with head bent down, ran stumbling over guests and chairs, disappearing through the door into the office, like a tomcat full of bird-shot. Ramona was terror-stricken, and wept loudly into the cerise-

colored handkerchief which Mrs. Ortega had loaned her for the occasion. The guests did their best to stimulate the whole proceeding by giving forth much Spanish which no doubt expressed their wonder as to the cause of this exhibition. From the racket and noise that came from the general direction of the dining-room, I surmised that Doc had run foul of the numerous tables that were so carefully arranged and heavily laden with food, dishes, cutlery and vases full of flowers. Don Juan, Pablo and I formed a flying wedge and were soon outside. We overtook Doc trying to get into my room, after he had run the high hurdles through the office and dining-room and out into the patio. He was holding his coat collar with one hand and struggling to open the door into my room with the other.

"What in hell's the matter with you, anyway?" hurriedly growled Don Juan as he slammed the door from the inside.

"Matter enough," yelled Doc, "a centipede stung me a hundred times on the neck, twenty-five times on one hand and he's now working on the other. Lemme get this damn coat off! Take hold of that collar a minute and hold that stinging son-of-a-gun while I get out of these clothes. Be quick about it too." Doc pulled that coat off so fast and furious that he nearly tore it to pieces.

"What's matter Doc?" asked Pablo, who had been out-distanced at the finish, as he came into the room.

"One of yer damn *cientpies*, as you call them, crawled up my leg while I was gettin' married and stung me from my heels to my head. I saw him on the floor, comin' 'round so he could bite me like a coward, in the back. I felt him crawl up my pants, and then he started in borin' for oil. Gimme a swig of that likker of yours quick; that's the only medicine for snake bite anyhow."

"Pablo," I asked while opening up my grip to get out the O. B. Joyful, "what does *cientpies* mean?"

"Oh, *cientpies* ees what you say, ees one hundred feet in English." He was about to go into considerable detail as to what the other English equivalents were, when Don Juan, who had turned the pockets of the coat inside out, and had examined everything about it, threw it on the bed and growled at Doc: "Say, you long drink of whisky, where'd you buy this suit and when?"

"Well, as if it makes any difference, I bought it yesterday down at Dick Tutt's hardware store. What of it?"

"I just about figured that," said Don Juan. "You put it on and wore it home no doubt. Here you go a buyin' a broadcloth suit of clothes for a one-night stand, a heap too small across the shoulders for you. And just because you see a harmless little worm a-crawlin' along on the floor, you get all worked up, and with sweat streaming down your dome, gooseflesh all over your hide, and what little hair you got left a-standin' on end, you scandalize the sky pilot, scare your new wife into fits, tromp down the audience, break furniture and dishes, dump half the chow on the floor, spillin' the other half on this brand new suit, get tangled up in Mrs. Ortega's flower beds, fall down and roll in the dirt, tear one leg of the pants nearly off on a nail and come up for air bawlin' like a calf: 'I'm stung! I'm stung! Gimme two drinks in one hand and three in the other.' Stung, hell. Say, just take a peek at this," as he held out the coat with the inside of the collar towards Doc. There was a price tag attached to it by two of the sharpest and longest fasteners I ever saw. And it read: "Price—\$100."

"You're stung, all right, all right. Si señor, stung good and plenty, but not by any *cientpies*."

The Ideal Car

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

A smaller automobile is the ideal kind for all-around use, especially for anybody living in a metropolitan area."

In common with the cars of the foregoing men, Mr. Joyner's would be powered by a six-cylinder motor. This would employ the valve-in-head principle, and be water cooled, he said.

Mechanical, internal expanding, four-wheel brakes, he'd specify, and wire wheels, rather small and with balloon tires of large cross-section. "I've never used balloon tire equipment," Joyner said, "because in my work I've learned to feel the bumps of a road—first on foot, then in a buggy and then in an automobile with hard tires. That's part of my business—feeling bumps. Through them I determine the contours of a road. But balloon tires are the ideal kind and I guess I'll get used to them some day."

Mr. Joyner also declared that his ideal automobile would have long springs and hydraulic shock absorbers. With time, he would learn

to "feel" bumps through those, too, he hopes. Bumpers, front and rear, for safety and damage prevention, he felt were more than desirable.

Moderate speed, with flexibility and power stressed, was favored by this driver. Three speeds forward and one in reverse were enough, he thought.

Although granting that the desirable car probably would have provisions for carrying touring and camping equipment, Mr. Joyner did not specify any. "My ideal car would never go touring," he said, with characteristic directness. "You see, I've been riding the road for thirty years, now, and all I ever look at is the surface of the highway. That's a habit of long standing; I don't suppose I will ever get over it."

The last of the four asked to help toward an hypothesis for an ideal automobile was Dr. Dane L. Tasker, president of the Osteopathic Hospital of Los Angeles, and a physician of prominence.

Dr. Tasker has been driving

motor cars since 1903—fourteen of them, to be precise, he said. Conservatively estimating, he figured that he has been at the wheel for approximately 200,000 miles. He knew "motoring" in Lake County in 1907, when automobile drivers—gol dern 'em—had no road rights of their own and took orders from buggy drivers. He has toured throughout the United States.

For Dr. Tasker's ideal motor car he would spend about \$2500, he said. Choosing as did his symposium companions, he would have his car of five-passenger, four-door, enclosed construction. The front seat would fold back, affording a sleeping compartment. There would be a trunk at the rear, with the opening in its end; running-board boxes, detachable, would complete the principal storage space for camping duffel.

Other body equipment would include a sun visor over the windshield, electric windshield wiper and a heater from the exhaust, properly controlled and insulated so as to admit no heat when it was

not in use. Mohair upholstery with easily removed linen slip-covers, was Dr. Tasker's choice for that detail of finishing. Shatterproof glass is essential, he said.

There would be six cylinders, and the motor of the sleeve-valve type, water cooled. A combination force feed and splash oiling system, heavy, seven main bearing crankshaft and thermostatic regulation of water circulation, form the balance of his principal requirements for the engine.

The single-plate, dry disc clutch, an unusually heavy and serviceable transmission on roller bearings throughout, torque tube drive and a full-floating rear axle, roller-bearinged, Dr. Tasker specified without qualifications.

His brakes would be four-wheel and mechanically operated—internal expanding on the rear wheels and the reverse on the front, with a parking brake on the drive shaft.

Dr. Tasker, like Johnny Chaldou, wants disc wheels on his perfect car. In common with the other three, he chooses balloon tires, pre-

fering the "fat" shoe, rather small in circumference.

He does not differ from the others in wanting long, semi-elliptic springs, with their excess action checked by hydraulic shock absorbers. He would have the steering geared high and so built as to take up as much of the road shock as possible.

Reliability, again, rather than high speed, is the preference of the medical man. "This car I have in mind," he said, "should run without strain at fifty miles an hour for a normal touring day, if it were necessary. Perhaps it might spurt up to fifteen or twenty miles an hour faster; but there would be no need for that speed."

As many of the minor controls as possible should be installed on the steering column, Dr. Tasker believes. Conveniently located there he would include the light switches,

warning signal button, hand throttle and spark levers, ignition lock and windshield wiper switch.

"Instruments," Dr. Tasker said, "including speedometer, odometer, ammeter, oil pressure and fuel supply gauges and clock, should be mounted eccentrically, rather than centrally, affording the driver a clear view of them without the necessity of neck gymnastics."

The car's main headlights should be automatically controlled so as to keep the focus of the beam on the road while the car is turning a curve, this driver thinks. He also desires a manual dimmer, a floodlight low between the headlights, detachable trouble light, backing, stop and tail lights. Greasing would be by the single-shot system and bumpers would lend protection to body and chassis.

Summing up of the principal items in the specifications of the

four-drivers reveals that the ideal automobile for the average owner, at least in the minds of four authorities in representative categories, is not a revolutionary car, nor a sweepingly different one. It is, indeed, typical—save for extra equipment and conveniences—of the motor car favored by the "middle-class" owner of automobiles in America today. A better built car, in some respects, yes. But, by and large, a popularly sought type in the pleasure vehicle market.

Revealing the importance realized with regard to safety, there were specified in nearly all instances shatterproof glass, first-class material's throughout, excellent headlights with dimmers, four-wheel brakes, collapse-proof wheels, bumpers, windshield wiper, backing and stop lights—and reasonable speed. One mentioned a fire extinguisher as equipment.

For comfort, enclosed body, shock absorbers, balloon tires, long springs and easy steering were specified.

All of which brings us, somewhat enlightened, back to our ideal automobile:

Assembling it, then, from the specifications on which these four authorities agree, the ideal motor car for the average owner-driver would be a moderately sized, five-passenger, four-door, enclosed car with a six-cylinder, water-cooled engine, mechanical four-wheel brakes, wire or disc wheels, balloon tires, long, semi-elliptic springs, hydraulic shock absorbers and a three forward-speed transmission with standard shift. It would be capable of sustaining a speed of approximately fifty miles an hour during a driving day. And it would cost about \$1875.

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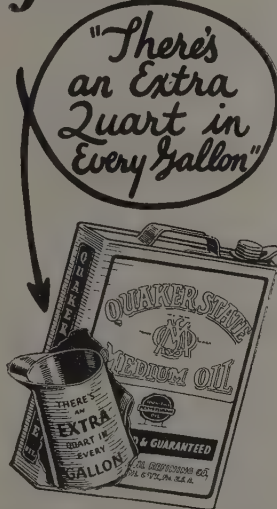
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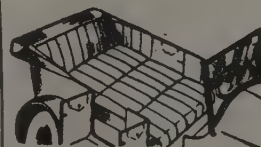
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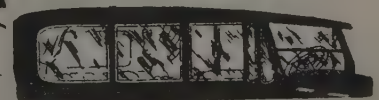
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The Show Case

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

lights you desire blink in a way that will attract attention. The device was invented primarily to make stop-light signals more effective, but it can be used for other purposes.

A chap who has just taken his hesitating car to a repair shop ventures the opinion that someone installed one of these jiggers in his ignition system, but his friend says that if it wasn't for the "blinker" on his car a lot of people would be bumping into him. An ordinary stop-light doesn't cut much of a figure these days, and so it has become something of a necessity to devise ways and means of arresting the attention. "Blinkers" get your eye by sort of waving a red flag.

Some of the ultra-jazzy are using them in the circuit that lights the radiator ornament. It's quite a novelty but it doesn't exactly click as a safety feature. Better use "blinkers" where they can prevent trouble.

IV

LUXURY is suggested in this month's show case by a new and clever article that delivers your cigarettes already lighted, but you may be interested to know that there are several "humidifiers" now available for the engine. For years you have kept your best cigars moist with tropical bog, but now it is necessary to learn how to apply the moisture idea to the power plant under the hood.

Whether you call a device that aids this process a vapor humidifier or a moisture generator, the basic idea is the same.

A humidifier that appears to be unusually efficient in its operation is one that picks its supply of moisture from the overflow pipe of the radiator to which it is connected. There is a special bowl and trap in the device, and the moist air is regulated in its travel to the intake manifold through a control on the instrument board.

If you want more of that "night driving" or "rainy day" smoothness of the engine, you simply regulate the humidifier control so that more of the water vapor enters the cylinders with the gas vapor. The device is simple in its operation, as is characteristic of most engine accessories of this nature, and it costs nothing to operate. One of the outstanding advantages of the particular make of humidifier is the fact that it utilizes the car's radiator as the moisture supply.

The second article of this nature shown in the show case is known as a moisture generator. In appearance it is almost identical with a vacuum tank except that there is a special connection running from the top to the bottom of the tank externally. The theory is the same as with other articles of its kind, but it has some special features of its own, one being that it mounts against the dash and is not in the way when engine work is ordered.

It is made of heavy stiff polished brass and for that reason it adds a touch of swank to the works.

The sponsors of this moisture generator vow that its installation and subsequent use absolutely prevent the formation of hard carbon.

V

THE show case certainly has a decidedly mechanical flavor this month. This year's automobile creations are smartness personified, and it has become a problem for the accessory people to think of new things to add to the style and beauty of even the stock models that are already gracing the streets and highways. Naturally enough inventive genius is turning inward in an effort to achieve new results.

All of which explains the vaporizer which eliminates the conventional carburetor and "turns liquid waste into vaporized power," to sing the song with enthusiasm. It is a fairly complicated looking outfit, but in operation it is relatively simple.

Its operation is more easily comprehended if we first consider the way it differs from a carburetor. The latter mixes air and gas in what is supposed to be the correct proportion, but when it is considered that carburetors do this mixing in the chamber just before the final product is sucked to the various cylinders, it is obvious that the fueling of the engine is not always what it should be. Further-

more, there is the problem presented by starting, especially in cool weather. At such times the air is merely carrying along a wet spray of gasoline and is anything but an efficient fuel for an automobile engine.

The vaporizer works along different lines. It smashes up the fuel into a rich vapor and then mixes it with air. In this way it is claimed that an engine operates at all times on a true vapor, and operates with marked improvement in efficiency.

How does the vaporizer accomplish this end? Very simply. Air is drawn in over a heater unit and in doing so it is made to draw gasoline up through a jet with such force that it breaks into spray upon striking baffle plates. The vapor then passes through various leads until it reaches a control which is equipped with a low speed and a high speed cold air valve. The right fuel ratio is obtained at this point, and since the vapor is in such fine form upon reaching this control a much greater air ratio is allowable. That's the secret of the efficiency of the device.

"Yes," commented a motorist who had been looking and listening, "and it's knowledge of the existence of such accessories that makes for efficient car ownership."

Apparently he had seen more than the rest of us.



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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

the immortal Don Juan. Man-kind is a vagarious lot, our behavior still a mystifying business despite the prying psychologists.

Of all the psychic delusions and repressions to which the species falls heir, none manifests itself so universally as the piracy instinct, if we may so term this feeble atavism. Strip us of our envelope of civilization and free us from our artificial ethics and morals, overnight, in some miraculous fashion, and many of us would be as ruthless as the conscienceless corsairs who brandished dirk and cutlass two hundred years ago.

No contribution published by TOURING TOPICS in recent years struck such fancy among its readers as George Wycherly Kirkman's *Piracy on the Pacific*, which appeared last October. In the space allotted to him, Mr. Kirkman obviously could merely sketch the lives and deeds of the fearless freebooters who plundered and raided along the Pacific littoral. Now a full-length portrait of the period and many of the foremost actors is available in his recently published book, *Buccaneers of the Pacific* (Bobbs-Merrill Company).

In this highly diverting volume, Mr. Kirkman records the activities of all the English buccaneers who invaded the otherwise placid Pacific from Drake to Anson. This was a profitable field for the pirate, in the days departed. Even though he avail himself of 422 pages, the author finds no space to chronicle the deeds of the French, the Dutch and the independent ventures of lesser lights.

Among other things, Mr. Kirkman describes the rich Manila galleons and the plate fleet of Peru; Drake's sojourn in California; Cavendish's many engagements; Morgan and the sack of Panama; Dampier and the battle of Perico; Hawkins, Sharp, Harris and Cook; Woodes Rogers, Clipperton, Shelvocke and Anson.

In preparing his material the author delved deeply into original documents and ancient lore. The result is a veritable guide to piracy, recommended to all from eight to eighty who esteem high emprise and valorous adventure and who suffer, however slightly, from the urge to join in derring-do.

The Gallant Gaston

STRIPPED of its patent absurdities, *The Wolf Cub*, by Maurice Soulié (The Bobbs-Merrill Company), isn't a half bad outline of the American adventures of that notorious rogue, Count Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon, whose several filibustering sorties against Sonora, launched from California, 1850 to 1854, met such complete frustration.

The serious student of California history will heave this volume into the fire or squawk for his money back before consuming thirty pages; the less exacting reader who secretly concurs with America's Titan of Industry that "most history's the bunk" will derive a chuckle from its nonsensicalities, and genuine diversion from the count's Quixotic excursions.

To be more specific, M. Soulié informs us:

(1) In describing San Francisco in 1845 that: "An old mission of the Spanish *Jesuits*, occupied at this time by the Franciscans, overlooked the town."

(2) That "In the savannahs and the forests at the foot of the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada, roved the *Sioux* and *Cherokee*."

(3) That "a tribe of *Blackfoot* Indians frequented the region occupied by Sutter's Fort."

(4) That the Bear Flag revolt occurred when "the Americans at *Yerba Buena*, pretending to have been wronged by the Mexicans, organized a riot and hoisted a flag of white flannel painted with the design of a star and a bear." And that "the Americans had a thousand soldiers, commanded by three generals, *Frémont*, *Pike* and *Soakley*." And that "early in 1848, the treaty of *Cotuguena* transferred California to the United States."

(5) That the Marquis de Pindray, Count Gaston's countryman then in California, captured Joaquin Murieta in this fashion:

Pindray, in Los Angeles, learned that Murieta was there likewise. He thereupon determined to lead the bandit into ambush by the ruse of pretending to set forth for San Francisco with a large sum of money.

"He did not conceal the fact,"



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[This advertisement can scarcely outline the attractions which drew 175,000 motorists from California, Utah, Arizona and Oregon to Puget Sound and British Columbia last year. For complete description mail the coupon below and receive the free 32-page illustrated booklet.]

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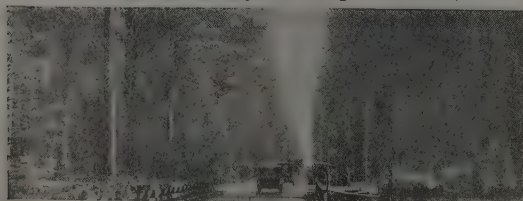
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M. Soulié relates, "that he intended to take the *Santa Fe Trail*, which passed through the cañons of the Colorado, and so shorten his route by several miles. . . .

"The second day of the journey he was riding in the cañon of *Umqua* when a bullet whizzed by his ears. He immediately sank down, groaning, and feigned death. A few moments later Joachim Murietta and Three Fingers appeared and drew near, intending to finish him off and rob him. At that moment Pindray seized his carbine, which had never missed its man, and with two shots brought the bandits down.

"Without troubling to make sure that they were dead, he cut off their heads, put them in a sack and took them to the Vigilance Committee of Los Angeles. The heads were exhibited for several months, enclosed in glass jars, in a drug store."

Now all these "facts" as well as numerous others, would be highly interesting if true, which they're not, unfortunately. M. Soulié apparently took poetic license with historical fact, which is hardly legitimate. The book, in this relation, is a counterpart of Blase Cendrar's brilliant *Sutter's Gold*, which Dr. DuFour of the State College at San Diego has shown to be so ludicrous; entertaining, surely, but regrettably erroneous.

But of the Count's life in San Francisco as a fish-monger and

longshoreman, his three expeditions in Sonora, his capture of Hermosillo with a mere handful of courageous cohorts; his founding and the eventual disintegration of the La Restauradora colony, organized to develop, lawfully, certain mining properties; his amours with the flashing Maria Antonia; his perilous voyage from San Francisco to Guaymas aboard a thirty-foot boat, in a continuously mad sea; his attempt to seize Guaymas and his capture and execution, M. Soulié writes vividly and with the ring of veracity.

Gaston is a fascinating study in human behavior; an opportunist whose neural organization always seemed to fail him at the precise moment he should have reached out to garner the profits of his intrepidity.

"I would like to find myself at grips with tremendous adversities. . . . I shall be a great man or a great criminal," Gaston wrote in his youth. He died before a military squad in the square at Guaymas, more the nobleman, perhaps, than in life, with his arms above his head instead of tied and without the regulation bandage across his eyes.

Sonora lauded his captor, the former governor José-Maria Yañez. A statue to his memory graces a plaza in the gulf town, but its present citizens don't seem to remember just what it was erected for.

—P.T.H.

Your Club's Activities

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)

time in explaining the law to the officer who thinks we are violating an ordinance.

* * *

Protecting Children

THE Department of Public Safety has sponsored and is actively engaged in promoting a Safety Program with particular emphasis on the protection of school children from automobile accidents. A state of positive agitation of the public mind must be produced before we can expect a decrease in the frightful number of accidents, killing or maiming our children.

Forty-seven safety talks were given by this department during March to various Southern California groups, and 404 conferences were held with school representa-

tives pertaining to the program. This program was instituted with the realization that the motorist alone cannot prevent accidents, but that pedestrians, and especially children, must practice extreme caution and must be impressed with the importance of obeying traffic rules.

* * *

Stop Thief

PRIVATE detectives employed by the Theft Bureau of the Club apprehended nineteen thieves and recovered thirty-eight stolen cars during March. This branch of the Club's service operates not alone to the benefit of its members, but to every automobile owner. Of the number of cars recovered, twenty-eight belonged to non-members.

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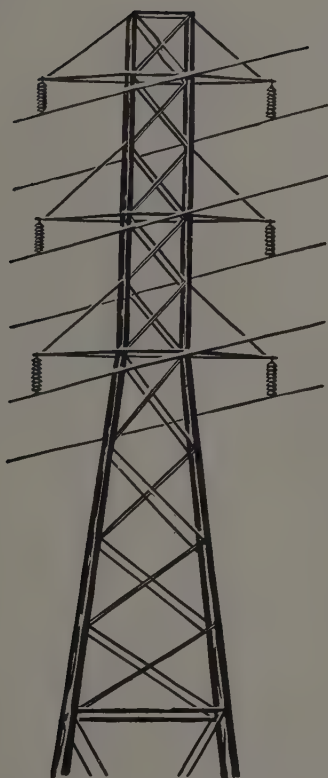
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LOS ANGELES, 610 Cotton Exchange Building
428-A



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Our time for refinishing a closed car is six days and an open car four days. In order to deliver cars on time, we cannot always take your car in our plant when you desire, unless you make advance reservation.

Every car in our plant receives our personal supervision and every detail is individually inspected.

Our policy is to do the highest grade of work obtainable at the lowest price possible.

We refinish hoods, fenders, wheels, or any portion of the car if a complete refinish is not necessary. Our process of rubbing down the body finish may make a complete refinish unnecessary. Let us look over your car and advise you.

We repair fenders, remove body dents, repair upholstery and tops, nickelplating, make seat covers and carpets to meet your requirements.

Always use GLOSSENE cleaner and polish for Duco, Lacquer and Baked Enamel Finishes for best results.

PACIFIC DUCO AUTO FINISHING CO., Inc.

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President

BERT PUGH
Vice-President

2217 Beverly Blvd. (Formerly West First St.)
(Just west of Alvarado Street)

DUnkirk 1208

DUnkirk 1209

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(Duco Headquarters) Los Angeles, Calif.

Without obligation furnish me with cost of a 15-coat

Glossy Duco finish on my.....

(Name of car)

Name.....

Address.....

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of TOURING TOPICS, published monthly at Beverly Hills, Calif., for April 1st, 1928.

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Standish L. Mitchell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of TOURING TOPICS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulation, printed on the reverse side of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publishers, The Automobile Club of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif.; Editor, Phil Townsend Hanna, Los Angeles, Calif.; Business Manager, Standish L. Mitchell, Los Angeles, Calif.

2. That the owners are (Give names and addresses of individuals, owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock): The Automobile Club of Southern California, Los Angeles, California, the officers of which are Horace G. Miller, President, 5125 Santa Fe Avenue, Los Angeles; E. D. Lyman, Vice-President, 621 South Hope St., Los Angeles; H. J. Bauer, Vice-President, California Bank Building, Los Angeles; Ivan Kelso, Counsel, 2601 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles; Standish L. Mitchell, Secretary, 2601 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles; Ralph Reynolds, Assistant Secretary, 2601 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, state so): None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is 104,110.

STANDISH L. MITCHELL,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1928.

(Seal) EMMA M. KIRCHER,

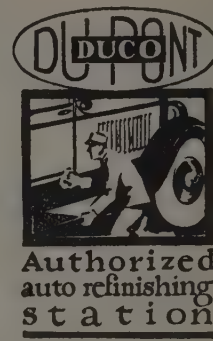
Notary Public.

(My commission expires November 3, 1929.)

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Woodward Automotive Engineers,
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Loynes Garage,
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Continental Auto Paint Shop,
1189 E. Anaheim Blvd.

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38 North Hill Ave.
McLaren Body Top & Paint Works,
136 So. Raymond Ave.

Walter M. Murphy Co.,
55 North Vernon Ave.
C. J. Damm,
55 Valley Street.

GLENDALE

Glendale Duco Automotive Works,
406 E. Colorado St.

Jewel City Paint Shop,
821 S. Glendale Ave.

BURBANK

Valley Duco Paint Shop, 325 West San Fernando Road.

HUNTINGTON BEACH

Rinard & Ebert, 610 S. Main St.

WHITTIER

Elliott's Auto Paint Shop, 120 Comstock Ave.

MONROVIA

Stanley Auto Paint Shop, 917 West Orange St.

SANTA BARBARA

Duco Auto Refinish Co., Chapala at Montecito St.

SAN BERNARDINO

Zulch Auto Works,
274 "I" Street.

Geo. Sherlock, Jr.,
529 Court St.

ONTARIO

Woods Body & Auto Shop,
320 N. Euclid Ave.

Wolfe & Couch,
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ANAHEIM

Cramer & Mills, 327 S. Los Angeles St.

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Pacific Auto Refinish, 421 Palm St.

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Central Garage,
521 S. Pacific Blvd.

E. C. Richards,
526 W. 5th St.

COMPTON

Ferrell & Wood, 431 W. Main St.

LA JOLLA

La Jolla Garage, 7922 Herschell Ave.

RIVERSIDE

E. E. Gruhn,
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Riverside Duco Works,
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Riverside Auto Top & Body Works, 6th & Fairmount Sts.

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Ancient Fish Traps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

base of the hills, to skirt an immense rocky slope upon the left.

Here where the road ends is an irregular cove in the rugged hills. A hundred feet above, the old beach line shows, clear and distinct—dark, stained rock below the high tide mark, lighter above. At one time this rocky wall formed the shore line of the Gulf of California, which extended along the base of Santa Rosa Mountain, a bastion of the San Jacinto range. Then the mighty Colorado, constantly pouring its silt-laden waters into the gulf somewhere near where Yuma stands today, gradually built up a barrier that separated the northern part of the gulf into a distinct salt lake. The river continued to deposit its earth, so that its mouth has gradually moved southward and it now empties far below the Mexican line. The lake, without further source of supply, finally dried up. Various beach lines on the hills indicate that, from time to time, the basin was filled or partially filled, by either the river or the gulf, or perhaps both, breaking in, and forming a brackish lake. The barrier of rich soil, sloping down to the north, we now know as Imperial Valley.

In historic times, men found only a huge dry basin, the lowest part occupied by a dry salt lake. A large salt works was erected here and forty miles of the main line of the Southern Pacific lay across it. Then, in 1905, the Colorado broke through its banks, covering the salt works and the tracks far below its surface, filling the lower part of the basin and forming the Salton Sea. Though this since has been greatly reduced, it is still some forty miles long—the anomaly of a lake in the middle of a desert.

Below the rocky cliffs that tower above the beach level are huge boulders that have tumbled from above. All these are heavily encrusted with a deposit of calcium carbonate and shells, which is known to the local residents as the "coral reef" and is looked upon as a great curiosity. This deposit covers the face of all the rocks and enters into every crevice. It is really not unlike some coral of coarse texture and dirty grey color.

A rocky slope lies below the reef, composed of countless thousands of rounded stones. Here is the site of the fish-traps. They might easily be overlooked, but, once the eye grasps them, are unmistakably the work of man. The traps are from six to eight feet across and a line of them follows the same level of the slope. A few feet below is another line of traps and below that, another, like terraces in a hillside vineyard. At one point there are six distinct lines still visible, one above the other and as the slope is some four hundred yards long, it can be seen that there were literally many hundreds of traps. They were probably made as the level of the water rose or fell. Each of them is either circular or horse-shoe shaped, with the opening on the upper side.

Most of the traps have been scattered by wind and flood, but dozens still remain in excellent repair. Into the lower lines, mesquite and other desert shrubs have crept and now flourish in the soil at the bottom of the pits. Thus is presented the spectacle of flowering shrubs, each growing in its own individual, rock-walled garden. The circles are particularly well preserved and clear at this point.

The descendants of the fish-trap makers live in the valley nearby. We know them as the Cahuilla Indians. They live in four communities—Martinez, Torres, Alamo Bonito and Agua Dulce. The soil on their reservation is exceedingly rich and as they have plenty of water, they have become fairly prosperous ranchers, growing dates, grapes, melons and other crops. They have their own churches, schools and automobiles. The younger members are very much modernized but a few of the older ones still make pottery and weave baskets.

Beneath the shade of palm and cottonwood, the scattered handful of old men that remain, still sit and drowse, living in the past. To the friendly, they may recite the wondrous legends that have been handed down to them, of the ancient times when the sea covered their valley.



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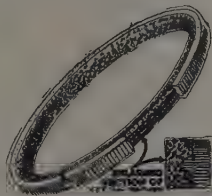
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Name

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Routes and Rules for the Highway Patrol



THE HIGHWAY PATROL SERVICE CARS are not subject to call—they patrol daily the main thoroughfares of Southern California and service is rendered to Club members in distress on the highways when encountered.

☞ Mechanical first aid available for members consists of the following:

☞ Emergency repairs to a car disabled on the highways when it is possible to start same within a reasonable length of time. Patrolmen will not go into garages, private or public, to render service.

☞ Towing a disabled car (without dollies) free of charge to the nearest Official Garage, preferably on the particular route in the direction the patrol car is traveling, if it cannot be started on the road.

☞ In the event that the disabled car must be floated on dollies, patrolmen will arrange with the Club's nearest Official Emergency Road Service Station to tow same without expense to the member. (Refer to regulations printed elsewhere herein for Emergency Road Service.)

☞ Changing spare tires from rack to rim when car is operated by a woman driver unaccompanied by male companion. This service will not be rendered a man physically fit.

☞ Gasoline and oil will be carried by patrol cars and sold without profit to members.

☞ Patrol cars will not be permitted to deviate from their designated routes.

☞ Only competent mechanics, qualified to render mechanical aid, are employed on these cars.

☞ Medical first aid to injured persons consists of applying splints and bandages, and arranging for removal of injured persons from the scene of accident to the nearest hospital. Complete medical kits for emergency use are part of the equipment of each car. The patrol drivers have all undergone special training in Medical First Aid Work.

☞ Members are requested not to tip patrolmen for services rendered. Members are kindly requested to show their Club membership card when service is rendered, and to sign service report.

Where the Patrol Cars Operate

Patrol Car No. 72

This car patrols the highway between El Centro and San Diego daily—and covers the important roads in the Imperial Valley.

Saugus and Santa Paula to Ventura, returning to Los Angeles via Moorpark and Santa Susana Pass.

Patrol Car No. 64

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the route via Glendale, San Fernando,

Patrol Car No. 71

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. via Alvarado Street and Glendale Blvd. to Glendale; Verdugo Canyon to La Canada, Flint-

ridge, Devil's Gate Dam, thence to Pasadena and via Colorado Street to the San Gabriel Blvd., thence south to Downey, Norwalk, Buena Park and Garden Grove into Santa Ana; thence to Balboa and north over the Coast Highway through Huntington Beach, Seal Beach and Long Beach to Los Angeles, returning to Los Angeles via Wilmington and the Harbor Blvd.

Patrol Car No. 63

Leaves Visalia daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Inland Route south via Tulare and Delano to Bakersfield, retraces to Delano, then patrols the highway via Ducor, Porterville, Lindsay and Exeter to Visalia.

Patrol Cars Nos. 61 & 69

These two cars patrol the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. One car leaves Los Angeles and the second leaves San Diego daily at 8 a.m.

Patrol Car No. 73

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Valley Blvd. through El Monte, Puente, Pomona and Ontario to Riverside, then to Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, returning to Los Angeles via Foothill Blvd and Pasadena.

Patrol Car No. 68

This car patrols the Highway between Los Angeles and Bakersfield—(off each Monday).

Patrol Car No. 70

Leaves San Luis Obispo daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Coast Highway north through Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel to the Monterey County line. Retraces to San Luis Obispo, then patrols south to Santa Maria and returns to San Luis Obispo

Patrol Car No. 66

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the highway via South Figueroa Street, Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park and Long Beach Blvd. to Long Beach; thence to San Pedro, Wilmington and Redondo; returning to Los Angeles via Western Avenue, thence to Venice via West Adams Street, Washington Blvd. and Culver City, thence to Santa Monica, returning to Club Headquarters via Wilshire Blvd., Vermont Avenue and West Adams Street.

Patrol Car No. 67

This car operates on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Maria—(off each Monday).

OFFICIAL CAR FORWARDERS



The following forwarders have been carefully selected and have agreed to receive and distribute automobiles shipped from the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to them and to receive automobiles for shipment in consolidated consignment to the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN

advised to communicate with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA or the appropriate forwarder.

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MOBILE
Walker Storage Warehouse Co.,
926 Conti Street.

Arizona

PHOENIX
Automobile Club of Arizona,
217 East Adams Street.
TUCSON
Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Co.

California

LOS ANGELES
Automobile Club of So. California,
Adams and Figueroa Sts.

Colorado

DENVER
Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.,
1700 15th St., (and Denver Motor
Club, 1448 Tremont St., for infor-
mation only).

Florida

JACKSONVILLE
Laney & Delcher Storage Co., Inc.,
657 East Bay Street.

MIAMI
John E. Withers' Transfer & Stor-
age Co.,
1000-1012 N. East First Avenue.

Hawaii, T. H.

HONOLULU
Honolulu Automobile Club

Illinois

CHICAGO
Currier Lee Warehouse Co.,
427 West Erie Street.

PEORIA
Federal Warehouse Co.

Iowa

CEDAR RAPIDS
Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.
DAVENPORT
Ewert & Richter Exp. & Storage Co.
DES MOINES
Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.
FORT DODGE
Brady Transfer & Storage Co.,
Central at Sixteenth Sts.
SIOUX CITY
Dougherty Storage & Van Co.,
409 Douglas Street.

WATERLOO
Iowa Warehouse Co.

Additional forwarders are being constantly added.

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Indiana Terminal Warehouse Co.,
230 So. Pennsylvania St.

Kansas

WICHITA
Bryan Transfer & Storage Co.

Kentucky

LOUISVILLE
O. K. Storage & Transfer Co.,
801 West Main Street.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS
Importers' Bonded Warehouse Co.,
340 Bienville Street.

Massachusetts

BOSTON
Quincy Market Cold Storage Ware-
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178 Atlantic Avenue.

Michigan

DETROIT
Michigan Terminal Warehouse Co.,
Brandt Ave. and Wyoming Road.

Minnesota

DULUTH
Duluth Van & Storage Co.
MINNEAPOLIS
Great Northern Warehouse Co.,
714 Washington Ave., North.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY
Southwest Warehouse Corporation,
Nineteenth and Campbell Streets.
ST. LOUIS
Automobile Club of Missouri,
4228 Lindell Boulevard.

Nebraska

OMAHA
Terminal Warehouse Co.,
702 South Tenth Street.

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BUFFALO
Larkin Co., Inc.,
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NEW YORK CITY
Tooker Storage & Forwarding Co.,
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SYRACUSE
Great Northern Warehouse, Inc.,
350-360 West Fayette Street.

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AKRON
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.
CINCINNATI
E. J. Robben, 954 West Fifth St. (and
Cincinnati Automobile Club, 8th
and Race Sts., for information
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Interstate Terminal Warehouse, Inc.,
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COLUMBUS
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

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OKLAHOMA CITY
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TULSA
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Dallas Transfer & Terminal Ware-
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El Paso Fireproof Storage Co.
FT. WORTH
Binyon O'Keefe Firep. Storage Co.,
Eighth and Calhoun.
HOUSTON
Westheimer Transfer Co.
SAN ANTONIO
Scobey Fireproof Warehouse Co.
(Receiving only).

Utah

SALT LAKE CITY
Jennings Cornwall Warehouse Co.,
337 West Second South St.

Washington

SEATTLE
Automobile Club of Washington,
1109 Pine Street.

OFFICIAL



HOTELS

The Hotels listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices. Members are requested.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LOS ANGELES			
Alexandria Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Chelsea Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 4.00	
Coliseum Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	
Hotel Figueroa	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
Westlake Olympic Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel Rosslyn	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel St. Paul	(E)	3.00 up	Double 4.00 up
Hotel Savoy	(E)	2.00 up	
Stillwell Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50
Hotel Stowell	(E)	2.00	
Ambassador	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 to 2.50
Hotel Trinity	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	1.50
Van Nuys Hotel	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	
HOLLYWOOD			
Hotel Christie	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Gilbert	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	
Hollywood Plaza Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	
Village Inn	(E)	2.00 to 4.00 per day	
PASADENA			
Hotel Constance	(E)	3.00—5.00	
MT. WILSON			
Mt. Wilson Hotel	(E)	4.00	1.50 up
GLENDALE			
Hotel Brand	(E)	1.50	1.00
SANTA MONICA			
Hotel Windermere	(A)	7.50	6.00

Inland Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

BAKERSFIELD			
Hotel El Tejon	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Euclid	(E)	2.00	1.00 up
Hotel Moronet	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Tegeter Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
Hotel Billford	(E)	2.00 up	1.25 up
Hotel Willis	(E)	1.50 up	
DELANO			
Hotel Kern	(E)	2.50	1.50
LEBEC			
Hotel Lebec	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00
LINDSAY			
Hotel Lindsay	(E)	1.75 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50
PORTERVILLE			
Hotel Porterville	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN FERNANDO			
Porter Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
TAFT			
Savoy Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.75 to 2.50 up
Hotel Fox	(E)	2.50	1.75
TULARE			
Fox Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.75
Hotel Tulare	(E)	2.50	1.50

to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show cards. (A) American Plan. (E) European Plan.

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
OCEANSIDE			
Hotel Keisker	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
ORANGE			
Sunshine Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA ANA			
St. Ann's Inn	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	2.00
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO			
Hotel Capistrano	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
SAN DIEGO			
Albany Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
El Cortez Hotel	(E)	5.00 up	
U. S. Grant Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	
Hotel Churchill	(E)	3.00 to 4.00	2.00 to 3.00
Hotel Knickerbocker	(E)	1.50 to 3.00 per day	2 to 3.50
Hotel Sanford	(A)	4.50 up	3.00 up
Hotel St. James	(E)	2.00 to 6.00	1.50 to 3.50
San Diego Hotel	(E)	1.00 to 3.00 per day	
Maryland Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	1.50 up
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	
Admiral Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
Kings George Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up
CORONADO			
Hotel Coronado	(A)	10.00 up	8.00 up

Los Angeles—San Diego, Inland Route

ELSNORE			
Amsbury Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50
GLEN IVY			
Glen Ivy Mineral Hot Springs	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
ONTARIO			
Ontario Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.50 to 3.00
Casa Blanca Hotel	(E)	2.50	2.00
RIVERSIDE			
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
HEMET			
Palomar Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50
VISTA			
Vista Inn	(A)	6.00	5.00

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

CLAREMONT			
Ye Claremont Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
FONTANA			
Fontana Farms Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up
GLENN RANCH, CAL.			
Glenn Ranch Resort	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Housekeeping Camping	(E)	1.50 up	.50 up
MONROVIA			
Leven Oaks Hotel	(A)	5.50 to 7.50	4.50 to 5.50
SAN ANTONIO CANYON			
Camo Baldy	(E)		1.50 up
SAN BERNARDINO			
Antlers Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
San Bernardino Mountain Resorts			
(Rim of the World)			
LAKE ARROWHEAD			
Lake Arrowhead Lodge			Closed for Season

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Pine Knot Lodge	(Closed for Season)		
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Big Bear Lake	(A)	6.00 up	5.00 up
Tavern	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Highlander Hotel	(A)	6.50	6.00
Knight's Camp	(E)	7.00 up	
		(E) 1.50 to 5.00	

SAN BERNARDINO P. O.			
Pinecrest Mountain Resort	(A)	7.00	5.00 up
Hotel		Housekeeping	5.00 up

National Old Trails
(East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO			
Monkbridge Manor	(A)	5.00	4.50
AMBOY			
Amboy Hotel	(E)	2.50	2.00
	(E)	1.50 up	Cottages 2.00 up

BARSTOW			
Hotel Melrose and Annex	(E)	2.50	1.50 up

KINGMAN, ARIZ.			
Hotel Beale	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 to 2.00
Commercial Hotel	(E)	2.00	1 to 1.50

LUDLOW			
Hotel Oasis	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up

SOCORRO, N. M.			
Hotel Val Verde	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up

VICTORVILLE			
Hotel Stewart	(E)	2.50	1.00 up
Hotel Smith	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

BRIDGEPORT			
Bridgeport Hotel	(E)		1.50
	(A)		4.50

BISHOP			
Kittie Lee Inn	(A)	6.50	5.50

GULL LAKE (BISHOP P. O.)			
(Between Silver and Gull Lake)			
Gull Lake Lodge	(A)		5.00

INDEPENDENCE			
Winnedumah Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
JUNE LAKE (BISHOP P. O.)			
June Lodge	(E)	5.00	3.00
Housekeeping			2.00

LANCASTER			
Lancaster Inn	(E)	2.00	1.50

LONE PINE			
Dow Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

MOJAVE			
Hotel Alton	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley

(Salton Sea Route)
Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix.

BANNING			
San Geronio Inn	(A)	6 to 7.50	5 to 6.00
	(E)	3 to 4.00	2 to 2.50

BRAWLEY			
Planters Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Dunlack	(E)	2.50 up	
		(Air cooled and fireproof)	

COLTON			
Anderson Hotel	(A)	5.00	3.50
	(E)	2.00	1.50

INDIO			
Hotel Indio	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
The La Quinta	(A)	15.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	

PALM SPRINGS			
Desert Inn	(A)	10.00 up	
El Mirador	(A)	10.00 up	
		All Rooms with Bath	

RIVERSIDE			
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up

REDLANDS			
Casa Loma Hotel	(A)	4.50 up	4.00 up
	(E)	2.00 up	1.50

San Jacinto Mountain Resorts

IDYLLWILD			
Idyllwild Inn	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 up

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway

(Borderland Route)

San Diego—El Paso and Points East.

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
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THE WILLOWS, SAN DIEGO CO.			
The Willows		5.00 up	4.00 up

CALEXICO			
Hotel Reeder	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

DESCANSO			
Hulburd Grove Inn	(A)	4.25 up	3.25 up
Housekeeping Cottages			

PINE VALLEY, SAN DIEGO CO.			
Pine Valley Cabin	(A)	6.00 up	5.50
	(E)	4.00 up	3.00

(All modern conveniences) Housekeeping Cottages.

EL CENTRO			
Hotel Barbara Worth	(E)	2.50 to 5	2 to 3.50

EL PASO, TEXAS			
Hotel Sheldon	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00

YUMA, ARIZ.			
Hotel Del Ming	(E)	3.50 up	2.00 up

Miscellaneous Hotels and Resorts

TEHACHAPI			
Juanita Hotel	(E)	1.50 per day up	

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS			
Alexander Young Hotel	(E)	3.50 up	2.50 up

RAMONA			
Kenilworth Inn	(A)		3.50

RYAN			
Death Valley View Hotel	(A)		5.00 to 7.00
	(E)		2.50 to 4.00

DEATH VALLEY			
Furnace Creek Inn	(A)	10.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	

District Offices of the California State Automobile Association

CHICO—Second and Salem Sts., Butte County.

EUREKA—608 Fourth St., Humboldt and Del Norte counties.

FRESNO—660 Van Ness Ave., Fresno County.

HANFORD—316 N. Irwin St., Kings County.

HOLLISTER—379 Fourth St.

MADERA—114 N. F St.

MARTINEZ—407 Ferry St., Contra Costa County.

MARYSVILLE—1015 Fifth St., Yuba, Sutter, Nevada and Sierra counties.

MERCED—El Capitan Hotel Bldg., Merced, Madera and Mariposa counties.

MODESTO—Ninth and "Eye" St., Stanislaus County.

NAPA—1017 Third St., Napa and Lake counties.

OAKLAND—399 Grand Ave., Alameda County.

RED BLUFF—608 Main St., Tehama County.

REDDING—313 Yuba St., Shasta, Trinity and Modoc counties.

SACRAMENTO—1416 K St., Sacramento, Placer and El Dorado counties.

SALINAS—334 Main St., Monterey and San Benito counties.

SAN JOSE—1034 The Alameda, Santa Clara County.

SAN MATEO—100 El Camino Real, San Mateo County.

SAN RAFAEL—401 Fourth St., Marin County.

SANTA CRUZ—21 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz County.

SANTA ROSA—544 Mendocino Ave., Sonoma and Mendocino counties.

STOCKTON—929 El Dorado St., San Joaquin, Amador, Calaveras, Alpine and Tuolumne counties.

SUSANVILLE—Mt. Lassen Hotel Bldg., Plumas and Lassen counties.

VALLEJO—501 Georgia St., Solano County.

WILLOWS—249 Tehama St., Glenn and Colusa counties.

WOODLAND—818 Main St., Yolo County.

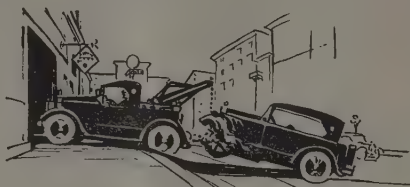
YOSEMITE VALLEY—Park Supt. Office.

YREKA—Main near Miner St., Siskiyou County.

Official Garages and State-wide Emergency Road Service

for Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Automobile Association

The Garages listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices.



"Members are advised to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show their cards"

How to Obtain Free Emergency Road Service

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Southern California are designated by star and phone number

MEMBERS with their disabled cars on the road outside of Los Angeles are requested to call the nearest Emergency Road Service Station—listed here and in each issue of TOURING TOPICS. In or near Los Angeles City call Club headquarters, BEacon. 8600—always open.

☐ Give your name, address, membership card number, make of car, license number, location, and nature of trouble.

☐ The mechanics on arrival will either start your car in 30 minutes mechanical labor or tow car to the Official Garage. (Elsewhere at your expense.)

☐ This is an emergency service only for members whose cars are disabled on the highways. Calls cannot be answered at the Club's expense to start cars in garages.

☐ Service cannot apply to employees or friends of members who do not belong—even when such employees or friends are operating the member's cars, as Club service follows the member and not the car.

☐ Be sure to carry your membership card. No free service will be extended to persons who fail to carry paid-up membership cards.

☐ The service will be extended to owners of firm or commercial cars only when the drivers thereof can produce a Club member-

ship card in their own names. This service does not apply to trucks of any make.

☐ This service is for emergencies when disabled while actually on the road, and does not apply on mechanical or repair work at garages, nor include supplies or parts.

☐ Tire service—changing spare tires from rack to rim—will be extended when car is operated by a woman member unaccompanied by male companion, or a man physically unable to change tires.

☐ Carry the current issue of the Club magazine, TOURING TOPICS, containing list of appointed garages in your car.

☐ *The Club's Emergency Road Service, as above outlined, applies only to the territory embraced by the thirteen Southern Counties of California. As a member of our organization, however, you are entitled to Emergency Road Service in Central and Northern California through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association (Northern Club) in accordance with rules and regulations established by them for their own members.*

☐ *Members cannot be reimbursed for services secured from garages not under contract with the Club as Emergency Road Service Stations.*

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NOTE: This list is complete to date of publication. A revised list will be published monthly in Touring Topics. Carry the latest list in your car so it may always be available.)

Los Angeles

*A-1 Auto Sheet Metal Works, 3701 Moneta Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Arrow Garage, 1016 W. Vernon Ave.
Auto Centre Garage, 746 South Hope Street
Bernard & Johnson Garage, 1317 Wilshire Blvd.
*Beverly Drive Garage, 439 Beverly Drive, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Biltmore Garage, 525 West 5th St.
Blue Ribbon Garage, 4251 South Broadway
Bozzani Motor Car Co., Cor. Sunset Blvd. and Broadway
Buick Garage, 1000 West Washington St.

Burlington Garage, 517 South Burlington St.
Clark-Wall Garage, 634 Wall St.
Clinton L. Clark Garage, 2219 West Pico St.
Chopinger Garage, 708 Merchant St.
De Luxe Garage, 534 South Union Ave.
Eddy's Fireproof Garage, 816 So. Grand Ave.
Ellsworth Cadillac Service, 1105 West Pico St.
Fifth Street Garage, 221 East 5th St.
Penn-Shelton Super Service Station, 1832-50 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.
*Gagen's Motor Service, 222 North Vermont, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*Gold Arrow Auto Works, 2714 South Figueroa St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Granada Garage, 526 S. Western Ave.
 *Grand-Adams Garage, 2525 S. Grand Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Harris-Davenport Super Service Station, 1600 So. Western Ave.
 Heller's Garage, 4165 Beverly Blvd.
 Hotel Clark Garage, 4th and Olive Sts.
 H. & S. Garage, 2415 South Vermont Ave.
 *Herdina Garage, 12518 South Main St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Jack McArlay's Garage, 4421 South Western Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Kreutzer Garage, 1801 South Hope St.
 *Loy's Garage, 3412 West Pico St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *L. A. Motor Service Garage, 2524 South Hill St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Lincoln Park Garage, 3319 Mission Road, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Larchmont Garage, 241-243 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Love & Love Garage No. 2, 232 So. Figueroa St.
 Manhattan Wilshire Garage, 606 S. Manhattan Place
 Master Service Co. 811 So. Whittier St.
 The May Co.'s Patrons Garage, 9th & Hill Streets
 *Montclair Garage, 4321 W. Adams, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Ready-Go Service Garage, 2701 South Figueroa St.
 *Reliable Mechanical Works, 320 Venice Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Schuler Auto Service Garage, 4708 W. Washington St.
 Schuler Co. Garage, 3241 South Figueroa St.
 Security Garage, 430 South Los Angeles St.
 *Snyder's Garage, 2459 Brooklyn Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Sonoma Motor Sales Co., 636 Maple Ave.
 Southwest Auto Works Garage, 4274 S. Broadway.
 Speer-Dodge Works, 1827 South Hope St.
 *Stewart's Garage, 4917 Whittier Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 260 So. Vermont Super Service Station, 260 South Vermont Ave.
 Washington Park Garage, 18th and Grana Ave.
 *Welcome Garage, 329 Glenale Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Western Avenue Garage, 226 South Western Ave.
 Witmer Garage, 528 Columbia Avenue
 *Woodward Garage, Pico and Alvarado Sts., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Wilmington Garage, 3144 Wilshire Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Wilshire Garage, 6th and Kenmore
 Wolfe & Allen Super Service Station, 7726 S. Vermont Ave.

Los Angeles—San Diego Coast Route

*ANAHEIM—Frahm's Garage, Phone: 799 (Day) 703-R (Night)
 *CORONADO—Guarantee Garage, Phone: Coronado 518
 *CORONADO—Pioneer Garage, Phone: Coronado 56
 CORONADO—Woodward's Hotel Del Coronado Garage
 *CARLSBAD—Standard Garage, Phone: 15-J-1
 *CYPRESS—Cypress Garage, Phone: Anaheim 8711-R-4 (Day) 941-W (Night)
 *DEL MAR—Hotel Del Mar Garage, Phone: Del Mar 88
 *DOWNEY—Faulkner's Garage, Mach. Shop, Phone: Downey 432 60
 *FULLERTON—Bill's Garage, Phone: 697
 *FULLERTON—Lillian Yaeger Garage, Phone: Fullerton 115 or 114
 *LAGUNA BEACH—Coast Garage, Phone: Laguna Beach 52
 *LA HABRA—Missouri Garage, Phone: La Habra 8-176
 *LA JOLLA—Pacific Garage, Phone: La Jolla 768
 *MONTEBELLO—B. & H. Garage, Phone: Montebello 345
 NATIONAL CITY—Outweller's Garage, Phone: National 528 (Day) Randolph 3922 (Night)
 *NORWALK—Central Garage, Phone: Norwalk 5582 (Day) 5361 (Night)
 *OCEANSIDE—Bo ulvard Garage, Phone: 27-J
 *OCEANSIDE—Mc calside Garage, Phone: 42
 *ORANGE—Acme Garage & Machine Shop, Phone: Orange 80
 SAN DIEGO—Savoy Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Sixth Street Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Adair's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Elite Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Dupree's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Hi-Ho Garage.
 *SAN DIEGO—Mission Garage, Phone: Main 5101
 SAN DIEGO—Price Motor Car Co.
 *SAN DIEGO—White Front Garage, Phone: Hillcrest 2562
 SAN DIEGO—San Diego Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Crescent Garage.
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage, Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956
 Nig it, Sundays and Holidays
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Congdon Motor Car Co., Phone: 131
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—White Garage, Phone: 4
 *SANTA ANA—Grand Central Garage, Phone: 2457
 *SOLANO BEACH—Cochran & Weiss Garage, Phone: Del Mar 93-J
 *TUSTIN—Tustin Garage, Phone: Tustin 11-J (Day) Tustin 155-R or 155-M (Night)
 WHITTIER—J. W. Cox Motor Sales Co.
 *WHITTIER—Ternquist & Olson, Phone: Whittier 423-249
 WHITTIER—L. G. Rinderknecht Garage.
 *YORBA LINDA—Liberty Garage, Phone: Placentia 8705-R-1

Los Angeles—San Diego Inland Route

*BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage, Phone: Covina 64853
 *EL MONTE—Commercial Garage, Phone: 216
 *ELSINORE—Graham & Graham Garage, Phone: 72 (Day) 162 (Night)
 *ESCONDIDO—Escondido Garage, Phone: 406 and 157
 *ESCONDIDO—Guarantee Garage, Phone: 68
 *FALLBROOK—Fallbrook Garage, Phone: Fallbrook 11-W
 *ONTARIO—Dietz & Graves Garage, Phone: 818 (Day) 1052 or 749-J (Night)
 ONTARIO—McGready Bros. Garage.
 POMONA—Opera Garage.
 POMONA—Elab ery-Reynolds, Jr. Inc.
 *POMONA—Wurfs Garage, Phone: 1424
 *PUENTE—Puente Garage, Phone: 532-21 (Garage) 554-91 (Residence)
 *PUENTE—Service Garage, Phone: 532-33
 *RIVERSIDE—California Garage, Phone: 3870
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage, Phone: 1000

Los Angeles—San Francisco Coast Route

*ARROYO GRANDE—Barcellos & Morgan Garage, Phone: 15
 *ATASCADERO—Atascadero Garage, Phone: 74
 *BUELLTON—Buellton Garage, Phone: 31-F-13
 *CALABASAS—Calabasas Garage, Phone: Owensmouth 115-R-11 (Day) 115-J2 (Night)
 *CAMARILLO—Knob Hill Garage, Phone: 956-M-2
 *CAMBRIA—Service Garage, Phone: Cambria 11-F-2
 *CARPINTERIA—Rincon Garage, Phone: 20-W
 *CAYUCOS—Cayucos Garage, Phone: Cayucos Garage.

*CHATSWORTH—Alamo Garage, Phone: Owensmouth 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)
 *ENCINO—Encino Garage, Phone: Van Nuys 428-J
 *FILLMORE—John Opsahl Garage, Phone: 42 or 15
 *HOLLYWOOD—East Hollywood Garage, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 HOLLYWOOD—Classic Garage, 1262 No. Western Ave.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Mission Garage, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 HOLLYWOOD—Sierra Vista Garage
 HOLLYWOOD—Southern Garage, 5731 Sunset Blvd.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Standard Motor Service, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 HOLLYWOOD—Fred R. Winnett Garage.
 *LOMPOC—Ruffner & Ruffner Garage, Phone: 74 (Day) 41-R or 169-W (Night)
 *LOS ALAMOS—Los Alamos Garage, Phone: 37
 *LOS ALAMOS—P. & T. Garage, Phone: 27
 *MOORPARK—Mission Garage, Phone: 20
 *NORTH HOLLYWOOD—Huffaker Garage, Phone: Lankershim 290
 *OJAI—City Garage, Phone: 4
 *ORCUTT—Orcutt Garage, Phone: 593-J-2
 *OXNARD—Slagle's Garage, Phone: 73 or 285
 OXNARD—Buick Garage.
 *PASO ROBLES—Pioneer Garage, Phone: 247
 *PISMO BEACH—Pismo Garage & Mach. Shop, Phone: 6-W
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Berkemeyer Garage, Phone: 3
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Studebaker Service Garage, Phone: 601
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Kamin's San Luis Garage, Phone: 162
 *SAN MIGUEL—Tucker's Super Service, Phone: San Miguel 6-W
 SANTA BARBARA—Arlington Garage
 *SANTA BARBARA—Huff's Garage, Phone: 701
 *SANTA BARBARA—Johnson's Garage, Phone: 3054
 *SANTA BARBARA—Carrillo Hotel Garage, Phone: 3900
 *SANTA MARIA—California Garage.
 *SANTA MARIA—Automotive Garage, Phone: 3
 *SANTA MARIA—Santa Maria Garage
 *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage, Phone: 233
 *SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage, Phone: 85
 *SATICOV—Saticov Garage, Phone: 41
 *VAN NUYS—J. R. Wardlaw Super Service Station, Phone: Van Nuys 150
 *VENTURA—Neiderhauser Garage, Phone: 620-W
 *VENTURA—Ventura Garage, Phone: 1142
 *VENTURA—Reid's Garage, Phone: 176 (Day) 642 (Night)
 VENTURA—Union Garage.

Los Angeles—San Francisco Inland Route

*BAKERSFIELD—Class A Motor Company, Phone: 133
 *BAKERSFIELD—Bakersfield Motors Co., Phone: 3322
 *BAKERSFIELD—Chester Avenue Garage.
 *BAKERSFIELD—East Side Garage, Phone: 990
 *BAKERSFIELD—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: 702 or 703
 *BAKERSFIELD—California Garage, Phone: 621
 *BURBANK—Patterson's Garage, Phone: Burbank 268
 *DELANO—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: Delano 1
 *DUNBAR—Biswell, McDonald & Biswell, Phone: 12 (Day) 307 (Nights Sun.)
 *EXETER—Square Deal Garage, Phone: Exeter 46-R (Day) Exeter 27-W (Night)
 *FELLOWS—Fellows Garage, Phone: Black 362.
 *GLENDALE—Pellegrini Garage, Phone: Glendale 5080
 *GLENDALE—Dotson's Super Service Station
 *LEMON COVE—Lemon Cove Garage, Phone: Lemon Cove Gar. bet. 7 a.m. and 6 p.m.
 Sunday 7 a.m. to 1:30 a.m.
 *LINDSAY—Cate & Woolmes Garage, Phone: Lindsay 60
 *MARICOPA—Maricopa Garage, Phone: B-463
 *MC FARLAND—King Garage, Phone: McFarland 13 (Day) 4-F-3 (Night)
 *MCKITTRICK—McK ittrick Auto Supply Co., Phone: Main 61
 MONTROSE—Evans Garage.
 NEWHALL—White Star Garage.
 *PIXLEY—Gaudin Motor Co., Phone: 17-J (Day) 17-W (Night)
 *PORTERVILLE—Dick's Automotive Service, Phone: 574 (Day) 414-R or 574 (Night)
 *RIDGE ROUTE—Ridge Road Garage, 15 miles from Sausalito on Ridge, (Castaic P.O.)
 *SANDBERG—Sandberg's Garage, Phone: Sanberg Tol. Station.
 *SAN FERNANDO—Cascade Garage, Phone: Main 184
 *SAN FERNANDO—Willis A. Rowe Auto Supply House, Phone: Main 41
 *SAUGUS—Midway Garage, Phone: Newhall 28-J-2. After 10:00 p.m. call
 Sheriff's Office at Newhall
 *SHAFTER—Miller Bros. Garage, Phone: 4-W
 *TAFT—H. R. Kanode Garage, Phone: 220 J (Day) 109-W (Night)
 *TULARE—Centra l Garage, Phone: Tulare 102
 *TULARE—Graham's Department Store Garage
 *TIPTON—Rainbow Garage, Phone: Tipton 10
 *VISALIA—Main Garage, Phone: Visalia 980
 *WASCO—Wasco Garage, Phone: 12

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

ALHAMBRA—Eagle Garage.
 *ALHAMBRA—Harry T. Moore Garage, Phone: Alhambra 242 (Day) 3027-J (Night)
 and 495-J
 *ALHAMBRA—E. C. Woodard Garage, Phone: 1956 (Day) 4386 (Night)
 *CLAREMONT—Foothill Garage, Phone: Claremont 4961
 *COLTON—Taylor's Electric Service Garage, Phone: 90
 *COVINA—Webber Garage, Phone: Covina 12111
 *FONTANA—Fontana Garage, Phone: Fontana 257
 *GLENORA—Rove Motor Service Garage, Phone: Covina 42004
 *HIGHLAND—Coy Garage, Phone: 35
 *MONROVIA—Ruechel Garage, Phone: Green 70 (Day) Black 389 (Nights, Sun.
 and Holidays)
 *RIALTO—Boulevard Garage, Phone: 7 (Day) 170 (Night)
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage, Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956
 Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 EAST SAN GABRIEL—Barlow's Automotor Service.
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Centra l Garage, Phone: 271-32
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Draper's Garage, Phone: 271-63
 *SAN BERNARDINO—California Garage
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Tonnecon's Super Service Station.
 *UPLANDS—Waterman Garage, Phone: 116-J

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Central Garage & Machine Works.
 *AMBOY—Amboy Garage, No Phone.
 *BARSTOW—Barstow Garage, Phone: 26-M.
 *FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—Babbitt Brothers Garage.
 *GOFFS—Goffs Mercantile Garage, Phone: Goffs Garage.
 KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Ford Garage.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Farrow Stackpole Auto. Co.
 *LUDLOW—Murphy Bros. Tourist Garage.
 MADDALENA, NEW MEXICO—Stendell's Garage.
 *NEEDLES—Old Trails Garage. Phone: Main 28
 SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Becker's Transcontinental Garage.
 *VICTORVILLE—Victorville Garage. Phone: 8-J
 WINSLOW, ARIZ.—Bazel Motor Co.

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway (Borderland Route)

*ALPINE—Alpine Garage. Phone: El Cajon 342-3
 *EL CAJON—J. R. Dall Motor Co. Phone: 101 (Day) 691 (Night)
 *EL CENTRO—C. E. Coggins Garage. Phone: E. Centro 166
 EL CENTRO—Barbara Worth Garage
 *JACUMBA—J. R. Fowble Garage. Phone: Fowble Garage, Jacumba.
 *LA MESA—La Mesa Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 145 (Night)
 YUMA, ARIZ.—Super Service Garage.

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

*BISHOP—Smith Auto. Co. Phone: Bishop 81 (Day) Bishop 91-J (Night)
 *BISHOP—Crescent Garage. Phone: 48-R (Day) 69-W (Night)
 BISHOP—Watterson's Garage
 *BIG PINE—Glacier Garage. Phone: 121
 *BRIDGEPORT—Bridgeport Garage. Phone: Bridgeport Store
 *INDEPENDENCE—Independence Garage. Phone: Bishop 25-4
 *LANCASTER—Inn Garage. Phone: 1001
 *LONE PINE—Mt. Whitney Garage & Livery Co. Phone: Bishop 21-1
 LONE PINE—Square Deal Garage.
 *MINT CANYON—Baletier's Garage. No phone.
 *MOJAVE—Andy Smith's Garage. Phone: 221
 MOJAVE—Paul's Garage.
 *MONO LAKE—Tioga Lodge Garage. Phone: Tioga Lodge (Summer Only)
 *OLANCHA—Romero Garage.
 *PALMDALE—Mission Garage. Phone: 17-W

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix

*BANNING—Dickinson Motor Car Co. Phone: 96 (Day) Main 82 (Night)
 *BLYTHE—Valley Garage. Phone: 26
 *BEAUMONT—Brown & Sons Garage. Phone: 774
 *BEAUMONT—Beaumont Garage. Phone: Beaumont 782
 *BLOOMINGTON—Bloomington Garage. Phone: 8715-R-2
 *BRAWLEY—Plaza Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 709 (Night)
 BRAWLEY—White Garage.
 *COACHELLA—Union Garage. Phone: 138
 *INDIO—MacKenzie Motor Co. Phone: 3 Indio
 *PALM SPRINGS—Bunker's Garage. Phone: Bunker's Garage.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Northern California

CALIFORNIA STATE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

(NOTE: Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California when touring in Northern California are advised to get in touch with the nearest office of the California State Automobile Association for their rules and regulations pertaining to this service.)

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ADIN	Adin Garage	Adin Exchange	BURNEY	Tourist Garage	Tourist Garage
ALAMEDA	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, or Park St. Garage	Glencourt 4400	BYRON	Byron Garage	(Day) Byron 1; (Nights, Sun- days & Holidays) Byron 18
ALBANY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	CALISTOGA	Wilber R. Snow Elec. Garage	Calistoga 50
ALBION	Johnson & Larson	Albion 1-F-3 or 10-F-32	CAMPIONVILLE	C. O. D. Garage & Machine Co.	Camptonville 8
ALBAMONT PASS	Mountain House Garage (nine miles west of Tracy)	Mountain House	CARMEL	Carmel Garage	(Day) Carme 112 (Night) 353-568-570
ALTURAS	Modoc Machine Shop	Livermore Exchange (Day) Red 272 (Night) Black 622	CASCADA	Solomon Garage	Rangers Station at Big Creek
ALVARADO	Alvarado Garage	Alvarado 28-W	CASTROVILLE	Kings Garage	Castroville 4-J
ANGELS CAMP	Central Garage	(Day) Angels Camp 32 (Night) Angels Camp Exch.	CEDARVILLE	Western Garage	Cedarville Exchange
ANGWIN	College Garage	St. Helena 79-F-5	CHICO	Service Garage	Chico 311-W
ANTIOCH	W. A. Christensen	Antioch 123	CHINESE CAMP	Chinese Camp Garage	(Day) Chinese Camp Exch. (Night) 5
ARBUCLE	Atran Garage	(Day) Arbuckle 4-K (Night) 28-W	CHOWCHILLA	Chowchilla Garage	Day & Night Chowchilla 4
ARCATA	Sacchi Service Station	(Day) Arcata 109-W or 245-J or 363	CLEMENTS	Service Garage	Clements Exchange
AUBERRY	Auberry Garage	Auberry Hotel	CLOVERDALE	Tire Shop Garage	(Day) Cloverdale 41 (Night) Cloverdale 118-J
AUBURN	R. & D. Service Shop	(Day) Auburn 220 (Night) 296	CLOVIS	H. B. Owens Garage	Day & Night Clovis 4
AUBURN	White's Garage, Newcastle	(Day) Newcastle 110 (Night) 118	COALINGA	V. F. Oyster Auto & Mach. Shop	(Day) Coalinga 165 (Night) 326-J
BASS LAKE	The Piner Garage	Shaw line, one long ring	COLFAX	McCleary Garage	Main 20
BAY POINT	Bay Point Garage	Bay Point 22	COLMA	Bill's Garage, Daly City	(Night) 147 or 395
BECKWITH	Sierra Valley Garage	10-W	COLUSA	Universal Garage	Colusa 53-W
BELMONT	Belmont Garage	Belmont 6	CONCORD	Concord Auto Service Co.	Concord 87; after 9 p. m. call 319
BELVEDERE	Belvedere Garage	Belvedere 37-J	CORCORAN	Corcoran Garage	Corcoran 441
BENICIA	Enterprise Garage	Benicia 214-W	CORNING	The Corning Garage	Corning 75
BEN LOMOND	Ben Lomond Garage	Ben Lomond 23; after 9 p. m. Ben Lomond 4-W	CORTE MADERA	Community Garage	(Day) Corte Madera 305 (Night) 147 or 395
BERKELEY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	COTATI	Fox Garage	Cotati 20-F-11
BIEBER	Oak's Garage	Bieber Exchange	COTTONWOOD	Cottonwood Garage	(Day) Cottonwood 7-J After 8 p. m. send word (Day) 67; (Night) 66
BIG CREEK	Solomon Garage	Rangers station at Big Creek	COURTLAND	Thomsen Auto Repair Shop	Covelto 8-F-21
BIGGS	Biggs Garage	Biggs 34	COVELO	Crue's Garage	San Jose 119-J-1
BLAIRSDEN	Mokawa Valley Garage	Blairsdan 4	CRESCENT CITY	Crescent City Garage & Mach. Works	Crescent City 441
BLUE LAKE	Blue Lake Garage	13-J (Day only)	CRESCENT MILLS	Crescent Mills Garage	Crescent Mills Exchange
BLUFF CREEK	Gephart Bros. (Via Weitchpec)	1 long, 2 short & 1 long ring	CROCKETT	Community Garage	Crockett 326, 206-W or 206-J
BOLINAS	Bolinas Garage	Bolinas 3-W. 1 1 no answer, call Bolinas 12.	CUMMINGS	Redwood Empire Garage	Latonville 3-F-4
BOONVILLE	Live Oak Garage	Phone 8; after 8 p. m. send word	DALY CITY	Bill's Garage	Randolph 940
BRIDGEPORT	Bridgeport Garage	Bridgeport, Mariposa Exch.	DANVILLE	Olson's Garage	Danville 10-J
BRUCK MEADOWS	Buck Meadows Garage	Buck Meadows	DAVIS	Davis Garage	(Day) Davis 50 (Night) 50-W
BURLINGAME	Hillebrand and Caldwell San Mateo	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p. m. 457-W or 2031 (Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p. m. 895 or 673-W	DELTA	Follmer's Garage	Vollmer's Ranch
BURLINGAME	Pattison's Garage, San Mateo	Burlingame 4480	DIAMOND SPRINGS	Diamond Springs Garage	332-F-4
BURLINGAME	El Camino Garage		DIXON	Ross Bros.	(Day) Dixon 115 (Night) 141-R

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
DORRIS	Dorris Garage	(Day) Dorris Exchange (Night) send word	MARIPOSA	Fort Sumpter Garage	Mariposa Exchange (Day) Martinez 395
DOS PALOS	Ford Garage	(Day) Dos Palos 63 (Night) 4405	MARTINEZ	Allen's Garage	(Night) 748-W Marysville 468
DOWNIEVILLE	Downieville Garage	Downieville J	MARYSVILLE	M. & K. Garage	(Day) Yuba City 1165
DUBLIN	Hansen Bros.	Pleasanton 82-F-2	MARYSVILLE	Sutter Garage, Yuba City	(Night) Yuba City 891-W and 628-J
DUNSMUIR	Dunsmuir Service Station	(Day) Dunsmuir 177 (Night) Dunsmuir 54	McARTHUR	Highway Garage	McArthur Exchange
DURHAM	Highway Garage	Durham 811-J-4 (Day & Night)	McCLOUD	McCloud Garage	McCloud Garage
ELK	Matson & Dearing	Elk 5-F-2	MENDOCINO CITY	S. & E. Garage	Mendocino City 14-J
ELK GROVE	Mack's Garage	Elk Grove 62-F-3	MENDOTA	Mendota Garage & Mach. Shop	Merced 107
EMERYVILLE	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	MERCED	Lounsbury's Garage	Merced 107
ESCALON	Jess A. Seaman Garage	(Day) Escalon 44 (Night) 49	MERCED FALLS	Barrett's Garage	Kent Exchange (Day only)
ESPARTO	Central Garage	Esparto 5-W	MERIDIAN	River Garage	Tallac 2-F-11
EUREKA	Eureka Garage and Service Sta.	Eureka 2300	MEYERS	Meyers Garage	(Day) Middletown 8
FAIRFIELD	Eureka Garage	(Day) Fairfield 227 (Night) 147-W, 147-J	MIDDLETOWN	Herrick Garage	(None after 10 p.m.)
FAIR OAKS	Fair Oaks Garage	(Day) Fair Oaks 15 (Night) 21-R	CAMP MIDPINES	Camp Midpines Garage	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4
FALL RIVER MILLS	Pioneer Garage	Pioneer Garage	MILL VALLEY	Eveready Garage & Elec. Co.	(Day) Mill Valley 407
FERNDALE	Peterson's Service Station	(Day) Ferndale 102-W (Night) 72-R	MILLVILLE	Fawcett & Bartlett	(Night) 155-J
FIREBAUGH	Valley Garage	Firebaugh 1-J (Night) send word	MINERAL	Mineral Garage	Central at Millville
FOLSOM	People's Garage	(Day) Main 49 (Night) Main 1187	MINKLER	Minkler Garage	(Day) 12-F-13
FORESTVILLE	Forestville Garage	Forestville 8-F-2	MODESTO	Silva Motor Car Co.	(Night) Sanger 155-W
FORT BIDWELL	Fort Bidwell Garage	No Phone	MOKELEUMNE HILL	Mokeleumne Hill Garage	Modesto 1130
FORT BRAGG	Pacific Garage	(Day) and (Night) 174	MONTEREY	Monterey Garage	(Day) 10-W; (Night) 3-W
FORT JONES	Scott Valley Garage	122	MONTGOMERY CREEK	Young's Garage	Monterey 224 and 225
FORTUNA	Fortuna Garage	Fortuna 22-W	MORGAN HILL	Jos. J. Verge Garage	Bass Telephone Line
FOWLER	Baxter Bros. Garage	Day and Night 711	Mt. SHASTA CITY	Northern California Garage	Morgan Hill 291. If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South
FRESNO	A.B.C. Garage	Fresno 3-3719	MORGAN HILL	Jos. J. Verge	(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W
FRESNO	Auditorium Garage	Fresno 351	MOSSDALE	Moore Bros. Garage	(Night) 14-F-3
GALT	Service Garage	Galt 21-J	NAPA	Napa Motor Supply Co.	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4
GARDENVILLE	Redwood Garage	(Day) Redwood Inn	NAVAJO	Navarro Garage	(Day) Napa 202
GAZELLE	Gazelle Garage	(Day) Gazelle 18 (Night) Call Res.	NAVATO	Cheda's Garage	(Night) 683-R, 950-W and 362-R
GERBER	Chapman's Garage	Gerber 24	NEVADA CITY	Nebraska City Garage	No phone
GEYSERVILLE	Lampson's Garage	(Day) Geyserville 25-W (Night) 12	NEVADA CITY	Knebone Motor Sales Co.	Point Reyes Station 4-J; after 8 p.m. send word
GILROY	Pacheco Pass Garage & Super Service Station	Gilroy 32	NEWARK	Grass Valley	Nevada City 133
GOLD RUN	Pine Grove Service Station	Pavation, Gold Run	NEWARK	Newark Garage	Grass Valley 119
GONZALIS	Johnson's Garage	Gonzales 41-W	NEWCASTLE	White's Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W
GRASS VALLEY	Knebone Motor Sales Co.	Grass Valley 119	NEWCASTLE	R. & D. Service Shop, Auburn	(Night) Send Word
GRASS VALLEY	Nevada City Garage,	Nevada City 133	NEWCASTLE	Patchett & Carstensen, Inc.	(Day) Newcastle 110
GREENFIELD	Greenfield Garage	Greenfield 8	NEWMAN	Jensen Bros. Garage, Gustine	(Night) 118
GREENWOOD	Matson and Dearing	Elk 5-F-2	NEWMAN	American Garage	(Day) Auburn 220
GRENADA	Grenada Garage	Grenada 18	NILES	Brownie's Auto Repair Shop	(Night) Auburn 296
GRIDLEY	Vance's Garage	(Day) Gridley 211 (Night) 223	NORTH FORK	Carlson's Garage	Newman 6 and 7
GROVELAND	Sierra Garage & Service Station	Guerneville 15-J	NORTH SACRAMENTO	Peoples Motor Sales Company	(No Night Phone)
GUERNEVILLE	Guerneville Garage	Brooks Exchange	NOVATO	Pedersons Garage	(Day) Gustine 6
GUINDA	Guinda Garage	(Day) Gustine 6 (Night) Gustine 60-J	OAKDALE	C. S. A. A. District Office	(Night) Gustine 60-J
GUSTINE	Jensen Bros. Garage	(Day) Newman 6 & 7 (No Night Phone)	OAKLAND	Orange Cove Motor Company	Niles 67
GUSTINE	Patchett & Carstensen, Inc.	Half Moon Bay 9-W	ORANGE COVE	Pickwick Garage	1033
HALF MOON BAY	Isadore Garage	Half Moon Bay 400	ORINDA	Orinda Parke Garage	(Day) Main 3240
HAYFORK	Hayfork Garage	Hayfork 725	ORLAND	Nock Auto Company	(Night) Main 5350-W
HAYWARD	Moore Garage	(Day) 41; (Night) 112-294-J	OROVILLE	Bradley Auto Works	(Day) Novato 77
HEALDSBURG	Standard Machine Works	Fresno 2-J-3	PACIFIC GROVE	Davidson Sales	(Night) 72 & 433
HELM	Helm Garage	Hollister 143	PALO ALTO	Paradise Super Station	Glencourt 4400
HOLLISTER	Tiffany Motor Co.	Hopland 21	PARADISE	Patterson Garage	(Day) Orange Cove 8
HOPLAND	Central Garage	(5 miles west of Ft. Portal)	PATTERSON	Pescadero Garage	(Night) 28 & 44-J-4
INDIAN FLAT	Indian Flat Service Station	(Day) Ione 43 (Night) 7	PETALUMA	Hill Plaza Garage	Call Orick Operator
IONE	Tonah's Garage	(Night) Send Word	PETROLIA	Shell Service Station and Garage	C. S. A. A. Dist. Office
IRVINGTON	Corey's Garage	Irvinton 5-J	PIEDMONT	C. S. A. A. Oakland Office	Oakland 688
ISLETON	Owl Garage	Isleton 258	PITTSBURG	W. & W. Garage	(Day) Orland 89
JACKSON	Davies Garage	Jackson 104-W	PLACERVILLE	Placerville Garage	(Night) 194-A
JAMESTOWN	J. L. O'Neil's Garage	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) Sonora 16-W	PLEASANTON	Hanson Bros. Garage	(Day) Oroville 9
JANESVILLE	Janesville Garage	1223	PLYMOUTH	Alpine Garage and Mach. Shop	(Night) 104
KELSEYVILLE	Watie & Voss	Kelseyville Exchange	POINT ARENA	Point Arena Garage	Pacific Grove 6
KENWOOD	Mead's Garage	Kenwood 2-F-3	POINT REYES STA.	Silacci & Cheda	Palo Alto 2820
KERMAN	Service Garage	(Day) Kerman 263 (Night) 25	POPE VALLEY	Pope Valley Garage	Paradise 9F-12
KING CITY	El Camino Garage	King City 31	PORTOLA	Portola Garage	(Day) Patterson 45
KINGSBURG	Wilson & Shertling	(Day) Kingsburg 71 (Night) 249	QUINCY	Erwin's Garage	(Night) 133
KNIGHT'S LANDING	Knight's Landing Garage	34-M	RAVENDALE	Ravendale Garage	Pescadero 7-J
LAKEPORT	Dunbar Chevrolet Co.	Call Lakeport Operator	RED BLUFF	Paul's Garage	Petaluma 55
LATON	Laton Garage	(Day) Laton 37 (Night) 34	REDDING	Hersey's Garage	Glencourt 4400
LAYTONVILLE	Tillford's Garage	Laytonville 10-J	REDFORD CITY	Service Garage	(Day) Pittsburg 150
LEMOORE	Sillano Motor Co.	Lemoore 223	REDFORD CITY	Osborn Bros. Garage	(Day) Placerville 153
LINCOLN	Saugstad Garage	34	REQUA	Ocean View Garage	(Night) 217-J
LITCHFIELD	R. Q. Deal Garage	Litchfield 502	(1 Mi. So. of New Klamath River Bridge)	Seventh Street Garage	(Day) Pleasanton 108
LIVERMORE	Valley Garage	(Day) Livermore 106 (Night) 197	RICHMOND	Sidwell's Garage	(Night) 203 or 82-F-2
LIVINGSTON	Shaffer Motor Co.	(Day) 25 or 33 (Night) 91 & 21-R	RIO VISTA	Madsen's Garage	(Day) Plymouth 21
LOCKFORD	Central Garage	(Day) 13-J (Night) Send Word	RIPON	L. H. Byron's Garage	(Night) 18-J
LODI	Tourist Garage	Lodi 155	RODRIGO	Rodeo Garage	Point Arena 41-W
LOOMIS	Loomis Motor Co.	(Day) Loomis 32 (Night) 61-F-4	ROSEVILLE	Saugstad Bros.	Point Reyes Sta. 4-J
LOS ALTOS	Depot Garage	(Day) Los Altos 12 (Night) 175	SACRAMENTO	Central Garage	St. Helena 4-F-3
LOS BANOS	Kaljian Garage	Los Banos 85	SACRAMENTO	Union Garage	(Day) Riverdale 7
LOS GATOS	Gateway Garage	Los Gatos 271	ST. HELENA	Napa Valley Garage	(Night) 42
LOS MOLINOS	Los Molinos Garage	Los Molinos 30	SALINAS	Highway Garage	Crockett 801-F-2
LOWER LAKE	Morrell Garage	Morrell Garage			Roseville 203
LOYALTON	White Garage	(Day) Main 1-J (Night) 1-W			(Day) Main 9290
LUCERNE	Country Club Garage	Send Word			(Night) Capito 1765-R
MACDOEL	Macdoel Garage	1 long ring			Capito 13140
MADERA	Standard Garage	Madera 240			(Day) St. Helena 150
MANTECA	Main Highway Garage	(Day) Manteca 64 (Night) 194-R			(Night) 150-J

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
SAN ANDREAS	Mother Lode Garage	(Day) San Andreas 40-W (Night) Sheriff's Office	TAHOMA	Tahoma Garage	Tahoma Garage
SAN ANSELMO	Durham Garage	(Day) San Anselmo 3133 or San Rafael 944	TOMALES	Tomales Garage & Mach. Wks.	Tomales 3-W
SAN BRUNO	Cabin Garage	(Day) San Bruno 160 (Night) 650-R	THORNTON	New Hope Garage	Thornton 9-J
SAN FRANCISCO	C.S.A.A. General Office	Hemlock 3400	TRACY	Central Garage	Tracy 11
SANGER	William Epps	Sanger 163	TRANQUILITY	Benker's Garage	Tranquility 147
SAN JOSE	San Jose Buick Co.	Ballard 6600	TRINIDAD	McConaha and Spinas Garage	Trinidad 1
SAN JOAQUIN	Chevrolet Garage	(Day) Fresno 63 (Night) 118	TRUCKEE	Truckee Garage	(Day) Placer 123 (Night) 122-W
SAN JUAN	San Juan Garage	San Juan 52-J	TUDOR	Brander Bros.	38-J-31
SAN LEANDRO	Palacu Garage, San Leandro	San Leandro 930 or C. S. A. A. Office, Glencourt 4400	TUOLUMNE	Blair Garage	(Day) 13R; Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Closed Sundays, holi- days and nights; for service call Kimball Hotel
SAN LEANDRO	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	TURLOCK	Simon's Garage	Turlock 132
SAN MARTIN	Hall's Garage	Main 1	UKIAH	E. Neuhaus Garage	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 126
SAN MATEO	Pattison's Garage	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 895-M or 673-W	UKIAH	Scales Garage	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 407
SAN MATEO	Hildebrand and Caldwell	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031	UPPER LAKE	Upper Lake Garage	Upper Lake Exchange
SAN RAFAEL	Cebalo Garage	(Day) San Rafael 1268 (Night) San Rafael 376-J	VACAVILLE	Vaca Auto Supply Co.	(Day & Night) Vacaville 2
SANTA CLARA	San Jose Buick Co., San Jose	San Jose 6600	VALLEJO	Lewis Garage	Vallejo 232
SANTA CRUZ	Mark & Leonard	Santa Cruz 357	VALLEY SPRINGS	Valley Springs Garage	Valley Springs 8
SANTA ROSA	Central Garage	Santa Rosa 518	VINA	Wood Brothers Garage	Vina Long Distance
SARATOGA	G. E. Tarlton	(Day) Saratoga 133 (Night) 136-R	VOLLMER'S	Vollmer's Garage	Vollmer's Ranch
SATTLEY	Yuba Pass Garage	Sattley Pay Station	WALNUT CREEK	L. G. Lawrence Garage and Service Station	(Day) Walnut Creek 19 (Night) 146
SAUSALITO	Rosa's Auto Repair Shop	(Day) Sausalito 408 (Night) 368-R	WALNUT GROVE	Kammeyer & Crowel	Courtland 272
SCOTIA	Scotia Garage	Scotia Operator	WATERFORD	Booth Motor Company	1-W
SEBASTOPOL	Tough Bros. Garage	Sebastopol 188	WATSONVILLE	Appleton Garage	Watsonville 82
SELMA	Eugene H. Mayer Garage	(Day) 20-W (Night) 20-R or 432	WEAVERVILLE	Inside Garage	Black 43
SIERRA CITY	Service Garage	3-Y	WEED	Day's Garage	(Day) Weed 9 (Night) 129
SMITH'S RIVER	Buckner's Garage	Smith's River 171	WEOTT	Wm. Fraser Service Station	Weott Exchange
SOLEDAD	Johnson's Garage	Soledad 17-W	WESTWOOD	Westwood Garage	Westwood 212
SONOMA	Garry Garage	(Day) Sonoma 30-J (Night) 142	WHEATLAND	P. M. Reedy	Wheatland 31-J
SONORA	J. L. O'Neil Garage	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) 16-W or 397	WILLIAMS	Centra Garage	Williams 8
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO	Service Garage and Mach. Shop	(Day) So. City 118-W (Night) 765-W	WILLITS	Steels's Machine Works	(Day) Willits 71-J (Night) 167
STIRLING CITY	C. G. Woloken Garage	Toll Station	WILLOWS	Willows Motor Sales Co.	Willows 96
STOCKTON	Oranges Bros. Garage	Stockton 398 and 7121	WINTERS	Winters Garage	Main 2
STOCKTON	Tourist Garage	Stockton 124	WOODLAND	Electric Garage Co.	Woodland 123
SUNNYVALE	Sunnysdale Garage	Sunnyvale 150	WOODSIDE	Woodside Garage	(Day) Redwood 1378-W (Night) 367-J
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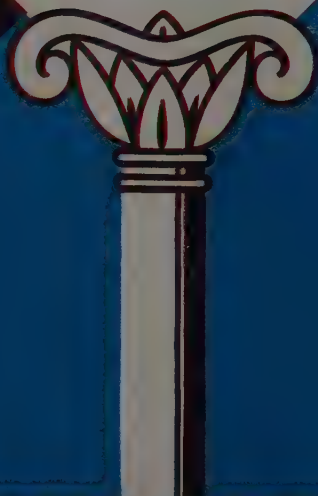
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TOURING TOPICS

JUNE 1928



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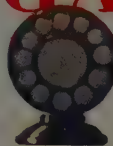
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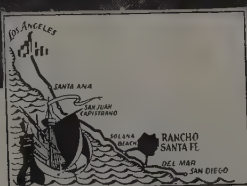


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TOURING TOPICS

Volume 20
Number 6



June
1928

Published monthly by
The Automobile Club of Southern California

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
1646 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California
EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES
2601 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California

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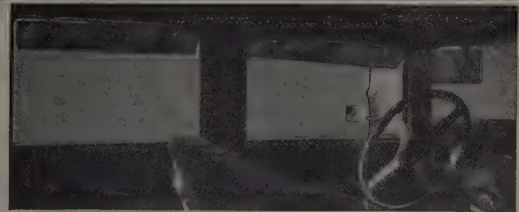
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Entered as second-class matter February 27, 1928, at the post office at Beverly Hills, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Formerly entered March 8, 1913, at the post office at Los Angeles. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscription rates: Members, first year, \$1.00; renewals, 25 cents for six months; non-members, \$1.00 per year.

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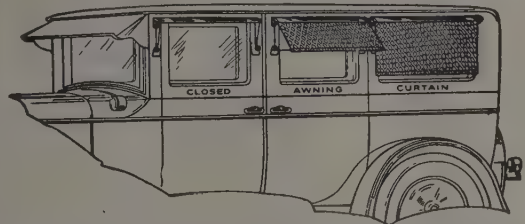
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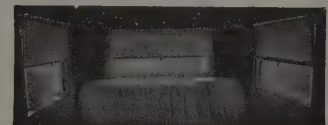


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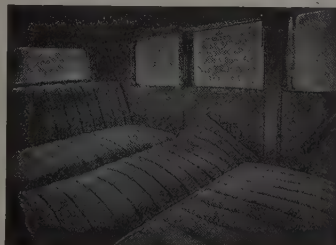


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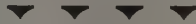
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TOURING TOPICS

VOLUME XX *A Magazine for Motorists* NUMBER 6

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1928

	PAGE
COVER DESIGN— <i>Del Norte Coast. Painted by Jack Wilkinson Smith</i>	
THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE— <i>An intimate discussion of TOURING TOPICS contributors and contributions</i>	9
BEACONS OF THE HIGHWAY— <i>A frontispiece. Verses by Leila Culter Perry. Photograph by Fred Archer</i>	11
THE AMENITIES OF MOTORING— <i>An editorial</i>	13
✓ FROM PARK TO PARK ABOUT THE GREAT SOUTHWEST— <i>By Phil Townsend Hanna. Being an outline of the Grand Tour of America's foremost geological and antiquarian attractions</i>	14
EUREKA— <i>Verses by Arthur T. Merrill</i>	18
FLORA AND FAUNA OF BAJA CALIFORNIA— <i>Photographs of some of the unique wildlife of peninsular California</i>	20
VIBORAS— <i>A short story by E. S. Wheeler. Illustrations by George D. Alexander</i>	21
SUNRISE— <i>Verses by Nina Willis Walter</i>	22
DESERT NOON— <i>Verses by Dalnar Devening</i>	24
✓ TYPICAL WATER BIRDS OF CALIFORNIA— <i>By Helen Steele Pratt</i>	26
WHO'S WHO ON THE DESERTS OF THE SOUTHWEST— <i>Some illustrated jingles about the strange creatures that inhabit our wasteland regions. Verses and drawings by Eve Ganson</i>	30
BEIRUT TO BAGDAD— <i>By Adelbert Bartlett. A Southern Californian motors through the land of the Arabian Nights</i>	32
THE IDEAL DRIVER— <i>By Chester Newton Hess. Are you a "perfect" motorist? If a modern automobile could talk, it might have some such remarks as these</i>	36
YOUR CLUB'S ACTIVITIES— <i>What the various service agencies of the Automobile Club of Southern California are doing</i>	39
✓ BILLIONS FROM BONEYARDS OF THE MUSTY PAST— <i>By Howard C. Kegley. The amazing romance of California's "black gold"</i>	40
BIBLIOTHECA CALIFORNIANA— <i>A review of literature—new and old—about the Southwest</i>	43
THE MODE IN MEN'S VACATION GARB— <i>By Jack Worthington. Drawings by Victor Mall</i>	44
VACATION WEAR FOR THE WOMAN WHO MOTORS— <i>By Opal Haynes. Drawings by Victor Mall</i>	45
✓ "CLOSE UPS" OF OUR HIGH SIERRA: PART III— <i>The 13,000-13,500-foot peaks. By Norman Clyde</i>	46
STAR OF INDIA— <i>A GOOD SHIP—By Gerald MacMullen</i>	49
CRUISING IN BROADWAY— <i>By Justin McSwain. A glance at the new motor models</i>	50

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The Editor's Own Page

SUPPOSING you want to know the best route, if any, from Omi-gosh, California, to Heaven-helpus, Oregon. By ordinary procedure you call the Auto Club. But now—just to suppose again—suppose the Club doesn't know! Then, if you are really on the inside, you turn up Alhambra in the telephone book and call Jack Wilkinson Smith, artist, whose painting of the Del Norte Coast, along the Redwood Highway, adorns this month's cover of *TOURING TOPICS*.

Smith ought to know. Since 1912 he has traveled practically every road, cart-track, trail and cowpath on the Pacific Slope in everything from boots to a specially built speed-wagon that looks like an army officer's car. Built-in beds, disappearing stove, folding dishes, and one's dinner clothes nicely pressed in the rear trunk. Tonight, steak under the stars; tomorrow, dinner at the Del Monte.

Of course this dinner coat thing wasn't so simple in the early days. Once it took him two days in a dogged Ford to go sixteen miles in the Olympics. Today you can whiz over that stretch in twenty minutes on the fine paved road from Gray's Harbor to Lake Quinalt. He also reminds us that the Roosevelt Highway now goes through Eureka and Crescent City to Gold Beach and will soon be paved to Coos Bay.

However, a painter has to do something besides travel. In Smith's case all this traveling has had a definite purpose, to explore and record the scenic beauties of the coast States, and particularly of California. While he is perhaps better known among us for the many paintings of sea, rocks and surf, done at Laguna, and his sturdy High Sierra pictures that hang in so many homes and clubs of the Southland, he has been able to attune an art, essentially based on respect for Nature, to the subtle, diffused light of the Del Norte Coast or the deep tonalities of the mountains of Washington.

With his friends, Frank Tenney Johnson, the painter of Western life, and Clyde Forsythe, who worships the effects of light and shadow on towering San Jacinto, but who is better known to thousands as "Vic", creator of the comic strip "Joe's Car," Jack Smith has made many a trip into the Sierra; indeed, he and Edgar Alwin Payne set the fashion for the current interest in pictures of the great California mountains.

When this artist arises after dinner he does not vaporize about Art with a capital A. Instead, he says: "Art is important, but Life is much more so. Be a man first and then do your best with art." So it is



Jack Wilkinson Smith, whose seascape of the Del Norte Coast appears on the cover of this issue of *Touring Topics*

not surprising to learn that he was chiefly responsible for the founding of the Biltmore Salon, a non-profit organization to exhibit and sell the works of recognized Western artists; that, without becoming the business man, he was able to interest himself in making the establishment a success. Then he was able to go back from life to art with renewed enthusiasm, and the last few years have seen some of his best work as a painter.

"Arty" artists say, "Jack Smith? He's a business man!" But so was the great Albrecht Durer, so was Anders Zorn; and few of them know the Jack Smith who writes verse and conceals it, and perhaps few of them have peered quietly into some of those silvery little pictures of canyons with pools, where observation and poetry combine in an art that is beautiful and personal.

—A.M.

THE national parks of the Southwest continue to attract the multitudes, not alone because of their scenic magnificence but

because of the lessons they recite in natural history. The Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon and Zion national parks, for instance, are literally huge natural text-books in geology, and Mesa Verde National Park and the scores of national monuments, similar in character, that dot Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Nevada, furnish an impressive history of the life of prehistoric man in America.

In this issue of *TOURING TOPICS* will be found described a circle tour of these various attractions, which may be achieved in from two to three weeks by the average Southern California motorist, and which will teach the observantly inclined more in that short period than can be gained from books and schools in a year of study.

From *Park to Park About the Great Southwest* is more than an eulogistic tribute to these parks. It is designed to stress the inescapable fact that each is different and that each merits the attention of those seeking a new and different vacation objective.

THE story of California's land birds by Helen Steele Pratt in the December issue of *TOURING TOPICS* found so cordial a reception by the readers that we have prevailed upon the author to discuss and describe some characteristic water birds. Her study of these creatures, entitled *Typical Water Birds of California*, will be found in this issue.

If the pelican has intrigued you, or you're anxious to know about those long-legged creatures so often seen along the road from the foot of the Tejon Pass to Bakersfield, or any of a score of other species, Miss Pratt's contribution will prove a worthy introduction. The photographs, it may be said, are by some of the foremost wildlife photographers in the West—William L. Finley, the photographers of the San Diego Museum of Natural History, and others.

* * *

WE ARE modest about setting forth the objectives and achievements of the Automobile Club of Southern California. Never can this institution be charged with blatancy. At times, perhaps, we fail to hymn some specific accomplishment when we should. Members, however, we find to be particularly generous in their praise of our service and our ideals.

Last month there wandered into the office two contributions, some verses of appreciation about the Club's road signs, and from a totally different and unrelated source, a marvellous photograph. The two belonged on the same page and we have combined them for the frontispiece of this issue. Both are spontaneous, and we take this opportunity of thanking Leila Culter Perry and Fred Archer for their voluntary tributes. Indulge us this prideful gesture.

* * *

PHILIP JOHNSTON, who ferrets out the almost unknown and sadly neglected crannies of Southern California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona, and whose name appears appended to so many splendid articles in this publication, at this writing is off on one of his periodical jaunts. When he returns *TOURING TOPICS* hopes to be able to present a conclusive story on one of the most controversial and mystical phases of California's early mining history, as well as some informative facts and photographs of the Valley of Fire in Southern Nevada, the Hidden Forest, the Spring Mountains, and numerous other interesting points that are little more than names with most motorists.

—P.T.H.

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BEACONS OF THE HIGHWAY

Verses by Leila Culter Perry Photograph by Fred Archer

*Oh! blessings on thee, silent friends,
Who guide us on our joyous way
O'er lofty peaks, and desert sands,
Near pounding waves, or quiet bay.
You're there to point us to our goal,
To warn of dangers just ahead,
And even on the darkest night,
Your beacon light on us is shed;
Our Club Sign Posts.*

*No matter where our paths may lead,
Into the city's milling throng,
Or out into the desert wastes,
Where it is easy to go wrong,
Oh! thanks to you, our silent friends,
You're always there, and always tell
The thing we want to know the most,
That makes our wanderings all go well;
Our Club Sign Posts.*



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TOURING TOPICS

JUNE, 1928



THE AMENITIES OF MOTORING

THE season for vacation motoring again is upon us. Thousands are beginning annual journeys that will take them far afield—to other States, to other regions, perhaps to other countries.

Foremost in the thoughts of many, conscious or otherwise, will be the desire to forsake the civilized haunts of man. Little frequented areas in the mountains and along the shore will be sought, and lonely roads traversed, in an effort to satisfy the primitive instinct for periodical isolation.

The yearning for a change of scene is basic, and a blessing. There is tonic in gratifying it. Waning interest in tasks become onerous and burdensome is revived and life becomes sweeter and more valuable.

Desirable as it may seem, however, one can't completely escape the requirements of our complex society. Wherever he may go, or whatever he may do, man is confronted with a code of undeniable laws and regulations and an even greater mass of taboos and customs which his fellows expect him to observe.

Not the least important of these are certain manners that have clustered about the business of motoring. Adequate restrictions govern every conceivable contingency that arises from automobile operation. But every day new situations outside the scope of written law spontaneously appear and must be adjusted. These are governed by what we call the amenities, or courtesies, of motoring.

Two automobiles, for example, enter an intersection simultaneously. The man on the right, by law, is entitled to precedence. The man on the left by stopping, however, may unduly impede traffic or set up an accident hazard. The man on the right relinquishes his privilege and avoids an awkward, perhaps, or dangerous situation.

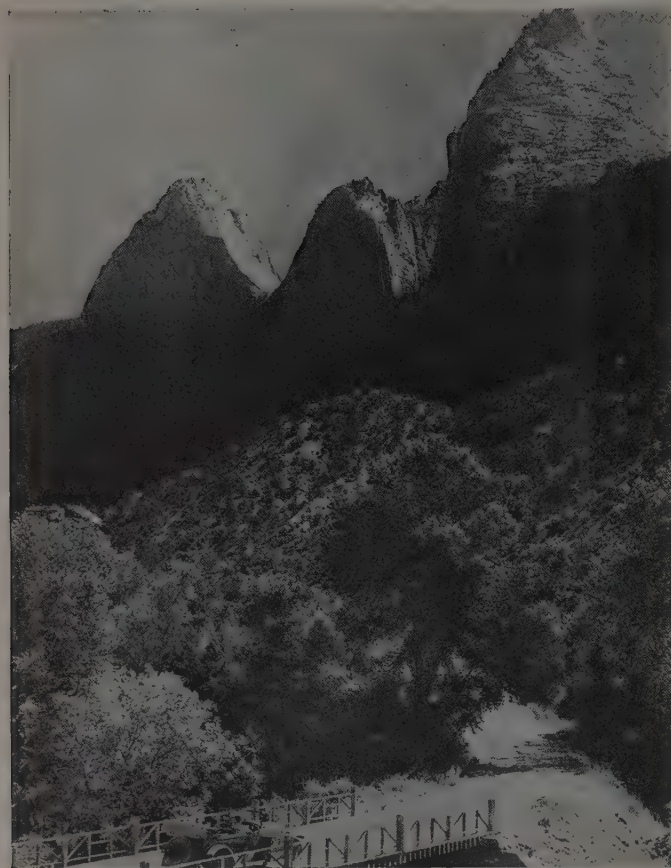
Or two cars may meet upon a narrow mountain road. The car on the inner side may be ascending and thus be entitled, according to the amenities, to right of way. But it may be impossible for the car on the outside of the road to back safely. The motorist proceeding upward sees this and backs to a safe passing place.

Both of these situations, and countless others that could be set forth, are met and adjusted by the unwritten laws of courtesy. The ability to invoke this code in instances when rational judgment should supersede unswerving adherence to an inflexible law is the final test both of driving competency and cultured conduct.

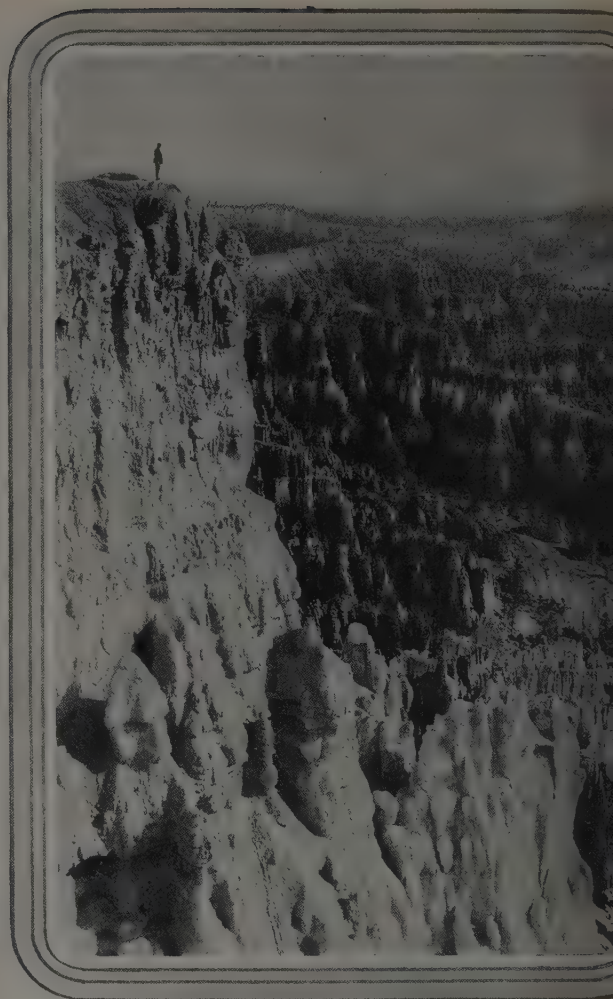
Among the thousands who set forth during the next few weeks will be many whose driving experience has been restricted to urban areas where unforeseen contingencies, as a rule, are rare and the amenities of motoring, therefore, are less familiar. But among them too will be a vast number of capable operators, habituated through long experience to a vast number of uncommon situations. Upon this group rests a certain moral responsibility. Their observance of the amenities of motoring may not only serve to avoid some dangerous or unpleasant circumstance, but will, likewise, result in educating less confirmed travellers in the finer manners of the highway.

The driver who commits some seemingly unpardonable breach of motoring etiquette is not necessarily a selfish scoundrel to be roared at with round curses. He simply may not know, and allowances for his lack of experience, consequently, may be in order.

"Getting back to nature," as we put it, tolerates certain lapses from common social conventions, but so long as our automobiles play such vital roles in the process we can hardly defend remissness in the observance of the amenities of motoring.



Twin Brothers (right) and Mountain of the Sun (left), three of the brilliantly colored spires of Zion National Park



There is nothing on the American continent, or any other for that matter, comparable to the eroded and vivid-hued depths of Bryce Canyon

From Park to Park the Great Southwest

THE eternal spell of the Great Southwest, in essence, lies in its amazing contrasts. There is no other logical explanation for the fealty and homage so devoutly paid it by its own, or for the spontaneous rhapsodies sung in its praise each year by countless thousands who visit it, and vow to return (and do) to become a part of it. So new, and yet so old, manifestations of its

extraordinary diversity are unescapable on every side. They impose themselves upon one with an insistency that countenances no evasion, kindling the fires of curiosity in the most obtuse and phlegmatic.

The thread of its culture runs from the simple and invisible woof of Neolithic times through the warp of milleniums of change to the present highly organized and aggressive state. Every period in man's develop-

ment since the stone age is graphically represented in its antiquities, and the geological picture so impressively portrayed by its diverse phenomena takes the story back to the beginning of earth and the genesis of life. In its climatology, too, this remarkable antithesis prevails. Arctic winds and ice shroud its highest eminences; its deserts crackle with the heat of a mundane inferno; the fogs of Leicester are to be



as Half Dome dominates Yosemite, El Gobernador, or the Great White Throne, dominates Zion National Park

k About hwest

found floating aimlessly along its shores; its covert valleys luxuriate in a peaceful Elysium.

The Southern California motorist lives in an enviable milieu. He may venture forth for a journey of a day, a week or a month and return with the dual satisfaction of having assuaged the ineffable urge for a change in prospect, and of having measurably added to the sum of his knowl-

more than will cling to the memory of the normal human — will the motorist encounter in a park-to-park tour of the Great Southwest.

It matters not which way one travels. He may elect

g Being an outline of the Grand Tour of America's foremost geological and antiquarian attractions—

By Phil Townsend Hanna

edge. One of the most productive journeys of this character that he may essay involves a visit to the principal national parks of the Southwest. Within a restricted area these contain extraordinary examples of the many phases of this changing land.

One can, in a fortnight holiday, motor something like 2361 miles, visit three of these national parks, several national monuments, voyage a night across the mesas beneath a vault of stars, refulgently brilliant and terrifyingly near; weave a serpentine path through the perpetual snow of rent and torn mountains; read from one spot the chronological history of the earth for a billion years gone as readily as one scans a patent medicine almanac; and gaze, with respect and admiration and not a little awe, upon the domiciles of this continent's first human inhabitants. Yes, all this and more too of these extraordinary contrasts—

to visit the south rim of the Grand Canyon first, proceed to Mesa Verde, turn northward through the western Colorado wonderland and then westerly and southerly through Colorado and Utah to Bryce Canyon, the north rim of the Grand Canyon, Zion National Park, and thence home to Southern California. Or he may reverse the procedure. There is no choice save that of personal preference. Road conditions are the same and gradients (what few there are) virtually so, whether one traverses the great circle in a clockwise or an anti-clockwise direction.

II

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is a singular example of these ever-present contrasts. Though part and parcel of the ramified southwestern scene this splendorous chasm stands alone. In itself this curious dissemblance is carried a degree further. Its opposing escarpments afford totally different prospects. From the south rim, at an elevation of 6875 feet the canyon drops away for half a mile to the snaky, pinchbeck-jewelry-colored river rolling away beneath one's very toes. Through a semi-circle—and frequently more, according to the vantage-point—the folds and seams and creases of this mighty product of erosion sink away into the infinity of the horizon, each spur and ridge and promontory a mammoth cameo done in sardonyx, in jade, in turquoise, in chalcidony. Like castles and cathedrals in a Rackham fairy

The most romantic, perhaps, and one of the best preserved ruins of Mesa Verde National Park, is the Balcony House





The prospect from the North Rim of the Grand Canyon is totally different than that from the South Rim. Which is the most charming is a matter of individual preference; both views are astounding and overwhelming

tale illustration the temples and palaces that form such an engaging phase of the canyon's attractiveness cling to the lee of the far-off and more elevated north rim.

From the latter wall the contrast is heightened. At Bright Angel Point, the most frequented eminence on the north rim, the river is invisible but the garish structures, so mystical-appearing from the south rim, here raise themselves in full panoply immediately before one. The prospect, in fact, is even more commanding for here the visitor is 1352 feet higher. To right and left magnificent structures, perfect in proportions, irreproachable architectonically, dominate the foreground. Their forms are undeniably oriental, hence their names. To the west stand Shiva Temple, Isis Temple and Buddha Temple; to the east, Diva Temple, Brahma Temple, and Zoroaster Temple. Were they tenantable, any one of them would be large enough and sufficiently grand to domicile the Son of Heaven and his entire entourage.

The canyon from the north rim is a livid gash on the otherwise placid and immobile face of nature. During the summer months it is not uncommon to encounter a thunder shower over this area. Then it is that the canyon, smitten by the caprices of the weather gods, becomes gorgeously fearsome. Storms are less frequent across the way and far from as inspiring. One especially recalls itself to my memory.

The sky, hitherto a brilliant cerulean

shading to turquoise along the horizon gradually toned to pewter as the storm closed down. Temples and terraces slowly disappeared from view into the visually impenetrable sea of haze that filled the canyon. A roll of thunder reverberated through the depths and a flash of lightning ricocheted from a distant cape. Then came the wind, souging lugubriously through the thick forest that marches valiantly to the very rim. A light rain pattered over all for an hour and stopped. The curtain lifted as slowly as it descended, the veil of vapor becoming doughy clouds and thus permitting the sun to break through. All then was serene again, the sky washed of its impalpable dust, as clear as a piece of optical glass.

But, after all, and in the face of its incontrovertible beauty, it is the geological history of the Grand Canyon that is its most captivating aspect. As a study in pure science

or a poetic manifestation of the capabilities of an all-puissant nature, whichever you will, it is incomparable.

From one point on the north rim the outlook shows the effect of almost a billion years of erosion and diastrophism, the latter being the process of plateau building, and the former of plateau destruction. J. Harlen Bretz, of the University of Chicago, in a recent monograph traces the history of the canyon. Its narrow bottom, steep sides and swiftly flowing stream testify to youth, he declares. So, too, does the flat sky-line with few scarring tributaries. The presence of marine fossils in the upper strata of the canyon wall 8000 feet high,

show that these once were below sea-level and that the plateau has risen or the sea been depressed. The upper strata, too, are depositions on a much older, tilted and distorted sub-strata and the evidence shows that this sub-strata, once horizontal, was deformed through diastrophism. Beneath this sub-strata yet other layers are encountered until the oldest, crystalline formation is found in the canyon's bottom.



Travel from rim to rim of the Grand Canyon has been expedited by the construction of this suspension bridge across the Colorado River at the Bright Angel Trail

Reconstructing the canyon's creation, then, it appears probable that this formation was a vast peneplain laid down by the erosion of surrounding highlands, almost a billion years ago. Upon it, over a long period of time the lower sedimentary series was deposited. Diastrophism then occurred and the sedimentary series became tilted and faulted. Erosion followed and the mountains thrown up by the previous diastrophism were reduced. This scouring continued for so long a period that the existing peneplain at last dropped so low that the sea covered it and the deposition of the upper sedimentary series started. And the final diastrophism has carried the plateau to its present level.

As to the canyon itself, the story is much simpler. A vast waterway, seeking an outlet into the sea, through its velocity and the debris carried has literally carved its way into the plains. Where the formation was found to be soft and yielding as it pushed down through the various strata, the canyon was made broad and U-shaped. Where the layers encountered were hard, the corridor became narrow and V-shaped. Thus are the various esplanades and platforms of the canyon accounted for and the gently sloping roofs of the castles and temples.

So different are the views of the canyon from the north and the south rims that comparisons are fatuous, but one hasn't really "done" the Grand Canyon until he has seen it from both sides. If he be a good equestrian and inured to the saddle he may journey from one rim to the other by descending to the river and crossing on the government suspension bridge—a journey requiring four days for the round trip and not frequently indulged by those with but a limited holiday. In the circle trip here outlined, however, he may visit both rims by automobile in ease and comfort.



Cliff Palace was the first of Mesa Verde's ruins to be discovered and it is the largest of all prehistoric ruins explored in the Southwest

The charm of Mesa Verde National Park, again, is different. Another of those ubiquitous contrasts! Here the chief appeal is the study in prehistoric culture presented by the exceptionally well preserved dwellings inhabited by the first citizens of Southwestern United States.

The Delphic oracle adjured all those who knelt in obeisance to "Know thyself." Canny Socrates echoed the admonition, and every philosopher and poet since has phrased the self-same sentiment in one fashion or another. Pope made the unchallenged as-

sertion that "The proper study of mankind is man." To be sure introspective study is implied, but how may man know his potentialities, his strength and his weaknesses, if he know not the genesis and something of the life history and conduct of his forebears?

There are two epochs in the life of every sentient human that transcend all other objects of speculation. These are his origin and his ultimate disposition. The latter has fallen into the realm of polemical theology and is no further advanced toward solution than it was in that day, long past, when monotheism first jostled with magic for the allegiance of man's soul. But of his origin and development much more is known. His beginning as a species, admittedly, is the subject of an acrimonious scientific-theological controversy, but his subsequent progress is being more definitely traced year by year.

Antiquities of the type of the Mesa Verde ruins are an invaluable aid to the anthropologist in following the descent of man and substituting for facile and inconclusive assumptions the gratifying pabulum of facts.

Mesa Verde is Spanish for "green table," an appropriate title for the piñon-and-cedar-covered plateau, the northern edge of which rises abruptly for 2000 feet from the Montezuma Valley of Southwestern Colorado. To the south



it slopes away gradually to the Mancos River. Erosion has carved a group of parallel canyons into its surface. They form near the northern escarpment, deepen and their walls become more precipitous as they roll away Mancosward. Between the parallel gorges slim fingers of land extend. On the sides of these, perched midway between the canyon floor and the summit of the plateau, ensconced in natural niches of the perpendicular walls, the cliff dwellings are found.

Once these canyons carried a considerable volume of water. Scouring into the mesa it encountered layers of hard and soft stone. Beating furiously into the soft sandstone that underlies the harder surface strata, it scooped out huge grottos much in the same way that it has, here and there in the Southwest, formed natural bridges.

These caves the early American Indians converted into dwellings. Just how long ago this occurred is problematical—a thousand years, or two or three, one guess is as good as another. The psychology of these aborigines differed from that of the characteristic nomadic Indian, for they were gregarious rather than nomadic; agronomists more than hunters; peaceful instead of belligerent; industrious, not slothful; later became skilled craftsmen—masons, carpenters, potters, weavers and basket-makers. They were, in short, the bourgeois aristocracy—the landed gentry of a prehistoric civilization. Atop the mesa they grew their corn, their staple of diet, ranged the hills for game, probably fished some, subscribed to a complex theogony that deified the sun, moon, fire, rain and all those other agencies that seemed supernatural. Their social organization doubtless consisted of clans which, among other things, tabooed intermarriage, and thus warded off extinction of the tribe.

Four distinct types of dwellings are recognized and two vastly different culture periods. The earliest dwellings discovered coincide with what archaeologists are pleased to term the "basket maker culture." The structures were circular, partially underground rooms, like those uncovered in Step House Cave. The culture derives its name from the excellence of the baskets made by its people.

At a much later period came the second, or pre-pueblo culture, characterized by individual, mound-shaped domiciles built on the summit of the mesas.

The next stage came with the building of the cliff dwellings proper—a natural cultural advancement, probably hastened by the necessity for devising tenements readily defensible against predatory marauders. The most imposing of these is Cliff Palace, with 214 living rooms, 67 storage rooms and 23 kivas or ceremonial chambers. Other magnificent structures are Spruce Tree House and Balcony House, all contemporaneous with Cliff Palace and representative of this particular culture during its most advanced state. Fire Temple, a cliff structure, and Sun Temple, a mesa structure believed to have been devoted to the liturgy prescribed for the worship of the sun and

fire gods, are, likewise, noteworthy.

The fourth type of dwelling shows the primitives in a different domestic environment, notably, a pueblo atop the mesa. Far View House is one of these. The architecture is similar to that of the cliff dwellings, the location of the structures being the essential difference. It seems probable that they were occupied simultaneously with the cliff dwellings.

Cliff Palace was the first of the Mesa Verde group of structures to be discovered. Alfred and Richard Wetherill came upon it on a December day in 1888 and named it. In the years between then and 1906,

EUREKA

By Arthur T. Merrill

*O hunters for gold,
Gone are your trails,
Lost and forgotten;
Deserted the hills;
But here and there,
Now and then
One finds monuments
To your dead hopes,—
Holes and caves, tunnels and shafts,—
Silent, sullen.
And if one's throat goes dry,
And his heart contracts,
In sympathy for men he never knew,
Then, the shades of the hunters for gold
Who slept out unnoticed,
Will come to pluck his sleeve
And share with him their secret—
That, at a certain magic instant,
When the day's work is done,
On every monument,
Limbed in the pure gold of the sun,
He who understands
May read "Eureka!"*

when it was created a national park, its ruins were pored over by professional archaeologists, pot hunters with a commercial incentive, and plain, ordinary souvenir-seekers. Enough artifacts were removed, it is believed, to have filled half a dozen museums. Since 1906 excavation has been supervised by the government and, despite the ravishing of early visitors, several new and valuable collections have been amassed. It is thought that less than half of the park's dwellings have been opened up so far and that as funds become available for future exploration, even more remarkable finds may be made.

The fate of the cliff dwellers is a matter of conjecture, but the similarity between the crafts, mores and domiciles of these ancient people and the modern Hopis, plus significant legends of the latter, establish the belief that the present pueblo Indians are closely related to, if not lineal descendants of Mesa Verde's sometime tenants.

IV

The third of the trinity of national parks that exemplify in such a startling way this land of contrasts is Zion, and the nearby

scenic regions of Bryce Canyon and Cedar Breaks, the former only recently having attained the dignity of national park status. The reason for the failure to elevate Bryce Canyon to a national Park was purely political and not because it was regarded as an inferior area.

In the parks of Southern Utah, the catholic-minded student of natural history ventures into geology yet further, for these, like the Grand Canyon, are products of erosion—the caprices of vagrant water seeking lower levels, carrying with it biting chisels of sand; of demoniacal winds furiously lashing at the ever-so-slowly yielding earth; of indomitable ice packs crashing from their rocky prisons.

The writer who glibly labeled Zion as a "Yosemite Valley done in oils," paid it but a left-handed compliment and perpetrated a real disservice upon Yosemite. Where the basis for comparison lies is not readily apparent. They bear little physical resemblance to each other. Both, admittedly, boast high, perpendicular walls and beetling monoliths of stone. But here the likeness ceases. Zion is a study in full color; Yosemite in monochrome; half the beauty of Yosemite is found in the long perspectives of its dramatic vistas; of Zion, the intimate contact with its vivid bastions. Yosemite is a product of glacial action; Zion of erosion; Zion's substance is of sand and limestone; Yosemite's of granite.

Differentiations are far more readily enumerated than similarities. Zion is Zion, that's all. Different from all else; different every hour of the day as it flashes every nuance of the spectrum from violet to crimson-red. More contrasts! It doesn't need to trade upon the reputation of others. Majestic El Gobernador has no competitors. No more evocative house of worship has yet been created by man or gods than the Temple of Sinawava. Angel's Landing, Mountain of the Sun, and Lady Mountain will radiate their kindly benediction for eons hence while imbecile men grope for capacious metaphors.

The geological history of Zion, Bryce Canyon and Cedar Breaks is not dissimilar to that of the Grand Canyon. Herein is the only resemblance, remote as it is, to any of the other wonders of the Southwest. Millions of years ago diastrophism raised the Pahrump plateau from the surrounding terrain. The Hurricane fault, marking the line of cleavage, is readily discernible to the north of the road as one enters Zion from Anderson's Ranch. The plateau consists of alternating strata of red sandstone, white limestone and vari-colored slates. Through this, the Mukuntuweap River has cut its gorge, forming Zion Canyon. Near the mouth of the canyon the Parunuweap, coming in from the east, has carved a miniature of the main canyon, known as Little Zion.

The abrasive action of sand carried by the river, the expansion of ice formed in crevices in the rocks, growing roots of trees, expansion and contraction of the rocks themselves beneath the heat of the sun, all have aided in the making of the canyon.

The superstitious Piutes regarded Zion Canyon with awe and fear. Having no comprehensible explanation for its existence, they called it Mukuntuweap, meaning "the land of the great Spirit." It is related that they worshipped near the foot of El Gobernador, or the Great White Throne, frequently laying before it a propitiatory offering. Beyond it they would not venture. The oppressive silence of Sinawava and the mystic maze of the narrows were too much for the primitives.

The Mormon occupation of Southern Utah brought the first white settlers into Zion's glorious precincts. Brigham Young, it is asserted, viewed the canyon with a handful of faithfuls. They settled but not without protest. They had no lumber. The prophet was undismayed. It would, he complacently informed them, descend from the mountains like an eagle. Shortly thereafter timber was discovered on the east rim of the canyon, a sawmill established on the summit and the cut lumber transported into the canyon by tram and cable, still to be seen leading from the river to Cable Mountain. Vestiges of orchards planted by the first white settlers remain at various points along the canyon floor.

Zion shows Nature in a bold and serious mood. Bryce Canyon, on the contrary, offers another facet of her polyhedral psyche—a lighter and more playful moment. Here, too, she has been lavish in the bestowal of her colors, but more remarkable even than this is the sprightly manner in which she has dallied with form. Henry Erving Dodge thus describes the images created:

"As you stand facing the canyon from any one point you will see many figures, startlingly resembling human, brute, artistic creations. The possibilities of such fancies are without limit. As you change your position, even by a few feet, proceeding along the rim of the bowl, the scenes change kaleidoscopically. You have seen those illuminated advertising signs in shop windows which show you one face as you approach and another as you get opposite. Very well. You observe the figure which you call St. Paul. Move along ten, twenty, fifty feet and St. Paul has become Richelieu or, perhaps, Richard the Third. You see the outlines of a lady-in-waiting; but the back view of her is an orang-outang perched on the spire of a cathedral.

"How is this for a general mixup; here is a group which might be called 'the Court of the Angels,' while another, near by, made up entirely of rare and radiant maidens, is 'The Heavenly Choir.' There is the heroic figure of Richelieu at the end of this kneeling group and, along in line and as fantastically inappropriate, a she-bear of heroic proportions with her cub, which is about the size of an elephant; next in this mixed panorama is the headless body of Mary, Queen of Scots, in high collar, puffed sleeves, and in the act of handing her crown to some knightly gentleman. Along the line are nuns and pontiffs—nuns in attitude of prayer—pontiffs with heads erect and hands outstretched in benediction. There are chaste Madonnas and Cossacks and Indian princesses, carved huge in ivory. I think apostles and virgins predominate, cardinals running them a close second.

Bearded Father Abrahams in flowing robes are much in evidence.

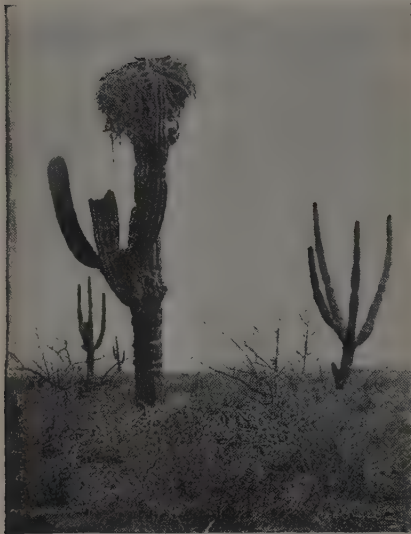
"I have only scratched the surface of suggestion—suggestion of the grotesque as well as the beautiful. On the right from where I stand is a monkey's face—a bit of a nose, and an endless upper lip, and facing it the perfect profile of Levi P. Morton, one of our former vice-presidents. Just beyond is Richard Croker, bushy eyebrows, beard, firm jaw and all. Here is a headless camel, absolutely perfect, and beyond a whale standing on its tail—its own, not the camel's—as if to lift its nose above the rim of the canyon and see what is going on outside. And there is a cat and kittens and a monstrous baboon. You see Nature has other loves than cardinals. Next to Richard Coeur de Lion is a huge owl. And he is wearing a plug hat, tilted to one side, like a politician going on a spree. This is no exaggeration."

The motorist who has more than a fortnight to while away will find even more in totality than those presented by Bryce's vast museum in the numerous national monuments sprinkled along the route here outlined. He may visit the ancient dwellings in Walnut Canyon, and the Petrified Forest in Arizona; Aztec Ruin in New Mexico; the antiquities of the Hovenweep Monument and the pinnacles of the Colorado Monument in Colorado. And if he yet yearns for curiosities he may drop in on Pueblo Grande or the Lost City of Nevada. There are few jaunts anywhere so edifying and so entertaining as this ramble about the parks of the Southwest.



A picturesque scene on the trail to the west rim of Zion Canyon. A few yards back of this cabin a perpendicular wall of red sandstone drops a thousand feet to the winding river. The dark crag seen just over the cabin is Angel's Landing, 1500 feet high. At the left the gray-white flat top of "The Great White Throne," rises 2880 feet

Flora and Fauna of Baja California



Undaunted by the gales that often sweep the island, an osprey has built its nest in the top of this giant cactus on Santa Margarita Island, off the coast of Baja California

Below—Lengthening the camera tripod by lashing ocotillo stems thereto, photographers of the San Diego Natural History Museum, after many difficulties, succeeded in photographing the nest of a desert thrasher near San Felipe



In the cactus garden that nestles at the foot of this imposing butte east of El Rosario, one finds many curious specimens of desert flora



Right—Even the giant cactus sometimes falls victim to disease. The strange growth about this cactus found in the Canyon San Juan de Dios, near El Rosario, is characterized by scientists as a parasite



Amid the forks extending upward from the top of this cirio, near San Fernando, a red-tail has built its nest. The cirio may sway in the wind but the nest remains safe. The cirio is a peculiar mast-like growth, resembling certain varieties of cactus, and is native to Baja California. Some specimens attain a height of 40 feet

VIBORAS

A short story by E. S. Wheeler

Illustrations by George D. Alexander

THE loud report of a six-gun was heard from down the road below the headquarters camp. Most all of the foremen and truck drivers carried pistols, and as there was no rockwork going on below camp, it must have been a shot from one of them. It was about eleven o'clock one morning in August, and all mornings are hot in Toro Canyon in August. Dust covered the brush and cactus along the old narrow grade which served as a detour for through traffic and truck trains between Toro and Stinking Water during the construction of the new road up Toro Canyon.

Toro is the county seat of Toro County, New Mexico, and had been for many years a backwood cattle and sheep town. It is also the home of the Taos Indians, a tribe which still lives in the adobe type of community houses. The unique setting of the town, the mountain scenery, the Indians themselves, and the seclusion offered by the isolation appealed to the temperament of a certain coterie of artists who sought material upon which to work. However, with the advent of the small automobile and the itinerant tourist, Toro became decidedly active, and the demands of the traveling public made improvement of the highways necessary.

Stinking Water was the largest town back in the mountains in Toro County, and got its name from the big hot sulphur springs which fed Arroyo Caliente. Good hunting and fishing were to be had in this section. The grotesque rock formations, the long abandoned but extremely interesting ruins of the cliff dwellers—homes of what must have been a tribe of dwarfs—and the numerous fossils found there, furnished much valuable material for those having a penchant for things unique or prehistoric, or the great free outdoors. The whole section reeked in romance.

George Weslie, the engineer in charge of the road work, looked up from the blue prints which he had spread out on a drafting table, and, peering through the upper part of his glasses, studied the grade as far as he could from the front opening of the office tent, while a broad grin commenced to spread over his square cornered jaws.

There was one more shot which was followed shortly by the staccato explosions of a motor truck with cut-out open, that was distinctly heard above the complex concert of noises about camp.

"Glenn is certainly wasting ammunition

this morning," he soliloquized.

Weslie knew that George Glenn was handling that truck, for Glenn was a little hard of hearing, and when he drove a truck he always kicked the cut-out open so he could "hear her bark," as he put it. He could then tell whether his engine was working O.K. or not. It was a peculiar fact that while he would miss parts of a conversation, he never missed a telephone ring, or, in fact, any metallic sound. The least fault in a motor screamed at him. He could locate the grief at once. He was a spare, wirey man; hard as nails, quick as a panther, short tempered and of few words, but loyal to the 'nth degree. If once he determined to do a thing, he allowed nothing to interfere with his carrying it out.

Weslie, convinced that the driver was Glenn, considered the second shot as a lavish waste of perfectly good ammunition, because Glenn was known to be a straight shooter. Seldom did he use the second shot to bring down his game or plug a target. Once he had decided to fire, he made a business of it, and anything that he covered was through. He would ventilate an empty tomato can at twenty paces, three times out of six, with the brass-mounted, sixteen-inch-barreled six-gun he carried, and not consider it a performance worthy of being referred to again.

The truck rounded the rock point about a hundred yards down the grade and commenced the last short steep climb to camp with five tons of dynamite on board. The engine roared, the cut-out sent up clouds of dust, and the load rocked from side to side as the rear wheels dug into the deep ruts, pushing the sturdy machine up hill. As it came nearer, Weslie saw there was another man on the truck with Glenn, and that a six-foot rattlesnake, dead, was hanging over the radiator cap. When the truck came to a stop in front of the powder-house, the engine had been allowed to die and the dust had settled, the men climbed down from the driver's seat and started for the office tent, Glenn in the lead, carrying the rattler by the tail. Then Weslie recognized the other man as John Long, owner of the Toro Auto Stage and Express Company.

Long was known throughout the State of New Mexico by the name of "Don Juan." If you had asked any ten people who knew him what his last name was it is a safe bet that not two of them would have been able to have told you.

But "Don Juan" fitted him. He was a

long, rangy bird with a thin hooked nose, heavy eyebrows, and a mustache such as one used to see among the older type of cowpunchers. His legs were thin and slightly bowed as the result of many years spent in the saddle during his younger days, and he was slightly stoop-shouldered from having sat so long and so steadily behind the steering wheel of an auto stage later on in life. His clothes were those of the cow country.

He was full of a natural philosophy gained from years of more or less profitable contact with a world little known and seldom visited by the crowd of tourists who were for the first time seeing New Mexico. He was illiterate, but intelligent, shrewd, and quick in retort. He was reported to have been fast with a gun in Texas where he got into a debate with a man who held too many aces in the great American game of draw, and from whence he departed between two days without leaving any forwarding address.

But here in Toro he was a solid and substantial citizen, operating a much needed utility, paying his bills, collecting from those who owed him and always ready to lend a hand or to donate to any worthy move or cause. Everybody knew Don Juan and enjoyed his steady stream of ready-to-wear philosophy. He talked through his nose and this peculiarity lent a certain individuality and picturesqueness to his humor. You simply never could forget Don Juan once you had met and talked with him for any length of time, or rather after he had talked to you, for he was full of words.

"Hey, there, what do you fellows think this is, a holiday or a target range, and why?" shouted Weslie as they came up and unhooked the water-bag from where it was hanging under the big cottonwood tree in the middle of camp, and took deep draughts of the cold mountain spring water. "Can't you read? Didn't you see that sign down the road, 'NO SHOOTING ALLOWED. THIS MEANS YOU.'?"

"I don't believe in signs," said Don Juan, "and I ain't got a smoke-wagon on me anyhow. If you don't believe it, search me," and he put up his arms. "But listen here, I'll shoot the next man that invites me to ride up that damn grade on one of these here siesds you got, loaded with five tons of 60 per cent dynamite. Why that load just missed goin' over the grade exactly twenty-five times by actual count. And if it had,

there woulda been just a nice big grease spot to show where I traded a hammer for a harp. If we'd met a peon with a wheelbarrow, one or the other of us woulda had to back up three miles."

"Sled? Say, how do you get that stuff?" put in Glenn. "That Old Jerry will take you there, bring you back and tick like a dollar watch when she stops. I'd like to know what you got to kick about anyhow? Guess you always rode the cushions."

"Where'd you get that rattler, Glenn? Good Lord, but that's a walloper—a regular he-snake," observed Weslie, who was always interested in camp doings. "I heard you shooting. Is that what you were shooting at?"

"And had to waste one shot on the brute, too," said Glenn, with a degree of humiliation, as though anyone who had to use more than one cartridge on a rattlesnake would be disgraced for the rest of his life. "But the second shot bored him through the head clean. See here!" as he held up six feet and two inches of rattlesnake for Weslie to examine. "He was on the uphill side of the grade, just a few hundred yards below camp, and when we pulled up along side of him, he struck at the front wheel. Mean as hell, especially this month when they're shedding their skins and are blind. Challenge anything, anybody, or any noise, any time."

"Yeah," added Don Juan, "and that juggernaut you call 'Jerry' was makin' enough noise to bring out all the rattlers or *viboras*, as the natives 'round here calls 'em, for four miles up and down the road and make 'em fight each other. That racket would sure make anyone fight. When they're blind they're sure mean; they hit first and sing afterwards. I remember about fifteen years ago, right here in this canyon, when Toro was no bigger than your hand, the experience that Ed Otero had. They wasn't no automobiles in them days, and Ed, who had a farmstead way off up near Stinkin' Water, used to drive a span of broom-tails hitched to an old farm-wagon. This wagon of Ed's made as much noise as a four-horse team on a wooden bridge. It was tied up with balin' wire, and squeaked like an Injun outfit. Well, Ed hooked up one day in August, when the rattlers was bat-blind and red-headed, and started for Toro to lay in a few pounds of beans and tobacco, and a few yards of calico. He was drivin' along about five miles this side of town. A big *vibora* was layin' on the uphill side of the grade a sunnin' himself, and when the team got abreast of him he struck at 'em but missed 'em both and hit the wagon tongue instead. He commenced to sing and it scared the burros into runnin' away, but before they got to town that wagon tongue swole up and crowded 'em both off the grade."

Weslie laughed heartily at this recitation, as he did at all of Don Juan's wild and unexpurgated tales of the sturdy and fearless pioneers who had fought wild animals with one hand, and pushed the Indians back another ten miles with the other. He was a man who was always ready to see the

amusing side of life, and a good story, or even a poor story well told, was refreshing.

"As a prize-winning liar you get the cut-glass monkey-wrench," said Glenn, as he threw the rattlesnake over the limb of the cottonwood tree.

"It's a fact," asserted Don Juan. "Ask Charley Stringer, up at the Empire Ranch, if you don't believe me," and with eyes wide

SUNRISE

By Nina Willis Walter

*The glorious sun
Appeared above the hill,
And on his right,
A monarch peak arose,
Austere and still,
With snow bedight.*

*Across the vale,
Below the sun-crowned hill,
A blanket lay,
Till bright rays, glancing, rent
The veil and drove
The mist away.*

open he pointed a horny index finger in the general direction of the Empire Ranch, and brought it down in the same way that one would point a pistol, to emphasize the statement.

"Anyhow that makes 156," Glenn said as he pulled out a little note book and entered a memo therein.

"A hundred and fifty-six what?" inquired Don Juan.

"A hundred and fifty-six rattlers that I've killed on this job in four months," affirmed Glenn, "and if you can read English take a slant at this book o' mine. There they are and the dates that each devil bit the dust," and Glenn offered the note book to Don Juan as Exhibit A.

"I only went to night school, and can't read in the daytime," said Don Juan. "I hand the cut-glass monkey-wrench back—it belongs to you."

Glenn sneered at this, and tramped off quickly to his tent to clean up.

"Doin' a lot of shootin' on the grade," commented Don Juan. "That's the third load of powder you got this month, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Weslie. "This rock up here is harder than heck."

"Don't I know it!" put in Don Juan. "Why, last year I was doin' a little rock work down by the Rio Grande, and I sent two mex peons down there to drill a boulder in the middle of the road, so we could shoot it out. They sledged away at it all forenoon, and at noon one of them took the drill back to camp to get it sharpened while the other one held his finger on the spot they'd been drillin'."

"Yes," said Weslie, "we'll be burning up powder pretty regular here until this job is done. Every shot just shakes the rattlesnakes out of this hillside by the sack-

ful. I never saw the beat of it. This cliff just above camp is one of the worst places on the whole job, too. There must be a big den of them back in there somewhere because every noon and quitting time after Baldy Rogers shoots, the woods are full of them. They just come tumbling out of their holes, and the *hombres* spend the noon hour killing rattlers. Glenn has shot rattlers every day since he's been on the job. I don't know how many he has killed, but if he says 156, then that must be right. Tell me, don't a lot of these natives that live around here get bitten by rattlers?"

"Don't they? Well yes, but only just once. There was an old man named Smith who came in here from Stinkin' Water a week or two ago. He kneeled down by the side of the creek one day to get a drink and one of them yellow-bellies was coiled up right where the old man put his hands. The rattler struck him on the inside of the wrist, and he died in about thirty minutes. Poor old duffer was gone before anyone could help him. Couldn't find a thing on him to tell where he was from, so we just planted him out back of Toro on the hill-side.

"Then a few days later a mule-skinner up on the Empire Ranch got bit on the shin. They ain't much blood in a mex who lives on chili powder anyhow, and mighty little of it gets to the shin-bone at that. He was right near the blacksmith shop, and the ranch foreman rushed him into it, took a red-hot iron and burned the place where the snake struck, good and plenty. The *hombre* never squealed even, and other than a good healthy burn he came out O.K."

"That's kind of savage surgery, isn't it?" said Weslie.

"Yes, but these fellows are accustomed to that kind, since it has been common practice 'round here ever since Kit Carson drifted into Toro and started the first Injun graveyard. In order for medicine to be appreciated by an Injun or a Mexican it's got to be plenty strong. He thinks it's *no bueno* unless it's big medicine and bitter too. Do you think that one of these redskins would take a quinine pill and swallow it whole? If you do, you'll get fooled a lot. No. He takes it in his mouth and chews it up, taking plenty of time to do it. He swallows a little at a time just as if it was a piece of chocolate candy. He never bats an eye either.

"Oh, there's lots of stories floatin' 'round Camp 2 about Mrs. Henderson—old Uncle Billy's wife—bein' bitten too. She laid down to take a *siesta* the other day, and pulled a blanket over her. She was waked up by feelin' a weight on her chest, and when she opened her eyes right there in front of her face was a rattler all coiled up. Instead of pullin' the blanket over her head, she yowled like a Navajo and commenced clawin' her way out of there. The snake was as much surprised as she was, perhaps, and hit her on the head, but it didn't amount to much. Guess he only got a mouthful of hair. The whole thing sounds kind o' fishy to me anyhow."

"I didn't think a rattler could climb up

on a bed," said Weslie.

"They can climb anything," said Don Juan. "These here *viboras* are bad medicine and hard to take when you trespass on their ground." He used the Spanish equivalent for rattlesnake probably because he had lived in Toro for so many years among so many rattlers, and also because he was married to a native woman, so he had a better knowledge of Spanish than he had of English. "It beats hell how they'll climb beds, tables and trees sometimes. But all these stories you've heard since you was a kid that a rattlesnake won't cross a hair-rope—that all you have to do when sleepin' on the ground is to stretch a hair-rope around your bunk and you're safe—was circulated by a weak-minded sheep-herder who was full of strong coffee. Say, a *vibora* will walk right up to one end of a hair-rope, and romp up and down it for hours at a time—just enjoyin' himself.

"Fact is, I believe that when a rattler smells a man and finds that he ain't got a hair-rope strung on the ground, he right now comes to the conclusion that that *hombre* is an experienced hand and a tough old bird, and turns right 'round and leaves him plumb alone. Me? I never sleep on the ground, day or night. I'm some particular where I rest this skinny old carcass of mine, and as long as I've lived here I ain't lost no *viboras*. I may be old and tough, but I always sleep between heaven and earth, no matter whether I'm out in the jungles or right at home. I'd go out of my way a whole lot to rock a *vibora* to death. Why, when I came up here first the banks in Santa Fé used to take snake-skins on deposit. Killin' rattlesnakes was a payin' business for the bounty you'd get.

"If I see one along the road between Toro and the Junction, or Santa Fé, I'll miss the Chili Express connection to get a chance to kill him. I'll bet I've run over enough of 'em in the past ten years to reach from here to Stinkin' Water and halfway back. And when I run over one

I always stop and finish the job, 'cause it don't always kill him and one wounded *vibora* is worse than a pack of wildcats with sore paws. He crawls off into the sagebrush, and anything that comes his way is Done, with a big D. But if he is just a normal, healthy *vibora* with a skin full of food and you meets up with him, he gives you notice before he goes into action. He sings and you'd better stop and back up. That's his way of sayin', 'Keep off the grass.'

"I ain't afraid of 'em none, but I hate 'em. I always kill everyone I see, and I ain't been stung yet and I ain't goin' to be, either."

"I suppose you put white gloves on, grab one by the neck, pull the rattles off, jamb them down his throat and spit tobacco juice in his eyes until you drown him, don't you?" barked Glenn, who had washed up and slipped into the office tent quietly in a manner characteristic of people who are hard of hearing.

"Now don't get funny, even if you did

win the first prize away from me. No, sir; I just go after 'em rough. I use anything from a piece of string to a railroad tie. If you want to amuse yourself, just make a snare with a piece of string, slip it over Mr. Rattler's head and give it a quick jerk. The movements he'll go through will make the actions of a wild range pony bein' broke to ride look like a side show with just one act. But that's mean and inhuman. The best and quickest way is to shoot their heads off, and then they won't never bother no one again."

At this point in the conversation, Reggie, the camp cook, beat the triangular gong loudly, announcing the midday meal, and yelled up the camp street: "Come and get it, or I'll give it to the dog!"

"What you got today, Reggie?" called Glenn.

"Canned salmon," answered Reggie.

"Then give it to the dog," replied Glenn, who had served with Pershing on his punitive expedition into Mexico and had eaten, according to his own story which he said he could prove with documentary evidence, one million cans of salmon.

"No you don't," yelled Don Juan. "After ridin' up that hill on a solid-tired truck with no rubber on it, and the springs ridin' the axles, I'm as hollow as an empty tomato can. I'm plumb full of emptiness. I'm so hungry I'm weak. You can throw Glenn's out, but nail mine to the table."

He scrubbed up at the wash bench used by the gang in the bull tent and slid in on the bench in the mess tent, complaining that he was no good until he got some regular coffee into his boiler.

"How about it, Reggie, have you some real coffee there?" asked Weslie.

"You tell 'em we got coffee, and regular sheepherder coffee that will stick to your ribs, Don Juan," and he poured a granite quart cupful of the best and strongest coffee in Toro County. "How's that, Don Juan?" said Reggie. "You know we're here to please."

"Fine! Just bul-



"A hundred and fifty-six rattlers that I've killed on this job in four months," affirmed Glenn, "and if you can read English take a slant at this book o' mine. There they are and the dates that each devil bit the dust."

ly!" said Don Juan as he took a long swig.

He had just set the cup down when the quiet about camp was split wide open by the report of what must have been the largest charge of powder ever confined in one hole in the history of road construction. They rushed outside and through the trees could see the air filled with rocks, dirt, trees, roots and fence rails. The cliff where blasting was being actively carried on was only about a quarter of a mile above camp. For what seemed like a period of several minutes fragments of rock fell all around them.

"Good God!" said Don Juan, as he stretched the words out, "I'll say you fellows burn powder! There musta been two tons in that shot at least."

"When Baldy Rogers goes after rock or snakebite medicine he generally gets what he goes after," said Glenn. "I've seen plenty of powder men, but that old bald eagle sure knows his way around. Ain't afraid of nothin' neither."

They resumed the meal and discussed the amount of powder used, the rock yardage moved, its hardness, how Baldy got his face powder burned, and various other angles of rockwork and powder men, amid a large amount of small talk and extravagant and improbable rattlesnake yarns told by Glenn and Don Juan. After the meal Don Juan went with Weslie to the office tent to settle up his account for hauling supplies and equipment from the Junction to Toro. This took but half an hour and Don Juan decided that he would go up on the grade with Weslie to see what damage Baldy had done to the scenery when he shoved the plunger down on that charge at noon. They took the short-cut trail which led up the canyon from behind the bull tent, and followed it along through the brush and cactus, until they were right above the cliff where Baldy's men were banging away with a battery of a dozen jackhammers. On the edge of the slope above the excavation they stopped to give the ground the once over. Weslie checked up on a couple of reference hubs to locate himself on line, sized up the slopes and the muck to be moved, checked this guessometer estimate against the quantity sheet he had in his pocket, and said to Don Juan: "Guess Baldy is going to get us out of here with less powder than we estimated. So far he's using less than a pound to the cubic yard, which sure saves our old Uncle Samuel a lot of good money. There are 25,000 cubic yards of the bluest and hardest limestone that was ever found, right here in this cliff, to say nothing of the rattlesnakes, and judging from the way the boys have been killing them, there must be a snake to every cubic yard. Let's get down on the grade."

"Look out for these cholla cactuses," warned Don Juan, as they started through the brush, "for they hang on like death, and have barbs 'steen inches long. They don't come out when they stick, neither, but 'break off. I've seen cows that have browsed on the mesa in a dry year when the grass was all dead, with chollas so thick all over their noses and lips that they looked like cactus plants. It poisons the poor

brutes, too, so that their heads swell up as big as nail kegs."

They worked their way down onto the finished grade, and found Glenn herding a train of trucks under the dippers of two steam shovels that were snorting away like live animals, pawing and clawing at the muck that had come down as the result of the noon shooting.

"Hey you! Pull that load out of here! What's the matter with you fellows? Get that load rolling!" yelled Glenn above the rattle and noise of shovels, drills, trucks and compressors, as he waved his fist at a boy who looked as though he should be classifying butterflies rather than trying to twist the wheel on a five-ton truck.

"I can't. She's too heavy," shouted the driver.

DESERT NOON

By Dalnar Devening

*Heat waves and a joshua tree;
Cactus; a mute blanched bone, and
sand and sand,
And silence absolute through all the land.
Time to teach patience to eternity!
On the horizon's rim a naked mountain
range
Ancient at time's nativity and still defying
change.*

"Heavy, hell! Get down out of there!" ordered Glenn as he cursed solemnly and quietly all pink-cheeked, lily-white-handed, vacation-job-hunting cubs, who he claimed carried silk handkerchiefs up their shirt sleeves, smoked perfumed cigarettes, and brought a ukelele out on the truck. They were that useless. He pulled a big rock from in front of the left rear wheel, climbed into the driver's seat, backed a few inches, shifted to low and then slipped the clutch once or twice. The engine roared, the truck groaned and moved.

"Where'd you get all them tourist drivers? Them are nice sweet looking boys," remarked Don Juan.

"Damfino," growled Glenn. "They're sent up here by the district office. Two old ladies with sore thumbs could do more work than ten of them. They won't get off the truck to see why she don't pull because they are afraid they'll get stung by a snake, or dirty their little hands. Those boys just ride."

Suddenly Baldy came crawling over the rock pile holding two big rattlers on a shovel handle. "Here y'are," he said as he tossed them on the ground near where Don Juan was sitting, "tie one around your neck and use the other for a belt."

"No, thanks, I ain't lost no *viboras* today," said Don Juan, and paid no more attention to them or to Baldy.

The four men stood watching operations, and discussing the road in general. Don Juan was sure it would be a big help to Toro, and provide more mileage over which he could operate. It would also open up good hunting and fishing that hitherto had been extremely difficult to get to. In his

wild manner he was describing the fine summer resort that would be built at the big sulphur spring at Stinking Water, and how the tourists and fishermen would flock up there, when Glenn yelled: "Look out! One of them rattlers is alive!"

It was so. One of the big snakes that Baldy had so carefully picked up on the rock pile, had only been stunned or overcome by the gases of the dynamite and powder, and during the time he had lain there on the ground beside Don Juan had regained consciousness. Naturally he was mad, ready to fight, and had coiled when Glenn saw him. Everybody jumped at once, and all but Don Juan made a quick and perfect get-away. He, however, tripped over a root and fell, more or less in the direction of the snake, and also into some brush. He scrambled to his feet, holding the right hip pocket of his pants with one hand, and yelling like a wild man: "He's got me, boys! He's bit me!"

Glenn was the first to fully realize the seriousness of the situation, and he commenced to function immediately. He spotted an empty waiting in line, and grabbing Don Juan by the arm shouted: "Get up on this truck damn quick! We're going to camp where I got some potash and soda. We'll cut that bite out, and fix you up in a hurry."

They shoved Don Juan, who was shaking like a leaf, into the driver's seat, and all climbed on as Glenn loosened the brakes, threw her into high, and shoved the gas clear into the floor. It was down grade, and that five-ton truck was soon making thirty-five miles an hour.

No one said a word, as everything depended on Glenn's muscle and skill to keep the big wagon on the grade.

As they rounded a curve about halfway between the cliff and camp, the blacksmith shop, which was close beside the road, commanded Glenn's attention. As soon as he saw it his plans suddenly and completely changed. Without a word of explanation he pushed out the clutch and slammed on the brakes, dragging the rear wheels and almost burying them up to the hubs in the soft material.

"What in hell you stoppin' here for?" demanded Don Juan. "Can't you see I'm dyin' right now?"

"Get down off that seat! Every minute is valuable. Come on I tell ya! We'll get help for you right here," was Glenn's answer.

Don Juan took one look at the blacksmith shop, and instantly realized that the old Castilian method of curing a rattlesnake bite was about to be administered to him. If he waited until they reached camp, the venom might be so thoroughly distributed through his blood that any treatment or medicine he would get might be too late. This thought paralyzed him, but only for a moment. Better take this heroic treatment which had never been known to fail, than to run the risk of dying the horrible death of snake poisoning.

Swiftly he climbed off the truck, Weslie and Baldy helping him, while Glenn rushed ahead and ordered the Mexican blacksmith

to heat, red-hot, a quarter-inch punch, and to do it "muy pronto."

"Que paso, Meester Glenn?" inquired the blacksmith, as he hustled around.

"A *vibora* bit Don Juan," answered Glenn, sweeping the tools off the bench.

"Get your clothes off, and get up on this bench, we can't lose any time," ordered Glenn.

"No sir," complained Don Juan. "I'll take my medicine like a man, standing up," as he commenced pulling off his outer garments.

"Better do as Glenn says, Don Juan. This may be too much of a jolt for even you to stand up and take," advised Weslie.

Against his will, but afraid of results if he did not do as he was told, Don Juan lay down on the bench, and Glenn made an examination of the hip where the snake had planted his fangs. "Yessir, there they are. Two of them," said Glenn. "See those red spots with little white centers?

That's the place."

Baldy and Weslie held Don Juan so that he could not thrash around, and told him to "hold on tight." Glenn grabbed the red-hot punch in a pair of pliers and burned the two spots an inch deep with the same skill that he would have burned two holes in a shovel handle. The flesh seared and smoked as the punch sank into it. Don Juan groaned and squirmed.

"Steady there," said Weslie, "it's all over now, and you can thank Glenn for having nerve enough to be your surgeon and save your life! I sure could not have done the job."

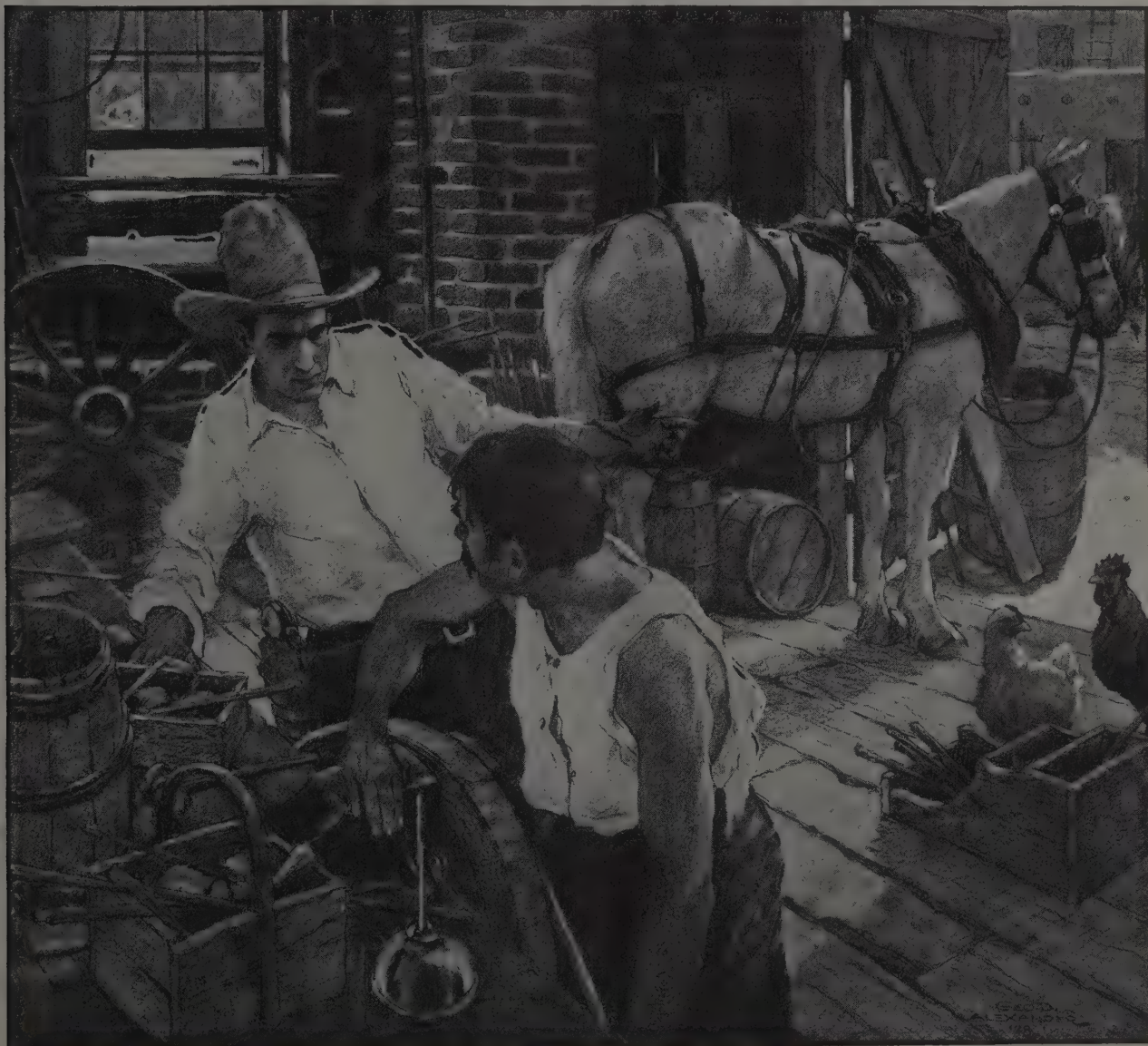
While Don Juan lay there alternately cursing and moaning, Baldy consoled him with a tale of how he had his face burned by a premature blast; then he washed the burns with soda which the blacksmith had on hand, and otherwise tried to relieve the pain.

Glenn tossed the punch into the tool box

and put the pliers in his pocket. His eye caught Don Juan's coat which had been thrown on the floor in the scramble. He picked it up, and was about to hang it on a nail when he saw something sticking to the right side of the coat-tail. He looked again, more carefully this time, and a look of surprised dismay spread over his face, for sticking firmly to the coat-tail was a big piece of cholla cactus!

He glanced hurriedly at the three men who were seriously engaged in a discussion of the bite and burn, rolled the coat into a bundle, threw it into the truck, and went from there without so much as looking over his shoulder.

To this day Don Juan tells how he was bitten by the biggest *vibora* in Toro Canyon, and had the poison burned out by a red-hot iron without even batting an eye. And Glenn mendaciously testifies to the absolute truth of the story, since he held the iron.



"Glenn rushed ahead and ordered the blacksmith to heat, red-hot, a quarter-inch punch, and to do it 'muy pronto.' 'A *vibora* bit Don Juan.'"

Typical Water Birds of California

By Helen Steele Pratt

Above—Sometimes mistaken for "wild geese," White Pelicans in "V" formation, over mountains and valley alike maintain their stately flight. Photo by William L. Finley

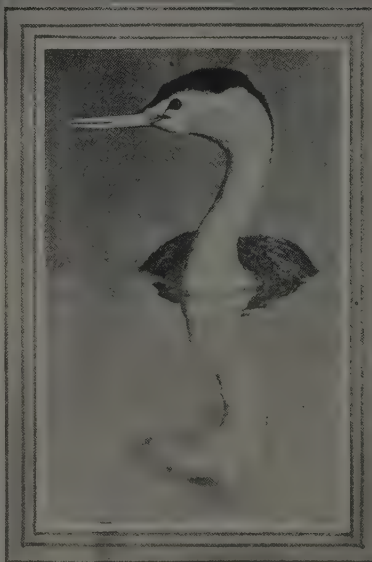
66 **W**ATER BIRDS" may not seem to be a rewarding subject, except to hunters, but it is not for hunters that I write. It is rather for "the vast majority who prefer their game alive," to quote the late Mr. Curwood, and many others who are expressing the same idea, but who may not be aware of the extent and variety that is ours, though vanishing, as we have been long since warned.

Every one knows gulls, of course, and ducks, and those little speckled things that flit along the shore; here and there a tall crane; mud-hens, and those things that are always diving; and those big Pelicans. How about "wild geese"? That's so, they are water birds. We usually see them in the sky! We shall find that most of our water birds are also sky birds. The banding of water fowl has given some long distance records of migration. A common Tern banded in Maine was taken in West Africa.

A friend of mine says he enjoys water birds more than land birds, "because they

talk and play, dance and fight just like folks." They do. If at any place they have become tame, so that they may be observed at a reasonable distance, they are easier to study than the perching birds, just because they are larger.

In describing a bit of California's superb scenery, the blooming in mid-winter of the chaparral, a speaker concluded, "and the song of the golden-crowned sparrow seemed the sublimated essence of all that loveliness." In the realm of the pictorial, I claim that the live water bird is the *raison d'être* for all that background! The scenery of ocean, shore, lagoons, tide-flat or



Left—To submerge or not to submerge, that is the question in the mind of this Western or "Swan" Grebe, a member of the *Paludicolae* or diving birds. Photo by William L. Finley

marsh, inland sea, valley or mountain lake is incomplete without its dramatic element of wild bird life.

What is mid-ocean without its albatross? A sinister waste. What is a coast-wise trip minus its gulls? Our rocky coasts, with their white spray carried skyward on white wings of gull or tern, would be forbidding without them; no artist leaves them out. Rustling them out. Rustling in the marsh, our "Pipes of Pan," with the shine of sun on stem and leafy banner, are but interpreted by the reedy voices and shining length of slim body of egret or ibis, the epitome of the marsh. In

spite of curling wave, it would be a too quiet shore, devoid of pattering plover, of darting sandpiper; the curlew's stately step, the whirling flocks and pretty cries of sandpiper. Without these it would seem a desolate shore of a desert land.

To the early settlers in whose land no bird was seen or heard, the silence seemed ominous, portentous, and the locality menacing, and dreadful. It was the sight of birds which encouraged Columbus to press on one day more!

It is mastery over elements which secures attention and admiration. The fact that water birds have a mastery of the air as well as of water is already conceded, when we think of ducks and geese. Depending upon water plants for food and thus attracted to ponds, when endangered they are up and away in the air. Other birds which depend on water creatures for sustenance take to the air for safety, for rapid transit, for amusement. Amazing it is that such stately craft as the pelican navigate with ease the high air currents.

A complete mastery not only of water surface, but of its depths, is demonstrated by another group. Light as thistle-down they float; when startled, disappear, not into the air, but *under* water! They either submerge quietly or plunge instantly, and with them we drop from the sublime to the incongruous, for their disappearance is maintained at such length as to earn for them the nick-name of "hell-divers." Past-masters in the art of diving and in sub-aqueous pursuit are the grebes, loons and cormorant which may be seen near shore and inland. So also are the auks, murres and puffin, ocean-going puff-balls. Adept under water, in another

element we find these divers amusing. Not bad in the air, though their small wings give them no great amount of skill, on land they are really comical. It is to laugh, but not to deride. Though scarcely able to ambulate on land, those efficient paddles, set well back with folding flaps on each division, pro-

Below—Four toes and no webs have these marsh birds, the White-faced Glossy Ibis, equipped for running lightly over oozy ground. They are common in the San Joaquin Valley. Photo by San Diego Society of Natural History



The largest gull with the darkest "mantle" on our coast is the Western Gull. It is the only kind which is on the southern coast the year round. Photo on the pier, by Mrs. F. T. Bicknell
Left—England regrets losing her Avocets. Shall we give American Avocets a fresh-water marsh where he can swing his sickle-like bill at the same time decorating the landscape? Photo by William L. Finley



Baby sandpipers looking for a home. Photo by William L. Finley



Four toes and three webs or "full-webbed" is California Brown Pelican, one of the biggest plungers on the coast. Photo by Mrs. F. T. Bicknell

in the air than on the water. Included in this class is a predacious seabird which has a hooked bill, and his webbed feet have also strong claws. Other long wings, typical sea-swimmers, such as albatross, petrels and shearwater, are "tube-nosed swimmers" and classed in another order. These are little seen by land-lubbers, though shearwater are accounted the most numerous bird in California. A large "raft" was reported near Pismo beach last August, and thousands were sighted late in January off Santa Monica, coming close in with the high-tide.

Cormorants and pelican, strong flyers as well as good swimmers and fearless divers, are classed together on account of both being "full-webbed swimmers," that is, having three webs connecting all four toes. In a duck's foot only three toes are connected, by two webs, and the fourth toe is free. Ducks, geese and swan are called "sieve-billed swimmers," and some are famous divers. Their prowess on the wing is the occasion of their undoing, being an incentive to marksmanship.

All peoples the world over rejoice in the spring flights of the flock; wild geese in particular, perhaps because of their clarion calls, the famous "V" formation, the regular wing-beat, or because the imagination is awakened to the fact of spring, here and in the far north. Dr. E. W. Nelson, formerly chief of the Biological Survey, writing in the National Geographic Magazine, says that for four consecutive seasons he witnessed the arrival of geese on the Alaskan shore. "Always the first comer was a single goose. He circled high overhead, surveying the snow-mantled region where he and his kind would later rear their young. . . . After viewing the snowy landscape the scout always turned back and disappeared toward the Yukon . . . and his kind appeared no more until spots of bare ground became visible."

It is this rapid migration in the spring which we enjoy so much in the air; and the more leisurely movements southward

vide real racing ability under water. On some, each toe is webbed separately with scallops. Loons and the small sea-divers have webbed feet. There are large and small short-winged divers. We begin to see that development of structure has something to do with their evolutions, whether or not "evolution" is the name for the development.

Long-winged swimmers, such as gulls and terns, are admired even more

in the fall, or as soon as the families are ready to travel, that give us our opportunity for study of water birds, for, in California, more are seen on their way than reside here. Some of the tall waders are resident, and some of the marsh birds and shore birds. But again and again one sees in reading the habitat of various species, "Calif., Oct. to May." Experience will deal varying dates. It is part of the excitement of naming the water birds without a gun, to watch the beaches and lagoons for passing friends and strangers, even beginning in August, and no one knows what combinations a day may bring forth.

It seems necessary that there should be a close conjunction of salt-marsh or tide-flat with fresh water ponds or marsh to provide the essentials for a visit from these sojourners. Tide-lands with crabs, and fresh water to drink, for example. Wading birds must have shallow water, even though they may swim, for their food thrives in marshy situations. We have some which do not swim, the "deep-water waders" which can walk and perch, such as herons and ibis. "Shore-birds" have delicately formed legs and more or less webs, as indicated by the name of one, "semi-palmate," and these are non-perching. Among the waders and shore-birds are seen many pleasing patterns of color and form, and efficient combining of long legs, long necks, and long bills, to probe sand or mud; to dip and spear delectable live food.

Differing postures while poising for prey provide the picturesque at Playa del Rey or any tule-bordered marsh. The disposition of long necks and legs while flying is another feat which awakens wonder. Ability to discern whether these are

Below—Killdeer is a plover that wears two "collars." With a bow he tries to tell you who they are. "Kill-dee, kill-dee" is the call. Photo by San Diego Museum of Natural History

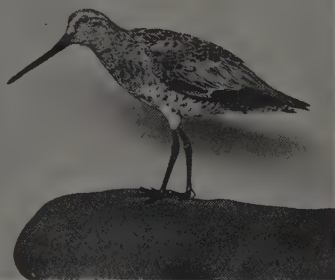
Below—A shore-bird of some personality is the Long-billed Dowitcher, a sand-piper with an unusually long bill, and a look about the eye like a Snipe or a Knot. Knots are very rare but have been observed at Playa del Rey marsh. Photo by San Diego Museum of Natural History

folded or outstretched sometimes determines identification of the bird.

We have just taken a glance at the capabilities of water birds. They have been mentioned in the order of the A. O. U. Check-list (American Ornithologists' Union), and will be discussed in the same sequence. Scientists are attempting to classify creatures in the order of their development. Birds are listed in the order which seems to be from the more primitive forms to the more highly specialized. Ornithologists are now revising the check-list, and a somewhat different order is offered us, but it is thought that the long-accepted order will be less confusing for this article.



The Black Sea Brant is a salt water goose. Photo by San Diego Museum of Natural History



In the order *Pygopodes*, diving birds, the large divers are loons. They may be seen on northern lakes and along the ocean shore. Their stately appearance riding the waves, sudden disappearance and fast work under water excite comment among the lazy land-lubbers on shore or on the pier above. They are larger than ducks, but have shorter necks than geese. From the angle of throat and bill, the bill seems to point up, especially that of the Red-throated Loon. The food is undoubtedly fish, but they have gullet capacity for only

small fish, and as our friend Mr. Taverner naively remarks, "Many people get more enjoyment from the presence of loons than they do from fishing!" Among the small divers grebes may be seen; the "Western" on the ocean, sometimes on lakes, and the "Pied-billed" on any city park lake or any body of water. Fifty "Westerns" have



An interesting family of short-billed shore-birds are the Flowers, these being the Black-bellied, in summer and winter plumage. Their feet are slightly scalloped. Photo by San Diego Museum of Natural History

been observed recently on Chatsworth Lake. Grebe feet are edged with lobe-like flaps, which paddle and fold, lending speed under water, for these not only dive, but also swim under water. The divers resemble ducks, but their bills are narrow and straight, instead of duck-like, and where ducks would fly, divers dive. The food is water-inhabiting creatures. Grebes' breasts, once used in millinery, are now, fortunately, allowed to remain on the bird. Amusing and diverting as their antics are, there is a certain dignity and grace in the carriage of the Western, or Swan Grebe. The skill with which it submerges, like a submarine, leaving only the periscope above the surface, and then it, too, disappearing, outmaneuvers man's calculations; for when did a grebe ever come up where you expected to see it?

Is it considered a higher development to fly up out of your supporting element than to dive back into it? The next order is the *Longipennes*, long-winged swimmers; the commonest near shore being gulls and terns. The adults are white-bodied birds with gray mantle, and often black wing-tips or black hood. Gulls have the heavier flight, square tails, and a horizontal carriage of the bill when in flight. Terns are smaller, more active, more graceful, with a forked tail, black cap, slender bill turned straight down toward the water. They commonly dive from the wing and are called "Sea-swallows." The flight is especially captivating as Terns describe silvery arabesques above the shoals, rhythmically dropping completely into the surface and arising with a small silvery fish.

"Can I count the sea-gull as one of my birds?" asked a Boy Scout who was listing





Wings of the marsh, for most of our water-birds are also sky-birds. Here we have Gulls, Tern, and Pelican. Photo by William L. Finley

the birds he knew toward the forty he is required to identify before he may become an Eagle Scout. "There are seven kinds of sea-gulls in Southern California." "Well, I can learn seven if I can see 'em," said a comrade.

And he will, provided he can see them in full adult plumage. Adult, because the first and second year gulls are so mottled in plumage and the feet and bill coloring too unsettled. "Pewee" will have to see them in the winter plumage, for only one gull stays here the year around. The others come in late summer, or October to May. He will learn which feet are pink, which yellow, green, black or orange-red; which gull has the dark slate-gray mantle; which the pale pearl; that of the three commonest the "Western" is the largest and the darkest, and is the only one on this coast in summer; that it is twenty-four to twenty-seven inches long. That the "Ring-billed" is much lighter and smaller, eighteen to twenty inches long. That the California Gull is in between these two in size and color. If the bird has a yellow bill which has a red spot on the lower mandible, and a small black spot in front of that, and has green legs, it is a "California." And the observer will learn to see all of that in one glance because he will know what he is looking for.

Most gull's wings have black primaries spotted with white. The primaries of the big Glaucous-winged Gull are gray, and by that sign you may know him. A yellow bill with a black band all the way around it would identify the "Ring-billed," were it not for the possibility of some

immature gull being present. Experts have ways of knowing gulls in the first and second and third year plumage. Not until they are three years old does the mantle become plain. A comparison of sizes with known adults led to the estimation of almost a thousand California Gulls on Silver Lake at the time of the 1927 Christmas Bird Census.

The adaptability of gulls in the matter of food assures their usefulness to man. They are sturdy scavengers of our beaches. Sometimes they enter school-grounds for a

Right—Black-crowned Night Heron haunts the tule-bordered pools, frequently seen at Agua Caliente, Palm Springs. Photo by William L. Finley



stray crust. In Southern California in winter they come in and follow the furrow for the turning up of fat grubs. The diet is varied by the addition of eggs from cormorants and murres. Ingenuity is shown in carrying crabs and other shellfish from shore to high above rocks where they are dropped and cracked on the rocks below, the gulls dropping after them and extracting the dainties. Inland they are often of great benefit to agriculture in devouring vast quantities of crickets and grasshoppers. The monument to gulls at Salt Lake City is witness to this good turn.

Terns are not found out at sea and are not scavengers. They nest on sandy beaches with the exception of the "Forsters" and the Black Tern, and it is a serious question whether there will be any sandy beaches left to them in Southern California. Those which used to nest on the beach at Playa del Rey have been driven away to a less suitable location on the mud-flats. Here in the heel-print of man, and in the foot-print of a dog, terns' eggs are laid.

Other long-winged swimmers—albatross, petrel, shearwater—are found out at sea. Deep-sea fishermen see them. A shearwater which breeds in New Zealand has been taken on our shores. Petrels breed on the Coronado Islands. It would seem that cormorants on account of their activities should be classed with the divers, but not so; they are also expert on the wing. A cormorant does not really dive from the wing, but lands on the water and wriggles his way down. He gets his food by pursuit under water, and has earned the name "hell-diver." Mr. Taverner says they do not stay under more than forty seconds and

that they seem obliged to get up and dry their feathers often, "draping themselves with all

(CONTINUED ON
PAGE 51)

Below — Studies in posture, and in rapacity, for presently the Gulls will try to steal fish which the Pelican toss in turning head-first down the pouch. Cormorant is a clever fisher, and does not hesitate to pursue its prey under water. Photo by L. E. Wyman

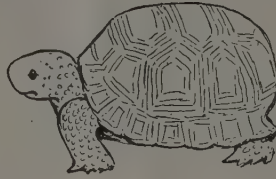
Who's Who on the

Some illustrated jingles about the strange creatures that inhabit



The Kangaroo Rat

Of all the rats I ever knew
The handsomest is the Kangaroo.
His brown fur coat is soft as silk;
His vest and paws are white as milk.
When he goes off to spend the week,
He packs his baggage in his cheek.
Oh, you should see the beastie lump
His long hind legs and take a jump!
Up in the air he loves to sail,
And thereby hangs a long, long tale.



The Desert Tortoise

This dreamy-eyed Chelonian
Can sleep through pandemonium.
When days are cold—or very hot—
He'd rather go to sleep than not.
He's not inquisitive or bold,
And so he lives to be quite old.
And with each year he grows so sage
That if you chance to ask his age
He'll draw his head back in his shell
And—like a lady—will not tell!



The Tarantula Hawk

Whenever this queer hawk is spied
Tarantulas are terrified.
And could these spiders only talk
They'd quickly tell you that this Hawk
Would paralyze them with its sting,
And lay its eggs, and then take wing.
Then eggs would hatch, and the Hawk's
young
Would eat the spider that was stung.



The Coyote

The swift Coyote is lean and lank;
He's built for speed, and not for swank,
The ranchmen hate the little thief—
He turns their cattle into beef!
He turns their woolly sheep to mutton—
Just out of sport—for he's no glutton.
You can't outwit him if you try;
The sheep he stalks is sure to die;
If all else fails he'll clear his throat
And bark—until he gets your goat!



The Antelope Chipmunk

This handsome Chip with white-plumed
tail
May often dance across your trail.
A marvel of activity,
None loves the Desert more than he.
He only asks to live and die
Where rocks are hot and sand is dry.
He feels that he would rather roast
Than spend a summer on the Coast.



The Spade-foot Toad

The Spade-foot Toad lives underground
And sits and waits, but makes no sound.
Above his head is burning sand—
For ten long months that Toad is canned!
He can't come out until it rains;
The blazing sun would bake his brains.
He counts the days, he counts the hours,
He waits for summer, with its showers,
And if, some day, all records broke
And no rain came, that Toad would croak!



The Phainopepla

Even at dawn you'll find him dressed
In best black satin coat and vest.
"Fine feathers do not make fine birds,"
I'm sure you've heard Dame Grundy's
words.
Then tell me, pray, why is his eye
So red, when everything is dry?
And just what are those small white things
That he conceals beneath his wings?



The Swift

The Swift is always in the lead,
For when he moves, he moves with
speed.
He'll never ask you for a lift,
For you are slow, and he is swift.
From morn till night he's on the go—
Why does the Swift keep running so?
He's trying to outrun his past,
For gossips say the Swift was fast!



The Trapdoor Spider

He builds a tunnel richly lined
With spider-silk; and you will find
His trap-door has a silken hinge.
Skilled carpenters might feel a twinge
Of envy at the wondrous way
Its bevel fits the modeled clay
Of Trapdoor Spider's trim doorway.

Deserts of the Southwest

wasteland regions. Verses and drawings by Eve Ganson—



The Burrowing Owl

Though not much larger than your fist,
This Owl's a good ventriloquist.
The other owls all jeer and hoot
Because he wears this funny suit.
For you must know one rarely sees
An owl whose skirts don't hide his knees.
He builds his nest deep underground
In some old gopher hole he's found,
But does not loll on beds of ease
Because his house is full of fleas!



The Gridiron-tailed Lizard

You ought to see him hit the trail—
The Lizard with the black-striped tail.
Over his back this tail he'll fling,
And then strike out like greased lightning!
There's nothing born that he won't eat,
That grows on bush, that walks on feet,
That crawls on ground, that flies on wing;
He'll even eat his own offspring!



Mearn's Quail

This foolish Bird was not content
To wear the feathers God had sent.
But every day she cocked her eye
At beauteous ladies passing by,
And cried: "Their cheeks are just like
peaches,
I know they use cold creams and bleaches.
And, look, my face is brown with freckles;
From head to tail I'm flecked with speckles!
If I could find some good face bleach
I, too, would look just like a peach."
But she has lived to rue the day
She daubed her face with beauty clay.



The Pack Rat

I' though something in exchange he brings,
This Rat will pack away your things.
But he has such engaging ways
That cowboys give him naught but praise.
No predatory fox would dare
Stalk him to his own burrow, where
Of cactus joints this imp has made
A scientific barricade.



The Centipede

It looks as if the Centipede
Has more legs than he'll really need.
In spite of this no one denies
His legs must all have exercise;
And so we see him spring along
Doing his daily marathon.
Now if you think you show some pep
Just look at Centie! watch his step!



The Desert Bighorn

The Desert Bighorn's proud and shy,
And lives in mountains wild and high.
No land's too rough, no crag too steep,
To please the Desert Bighorn sheep.
And how he loves the solitude!
He loves the peaks, so rough and rude,
Away from these he mopes and mourns,
And just keeps jumping through his horns.



The Praying Mantis

"I must reduce," the Mantis cried,
As she surveyed her starboard side,
"The food I eat just makes me stout,
So from today, I'll cut it out!
I'll now begin to fast and pray—
I'm sure it is the only way."
And so, beginning then and there,
The Mantis crooked her arms in prayer.
And for a joke, the gods, they say,
Decreed her arms should stay that way.



The Black-tailed Jack

This Jackie with his sprightly air
Will thrive on almost any fare.
When food is scarce his chops he'll lick,
And out of this he gets a "kick."
In time of drought, when all growth stops,
He'll turn around and eat his hops!
And, oh—his limit is the sky
When he begins to multiply!



The Pallid Bat

'T is said the Bat, for his subsistence,
Followed the line of least resistance.
And so with open mouth he'd sit
And catch whatever flew in it!
And when live food flew down his throat
He'd swallow it. But pray take note
That as the days and years wore on
The Bat became a true moron!
Neglect a gift—you're sure to lose it;
He had a brain—but did not use it.

Beirut to Bagdad

*A Southern Californian
motors through the land of the
Arabian Nights—*

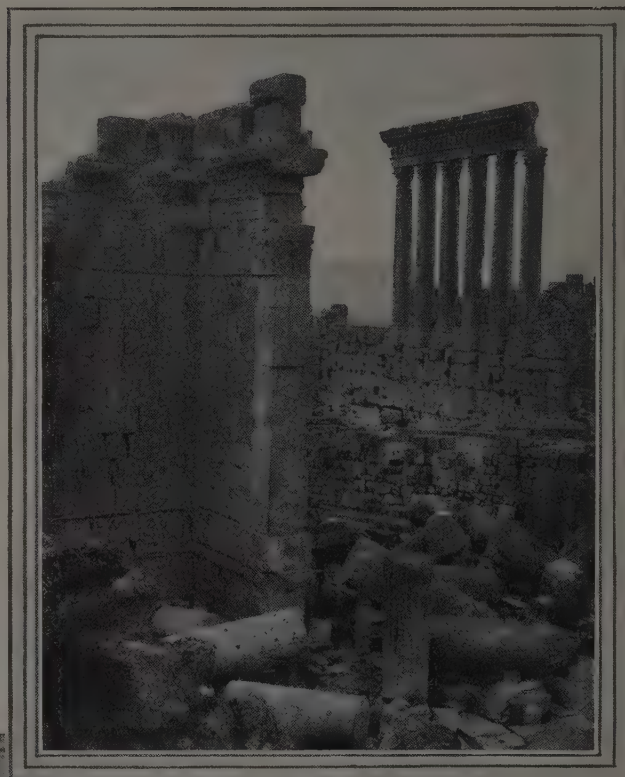
By Adelbert Bartlett

Photos by the Author

WHEN on sweltering mid-summer days at the Mediterranean port of Beirut, Syria, the mechanics and chauffeurs of the Nairn Transport Company carefully groom their deluxe balloontired American-made touring cars for that swift dash up and over the pine-clad Lebanon Mountains, down through the green oasis of Damascus and out across the burning sands of the dread Arabian Desert on the world's longest automobile mail stage route of 650 miles to historic Bagdad, the city of Caliph Haroun al Raschid, there is one grave concern uppermost in their minds.

They never fear that the cars themselves will fail, for American automobiles stand up under the heavy strain of month after month and year after year of high-speed driving on this gruelling journey. Nor do

One of the many American cars engaged in transporting passengers between the desert citadels of Beirut and Bagdad



The last six of the original fifty-four columns that enclosed the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek, Syria. At the left may be seen a corner of the Temple of Bacchus



they worry much that fierce desert bandits will attack; French and British camel cavalry and even airplane patrols reduce this risk to a minimum. And full reliance is put upon the mail cars' special auxiliary equipment of 90-gallon gas-tanks, radiator steam condensers and extra tires to provide fuel, rubber and cool motors for machines loaded down with from five to seven passengers and their luggage for the trip.

The question that really agitates these transport men at the starting point of the route is whether the passengers themselves will suffer disability from the heat, biting, wind-blown sand and dust-filled air, not to mention a possible worse fate from such close contact with



These Zeitoomi women from Southern Turkey are practicing a method of spinning which antedates the spinning-wheel of our ancestors. The spinner holds coiled about her left wrist a half pound or more of carded and dyed wool which she pays out to a combination spindle and ball of yarn. This is turned rapidly as it hangs from the spinner's fingers. When the spun yarn reaches the ground it is wound on the ball, a loop is made over the end of the spindle and the operation is resumed

old desert's merciless wrath.

It is only when the dusty, haggard, blood-shot-eyed chauffeur and his equally disheveled fares tumble on uncertain legs out of the automobile at terminal caravanserai, whether Beirut or Bagdad, as the case may be, that the transport company is sure the race with death has been won and only then. For it has been necessary at times during summer months to drive these machines at speeds of from fifty-five to seventy miles an hour almost continuously for upwards of from twelve to fifteen hours to make the journey with safety for some travelers who through choice or necessity must traverse this inferno.

A sand-storm, torrid hot, suffocating, blasted the desert's face and sent deep drifts of sand over portions of that section of the mail stage route between Damascus and Tadmor-in-the-Wilderness station (ancient Palmyra of Queen Zenobia) one day last summer when I was making the trip.

I decided that I must visit the desert region after listening to the tales of Captain Newton of the Royal Air Force about the heat, smells, fleas, mosquitoes, babel of tongues, street fakirs, nautch dancers and other features, pleasant and otherwise, of Bagdad, capital of the new Kingdom of Iraq or "Mespot," British colloquial for Mesopotamia, over in the Tigris Valley. Soon I was reserving one of the six \$125 places in a touring car of the Nairn Transport Company's trans-desert stage line which was leaving Beirut early the next morning upon the arrival of a mail steamer from Alexandria.

The automobile's deep cushions were to be occupied by three young Persian students at the American University of Beirut, an

old Syrian from the States, a French soldier, the chauffeur and myself.

At three o'clock, in the wan light of Syrian stars, we were rolling up and down the cool slopes of Lebanon Mountain ranges heading eastward for Da-

From the cool precincts of the mosque, where he had been spending an hour in fervent prayer, this modern man of Galilee steps forth into the blazing light of high noon to wend his way through the crooked streets of Nazareth and then climb to his home on the ridge back of the town

mascus. Since everyone spoke some English and French, conversation was general. The Persian lads, having just come from a vacation sojourn in "gay Páree," were bound for a visit and replenishment of pocket-book at their Persian home before returning to school at Beirut. The Syrian, after forty years in America, was happy at the prospect of being able once more to traverse the ancient desert route, this time by swift American automobile well within twenty-four hours, a trip which in his boyhood required from three weeks to a month to negotiate.

Our pilot, according to his own story, was a former English jockey who was "doing jolly well" by driving on the Bagdad stage at \$25 for the days he worked and riding fleet Arab stallions at the Beirut, Damascus and Bagdad race-tracks on rest days. He paid his respects to our automobile in these words: "Next to myself I like best the cushy front seat and the big steering wheel of this Yankee gas-buggy."

The machine he was driving certainly was loaded to the gun-wales. Seven persons, counting the driver, mail sacks, extra tires and tins of gasoline, a roll of tent and bedding and passengers' luggage filled all space on running boards, fenders and bumpers fore and aft. The equipment tank and special auxiliary reservoirs on running boards and under seats carried a total of 90 gallons of fuel for the trip to Bagdad.

Progress was not rapid during the first few hours of our journey because we had to stop frequently

An American automobile and the native medium of transportation meet on an old Roman road near Beirut



for inspection by French soldiery whose duty it was to guard all roads in the war with the Jebel (mountain) Druse tribesmen.

It was half past four when we topped the last spur of the Jebel esh Sherki or lesser Lebanon range, faced the broad desert and glimpsed through the purple haze of morning the 5000-year-old city of Damascus with its squat houses, tall poplar trees and alabaster minarets etched on the rosy sky of dawn.

Presently in our swift down-grade onrush to the oasis we were halted by a tin-hatted French sentry who took his post in one of the folding tonneau seats and escorted us past a line of whip-pet tanks and camions loaded with machine-gun ammunition to a waiting armored car filled with other tin-hatted poilu, their rifles, light machine guns and sundry war equipment. This outfit was to be our protection through insurgent, seething Damascus, where we were to be joined by three other cars for the fascinating journey over the bandit-infested, howling Arabian desert enroute to Palmyra and beyond to the far-flung frontier of British Iraq and its Bagdad of the caliphs.

Into Damascus' central square we rolled at sunrise. The eastern desert's hot breath now came in a steady blow; it struck angrily at the French tri-color and the flag of the Greater Lebanon as these were being hauled up for the day.

At a little cafe near the stage station and tourist hotels we breakfasted on eggs, bread, curdled milk and black coffee. The place in which we ate was at night a reg-Klondike movie type, fill-ular dance-hall of the ed with the Oriental idea of jazz and lovely ladies Charlestoneing with French uniforms, one learned in studying flash-light photographs nailed to cognac and vin rouge kegs flanking the "American Bar."

"Very sorry, monsieur, but please do not take snapshots in the streets," warned a naive French "sous-lieutenant" as I unlimbered my camera. "Our censors do not pass pictures from here."

Conversation developed the fact that this officer had worked in the Hollywood studios, and that his one ambition was to get back to America and drive a Cadillac motor car of his own.

Desert conditions to the



A forest of the curious umbrella pine located not far from Beirut

east and southeast of Damascus at times parallel those in and near California's Death Valley, the Frenchman said. He opined that our convoy was fortunate in having these reliable automobiles for trans-desert running that day, since the army air-men were reporting sand-storms.

On the blistering morning of our visit to Damascus, famed "Pearl City of the Desert," the place was ringed about with front-line trenches, barb-wire and death-dealing "seventy-fives." A portion of that splendid arcaded thoroughfare of bazaars, the "Street Called Straight," lay wrecked from shellfire; east of the city was no-man's-land. Night battles were the regular thing. On the previous evening, we learned, the French mandate army had held the line only by firing high explosive shells from the citadel into roads and gardens over which hosts of fanatical Jebel Druse tribes-

men led by their sheiks tried vainly to enter the city, massacre the Christians, perhaps burn the place and otherwise embarrass the government. The French were determined to win over these tribesmen. "They shall not pass!" on many occasions rang down the line of defending poilu as head-shawled desert men massed for the attack.

Within the half hour we had been joined by the other three cars of our convoy, when we moved out of town to be spaced the length of four or five city blocks apart followed by the French armed car. Soon our modern caravan was heading eastward into morning sunlight that seemed to pour like molten brass upon a trace of road through hard-packed sand over which for a stretch our balloon-tired machines quickly accelerated to fifty, sixty, seventy miles by the speedometer.

I was riding with the driver, while two of the Persians and the old Syrian occupied the back seat, which left folding tonneau seats to one of the Persians and the French soldier who sat with loaded rifle, ever ready, between his knees.

In settling down to the grim business of the journey our chauffeur-jockey at my side confided this: "Our old man back there's afraid he won't last out the heat. He has paid double fare, one reason I'm hurrying. Besides, tomorrow's the race-meet at Bagdad. This car must get us there in time, for I'm signed to run Latife, black steed that's certain to win all the foot-loose rupees of the Tigris and Euphrates."

Before long we had rounded a spur of the eastern Jebel esh Sherki mountains and

were heading northeasterly, which as maps show, is on a bee-line for Palmyra, 125 miles away in mid-desert.

Our automobile with its heavy load then settled down to an effortless fifty-sixty-sixty-five miles an hour into the teeth of a blistering gale coming out of the interminable desert. That wind sent billows of sand pelting against windshield and other billows of sand over tonneau and passengers to penetrate goggles and clothing. Whereupon our driver produced some of the native desert mens' head-shawls which we wrapped about heads and necks.

His fares thus protected from the elements, the chauffeur seemed to be forcing his car at an even higher rate of speed into



This photograph made recently at Damascus shows a Djebel Druse caravan leaving the public square. The camels were loaded down with great bags of what appeared to be straw but which inspection by the French revealed to be rifle cartridges and arms obtained in Damascus for use against the French in the Druse region

the sand-driving head wind. Breathing was next to impossible. There would be hours of this misery before we could reach Palmyra. My head swam, my eyes were smarting from sand, my tongue and throat felt parched. My mates, the stoical Eastern men, were huddled in the car's luxurious seats. A glance at our determined driver and I knew that there would be no halting until we either ran out the storm or reached Palmyra, somewhere off there beyond the sand-clouds.

Presently during a lull in the wind I caught a glimpse of one of the two leading cars of the convoy which was perhaps one-fourth mile in our lead. The desert mail route which never is easy to follow now was obliterated by sand drifting to form low hillocks over which our automobile leaped like those joyous boats going over the bumps at Coney Island. As to the probable whereabouts of the other four cars of our caravan I had no idea.

I could see that we were traveling now along the desert's dusty rim in sight of beautiful blue-gray hills to the north. The desert stretched away to the south and east to those realms of mysterious mirages, phantom lakes by the pale blue margins of which there swayed spectral palm-trees. They made me think of the wonders described in my Arabian Nights of boyhood hay-loft reading. The author of that best-seller must have gathered the material for his delicious imaginings while perched atop a camel which one ancient day was slowly treading these very sands on the thirty-day caravan journey—a trip which our American car was due to accomplish in some fifteen hours!

Twice we were met by picturesque French colonial troops of the desert patrol whose duty it is to ward off marauding bandits. The tall camels upon which they sat stood with their backs to the wind as the cars of our convoy whizzed past. These hardy cavalrymen, who were wearing flowing head-shawls arranged to provide the merest slits for eyes, carried rifles swung rakishly over broad shoulders, and managed in spite of the still raging wind to sit stiffly with hands at salute. Perched there high upon the backs of their black camels and apparently not minding the elements, these proud, fearless troopers symbolized the muscle and brawn of the desert whose



"The Web of Life." This beautiful embroidered "dress pattern," which is on pale blue thin silk, discreetly screens from the gaze of the passerby four Levant girls who, sitting at a frame on the floor, are working similar patterns on the other end of the same strip of silk. The girls depend for their daily bread upon the sale of these embroideries, which are sent to America for sale to lovers of fine needlework.

population numbers millions in the vast Arab lands that stretch from Northern Syria south to Mecca and the Persian gulf.

The spectacle of these desert men sharply reminded me of the colorful people of story-book days, the Wise Men of the East following the star that was to herald a new Teacher, the prince of India bringing spices, the warring hosts of Ghengis Khan and all the rest, crossing this same ancient trade route by camel caravan. At last, I thought, I had found in these Arabs the old tales come true.

It was over this same desert, too, I recalled, that in recent years the American birdmen flew in the first circumnavigation of the globe by air lanes.



Native women in Aleppo baking bread. The woman at the right, using a slender stick rolls dough made of whole-wheat flour, water and salt into thin wafers, while the woman at the left bakes these wafers on a sheet-iron plate set over a hot fire. The finished product may be observed in the center of the photograph.

The wind now seemed to be dying out. Closing my eyes I became drowsy under the delicious humming of our strong motor as it propelled us onward, ever swiftly onward, away from this desolate place. . . . My loss of sleep due to midnight rising that morning in far Beirut now was telling upon me . . . one more look at the coppery desert flying under our automobile, the modern magic carpet which carries us mortals to view the world's wonders . . .

"I say, watch out for your bloomin' neck!"

It was the chauffeur speaking angrily and making quick movements with the gearshift lever with which I seemed to be entangled as I opened my eyes to find myself sprawling on the floorboards. I had been dozing.

Sitting bolt upright in the seat I looked about to see that our car had halted about fifty yards back of the lead car which had stopped with a flat rear tire in the dry crossing of a "wadi" or old stream-bed. The wind was dying out. I followed the driver to land and stretch legs. The three Persians began to stir; the Frenchman lit a cigarette and passed his canteen ration of vin rouge.

"Palmyra's but a few kilometers now to go," the pilot said.

Rather pitifully small in the back seat huddled the figure of the old Syrian, his head-shawl wrapped about head and shoulders. He did not stir. I tapped his shoulder. No response. His head bent forward. Alarmed, I ventured to shake him rather violently. Slowly he came back to activity.

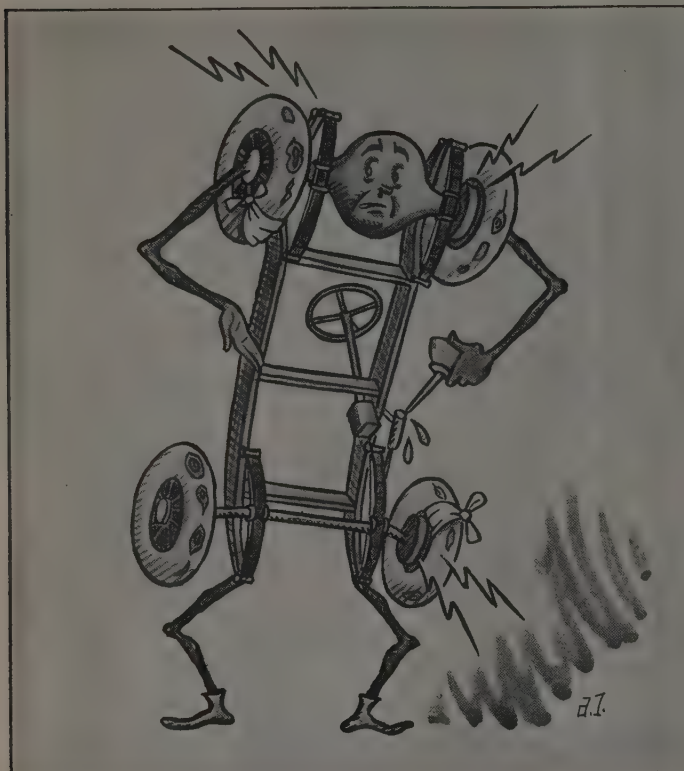
Luncheon at the Palmyra khan was followed by brief exploration of the near-by ancient ruined temples before we started eastward on the last half of our journey to Hit and Bagdad.

"A rose-red city half as old as time," says the travel folders of Palmyra, relic of Roman times, which stands bleaching like a skeleton out there in mid-desert.

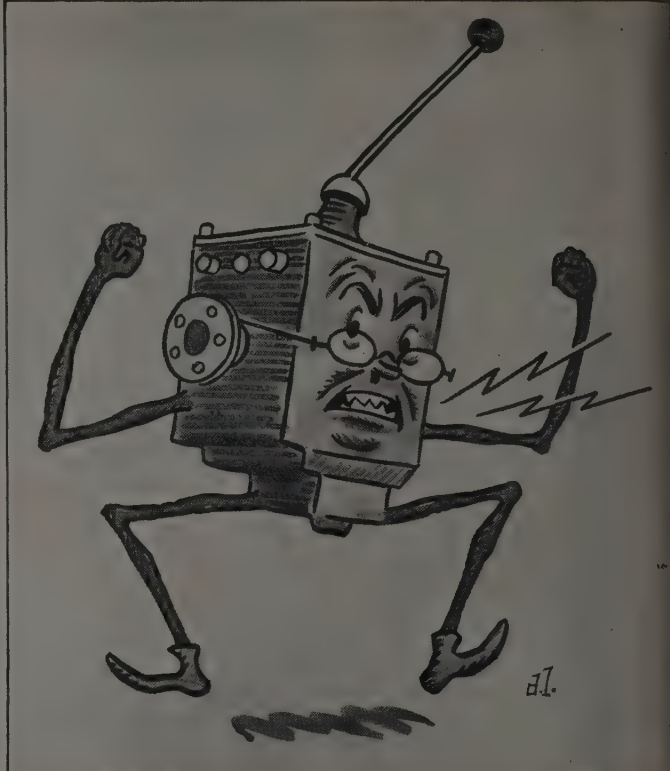
The city, according to archeologists and scholars, grew at some unknown but very early date around an oasis in the desert, and owed its wealth and fame to being a halting place of the caravans. Of the empire of Palmyra, of which it was the capital, the Western world knows little more than that it was the home of the ambitious and heroic Zenobia, who aimed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

Are you a "perfect" motorist? If a modern automobile



One of the most flagrant abuses from which it suffered, Chassis averred, was in the matter of inept braking on grades



An ideal driver, Transmission declared, would study the technique of shifting, "double clutching," and when and how to use its various speeds

ALMOST any operator of an automobile will give you his opinion of what constitutes an ideal driver. However, one must be modest. . . . Others acquainted with automotive vehicles in one way or another also entertain views on the subject of the paragon driver.

Aunt Polly, who likes to hurtle down the pike at the perilous clip of fifteen miles an hour—and Cousin Alec, who admits that he "sure can drive a car"—Betty, high school sophomore, who would "just adore to do eighty," could never be accepted as arbiters in the choosing of the Ideal Driver.

No. . . . higher authority must be consulted. An absolute authority.

So we have asked Automobile, herself. Who else should know better?

For a companion contribution, published last month in *TOURING TOPICS*, we asked four representative veteran drivers to tell us what they, individually, considered an imaginary ideal car to be. And now, is it not equitable to turn about and hear what Automobile thinks is the ideal driver?

Queried on this diverting subject, Automobile forthwith declared that she would call into consultation Engine, Transmission, Chassis and Body—her inseparable team-mates—to assist in respective judicial capacities. Each was to be separately interviewed. Automobile, herself, was to hand down the final opinion.

Engine, apologizing for a headache caused by breathing an improper fuel mixture, was the first to be questioned about its ideas of an ideal driver.

"Perhaps," said Engine, "I presume too much, but I think I should know better than any one what would go to make up a model driver. You see, I suffer most from abuse. . . .

"In the first place, my driver would not merely be indifferently acquainted with me. He would know me—well. He would never be ignorant of the principles that govern me, and of how my mechanism operates. That point is important. Because the ignorant driver commits many sins against me that he otherwise wouldn't.

"For instance, a driver who was well informed would not 'race' me at any time; particularly when he was warming me up. I am cold then, not sufficiently lubricated, and racing only shortens my life.

"The other extreme is causing me to 'labor'—trying to force me to pull Automobile on a grade in high, where Transmission should be shifted to second speed. My ideal driver would never race me or make me labor."

Laboring, too, Engine also pointed out, usually caused overheating, with its subsequent bad and often disastrous results. "Radiator should be regularly flushed with

The Ideal

By Chest

a good cleaning solution, and always kept satisfied with plenty of water," Engine said.

"Probably the most important item," said Engine, "among the virtues of an ideal operator, would be the regular oiling and greasing of me. My crankcase oil should be changed at proper intervals, and all residue thoroughly cleaned out with flushing oil. I want this done, even when there is an oil filter or purifying device attached to me; even this should be tested regularly and its cartridge changed. And there are other places requiring oil and grease."

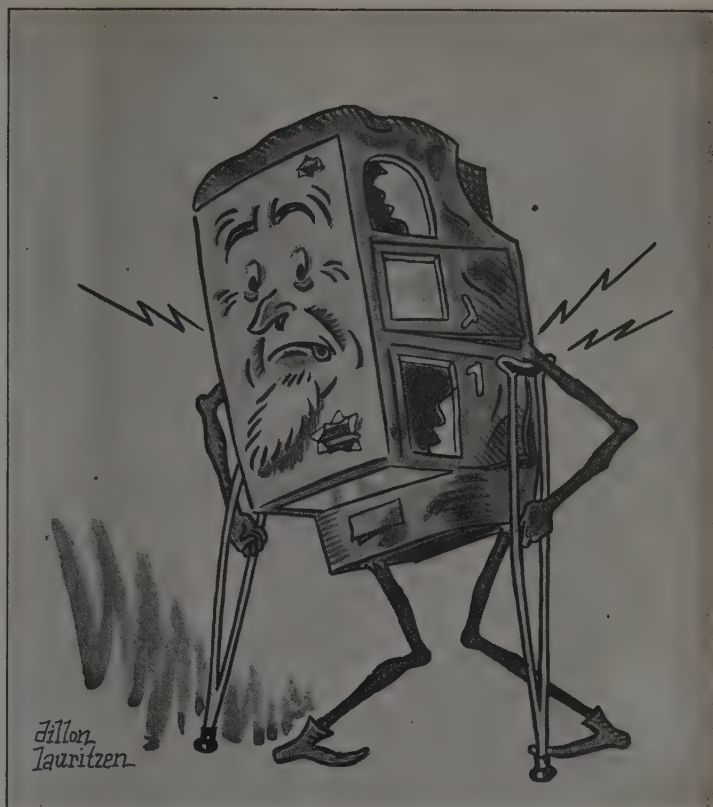
Then there are the various adjustments, Engine noted. Adjustments to the fan belt for the right tension; to the carburetor, for proper mixture; to the timing chain or gears; to hose connections, for snugness; to spark plugs, for correct clearance of points; to electrical connections and to nuts and studs, et cetera.

In the matter of ignition care, Engine

ould talk it might have some such remarks as these about—



practical knowledge of its principles of operation, Engine said, was the basic essential in its specifications for the perfect motor vehicle operator



The paragon of motorists, Body recited, would have pride in its appearance and keep it washed and polished and in good repair

Driver

Newton Hess

expressed itself quite volubly. "An ideal driver," it said, "would not ignore this vital part—this life spark—of mine, as most drivers do. My generator should be kept oiled and adjusted, the ammeter should be watched for proper charging indication, the distributor should be lubricated when necessary and its points kept free from pits, spark plugs should be purged of carbon, and the battery tested and its electrolyte kept at the proper level.

"Next comes starting—" Engine sighed. "A driver who knew what it was all about, would give me a chance to start, instead of choking me almost to death and wearing out my battery and starter motor. He would retard the spark before stepping on the starter button and he would not pump the choker frantically in and out, throttling me just when I'm trying my hardest to start."

Engine added that a good driver also

would give it opportunity to warm up, keeping the speed down and assisting with a little richer mixture or by keeping the heater device on for a while, provided there is one.

Last, but not the least important, according to Engine, is keeping it as clean as possible exteriorally. "A model driver," it said here, "would be able to lift the hood and point to me with just as much pride as he would have in showing off clean, shiny Body. If I were a driver, I would be ashamed to have Body clean, and me all grimy and greasy under the bonnet."

Transmission was next. "What do you think," it was asked, "are the attributes of an ideal driver?"

Transmission had just got through gnashing its teeth on a poor shift. It was somewhat truculent. "Don't think I ever had such a driver use me," it said with a grumble. "I seem to receive all of the abuse that Automobile gets; although I suppose Engine told you that it was the goat. Oh, well—Engine and I work together pretty well—or at least we would, if a driver gave us half a chance.

"That's the point—an ideal driver first of all would know the relation between Engine and me. He would be wise to the fact that when he changes my gears, Engine has to adapt itself accordingly. If he

puts me into second gear, Engine must turn over faster. Still faster for low speed. An ideal driver—and I pray for one every day—would study the situation and learn how to have Engine running at the right speed when he shifts, so my gears do not clash.

"This particularly applies when a driver is 'shifting down' from high to intermediate, say, when descending a grade. That's to make me serve as a brake, and I'm perfectly willing—provided I'm not clashed. Automobile does not have to be stopped when I'm shifted from high to intermediate, or even into low speed from a higher one. The ideal driver would know how it's done. He would use intelligence. He would learn about me, instead of just cussing because I made a noise when not treated properly."

Transmission here spoke for its faithful ally, Clutch, who is seldom seen or heard. "I know," it said, "that Clutch would want me to point out that a model operator would never 'ride' Clutch, nor would he fail to use it at the right times. Clutch is a valuable aid in that 'shifting down' process about which I was speaking. But then, only an exceptional driver could understand 'double clutching' as an inseparable part of correct shifting on hills."

Pointing out that there was another phase of its operation beside that of ordinary technique, Transmission averred that the best driver would use its speeds cor-

rectly and in their proper relations. "He would only use low in order to attain enough momentum for shifting to second speed, or on a very steep grade, and he would use intermediate freely but not go forty miles an hour in that speed, just for the sake of making a rapid getaway," Transmission said.

Greasing and regular change of lubricant were just as important to it, Transmission declared, as was correct usage.

Next to air its views on the subject of the unrepachable driver was Chassis. As lugubrious as its fellows, Chassis seemed to be suffering acutely in any number of places. "I get all the grief, in spite of what the others say," it assured us mournfully. "And the punishment I get is spread over a larger area, too.

"Just take the matter of brakes, alone. . . . An ideal driver would never abuse my brakes or be negligent of them. For one thing, he would know how brakes operate, and would use them accordingly well. He would not apply them suddenly, except in case of emergency. Not only is abrupt deceleration a strain on the mechanical parts, but it is damaging to the lining itself and hard on Automobile, as a whole.

"Since four-wheel brakes came into general usage, one of the favorite smarty stunts is to dash up to an intersection or boulevard stop and then suddenly come to a halt within a car-length, usually frightening some pedestrian or other driver half to death. An ideal driver never would do that. He knows that it hurts both car and brakes, and he knows that it is unforgivably rude."

Chassis remarked that one of its most flagrant abuses by drivers who were far from ideal, was in the matter of braking on down grades. "Here," it said, "is where Transmission and Engine are supposed to help. And when my brakes are used in descending, they should be operated intelligently. A good driver would not 'ride' my brakes all the way down a hill. He would release the pressure every few seconds, to allow the bands to cool; and he would alternate with the hand brake, to relieve the service bands. Naturally, he would make as much use of engine compression for braking as possible."

Brakes, it also was observed by Chassis, should be kept rightly adjusted, equalized and oiled at the wearing points. The lining of the bands should be kept from glazing and should be renewed when it became thin.

Of course, Chassis said about itself generally, it should be regularly oiled and greased wherever necessary and kept free from excess grease and dirt that accumulated. It should not be allowed to rust at any point. The right kind of driver would not be neglectful on any of these points, Chassis said.

As for its wheels, Chassis pointed out that a "perfect" driver would not allow them to become loose anywhere or coated with grease and dirt. All rim lugs, hubs and spokes would be kept tight and wood or metal would not be exposed without some sort of protective surface. The wheels

would be maintained in alignment, too, to guard against premature wear of the tires.

In speaking about alignment, Chassis mentioned that the tires would, by an ideal driver, be maintained at their right inflation, their cuts and bruises mended, and they would not be abused by sudden slamming on of brakes, skidding around corners or bumping against curbs. Oil or grease would be kept off the tires by the all-wise driver.

The thorough driver also would protect Chassis, it said, by piloting Automobile with care over rough surfaces and by avoid-

ELEGY

By Chester Newton Hess

*From earth you rose by hands of men;
Through fire did pass, transmuted, then
To iron, chill steel, quick-fused alloy—
A creature born to man's employ.*

*A puddler's brew of molten strength;
Machinery's child—a form, at length;
The craftsman's touch, more deft by far;
Complete! Thou, prideful motor car!*

*And now in shining paint arrayed . . .
Your beauty's to the world displayed.
O rare delight of showroom days,
When envious eyes your grace appraise!*

*Fair hands your glossy sides caress.
Against the wheel, a perfumed dress.
A signature on dotted line . . .
Ah, motor car—your hours decline!*

*So give your youth to sun and storm,
To mountain peaks, to valleys warm.
Oh, spend your glorious energy—
Rejoice in four-wheeled liberty!*

*For miles are fleet, too quickly past;
And friction's pace is just as fast.
Relentless wear the unmarked price
Of life, in spite of all device.*

*Thus, at the end, exposed to sky . . .
Discarded, in the rain you lie.
By grimy gnomes your parts exhumed
To lengthen lives already doomed.*

*From mold you rose by hand of man;
In service passed your earthly span.
Exalted now in venerable rust,
Return thou, motor car, to dust.*

ing any abuse that might tend to injure Chassis.

Body, appearing rather dull and smudged, was consulted as the fourth of the conferees. "Very likely," began Body, "you will think that I am indulging in self-pity; but I am quite sincere in my belief that I am more mistreated than any other part of Automobile.

"Engine, Transmission and Chassis get attention, because without it they finally will not work. But I—" Body creaked and groaned uncomfortably, "—I seldom am

even thought of, and I get a bath only about once a season. My glass is never cleaned until it is positively opaque. Oh, for an ideal driver! He would never neglect me."

"Just what," Body was asked, "would an ideal driver do in your case?"

"Keep me washed and polished, first of all," was the more spirited response. "A first-class driver would have pride in my good appearance, and therefore he would keep me looking well. He would realize, too, that if my finish were kept in excellent condition, my resale value would be higher.

"But usually it's just a case of lack of pride in one's possessions. Laziness or indifference. Drivers are known by the cars they keep. Their machines reflect the drivers' personal habits—provided they are clean enough to reflect anything."

Body dwelt next on the subject of its interior: "The same, of course, applies to my upholstery and interior fittings. A driver who was ideal in all respects would keep my cushions free from dust and spots, and he would not burn holes in them with lighted tobacco, nor flick ashes on them.

"Nor would such a driver allow my floors to become littered with all manner of dirt and rubbish, the dust from which is bound to fly up into the faces of himself and passengers. And he would not stuff a lot of junk into my door pockets and down the sides of my cushions. He would see that the interior of me was as spick and span as the exterior.

"This applies also to the instrument board. I often say to myself that one of the marks of the infallible driver, is that he keeps his instrument board dusted. It's a small thing, probably, but it reveals whether he is an untidy person, or not."

Body spoke then about keeping nicked parts polished, about avoiding slamming of its doors, and about the general care that should be exercised in preserving its structural integrity. "And an ideal driver," Body finished, "would not forget that, after all, I furnish him his most direct comfort and so should be given first consideration."

And finally Automobile, herself. . . .

"Naturally," said Automobile, "I concur in all that my colleagues have said. I should have made the same observations myself. I can only indorse them now and hope that they will be taken to heart.

"My opinions," Automobile continued thoughtfully, "concerning what would be an ideal driver, are divided into four principal parts concerned with: an ideal driver's general attitude toward me, his technique and methods in driving and maintaining me, his driving conduct or relations with others, and his observance of laws and regulations.

"On the first score, I should say emphatically that no driver would be ideal who did not entertain for me a wholesome feeling of respect and affection. And I am not being sentimental.

"A model driver would have pride in me as a possession and as an utility. An object of trust and loyalty. Unless there

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

SCENIC MARVELS

of the GREAT WEST

TOURING TOPICS JUNE, MCMLXXVIII



ROMANTIC SPECTRES OF THE PAST

Tall ships of yesterday lying idle against the setting sun in Puget Sound. Photo by Paul W. MacFarlane



THE GRAND TETON

The rugged grandeur and simplicity of the mountains of the Jackson Hole region in Wyoming are excelled by few places in the country. Photo by Shreve Ballard

ZION CANYON, UTAH

So precipitous are the walls of Zion, and so narrow the canyon that the visitor who would gain an adequate view of the region must climb to one of the rims. This photo was taken from Observation Point on the east rim, by Bert Lynch





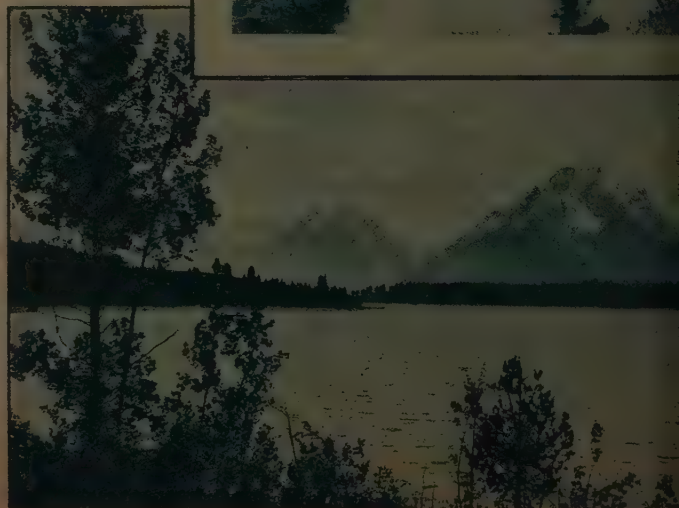
A TAOS DOORWAY

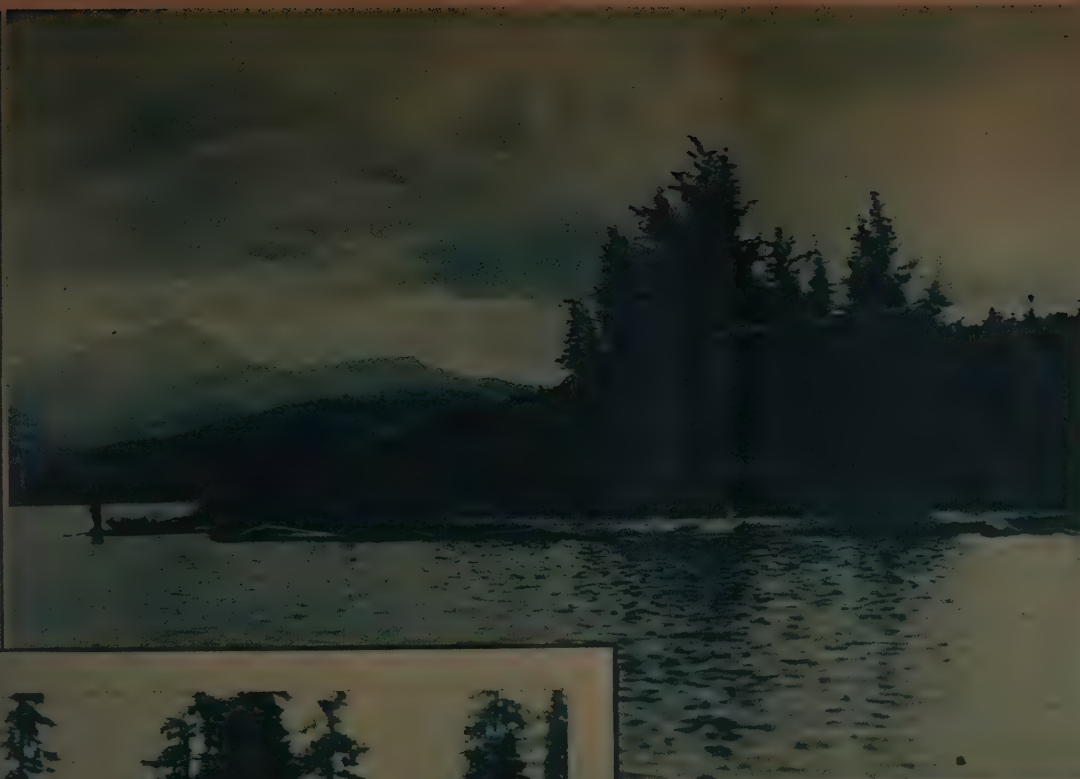
Many of the pueblos of New Mexico have changed very little during the three hundred and more years the white man has known them. This picture shows a Taos maiden standing in a mellow old doorway of an ancient adobe dwelling Photo by Charles J. Belden.

The Temple of Osiris is one of the delightful vistas of Bryce Canyon, in southwestern Utah. These unusual formations are products of centuries of erosion



Along the Redwood Highway in Humboldt County. This picture shows a portion of the grove of big trees, near Crescent City, which was purchased by the "Save the Redwoods" League

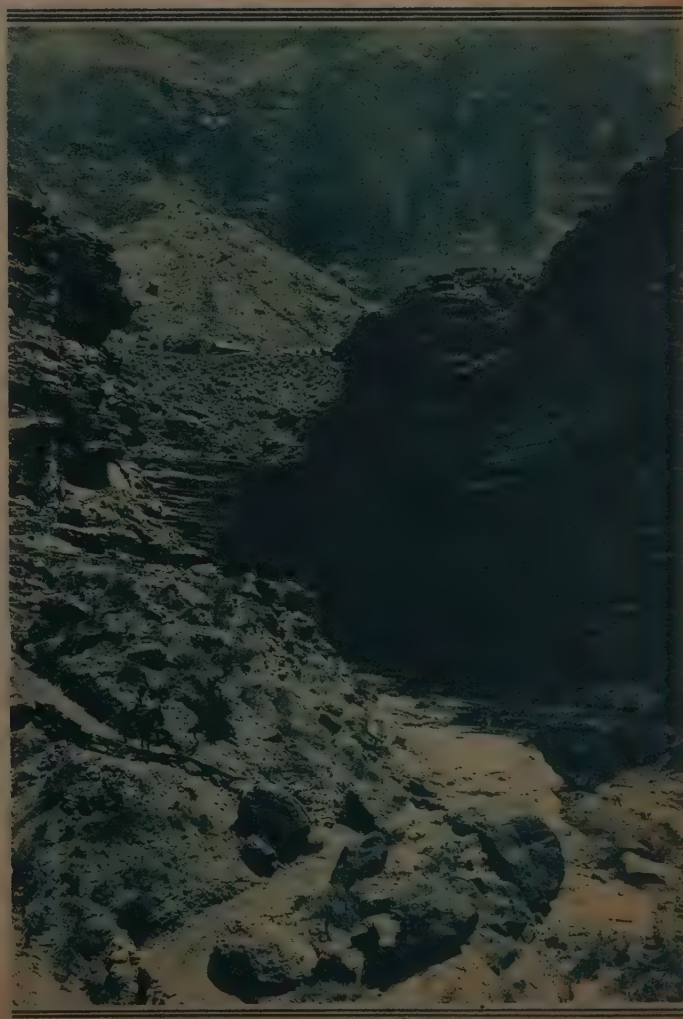




A cabin on Lake Electra near Durango, Colorado, with Engineer Mountain in the background. Southwestern Colorado is coming into its own as the objective of many western motorists

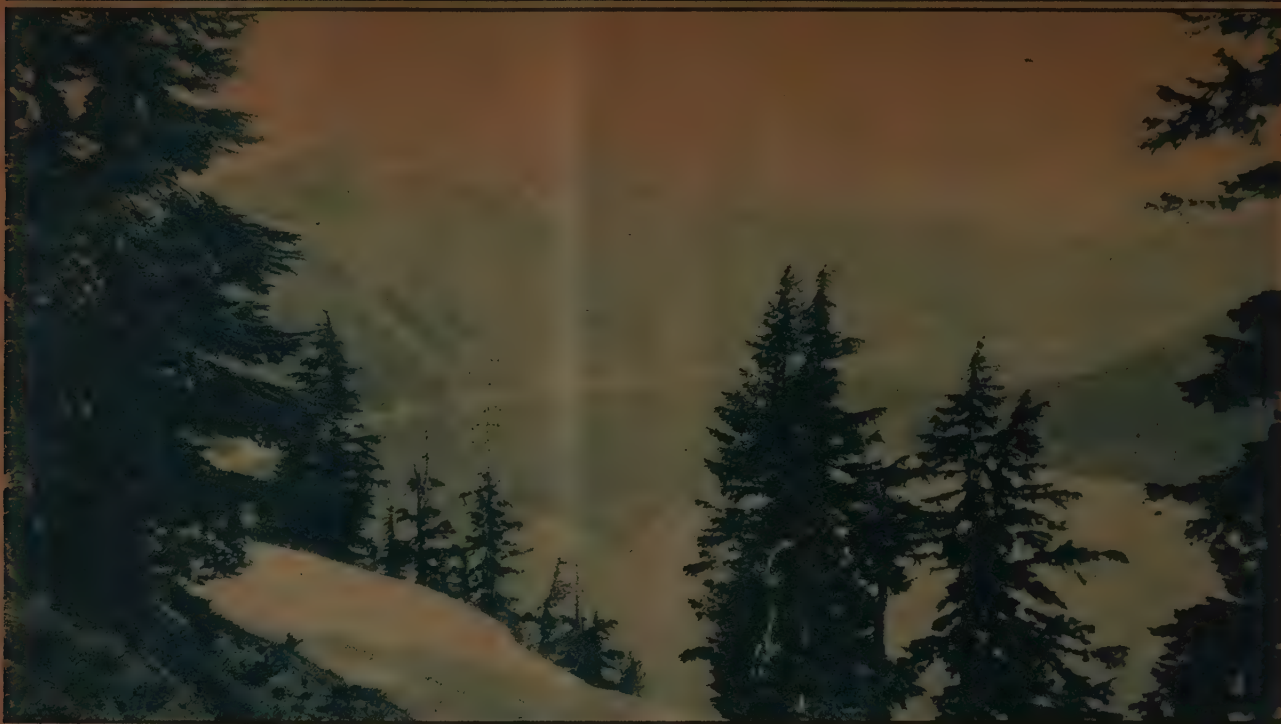


Camping in the Mt. Baker National Forest, Washington, one of the lesser known but extremely interesting areas in the Northwest. Photo by Bert Huntoon



This view shows a part of the Hermit Creek Trail which leads from the rim of the Grand Canyon at El Tovar to the Colorado River, more than 5,000 feet below

Sublimely towering above Jackson Lake in Wyoming, the majestic Tetons present a picture of surpassing beauty. Photo by Shreve Ballard



A CHALICE OF TURQUOISE

Set in the crater of an extinct volcano, jewel-like Crater Lake is one of the picture spots of Oregon. Photo by B. J. Yonde



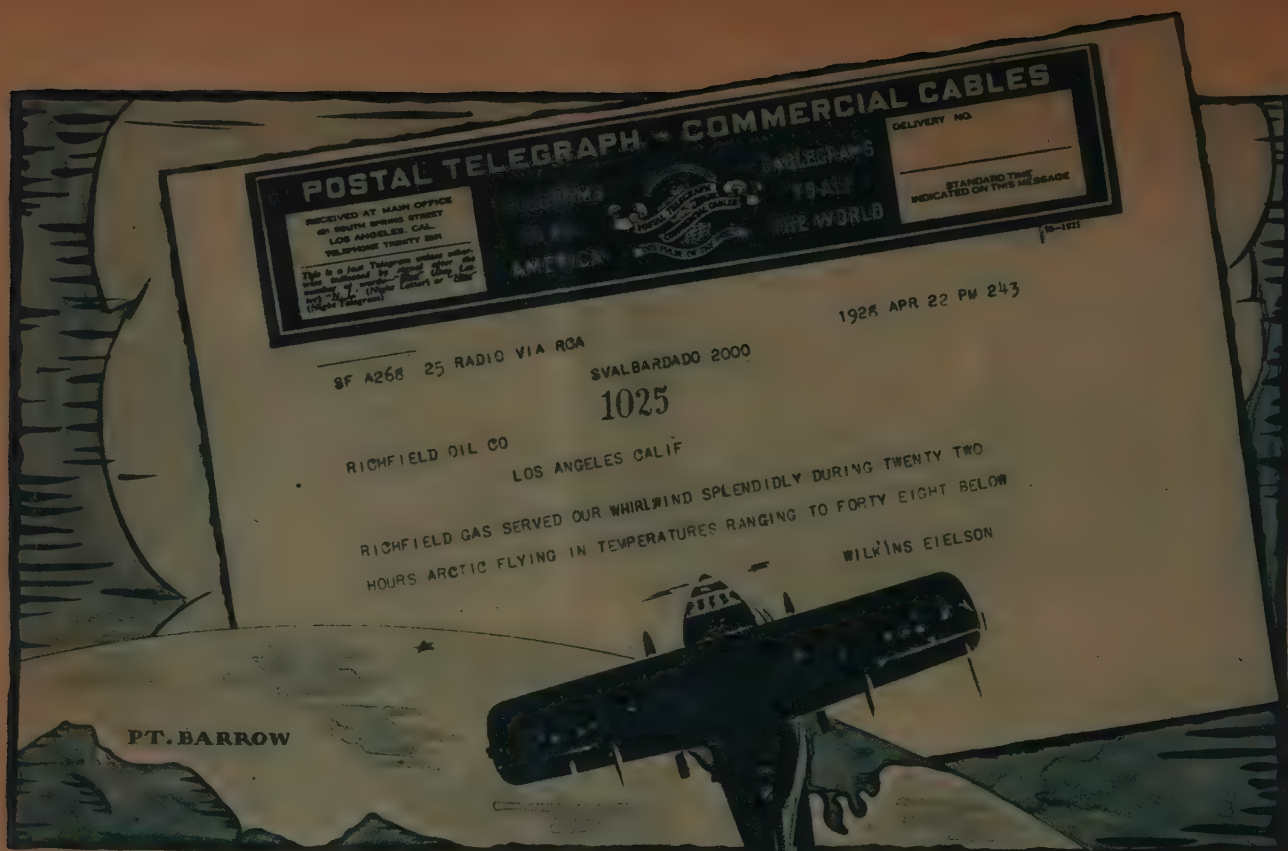
THE ROCKY TRAIL

The horses stop for a drink at the mouth of the Rocky River Canyon, in Jasper National Park, Canada



MAJESTIC RANIER

Mt. Ranier, 14,408 feet, is one of the highest peaks of the Northwest. Excellent roads take the motorist to the higher levels in Ranier National Park. This view was taken from Inspiration Point and the highway shown leads to Paradise Valley



Richfield on top of the world -another arctic record

FLYING from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Spitzbergen—2300 perilous miles of icy, uncharted wastes, Captain George H. Wilkins and Lieutenant Carl B. Eielson have written a thrilling new chapter in Arctic history—*first to pilot an airplane across the top of the world!* A feat of which Roald Amundsen said, "No flight has been made any where at any time which could be compared with it!"

Captain Wilkins' choice for this thrill-

ing flight was a single motored Lockheed Vega monoplane, powered with Richfield aviation gasoline, the third successive year of his Arctic explorations with California's famous "gasoline of power."

Use Richfield products in your *own* car and recommend them to your friends. Richfield is the finest gasoline you can buy. Its anti-knock qualities make it the perfect gasoline for the newer high-compression motors.

RICHFIELD OIL COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA



Your Club's Activities

Guiding a Nation

Now that more balmy days are stimulating thoughts of travel, many eastern tourists are contemplating a journey across the country to California. Anticipating a demand for detailed highway information, the Map Department has revised a set of strip maps, seventy-four in number, of the National Old Trails series from New York City to Los Angeles. These are contained in a booklet which is distributed for the asking. Changes, new highways, and the latest information regarding the roads necessitated re-drawing and bringing up-to-date more than half of these maps. Like treatment of the series of maps of the Lincoln Highway route between Philadelphia and Geneva, Illinois, has rendered this series accurate and valuable to the cross-country motorist.

This department is also co-operating with the Legal Department by furnishing accident intersection drawings for use in settling controversies arising from collisions.

* * *

Civic Improvement

IF YOU have a pet peeve regarding a certain nasty turn, a misplaced traffic button or a dangerous intersection, notify the Engineering Department, and if conditions are found to be truly objectionable or hazardous, recommendation will be made to the proper officials and, if possible, conditions will be remedied.

During the month of April the department was requested by seventy-five motorists to investigate as many unsatisfactory street and road conditions. Those places which were menacing or perilous were, upon the Club's suggestion, improved.

The City Engineer of Los Angeles has advised that the southwest corner of Hoover and Corondelet streets will be cut back. Those who cross this intersection will at once see the benefit of the improvement. This move is made following a report submitted by the Engineering Department. Co-operating with the Santa Fe Railway and with the City of Pasadena recently, the Club's engineers made a thorough survey of the several bad grade crossings in Pasadena and subsequently submitted a report to the city and to the railway company suggesting improvement of warning devices.

Reward Offered for Sign Mutilators

THE Automobile Club of Southern California offers a reward of \$25 for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of any person who violates that portion of Section 602 of the Penal Code which makes it a misdemeanor to maliciously tear down, damage, mutilate or destroy a sign, signboard or notice erected by any automobile club. Such information should be supplied to the district attorney of the county in which the offense is committed and notice of such action sent to the Legal Department of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

"Quo Vadis"

DURING the month of April the Signposting Department trucks traveled a distance equal to three-quarters of the circumference of the globe in order to erect 1792 permanent direction and caution signs, and to maintain in good repair 7837 others.

Danger reflectors and "Help Prevent Fires," "Stop at State Boundary for Inspection" and numerous other signs were erected in co-operation with State and national organizations.

Long Beach, Venice, Exeter, Pasadena and Ontario were the local scenes of this department's activities during April, while the United States routes, sixty-six, eighty,

and ninety-one, also received signal attention.

* * *

Service

THOSE members who have not had occasion to take advantage of the Club's Emergency Road Service will doubtless be surprised to know that more than three and a half thousand motorists were rendered either mechanical or medical aid during the single month of April. "Thirty days hath September, April"—that's more than 115 members a day!

Month by month this department is winning further recognition for its work in providing valuable help to the stranded motorist. Although we can hardly be so heartless as to wish trouble for anyone, nevertheless we know that the value of a Club membership would be far more precious to many members if they should become "stalled" on the highway and thus learn from experience just how much joy this department can bring.

The plan which is under way to paint all the emergency tow cars Club color, you know, that khaki tan which conceals evidence of dust, is another step in the closer knitting together of the organization. There are about 500 of these tow cars and this system of exterior decoration will aid the frantic derelict in successfully hailing them.

* * *

Vacation Time

THAT season of the year known as vacation time for which we plan for three months, enjoy for less than one, and then dream about for another eight, is approaching. The Official Hotel Department, merry bel-mare of the trend in vacation objectives, made 805 reservations in hotels and resorts all over the West during the month of April, indicating that America will soon be on wheels again and that California is the destination of many argosies. Let this department make your reservations and avoid trouble and possible discomfiture.

* * *

Our Cars Abroad

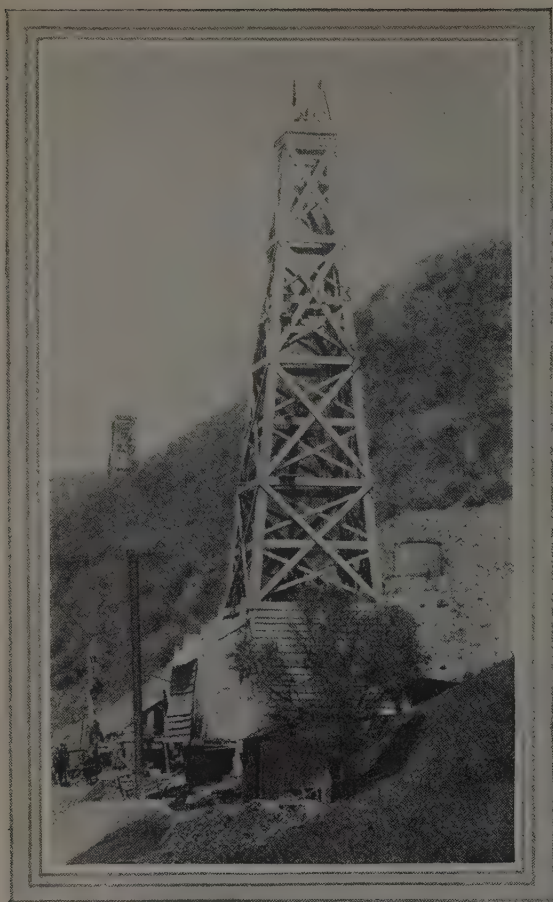
WHEN you plan that trip abroad—to any foreign country—and decide to take your car with you, the Club Forwarding Department should

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



In addition to carrying distinguishing signs, emergency road service cars operated by garages under contract with the Club rapidly are being painted the tan color employed on all the Club's motor equipment, thus enabling members to more readily identify them when needed

Billions From Boneyards of the Musty Past



The first two wells in the Ventura Avenue field at Ventura. The foresight and courage of the three men who pioneered this field will be rewarded by some 200,000,000 barrels of oil which they will eventually acquire

IT IS, perhaps, one of Nature's greatest miracles that a motorist today may go gliding briskly from Fresno to Long Beach over a paved highway which rests upon hundreds of thousands of acres of a dead sea from the bed of which has lately been dipped the gasoline that drives his engine, the oil which helps to cool his motor, and the grease which lubricates the transmission of the car.

Scientists tell us that the city of Pasadena rests upon a series of five ancient inland seas, and prove the theory by exhibiting sea shells which have been brought up by drills. At Ventura the drill has uncovered six different inland seas, ranging down to a depth of 7000 feet. These dead seas, with the marine life which they contained at the time they were buried by movements of the earth's crust which occurred ages

ago, manufactured the petroleum which has added two and one-half billions of dollars to the wealth of California in the last forty years. Today the oil well drill is reaching down 6500 feet and

fuel oil to drive the locomotives between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast each year. They would see a United States Navy which is fueled entirely with oil. They would see the navy of the Pacific pick up its entire motive power, from year to year, through the oil pipe lines on the

south Pacific Coast. They would see thousands of miles of highway built of California asphalt. They would see 3,000,000 motor cars on the Pacific Coast operating on California gasoline, and if they should chance to journey to the British Isles or Southern Europe they still would not be beyond the influence of California oil, for Los Angeles Harbor alone, last year, exported 116,000,000 barrels of petroleum products, all of which were produced in the territory which lies between Bakersfield and Huntington Beach. It was revenue from shipments of California oil to world markets which first put the Panama Canal on a paying basis. A pity there was no coal or merchant-



One of the men who developed the wells shown above now lives in this palatial Los Angeles residence—a millionaire and more

bringing up liquid gold. It dips down 7500 feet and brings up boiling water.

Capitalists who came here by stage in the '70s looked about in disgust and left because there was no coal or merchantable timber. "What can you hope to accomplish in Southern California without wood and coal?" they inquired as they departed in search of better opportunities.

Were they here today they would see California supplying 85,000,000 barrels of

able timber in Southern California! What a country this might have been!

Back in 1849 more than 70,000 persons came flocking to California from all points of the compass, searching for gold, after the sensational discovery at Sutter's Mill. None of them thought to search for oil. California is far-famed as the Golden State, and rightly so, for it produces more gold, year in and year out, than any other State in the Union, and for a long time has turned out

The amazing romance of California's Black Gold—

By Howard C. Kegley

more than 30 per cent of all the gold produced in the United States, and yet 1915 seems to have been the banner year of California's gold production. The value of all gold produced that year was \$22,442,000. In that same year California's oil production was valued at \$345,546,000. From 1877 to 1927 the value of all gold mined in California was \$653,736,000, while the value of all petroleum produced during that same period was \$2,559,294,000.

Until the Seminole field in Oklahoma began popping off last year, the leading oil producing State in the Union was California. This State not only led the nation in petroleum production, but yielded much more than Mexico. For several years the daily output of the oil fields in California has been upwards of 600,000 barrels.

One of the interesting things about the great petroleum resources of this State is that they are distributed over a wide area. This distributes the benefit among a great many people. There are 121,000 acres of proven oil land in the State, and these are chiefly in Orange, Los Angeles, Kern, Ventura, Fresno and Santa Barbara counties.

The reader naturally jumps to the conclusion that the oil companies get all of the money derived from oil. This is, of course, a serious mistake, because the companies have to buy or lease lands upon which to drill for oil, and in either case the property owner is greatly benefited. If the company buys land outright it pays a stiff price for it, and if it leases the land it generally pays a cash bonus for the privilege of drilling, gives a rental of so much per acre each month, and gives the landowner one-sixth to one-fifth of the oil, if any, found.

It not infrequently happens that the land-owner gets more out of an oil transaction than the oil company gets. Only a few weeks ago the Shell Company of California quit-claimed about 145,000 acres of Miller and Lux ranch lands in the San Joaquin valley, after having determined that perhaps

5000 acres of a 150,000-acre block which it leased up two years ago may prove to be oil-bearing.

Taking every item of expense in connection with this leasing campaign into consideration it is probable that the undertaking cost Shell several millions of dollars, which went into the Miller and Lux estate. Within the last three years the Milham Exploration Company has leased up about 5000 acres along Buttonwillow Ridge, and more recently other interests have taken from 10,000 to 20,000 acres in that vicinity. Some of this land has been taken on the basis of \$10 and some as high as \$50 per acre per year, with a share in the production.

There isn't the slightest doubt that for the last five years the oil companies have been paying land-owners in California at least \$20,000,000 a year for the privilege of

drilling wildcat wells in search of new oil fields. The Bandini-Rivera district furnishes one of the best examples of the manner in which property owners benefit by such exploration. In the last five years eighteen dry holes have been drilled in this general area, and the nineteenth is now going down in search of an elusive pool of gold.

Within the 5-year period the owners of approximately 6000 acres in that area have received a total of \$100 or more per acre, as land rental. This would amount to



From an industrious farmer to promoter of perhaps the most ambitious community development project ever witnessed in California—such is the transformation wealth from oil wrought in Alonzo Bell. Here is a glimpse of his magnificent estate

\$20 an acre each year. Some of the property owners have received as much as \$500 an acre during that period. The oil companies are believed to have spent more than \$4,000,000 for drilling, and still no oil has been found.

Practically the same thing has happened, only on a somewhat smaller scale, at East Inglewood, where six or seven dry holes have been drilled in as many years, and where there has been something of an oil boom going on for more than two years, with one or two wells in more or less doubtful stages of completion. One property owner has five acres within a few hundred feet of one of these wells, and as soon as the well goes on production he gets a cash bonus of \$16,000, together with one-sixth of the oil, if any is found on his property. Total bonuses on some of the land in this district run as high as \$1,000 an acre. Last year companies were offering \$100 an acre.

From Huntington Beach to Ventura, wherever land is leased in areas which are reasonably certain to produce, the cash bonus is generally \$1000 an acre, and considerable land leased in this manner has been quit-claimed and re-leased once or twice. Thousands upon thousands of acres of lands thus leased have paid off the mortgages, but have never yielded a barrel of oil, and in scores of cases the drill has never even been stuck into the soil.

In recent months the rush for leases at Poso Creek, Round Mountain, Rosedale,



Lots on this oil lease—the Encyclopaedia at Huntington Beach—were given as premiums with sets of encyclopaedias sold at \$125 in the Middle West. Their value, in many instances, increased a hundredfold when oil was found

Edison and Union Avenue, near Bakersfield, has resulted in hundreds of thousands of acres being signed up, the yearly rental per acre for most of the land being more than the farmer ever cropped off the acre in a single year. Vast areas of California lands are leased and re-leased as the quest for oil goes on unabated, and in no inconsiderable number of cases the oil company rental, paid for the purpose of tying up the property for a couple of years, has supported the family of the land-owner, or paid off the place when agriculture or horticulture would have failed.

One of the conspicuous examples of what oil has done for a property owner is afforded by the experience of C. C. Chapman of Fullerton. After years of struggle against the vicissitudes of farm life, Mr. Chapman became quite successful as an orange-grower and developed a ranch of 265 acres.

It was along about 1917 that the Union Oil Company drilled a wildcat well on the Chapman ranch and struck oil. The district was named Richfield. The Chapman property seemed to be right on top of the pool. Since oil was first found there the Union has taken 9,055,382 barrels of oil from the lease. Of that amount Mr. Chapman has received one-sixth, to say nothing of his share of the casing-head gasoline and the natural gas. It is a simple problem in arithmetic to ascertain that Mr. Chapman has received over 1,500,000 barrels of oil as his share, and it wouldn't be a poor guess to estimate that his total income from the petroleum products on that ranch has been more than \$3,000,000.

Some idea of the manner in which this oil discovery has benefited thousands of persons rather than Mr. Chapman alone may be gathered from the fact that as early as 1920 he drove into Los Angeles one day and paid something more than \$1,600,000 for the outright purchase from the Los Angeles Investment Company of the Investment building, a height-limit office structure at the northeast corner of Eighth and Broadway, which is now known as the C. C. Chapman building.

Purchase of this building by Mr. Chapman enabled the Los Angeles Investment Company to resume payment of dividends, after financial difficulties which had endured for several years. Soon after Mr. Chapman purchased the property, the company paid a quarterly dividend on the basis of 6 per cent per annum to 16,000 stockholders.

Now let us follow up the fortunes of the stockholders of this

same company for a few years, switching from Richfield to the Baldwin Hills near Inglewood, where the investment organization holds an immense acreage for subdivision purposes.

In 1925 the Standard Oil Company of California appeared and took a lease on 455 acres of it, paying no bonus, but giving one-sixth of the oil. Some time later it obtained a lease on another 1000 acres, paying a cash bonus of \$500 an acre, and one-fifth of the oil.

Thus the stockholders of the investment company got another big slice of petroleum pie when the half million was split. Now comes the odd part of the deal. On the large block for which it paid a bonus of \$500,000 and one-fifth royalty the company got only a few dinky wells, while on the smaller lease, where it paid no cash, but gave one-sixth royalty, it got a number of good wells.

Recently a little strip of the second lease, containing the few wells, was consolidated with the smaller lease, and the remainder of the 1000 acres was turned back for subdivision, so the stockholders got half a million dollars for oil rights on a lease where there was mighty little oil, and already have the land back for other purposes.

The exact records on the smallest of the two leases are not available, but during 1927, which was by no means its big year, the tract yielded 3,592,368 barrels of oil. Eventually this property ought to put out at least 10,000,000 barrels, of which the stockholders are destined to get a large amount.

Continuing the discussion of the greatest benefit for the largest number, we find some interesting history woven around the ambition of the City of Long Beach to obtain lands which would insure itself an adequate municipal water supply for years to

come. Prior to 1920 the city authorities went up on Reservoir Hill and bought 180 acres of water-bearing lands, from which the city expected to draw its domestic water supply in future years. It would have been just as safe to bet that there was oil there as to assume that there was water there. As a matter of fact both were there, in immense quantities.

When the oil boom at Signal Hill got to hitting on all six the oil operators who desired to lease the municipal water lands were about as numerous as bees around a hive. Several operators offered to give as much as 40 per cent of the oil and gas production for the privilege of drilling the leases. Leases were made with two outfits, and up to now between forty and fifty wells have been drilled there. More are to be put down.

The earliest wells yielded the city 40 per cent royalty. Some of the later ones, which had to go deeper and got smaller production, pay 25 per cent, while most of the other oil leases in Southern California only pay one-sixth.

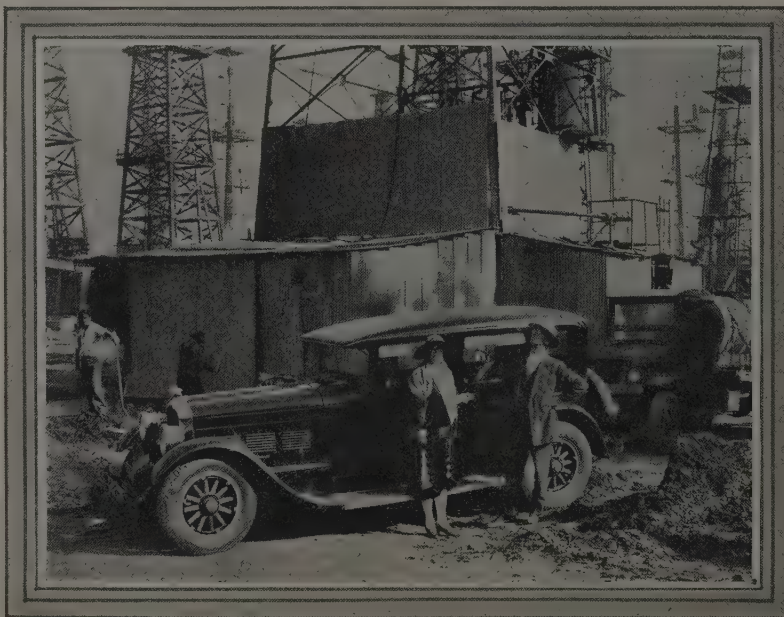
In six years ending December 31, the city of Long Beach has taken in \$6,330,000 from its oil, gas and gasoline. According to its ordinance this revenue had to be used for permanent improvements, so it has been spent for city parks, community hospitals, golf courses, playgrounds, fire station sites, police sub-stations, public libraries, life-saving patrol, pleasure piers, sewage disposal plants, etc., and the treasury still has \$100,000 on hand, while the revenue from oil this year is bringing in perhaps \$650,000 more.

This municipal revenue has done a lot of mighty nice things for Long Beach—things for which the taxpayers would have had to vote over \$6,000,000 worth of bonds. Taxes have naturally decreased accordingly,

and the benefit from this oil production has extended to every man and woman in the community who owns taxable property. The benefit has been enjoyed by many thousands, in this particular instance.

During the World War it was almost impossible to sell people things that they did not need, so an outfit in an Indiana city organized a land company with which to promote the sale of an encyclopedia. The company bought thirty-five acres a mile east of Huntington Beach, and split it up into lots 25 by 100 feet. Its salesmen went from door to door in Middle Western cities, offering the encyclopedia for \$125, with a Hunting-

(CONTINUED ON
PAGE 53)



From a shoestring strip, in some places not more than twenty feet wide and totaling possibly three acres, in the Seal Beach fields, A. W. Cleaver, a Fullerton laundryman, gained a small fortune. Here is the land and some of the big gushers located thereon

Bibliotheca Californiana

A review of literature---new and old---about the Southwest

California's Founding

THERE is no extravagance in the affirmation that the richest record of the forming of civilized Alta California is to be found in the *Noticias de Nueva California* by Fray Francisco Palóu. Father Palóu came to Lower California with Father Junípero Serra, assumed the presidency of the peninsular missions when Serra was ordered to accompany Portolá to Upper California, later followed Serra to Monterey, founded the mission of San Francisco de Asís at San Francisco, and on Serra's death succeeded him.

The *Noticias*, or chronicles as they might be called, were completed by Palóu in 1783 and the manuscript forwarded to Mexico. It failed to see print until 1857, when the government included it in the *Documentos para la Historia de Mexico*, in Spanish, of course. In 1874 John T. Doyle, in San Francisco, published an edition of a hundred copies, still in Spanish.

Now we have the first full and complete translation into English from the hand of Herbert Eugene Bolton, director of the Bancroft Library and the Pacific Academy of History, who has made an invaluable contribution to California history with his excellent translation of the "Noticias" of Fray Francisco Palóu. For his work in Spanish colonial history, Dr. Bolton was made Knight Commander of the Royal Order of Isabel the Catholic, by King Alphonso XIII in 1926, and recently was elected a member of the Royal Historical Academy of Spain.

Palóu participated in the making of history and had sufficient foresight to set down the record of events as they passed before him and before the memory of the circumstances that surrounded them was dimmed by time. Too, he came into possession of many private letters and official documents, and abstracted the facts that he needed for his work before these valuable archives became widely scattered or completely lost.

The *Noticias*, or Palóu's *New California*, as Dr. Bolton has titled it, is, in short, an illuminating and, fairly faithful history of the beginnings of California. Palóu can hardly be called an impartial historian. The times were parlous ones. The military and the religious were engaged in endless controversy. As an instance, Palóu evidences vast concern over the action of Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada in seizing an Indian malefactor who sought traditional sanctuary in the mission of San Diego, for which the soldier was promptly excommunicated by Fray Vicente Fuster. Palóu shows a lack here, as elsewhere, of the faculty for judicial evaluation of conduct that should be



Herbert Eugene Bolton, director of the Bancroft Library and the Pacific Academy of History, who has made an invaluable contribution to California history with his excellent translation of the "Noticias" of Fray Francisco Palóu. For his work in Spanish colonial history, Dr. Bolton was made Knight Commander of the Royal Order of Isabel the Catholic, by King Alphonso XIII in 1926, and recently was elected a member of the Royal Historical Academy of Spain.

the chief armament of the historian. Rivera, doubtless, could have marshalled more evidence in defense than Palóu presents.

Again we find him devoting some seventy pages to the misunderstanding that developed over several cases of trinkets when the Dominicans succeeded the Franciscans to

the administration of the missions of Lower California. The incident is of little value historically save to show the petty jealousy existing between the clerical orders, and the cupidity of the military establishment. It could well have been disposed of in a tenth the space.

But Palóu, to be sure, is not to be read by those who want their history of California in tabloid form. His circumlocutions are frequent and, at times, wearisome, but he who seeks facts of early California, the status of the Indians, modes of living, the life of the soldier, the vagaries of the padres, the intimate details of the founding and conduct of the missions, will prospect the *Noticias* with profit and delight.

Within its pages will be found the diaries of that indefatigable missionary-explorer Fray Juan Crespi, who has been termed "the California Xenophon." Crespi accompanied the first land expedition from Loreto, in Lower California, to San Diego; the Portolá expedition dispatched from San Diego to find Monterey and which discovered San Francisco Bay instead; was with the second expedition that found (and recognized) Monterey; explored San Francisco Bay with Fages, and journeyed by sea with Pérez to Alaska.

The essential difference in the psychology of the military and the religious, which was responsible for so much irritating strife, is indicated by the names bestowed upon various rivers, camps, etc., by the exploring expeditions and faithfully set down by Crespi. The fathers were motivated by spiritual aspirations; the soldiers, by material considerations. At a camp near Point Concepción, for example, an Indian stole a sword from one of the soldiers.

The point they promptly called *Ranchería de la Espada* (Village of the Sword, a name which remains today—Espada Creek). Crespi, however, less impressed by the incident than the desire to honor Holy Church, termed the same point *Concepción de Maria Santísima*. Again, in the vicinity of Pismo Beach, the soldier named a camp *Campo de Las Vivoras* (Camp of the Snakes) on account of the large number of reptiles seen. Crespi called it the Lake of the Holy Martyrs, San Juan de Perucia and San Pedro de Sacro Terrato.

The settlement of California was far from a peaceful succession of explorations, founding of missions, and the arrival and departure of ships, laden with supplies. Disease and death and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)



The unfurling of this flag on the crest of the Rockies on August 16, 1842, on his first westward expedition, was one of the outstanding events in the life of John C. Fremont, whose biographies are reviewed in this issue. The flag now is one of the many prized possessions of the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, through whose courtesy this photograph is presented.

THE MODE IN MEN'S VACATION GARB

By Jack Worthington
Drawings by Victor Mall

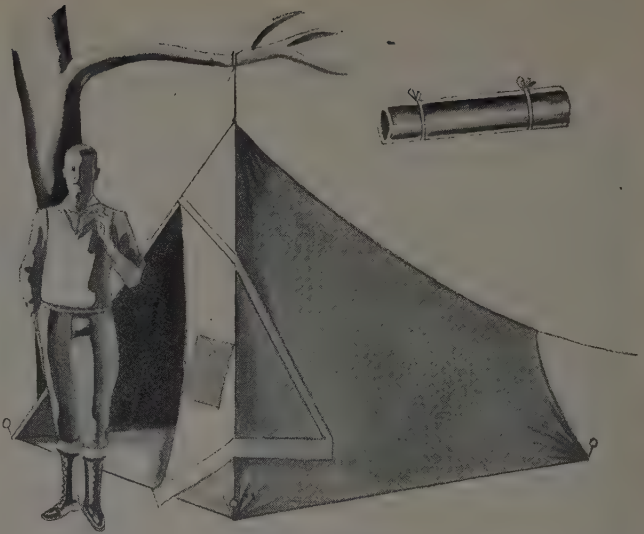
LET who will disport themselves at the sunny beaches, burning themselves to a rich dark brown in competition with the American Indian; let others "carry on" at country clubs and smart mountain inns, burdened with huge trunks of fine raiment, togs for every conceivable kind of sport, proper clothes for all occa-

sions—let them, we will not say them nay, but wish them joy.

But for us the open road, with our trusty motor covering the dazzling miles of highway intent upon that restful spot which, at this season of the year, not only beckons but fairly calls aloud to him who has ears to hear. And you may know that the man who rightly interprets the message is he who longs for a vacation that is restful, a playtime in which he can really play, a place where there is no particular thing to do at any particular time.

Now whether a man takes along his family or two or three congenial souls of the masculine sex he will need knickers or riding breeches of khaki, not in the old khaki color perhaps, olive drab seems to have taken its place, but the color is really of no special importance. And for general wear he will add a suitable sweater in favorite color, heavy, laced boots and a wide brimmed felt hat. Or perhaps he will prefer to wear a sweat shirt and a suede lumber jacket for warmth; it's cool in the mountains on summer nights and late afternoons, and a cap may suit him better than a hat unless it be one of those white linen ventilated hats with visors

This devotee of Isaac Walton has not forgotten to wear his "waders," which surely make for comfort. He may, too, don his "mosquito head net," should those little tormentors trouble him. Sketched in B. H. Dyas, sporting goods section



This "tepee" of waterproof Egyptian cloth keeps out the night fogs and is "light as a feather." When a man is hiking it can be compactly folded and carried in this handy bag, as shown above. Courtesy B. H. Dyas Company

front and back after the fashion of a polo hat.

If, perchance, he goes in for angling he must not forget to take his "waders," for the water of mountain streams is quite wet and decidedly cold. In some localities the "skeeters" are a great annoyance, but a mosquito "head net" will play a joke on these little fellows and be a very great comfort to the devotee of Isaac Walton.

What concerns him most of all, however, is his camping outfit, for if the vacation is to be a success he must have some creature comforts, and he can have them if he will. If he is traveling "light" and expects to do some hiking by the way, he may carry one of those "tepee" tents, which is, proverbially, as light as a feather, can be folded into a bag eighteen inches long and needs no poles, being supported by a rope which is flung over a friendly tree and secured by four small stakes at as many corners.

As this tent is made of waterproof Egyptian cloth he is safe from the night fogs; a mosquito netting flap keeps out various disturbers of the peace and a small window makes itself quite useful in many ways. Two or even three may sleep quite comfortably beneath this canopy. A man can sleep on the ground if he chooses, but if he would dream of hunting fields and fishing conquests and other sports, he had better take along one of those "air mattresses," which, when not inflated, is easily carried, and can be blown up to suit the requirements of the sleeper.

This mattress or the sleeping-bag is the ideal bed for the camper who would take his outing as close to Mother Earth as possible. When a sleeping-bag is taken one need not bother with a tent, for in this he can be as snug as "a bug in a rug" and place it wherever he wishes to invoke the god of sleep. For with its zipper fastening, its soft, woolly texture and its moisture-proof covering, nothing could be more desirable for an out-of-doors nap or a long night's sleep.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

VACATION WEAR FOR THE WOMAN WHO MOTORS

By Opal Haynes
Drawings by Victor Mall

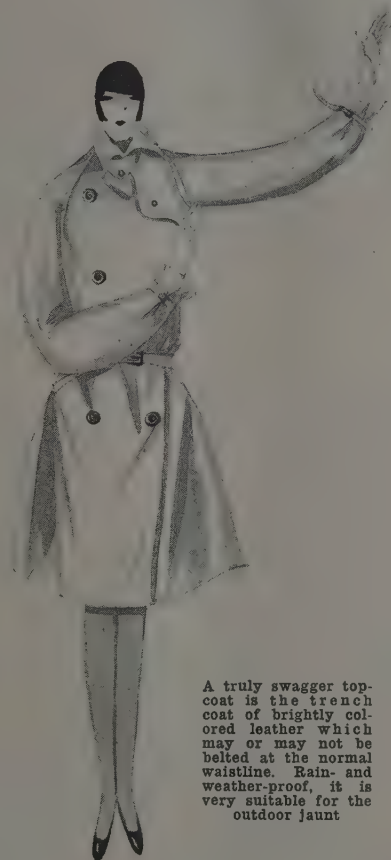
OF COURSE you are traveling by motor on this vacation trip, for in no other way can one get the full benefit of the panorama of loveliness as it unrolls before you, and in no other way can one take his own sweet time and follow the will-o'-the-wisp of fancy wheresoever it calls.

But whether one camps by the roadside or stops now and then for a good night's rest at one of the charming little inns which so conveniently dot the highways, one will want good looking togs, accessories and luggage, for the American woman never fares forth on any quest without putting her "best foot foremost." And to do this one need not tax the vacation allowance to the utmost, but using that rare judgment, which is another characteristic of Uncle Sam's daughters, select becoming and well cut garments to suit the pocketbook.

One of the most fascinating motor coats designed for comfort as well as style, is the rough and ready trench-coat, a truly swagger conception of a man's military overcoat; a coat called by various names,

but by any name it will serve its purpose. Not only will it protect the wearer from the chilly air of evening or the cool mountain breezes but, if one's itinerary includes any countryside beyond the boundaries of sunny California, it will also prove a great boon in case of a sudden downpour.

Select this coat in leather, lipstick red, bright green or any favorite color, belt it snugly at the normal waistline and let the military collar have its way in an upstand-



A truly swagger top-coat is the trench coat of brightly colored leather which may or may not be belted at the normal waistline. Rain- and weather-proof, it is very suitable for the outdoor jaunt

ing, flaring effect to give room for the chin, and one has something good to look upon and right for any vacation occasion. It may also be had in corduroy, an ideal medium for open country wear, for it will stand "a world of punishment" and still retain its smartness. Some may prefer it in gabardine or in a waterproof fabric of moire design, but take it in any form, it is a most romantic and irresistible coat which gives zest to the undertaking wherever it may lead.

Now, a hat which might properly accompany this useful top coat is the close fitting helmet of felt, fitting snugly over the ears with a bright and jaunty air. But the sun,



This linen frock with printed linen jacket of fingertip length is a smart and practical ensemble for an outing

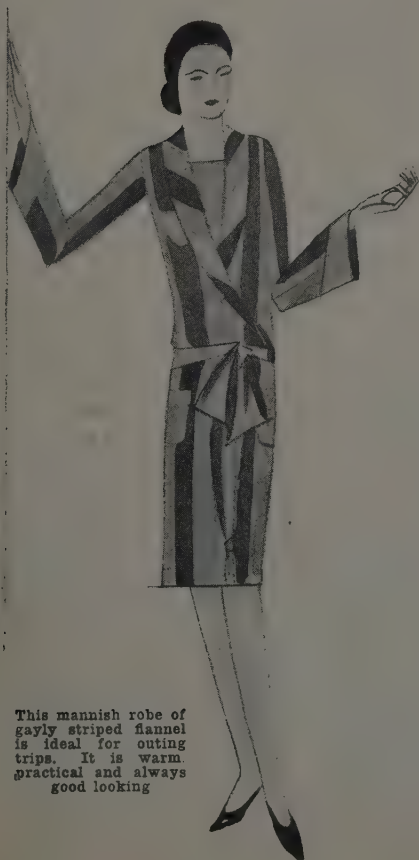
you say; yes, the sun must be considered, perhaps, so why not wear a wide-brimmed felt or a softly rolling panama with a nonchalant droop; either would prove useful and exceedingly smart looking.

Under the above mentioned coat may be worn with good effect, a silk or woollen sweater with wavy horizontal stripes and a skirt of jersey cloth or perhaps one of those perfectly delectable knitted ensembles—skirt and three-quarter length coat to match and a blouse of jersey threaded with gold. Either costume would appear to good advantage wherever one may elect to dine or lunch in passing.

And for warm days no woman should venture upon a joyous summer outing, which might lead anywhere, without one or two little frocks of washable silk. Not one of those old-fashioned "shirting striped" affairs but one of the newer versions with charming patterns posed on crepe de chine; plaids and lovely Pekin stripes, checks and wide, cloudy bars in glorious colorings. Burgundy, cypress, bright green, purple and light navy, yellow, green, and surprising reds; all are used with great effectiveness to fashion these dainty but practical frocks which can be tubbed with the utmost impunity and still retain their pristine freshness and coloring. They may be sleeved or sleeveless, as one likes them.

Printed linens, too, are tub frocks which the knowing ones will select for general wear. Developed in exquisite designs they are the last whisper of the mode when made

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)



This mannish robe of gayly striped flannel is ideal for outing trips. It is warm, practical and always good looking



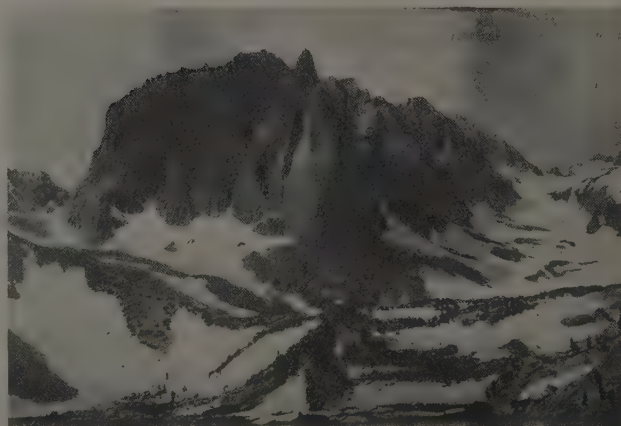
The Gilbert-Powell peaks, located at the head of the middle fork of Bishop Creek

“Close Ups” of our High Sierra

Part III: *The 13,000-13,500-foot peaks*

By Norman Clyde

ALTHOUGH the majority of the finer peaks of the southern Sierra rise to elevations exceeding 13,500 feet, yet many of them do not attain that altitude, a considerable number being between 13,000 and 13,500 feet above sea-level. It might be observed, however, that height is only one element in the appraisal of a mountain, whether from a scenic or from a mountaineering standpoint. Mt. Whitney, for example, as fine a mountain as it may be, is excelled in picturesqueness by many lower mountains in the Sierra, and the ascent, except for the rarity of the air near



Temple Crag, one of the most spectacular of the 13,000-13,500-foot Sierra peaks

the summit, is generally conceded to be very easy.

Along the more southerly portion of the Great Western Divide, on the Kings-Kern Divide and along the main crest overlooking Owens Valley, there are a few peaks within the elevations specified in this sketch. To the southwest of Lone Pine Peak—west of the town of Lone Pine—is an unnamed peak, 13,016 feet in altitude. Although not a conspicuous one, it affords the best view to be had of Mt. Le Conte, whose line of jagged pinnacles towers to the south across a deep, narrow gorge; an excellent one of Mt. Langley, with sheer

northern and eastern precipices beyond it; of Mts. Mallory and Irvine to the west, and of Mt. Whitney to the northwest. The summit is a ragged knife-edge that presents some difficulties to the climber and has probably been scaled but once.

On the Kings-Kern Divide there are two which might be included, Mts. Geneva (13,037 feet) and Mt. Jordan (13,136 feet). Both are easy of ascent, afford fine prospects and being near the junction of the Kings-Kern and the Kern-Kaweah divides, possess an excellent view of both as well as of the great amphitheatre to the north.

Putting northward from about the middle of the Kings-Kern divide is Deershorn Mountain, a beautiful peak consisting of a line of granite spires, the highest of which is 13,440 feet in elevation. It is one of the finest "crag" mountains of the Sierra. The best view of it is obtained from the vicinity of Bullfrog Lake, looking southward past the East Vidette and across the amphitheatre, from which it stands out as one of the most striking peaks along the divide, although others exceed it considerably in height. Its craggy structure is seen to best advantage to the south from Harrison Pass and the top of Mt. Ericson. Its summit affords the best view obtainable of the crags of Mt. Ericson, immediately to the south across a bowl-shaped cirque. Although probably scaled but once, the ascent is not especially difficult for one experienced in rock-climbing.

Mt. Brewer, one of the most attractive of Sierra peaks, has a peak on either flank, called respectively the North and South Guards. The former, 13,304 feet in altitude, is a fine rock-climb, has had only one ascent, and that dubious, as the climber did not scale a granite monolith some twenty feet in height

which may be the highest point and which, without hand- or foot-holds, leans in an embarrassing way over a five-hundred-foot precipice. There is also some difference of opinion as to whether the South Guard is Spire 12,964 or Peak 13,232 to the south of the former. Both are easily climbed and both afford good views. The first has probably been climbed but once.

Between Mt. Keith and University Peak on the main crest to the east of the upper Kings amphitheatre is Mt. Bradley, 13,320 feet in elevation. It is a somewhat impressive peak as seen from Owens Valley, near Independence, and can be climbed from that side if one has sufficient patience to work his way up the rugged, trail-less canyon of Piñon Creek. Most of the few ascents that have been made, however, were from the upper portion of Center Basin to the west of the peak. It commands an excellent view. Just to the north of Kearsarge Pass is Mt. Gould (13,001 feet), worthy of noting on account of its accessibility and the fine panorama seen from its summit. The ascent is an easy 1200-foot scramble from the pass and the view extends from Mt. Williamson in the south to the Evolution and Abbot groups in the north. The sight of scores of peaks from its summit in winter, arrayed in splendid snowy garb, is grand almost beyond description.

Rae Lake possesses one of the most wildly picturesque settings of any in the Sierra,

consisting of numerous rugged peaks, several of which exceed 13,000 feet in elevation. Of these Black and Diamond Peaks might be mentioned. Neither is difficult of ascent; neither has been climbed more than a few times and both overlook deep, narrow gorges and ragged ridges, composed largely of dark schists and slates, in which a few mountain sheep still linger, although they are seldom seen except when winter snows drive them far down the eastern slope of the Sierra toward Owens Valley. A few miles farther north is Baxter Peak. The view from the more easterly of its two peaks, down the great eastern scarp of the Sierra, is very impressive.

A very interesting but seldom-visited portion of the Sierra is the upper basin of the south fork of the Kings River. It is largely above timberline, is some miles in extent and is surrounded by mountains, some of which are above 13,000 feet and one—Split Mountain—over 14,000 feet. Excepting the latter, the most outstanding peak around the basin is Mt. Pinchot, 13,471 feet in elevation. It is also the most conspicuous of a number of deeply-colored mountains of this part of the range, owing their reds and browns to slates and schists surviving from the sedimentary deposits that once covered the Sierra. Their warmth of hue is an agreeable change from the uniform gray tones that usually obtain in the granite, which is the preponderating rock in the range.

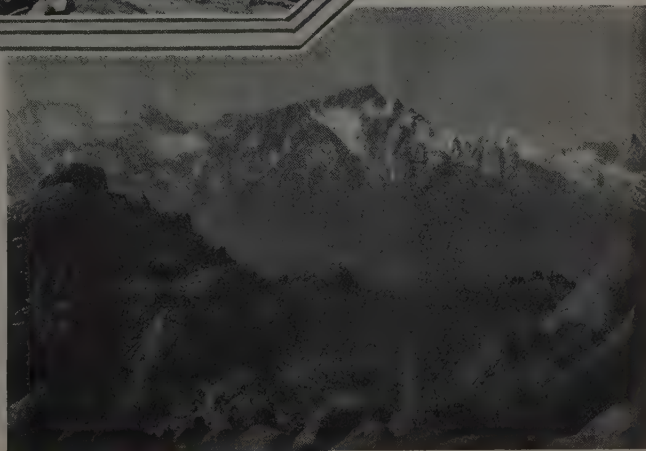
Just to the north of Mt. Pinchot is Striped Mountain (13,160 feet), so named from the contorted bands of schist and quartzite which compose a large portion of its metamorphic mass. Interesting rock-work can be had up its steeper faces, but it is not what would be called a difficult mountain.

Left—Mt. Brewer in center, as it appears from Mt. Gould, showing the two guards, north and south

Below—Lone Pine Peak, an impressive Sierra eminence as it looks from the Alabama foothills in the Owens Valley



Below—Mts. Haeckel and Spencer, which commemorate the achievements of two of England's foremost scientists. These peaks belong to what is known as "The Evolution Group" including, in addition, Mts. Darwin, Wallace, Huxley and Fiske



North of Striped Mountain, across Taboose Pass, is Cardinal Mountain (13,388 feet), deriving its name from a capping of cardinal schist and slate that forms a considerable portion of it and extends northward in a conspicuous layer along the crest of the arête that connects it with Split Mountain. The ascent is extremely easy and the view obtained is an excellent one, especially of the deep cirque to the north, across which frowns the great furrowed face of Split Mountain, banded with red, orange and black.

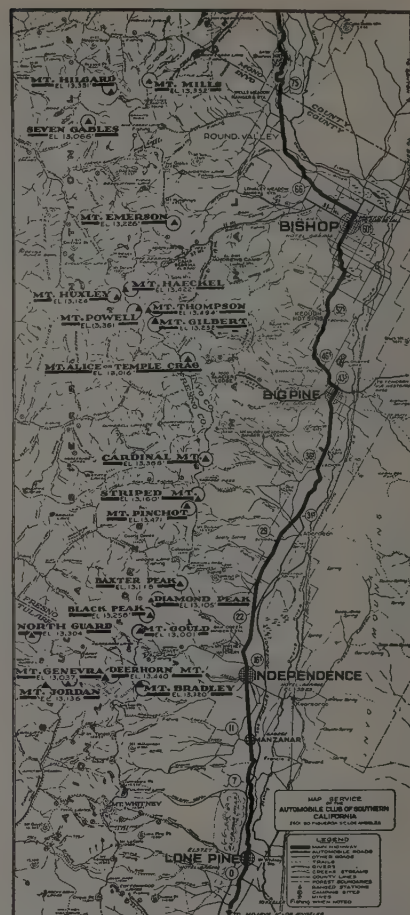
Although the main peaks of the Palisade group reach elevations greater than 13,500 feet, there are several lower ones that are extremely picturesque and which afford excellent climbing. The finest of these summits is Temple Crag (Mt. Alice), 13,016 feet in height. It is doubtful whether there is a more beautiful and striking "crag-mountain" in the Sierra Nevada. Its northern and northeastern faces are sheer precipices varied by numbers of spiry, turret-like pinnacles, beautifully placed. The ascent is a thrilling, but not especially dangerous, rock-climb, and has been accomplished several times. The view from its summit is circumscribed, but as the crag stands near the center of the Palisade amphitheatre it affords, perhaps, the best view to be had of this great cirque walled in to the south by the magnificent Palisades, whose dark serrated forms rise above a series of glaciers that cling to their bases and send icy fingers far up the steep chutes that furrow their northern fronts. To the west of Temple Crag and connected with it by an impassable knife-edge is an unnamed pinnacle 13,400 in altitude, which commands a very fine view of the Palisades and offers an interesting rock-climb up its northwestern face. It has probably been climbed but once.

In the Evolution Basin—a mountain-encircled oval depression some six or eight miles in length containing the headwaters of a tributary of the south fork of the San Joaquin—there are several peaks between 13,000 and 13,500 feet worthy of note. Looking southward across Evolution Lake, one is impressed by Mts. Spencer and Huxley, sharp, granite peaks, the latter 13,124

feet in height. Both stand well out toward the middle of the basin so that their summits command a very good panorama of the wild, craggy mountains that encircle them. Mt. Huxley is an excellent rock-climb that is not attended by any especial danger or difficulty. Along the line of peaks bordering the basin to the east is Mt. Haeckel (13,422 feet), a very beautiful peak tapering to a narrow point—a fine example of what might be termed a Gothic type of peak, not uncommon in the Sierra Nevada. Nearby are other similar ones, including Mt. Wallace and several unnamed ones to the east. They are impressive, seen from Evolution Basin, but are still more so, looking from the northeast up the amphitheatre of the middle fork of Bishop Creek, as they form a beautiful and inspiring group of sharp peaks—snow-splashed in summer, snow-clad in winter—with Mt. Haeckel the outstanding member of the cluster. It is a fairly difficult climb that has been negotiated several times. To the northeast of the amphitheatre are several flat-topped peaks somewhat above 13,000 feet in elevation. Among these are Mts. Gilbert, Thompson and Powell. They form a striking portion of an almost complete circle of mountains about the middle fork of Bishop Creek and have seldom been scaled.

When one nears Piute Pass from the east, he is flanked on either side by two fine peaks—Mt. Emerson to the right and an unnamed one to the left. The first can be climbed by following any one of a number of steep chutes that run up its southern face, and on its summit a good view is obtained, especially of Mt. Humphreys, which looms grandly across a cirque to the northwest. It is an imposing peak from an elevation to the south and southeast and displays more or less of a warm red hue that increases in depth in a long line of pinnacles that run eastward from it. Seen from the Piute trail, the other peak is both beautiful and striking. Probably neither peak has been climbed more than once.

Situated in a rather isolated position on the headwaters of Bear Creek and attaining an altitude of 13,066 feet is Seven Gables. It is a conspicuous mountain, from any direction, and on account of its position a wide view is obtained from its summit. Several miles northward from Seven Gables is Mt. Hilgard (13,351 feet), one of a circle of peaks that surround Italy Basin. It is easy of ascent and commands a good prospect far and near, overlooking the barren but attractive granite depression of Lake Italy Basin to the northeast; the interesting region of Bear Creek and the

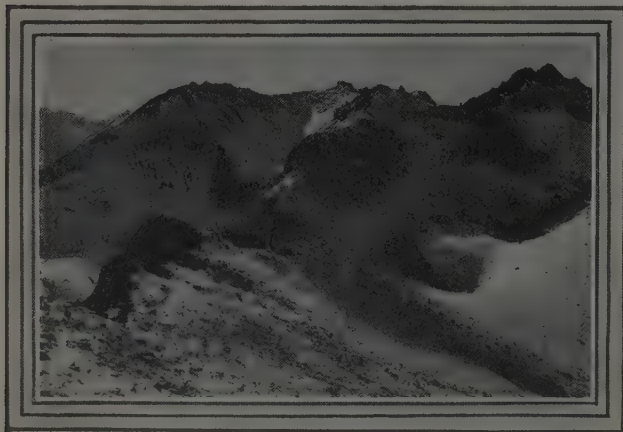


This map shows the location of the 13,000-13,500-foot peaks of the Sierra described by Mr. Clyde

Vermilion Cliffs nearby to the northwest, while its more extensive panorama extends far up and down the range. Northward from Mt. Hilgard a few miles is Mt. Mills (13,352 feet), a peak that rises in very rugged surroundings, is an attractive climb, and has probably not been scaled more than twice.

As one looks northward from the summit of any of the last-named peaks, he descends, not many miles distant, a group of softly-colored mountains whose reds and browns delight the eye, surmounted by one considerably higher, Red Slate Mountain, a readily climbed peak that overlooks a wide panorama. North of this group the Sierra drops down in a deep depression, to rise again in the Ritter and Lyell groups, belonging to the mountains of the Yosemite region, beyond the limits of the Southern Sierra.

The scenic character of a mountain, after all, and its spectacular aspects, depend more on the close juxtaposition of height and depression rather than upon mere elevation. There is little apparent difference between a precipice with a thousand-foot sheer declivity and one that falls away for fifteen hundred feet. Hence many of the most imposing of Sierran peaks will be found in the 13,000-13,500-foot group.



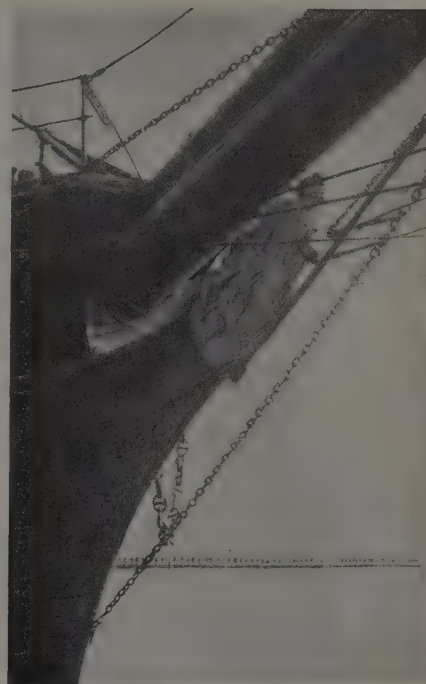
Dragon Peak (right) and Mt. Gould viewed from Kearsarge Peak. Mt. Gould was named in honor of Wilson D. Gould, a member of his exploring party of 1896, by Joseph N. Le Conte

Star of India—a Good Ship!

By Gerald MacMullen



The Star of India under sail in the days before it was retired



The figurehead of the Star of India—a romantic requisite found on the majority of the old clipper ships

66 **S**o ends." That phrase, in bold or scrawling letters, has been affixed to the day's record on the log-book pages of countless sailing vessels, in every corner of the globe. And now modern commerce has written it across the record of the windjammers—a record which is so full of romance and of daring that to chronicle it would take not books, but libraries. The day of the proud square-rigger is done, and the "flash pack-ets" of bygone days are rotting in the mud, or, stripped of spars and rigging, are serving in the menial capacity of coal hulks, fishing barges or storage boats. A pitiful few still plow the seas, but in a short time

at most, these craft will have gone and man's most beautiful maritime creation, the full-rigged ship, will be but a memory.

Fate, however, has decreed a finer culmination to the career of one of the famous old ships, and residents of Southern California are to have the opportunity of viewing, from now on, a living example of the sailing vessel at the highest period of its development—for the famous old bark *Star of India* has been snatched from the very shadow of the wreckers' crane, and is being converted into a maritime museum, at San Diego. She is being thoroughly overhauled and reconditioned, and will lie at the municipal bulkhead, on San Diego's waterfront, where all who are interested in the

sea and in ships may visit her, and may live, in memory, through some of the stirring events of her half century and more of service. Aloft and alow, she will be in ship-shape condition, as the only alterations being contemplated are those in her hold, which is to be equipped for exhibit purposes.

It was 64 years ago that *Star of India* was launched, and she first took the water at Ramsey, in the Isle of Man. Originally the full-rigged British ship *Euterpe*, she was one of the first iron sailing ships, and her frames and plating—of abnormal thickness as compared to modern practice—are sound enough to hold together for untold years to come. Late in 1863 she left her home waters, and started out on a career which was to carry her around the world time and again, and into every kind of climate and weather.

Between 1871 and 1898, *Euterpe*, to give her the name she bore in those days, made eighteen trips from the English channel out to Australia, and back across the Pacific, past the Horn, and home. Calms, gales, tropic heat and the grinding of Antarctic ice were all part of her life in those days, as she freighted her human and inanimate cargo out to "the colonies." But even then the sun of the sailing ship was sinking, and near the end of the century she was sold

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

Cruising in Broadway

A glance at some new motor models—

By Justin McSwain

COULD Hernando De Soto, that Spanish gentleman of swashbuckling days long since gone, know that with Cadillac, Lafavette, La Salle and Lincoln he had been immortalized by a modern automobile, it is likely that there would be a Spaniard gleefully rampant upon the greensward.

The De Soto Six is second cousin, or some close relation, to the famous Chrysler family, heralded in such engaging and mystic fashion as: "Who was De Soto?" and "What is the De Soto Six?" We were much in doubt, for some time, as to its identity. At first we suspected it of being a new "Ask Me Another" book or perhaps a sextette of troupers. But no, we were wrong; the De Soto Six is a new automobile, with six cylinders, "whose strength and integrity exemplifies the characteristics of the Spanish discoverer," so we are told. A new car throughout, we hazard the guess that it will quickly take itself to the fore in the under a thousand field, once it is presented to the public; this is assumed by virtue of the De Soto's illustrious parentage.

Messrs. Graham, Graham, Graham, alias Graham-Paige, have recently added another stalwart model to their line—a straight eight. The keynote of these new Graham-Paige models is the four-speed transmission. An obvious reversion to the type of old, there does seem to be a logical reason for it. What they have really done with this new transmission is to permit one to start in second gear, faster and with less strain, since second is geared lower than the average intermediate and higher than the ordinary low. The fourth speed forward gives only a few more miles per hour but effects considerable economy when traveling in the upper ranges. In this connection we have a new phrase for motoring enthusiasts. Low gear, in these models, is "latched-out"; that is, it is thrown out of the regular succession of gears and one must pull a trigger on the lever to engage it. It is to be used only when one is enmired or requires the maximum in power.

The Graham-Paige Eight motor is fundamentally a slow speed engine, another reversion made possible by the new transmission. The design of the motor is revolutionary. The practice of adding weight to moving parts for stabilization, the design implies, is the proverbial bunk, and we find

therefore all moving constituents one-third lighter than in similar prevailing motors. Necessary strength is achieved by utilizing light steel alloys. Who knows what next? By way of making the thermostatic control (you know, that device which keeps the water out of the cylinder jackets when it's not needed) efficient, a tubular radiator is used with the customary honeycomb front so that while the appearance is the same, the radiator is more sensitive to temperature changes.

The standards under the lights to keep them steady please us as do the silent internal transmission gears, the kind that hide the noise. We also like the gas pump alongside the carburetor instead of the vacuum feed. Then, too, there is a nice new thought behind the demountable military wood wheels; that is, the lugs are close to the hub, like wire or disc wheels, permitting us to carry the spare wheels in fender wells, which we prefer.

Its wide, sweeping crown fenders and flat radiator cap are up to the minute and the slight bulge in the center of the radiator is just a step ahead or else several behind our European contemporaries. All in all, it has a quite good appearance, available in the tricky new shades with reveal windows, and rounded sills, permitting a

tournament lists of the middle-price field. In our opinion we should thank Mr. Ford, of old-style dancing fame, for the better values we are getting in automobiles, particularly in the low and middle-price class.

There are many little things which should please the motorist. The windshield on the two closed models opens with a little gadget that requires only a lift and a push and locks, elbow-like. Sure enough cozy seats say "come one, come all," like the side-show barker, and toggles at each end of the robe-rail will obviate those horribly embarrassing moments when a stout person attempts to get out. Modern to the minute in its lines, it leaves ample room both front and rear. We shout "bravo" for the decorations on the radiator front even though they are only vertical aluminum struts with a cross piece at the top. Convenience, luxury and comfort are vying with each other in these models. The emergency lever back to the left side is fine. The Glolite head lamps will please the fog-bound motorists. An opaque band through the center diffuses the light so that the driver looks around the fog instead of through it, some way or other. Rather smart that. Comfort and good looking appointments are real in these cars. An oil filtrator which we clean with compressed air saves us buying new filters from time to time. A Continental motor of 248 cubic inches piston displacement and Bendix four-wheel brakes permit driving seventy-five with safety, although not always with impunity. This model has a four-speed transmission with reverse "latched-out."

* * *

E. S. JORDAN, one-time newspaper man, continues to supply us with the sporty, speedy, yet safe and sane, models which never fail to attract the public eye and favor. Ever willing to learn from experience, Jordan has recently brought out the "Cross-country Six" to succeed the little custom Jordan. This new six retains all of the smartness, pep and dependability of its "daring, dashing, debonair" (fine words those) predecessor and has a few additional appealing features in its makeup.

The body lines have been lengthened not only actually, but apparently even more so by horizontal louvres; this, and a larger trunk on some models give the car with only 107-inch wheelbase the appearance of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)

If the Prince of Wales Should Go in for Motoring



nicer effect as well as better vision.

BY WAY of letting us know that he has been in the automobile game for twenty-five years, W. C. Durant presents the Durant 75 silver anniversary models. Hailed as Mr. Durant's masterpiece, this line is one more entry into the jousting

Typical Water Birds of California

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

the grace of a wet rag." Those that I have seen looked rather more vigorous and alert. In Silver Lake I have seen them holding their wings up to dry.

There has been unjust criticism lately of the fish-taking habits of cormorant. Though accused of injury to salmon, "the examination of thirty specimens showed that the birds were eating fish of no economic value, and no salmonoid remains were found. . . . Probably the eels, sculpin and other fish taken by cormorant make the species beneficial rather than harmful to the salmon. . . . This provides a good example of the caution that is necessary in condemning any species of bird." The evidence is that cormorant or "shag" destroy the enemies of fish, that is, creatures that eat the eggs and young fish. In an article in a recent number of the *Condor*, a Western ornithological magazine, the author analyzes the food of cormorants and points out that the size of the bird precludes its taking and digesting any great amount of food in a day. A bird weighing two and a half pounds could scarcely engulf a seven-pound fish or consume twenty pounds in a day. As a matter of fact a cormorant is known to have taken all day to digest one eel.

Pelican are wing as well as web experts. They are classed with cormorant as full-webbed swimmers. Otherwise their appearance would place them in a class by themselves. They are among the largest of American birds, the White Pelican measuring a length of sixty-four inches, and a wingspread of eight to nine feet. The long bill which is flattened and pliable, and the enormous pouch which at times seems a part of the bill, sets this bird aside from all others. Heavy, almost ponderous on land, on water they ride high, and in the air are most marvelous of movement. Flapping heavily to get under way, soon they are off in a stately glide, alternating with remarkably few wing-beats and long periods of gliding.

Brown Pelican may be seen close to the ocean shore gliding near the surface on nearly a parallel course. When fishing they often drop from a height of twenty feet with a splash which sends the spray several feet in the air. White Pelican take their fish by a quick thrust as they float along the water. They

may be seen flying at a great height far inland, and might be mistaken for wild geese, as they use the "V" formation. In reality the only other bird which need be mistaken for Pelican is the Snow Goose, which has the same pattern of black and white—a big white bird, with black wing-tips. Geese, however, glide only when about to alight.

The next family in order contains the ducks, geese and swan, the "sieve-billed swimmers." The bill has a hook or flat nail at the tip, and thin teeth-like projections on the sides, through which they strain the water from their food. Mergansers are "sea-ducks," saw-toothed and deep diving, heads mostly crested; there are "tree-ducks"; "river," and "pond" ducks, typical ducks, such as mallard, bald-pate, teal, pintail, shoveller. All of these may be recognized at Westlake Park, provided not too much faith is placed in information volunteered from bystander or sitter who do not seem to have everything in mind when they name a "shoveller," a Cinnamon Teal. One hundred and fifty "Bald-pate" have just been reported resting on Chatsworth Lake. A beautiful "Buffle-head" was there observed by the writer.

At Oakland a marsh has been made a civic asset in attractiveness; it attracts wild ducks which flock there to rest and feed, and human spectators also flock there, especially on New Year's Day to watch the Festival of the Ducks, when school-children appear and dance with the wild ducks. So confiding have the ducks become that while the children are dancing on their grounds the ducks are wheeling above them. They soon settle again on their lawns and enjoy the bit of shade afforded by shrubbery.

Swan in Southern California will have to be observed in parks or private estates. Whistling Swan, descendants of the wild, are often retained for ornamental purposes. Much could be said of the vast hordes of water fowl which were wont to invade the interior valleys of California. Draining of lakes until the alkaline content is too great, unfair hunting tactics such as shooting from behind animals or from automobiles, have taken heavy toll.

Parks and individuals pay large amounts to secure a live ornament

tal bird. Sometimes the mere presence of living conditions attracts a decorative visitor. An example of the result of protection, if it has not met with mishap, may be seen in the American Egret, a large pure white heron, representative of the deep-water waders, which has found its way into a Los Angeles city park. The whole race was facing extermination at the hands of plume-hunters who sought the "wedding veil" of delicate plumes which appear in the breeding plumage and whose theft by scalping left the young to starve in the nests. Only a Federal law against possession, sale or importation of those feathers saved the species to science and to us, "the vast majority who prefer our birds alive."

In a well-planned refuge for water birds, other decorative birds would undoubtedly linger. If there were tules, ibis might slip through them, forming an Egyptian frieze, as they do now in Playa del Rey marsh. If someone could preserve a bit of this marsh as it is! There bitterness could stalk their amphibian prey. Great Blue Heron, that still hunter, motionless and statuesque, would watch the wide shallows and spear lightning quick his frog or minnow. Between tule stems thin rails would hide. Frightened, these neither fly nor dive, but in long grasses hide; Virginia, sora, light-footed and black rails. Marsh birds, what a wealth of hidden life!

Shore-birds are perhaps better known; tall curlew, willet, godwit, and innumerable plover and sandpiper. The only shore-birds that habitually swim are the phalarope, dainty little whirl-a-gigs, seen sometimes on open ocean (near the breakwater at Point Firmin), but seen to the best advantage on shallow pools. I suppose the handsomest inhabitant of a marsh-near-the-sea would be the avocet, of the *Recurvirostridae* family (uplifted bill). It gives a peculiar scythe-like sweep of its bill when standing in shallow water. One can scarcely tell whether it is standing or floating. It swims or wades with equal facility. But it needs shallow water and islands therein for its nesting. And at nesting time how closely she may be watched! How close she comes to you with her pretty wiles, and how darling the downy young! Avocets are almost as tall as stilts which have the longest legs, proportion-

ately, of any birds, it seems. Black-necked Stilt will be in the marsh, but you may not see him. His longitude may be his camouflage. Snipe and dowitcher may be confused with each other. Of shore-birds the knot is rare. Sandpipers of many kinds are most puzzling, though one should be able to recognize a sandpiper by its teetering. Godwits, willets, curlew and yellow-legs are most easily learned. Who has not seen the long legged, long necked, long down-curved bill of curlew probing the moist sand at sunset, and watched his crab go down? Or enjoyed the big brown godwit, and the butterfly wings of Western Willet in flight?

Plover are in the last group of shore-birds, and, indeed, of water birds. I shall mention one other not classed with water birds. From Snowy Plover, those pattersers at the wave's edge, with bits of black on chest, through semi-palmate plover of the tide-flats with his black chest-band, to killdeer of the meadows with his two black collars, range the plover in gray, black and white. They are more duck-like in shape than other shore-birds, having short legs and necks, but small bills. The Black-bellied Plover outdoes them all, in full breeding plumage, for he is black from his legs to his eyes.

A Turnstone, a Surf-bird, or an Oyster-catcher will scarcely be seen by a motorist, nor will the last sprite I wish to mention, unless the motor is stilled and a trail followed by rushing waters of a canyon stream. There we may find the most mysterious of them all, the Water Ouzel. Without webbed feet, a "perching bird," yet he is in and out of the water most of the time. He floats, dives, swims under water to the bottom of some pool; then dashes behind the waterfall to a nest moist with spray. He will manage to exist as long as there are mountain streams. What of our shore- and marsh-birds? If they are to have sanctuary, we must preserve some shores and shallows, and a bit of shade. Of what use are "protective" laws without the wherewithal of a livelihood? A place to feed, a place to rest, arenas for fighting, for courtship; space to nest safe from their particular enemies; sanctuary for family life; and California's characteristic water birds will be preserved for future generations.

The Ideal Driver

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

is that personal element in our relations (and I believe it is always present in me), then the driver is not unexampled. He is not a true friend.

"Because an ideal driver would have these qualities that I mention, he would never humiliate, pain or embarrass me. And it is with this very thing that many of my subsequent remarks will be concerned.

Ah, an ideal driver. . . ."

At this juncture Automobile breathed a great sigh, and the mud-spattered lenses of her limpid eyes clouded the eloquence of the expression there of deep longing that so obviously was hers.

"Well—" she at length went on with difficulty, "my ideal driver would always handle me intelligently, afford me full expression of

my powers and yet not force them beyond their inherent limitations. He would be conscious of the truth that, when all is said and done, I am no better than he keeps me; he would know that I require certain attentions, if I am to render the service that he demands. No driver could expect extraordinary performance from me unless I were in the best of condition.

"A driver who approached perfection would analyze my eccentricities, instead of swearing at them. He would experiment, if you will, with my various controls until he determined the best practice; he would not abuse me by driving thoughtlessly, and he would show his appreciation for my dependability and willingness."

Automobile expressed then how

a driver prodigy would conduct himself personally in his traffic relations with other drivers and folks afoot:

"This driver we have in mind," she said, "would always consider the rights of others. And that includes those of his passengers, who have the privilege of enjoying themselves as much as possible. Such a motor car operator can demonstrate his regard for the prerogatives of other persons in a thousand and one different ways. He needs only to exercise a little unselfishness.

"One of the things of which this driver would never be guilty is 'hogging' of the road, so as to prevent other cars from passing where there is room, and in cases where it is lawful to do so.

"A thoroughly competent driver also would travel in the correct lanes when making turns. If he wanted to turn left at an intersection, he would keep as far left as allowable before turning, in order to give those behind him opportunity to pass on the right and to avoid confusion. The same would apply comparably to making right-hand turns.

"Good drivers, too, never try to beat anybody out of a parking space, even though one often does get desperate, I know, looking for a place to leave me. If the other fellow is there first, give him the cubbyhole, like a good sport. That's the fair way.

"And while I'm on the subject of consideration for others, I should like to put in a word about the pedestrian. I am not saying that he isn't many times at fault. But

I do say that the ideal driver will always give a pedestrian an even break. He will allow him passage across the street at prescribed crosswalks and he will never be rude to him by last-second stopping—which I believe Chassis mentioned.

"Another point of rudeness also is involved in the manner in which some drivers dart out of side streets into main-traveled thoroughfares, causing other cars to swerve and often precipitating accidents. A driver who is 'in the swing' of traffic is not prepared for a sudden ambush. A side-street traveler should watch his chance and slip into the procession unobtrusively. At least, I'm sure that's the way an ideal driver would look at the matter.

"An intelligent and thoroughly awake driver would always be 'alive' to what is going on around him. He would never go rolling along oblivious to all other movement, as if he were the only one on the street. Which seems to be the condition of most drivers I've known. The ideal pilot would watch his rear-view mirrors, be thoroughly conscious of all other vehicles in his vicinity. He would not be a 'rube' driver.

"Indecision," Automobile went on, warming to the subject, "would never be a vice of the 'perfect' driver. Indecision and lack of 'attack' in driving cause more trouble almost than any pair, for they go hand in hand.

"By indecision I mean lack of decisiveness in movement, particularly in city driving. The average run of drivers—may heaven forfend them—start to make some move (usually the wrong one), then

hesitate, perhaps begin again and finally either make that move or some other, to the utter consternation and disgust of other drivers. The ideal motorist would decide what he should do, given a set of circumstances, and then do it. Without any quibbling.

"Lack of what I choose to call attack in operating a motor car, is bound up within the foregoing. An ideal driver would never suffer from this common motoring malaise. He would be aggressive enough in his operations to get out of the way of others and to get somewhere himself.

"Failure to signal properly also comes within the scope of this division that I am covering now. Your ideal automobilist not only does signal, but he signals correctly. In other words, a good driver semaphores his signal far enough in advance, so that those behind him have plenty of time in which to know his intention. And a real driver makes an unmistakable, clear-cut signal. It isn't half of one thing and something else of another. It isn't sloppy."

More drivers than not, Automobile here added, give no warning of their intended turn or stop until they actually make them. They abruptly signal, turning at the same time, and apparently expect all traffic near automatically to adjust itself.

Automobile remarked somewhat heatedly that such behavior, like other sins of drivers who were far from ideal, was always embarrassing and humiliating to her. It made her appear stupid and gauche through no fault of her own, she said.

In the same category, Automobile—decided, was driving too slowly on a thoroughfare where there was not room enough for cars behind to pass. The ideal driver, she said, would avoid this as an unmistakable evidence of bad manners and lack of understanding.

In the fourth group of the characteristics of an ideal driver, Automobile gave the following, which have to do with expressed laws and ordinances:

Observance of speed laws; proper signaling; turning at intersections correctly; compliance with pedestrian cross-walk, school and boulevard stop ordinances; observance of right-of-way of other cars at intersections, and of parking regulations.

Some violations under this heading, of which the ideal driver would not be culpable, were listed by Automobile as: driving recklessly or without car and operator licenses; failing to comply with headlight, tail-light or spotlight laws and rules governing display of licenses; running past intersection signals; speeding up when another machine desires to pass; "cutting in" when passing other cars; traveling too close behind other machines; failing to stop in case of an accident; driving while not in full control of the faculties, and driving with faulty brakes or lights.

We left the interview profoundly impressed and not a little chastened. We had heard the decrees of those who most ought to know. And we now realized what an utterly abandoned and dub driver we were!

Bibliotheca Californiana

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

skirmishes with the barbarians were frequent. The dramatic values of these episodes gain considerable from Palóu's direct and simple narration. He sets forth, in detail, the Indian attack on San Diego Mission when Fray Luis Jayme, the pastor, was murdered in "such a way that there was not found on his person a single un-mutilated spot except his consecrated hands."

And he tells the story of the Yuma massacre when that most intrepid of all the Franciscans, perhaps, Francisco Garcés, together with the padres Juan Bereneche, Juan Díaz and Matias Moreno, were slain. Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada here, too, lost his life, as did the soldiers who were with him.

He tells, also, in an impressive fashion, of the death of the father president, Junipero Serra; of the numerous sea-voyages north, one of which penetrated as far as Alaska; and of the two overland expeditions of Don Juan Bautista de Anza from Pimeria Alta (Sonora).

One gains revised concepts of the relative magnitude of certain traditional heroes of the period from Palóu. Portolá fades into the background behind Anza, both as explorer and soldier; the fathers

Serra, Palóu and Crespi increase in stature, and one is brought to a sincere admiration for the Viceroy of New Spain, Don Antonio Maria Bucareli, and his visitor-general, Don José de Galvez, who, with his own hands, helped prepare the boats for the *entrada*.

Of great interest in the present work are some twenty-eight letters appended, which passed between Palóu and Galvez, Palóu and Crespi, and others. The less formal are more entertaining and more valuable than many portions of the formal work.

Doctor Bolton and Nellie Sanchez, whose assistance he so generously acknowledges, have done a capital job in this translation. It belongs with Venegas' *Natural and Civil History of California*, and the same translator's edition of Kino's *Memoir of Pimeria Alta* in the very first row of the library of every serious student of California's annals.

"The Pathfinder"

UNDER the sod he's been for thirty-eight years, has John Charles Frémont, and now for the first time, without digesting half a library, Mr. Average Reader may gain a faithful picture of one of the most lauded and most maligned

figures that ever appeared beneath the proscenium of the Union. I don't mean to infer that "The Pathfinder" lacked for biographers; far from it. In fact he was the victim of a plethora rather than a paucity of these literary portrait painters.

There was nothing vapid or colorless about Frémont alive. On the one hand he made friends who supported him and defended his every action with an apostolic zeal; on the other he created enemies who smote him, hip and thigh, and relegated him to that society of "scoundrels" to which have belonged, in their time, such as Lincoln, McKinley, Bryan, Roosevelt and Wilson. In death, the line of demarcation between his critics and his defenders has remained as sharply drawn.

John Bigelow's *Life of John Charles Frémont*, a campaign biography of 1856, and the first, affords a classical example of a biographer at work with a bellows; Upham's *Life, Explorations and Public Services of John Charles Frémont*, published the same year, is in the same vein; *A Man Unafraid*, by Bashford and Wagner (1927) makes it the third of a kind. Dellenbaugh's *Frémont and '49*, like his other contributions to the literature of the West, is an exceeding-

ly valuable study. Unfortunately, however, it carried Frémont only through his fourth expedition of 1853, except for a brief chapter on his political ventures and an even briefer one on his closing days.

Now comes a full, well-rounded, and rational biography by Allan Nevins—*Frémont, the West's Greatest Adventurer* (Harper and Brothers). It is neither "critical" nor "sympathetic," despite the suspicious ring to the title. It is a competently written story, with a very definite literary quality. No attempt has been made by the author to submerge Frémont's foibles beneath a sea of his admittedly courageous excursions. Nor, on the contrary, have his extraordinary vagaries been so inordinately emphasized as to indicate psychopathia.

Full value is given to the sophomoric exploits of his youth—his incorrigibility at school and his phantom loves. His tenacity of purpose which, at times, proved manifest foolhardiness and perversity, is well delineated. So, too, are the many instances of his generosity, his temerity, and the all-prevailing curiosity that led him back and forth across the wilderness half a dozen times.

Nevins has dipped frequently into Frémont's inexhaustible *Me-*

moirs for much of his material, but he amplifies it from many other sources, the manuscripts of Jessie Benton Frémont contributing no little. But there is contained herein, too, a mass of new material. Important indeed, for the light it throws on Frémont's hitherto inexplicable participation in the Bear Flag Revolt and the conquest of California, is a letter of justification from George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy. This, too, in a measure, explains Frémont's loyalty to Stockton, which brought him to so much grief at the hands of Kearny.

But the impetuosity that led him into so many rash ventures remains as it has been for years—a subject for abstract speculation. What brought him, on his second expedition, to risk valuable records, to say nothing of lives and property, in his voyage down the Platte? What justification had he for pushing across the Sierra Nevada during mid-winter of 1844? What was to be gained by his imperious defiance of Castro in 1846? And, above all, in the face of sager counsel what led him to sacrifice eleven faithful comrades in his disastrous journey through the San Juan Mountains in 1848-1849, and jeopardize a like number in the same locality and under identical circumstances in 1853?

Your guess is as good as mine. An egocentricity, perhaps, or an implacable urge to accomplish that which he set out to do. The prob-

lem is one for a psychologist. Nevins supplies the data—the clinical picture—one may induce his own conclusions.

Interesting details of Frémont's later years, his brief but satellite political career, his nearness to the Presidency, his Mariposa estate with the complex financial schemes devised for its exploitation, his fortune and his poverty, his court-martial and his arrest in London, all are presented in an engaging and honest chronicle.

And to give credit where credit is due, Nevins' story throws into gentle relief the patent fact that Jessie Benton Frémont was, at least, half the family.

* * *

The Old Scout

KIT CARSON couldn't distinguish between an "a" and a "j," but he could tell a Pawnee from an Arapahoe half way 'cross a township. Gentler in his dealings with his kind than many exemplars of modern business, he never took human life save in necessity, yet the fateful tally on the butt of his old muzzle-loading rifle showed thirty or forty tacks, and, doubtless there were a number he failed to count.

His life and his times are graphically recalled in *Kit Carson, The Happy Warrior of the Old West*, by Stanley Vestal, recently published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Any list of heroes of the West must contain the name of Carson in its highest bracket. The

Pacific Slope owes an enormous debt of gratitude to Jedediah Smith, Father Serra, Frémont, Stockton, Kearny, and even poor old Johann Sutter. But Stockton, Kearny, Frémont and a host of others owe an even greater debt to this insignificant (physically, but mighty otherwise) mountain man. Some of them chose to acknowledge it in a fitting fashion. Others didn't; which only goes to prove that the difference between a man of probity and rectitude, and a stuffed shirt, isn't to be measured by circumstantial rank or artificial title. Then, as now and ever shall be, some of the most impossible creatures had the faculty for lighting in the seats of the mighty.

If one is a votary of astrology, an explanation of the magnitude of this little man from Taos may be found in the fact that he was born on Christmas Day, of meek and lowly parents. We see him at the saddler's bench in Franklin, the frontier of 1826, indentured to a trade little to his liking. From this he made the break that was to revise the entire trend of his life—he joins a caravan on the trail to Santa Fé.

Thence Kit and Taos and Santa Fé are synonymous. Trapper, scout, Indian fighter, guide he becomes; the husband of three women—a beautiful Arapahoe, a Xantippean Cheyenne and the lovely Señorita Josepha, who bore him a numerous brood. Vestal sketches all these episodes in a facile style; "the

prettiest fight" with the Blackfeet; the meeting with Frémont and the subsequent life-long alliance; the battle of Klamath Lake; San Pascual and Kearny's folly; the trials of an Indian agent at Taos; and the battle of Adobe Walls, a "victorious" defeat.

Here's a book that's built on a chronicle of valorous accomplishments. Read it, and if you don't wish you were back on the Arkansas counting "coup" over the scalps of a pesky redskin or two, or helping to smash the furniture at a regular Taos fandango in company with Kit, Bill Williams and half a score of the "Carson men," your leucocyte count, I'll hazard, is running dangerously high.

Mr. Vestal's venture is not entirely free from literary lapses. His journeys into the vernacular are both injudicious and irritating. Speaking of the punishment meted out by Indians to those who violated the injunction against lone hunting, the author avers that when such a hunter was caught the tribe "raised hell with him generally for his selfishness." Hardly becoming a Rhodes scholar and a Professor of English in the University of Oklahoma. Similar crudities evidence themselves elsewhere. We find Peter Lassen referred to as "Peter Lawson," for instance. But these, in truth, are captious criticisms. Don't let them deter you from reading an otherwise excellent story.

—P.T.H.

Billions From Boneyards of the Past

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

ton Beach lot as a premium. The lot, subscribers are said to have been told, was right down by the breakers.

When the book agents had finished their work the lots were all allocated. People wrote to ask the city clerk of Huntington Beach what they were worth, and learned that they were a mile from the city proper. Many owners failed to keep up the taxes, and each year Huntington Beach citizens who believed that the town would eventually grow into something bought up the premium lots at tax sale, paying from \$100 to \$250 apiece for them. In that way they fell into the hands of F. H. McElfresh, Dennis Hearn, Clinton Newman, W. O. Day and dozens of others.

In 1921 when oil was discovered at Huntington Beach, the oil derricks marched straight out to these lots. Two hundred and fifty of the lots were then in the hands of Southern Californians. The Globe Petroleum Corporation and Reliance Oil Company bunched some of the lots into two community leases of about fifteen lots each, and perhaps as many as a dozen wells were drilled on the group.

The writer remembers when Globe's Encyclopedia No. 3 came gliding in at the rate of 4000 barrels per day. At that time \$2,000 was an average offer for most any of those Encyclopedia lots. Their owners were taking down from \$60 to \$150 per month in royalties. No doubt many of those who picked

up their lots at tax sale, for a song, ultimately realized from \$3,000 to \$5,000 out of their oil rights, and still had some valuable real estate on hand.

This brings us to a singular little tale of the ups and downs of companies and stocks, which probably cannot be duplicated elsewhere. The Globe Petroleum Corporation, which drilled some of the Encyclopedia lots, bought ten acres at Santa Fe Springs, before the big oil excitement there got under way. It paid exactly \$5,000 for the tract—\$500 an acre.

Then one oil company appeared and offered Globe \$30,000 cash for four acres of the land, and Globe retained 13 1/3 per cent over-riding royalty in the production. In the course of a few weeks one of the spectacular oil promoters took a fancy to another piece and finally laid down a cool \$250,000 for four acres of it. In this piece Globe likewise retained 13 1/3 per cent over-riding royalty. Then Globe took some of its cash and drilled a well for itself on the other two acres. This well went on production at the rate of 6000 barrels a day.

Globe's stock had a par value of 25 cents. Within that year it had been as low as 4 cents and as high as 18 cents. The company did not pay out much of its money in dividends. It declared a 2 per cent dividend only three times, but on the strength of its prosperity people bought the stock with great eager-

ness at times. It went from 20 cents to 78 cents a share in a few weeks.

In the days when Globe was selling at about 4 cents some of the stenographers in another oil office spent their dress money for Globe. When the stock suddenly skyrocketed to 78 cents one little red-headed Remington destroyer went over to the curb market, dumped all she had, and walked from there straight to the bank and deposited \$7,435. Some of the other girls held on too long and didn't do so well. But most of them cleaned up a few hundred, which is in itself worthy of note, for they generally get plucked when they buy oil stock.

Mighty few Globe stockholders ever made any money, it is asserted, with the exception of those who played the market. The company eventually spent a lot of its surplus drilling wells and leasing lands, and finally got into debt, winding up with almost nothing, and plenty of bills to pay, although, out of the money and the royalties from the ten acres at Santa Fe Springs, it took in \$1,000,000 across a span of three years—all from the investment of \$5,000.

The Virginia Country Club, near Long Beach, had an interesting and profitable experience in oil development. Several years ago the Shell Company of California decided that the property was well worth a wildcat well, so it offered to pay a bonus of \$150,000 for a lease on 150 acres, and give one-sixth of

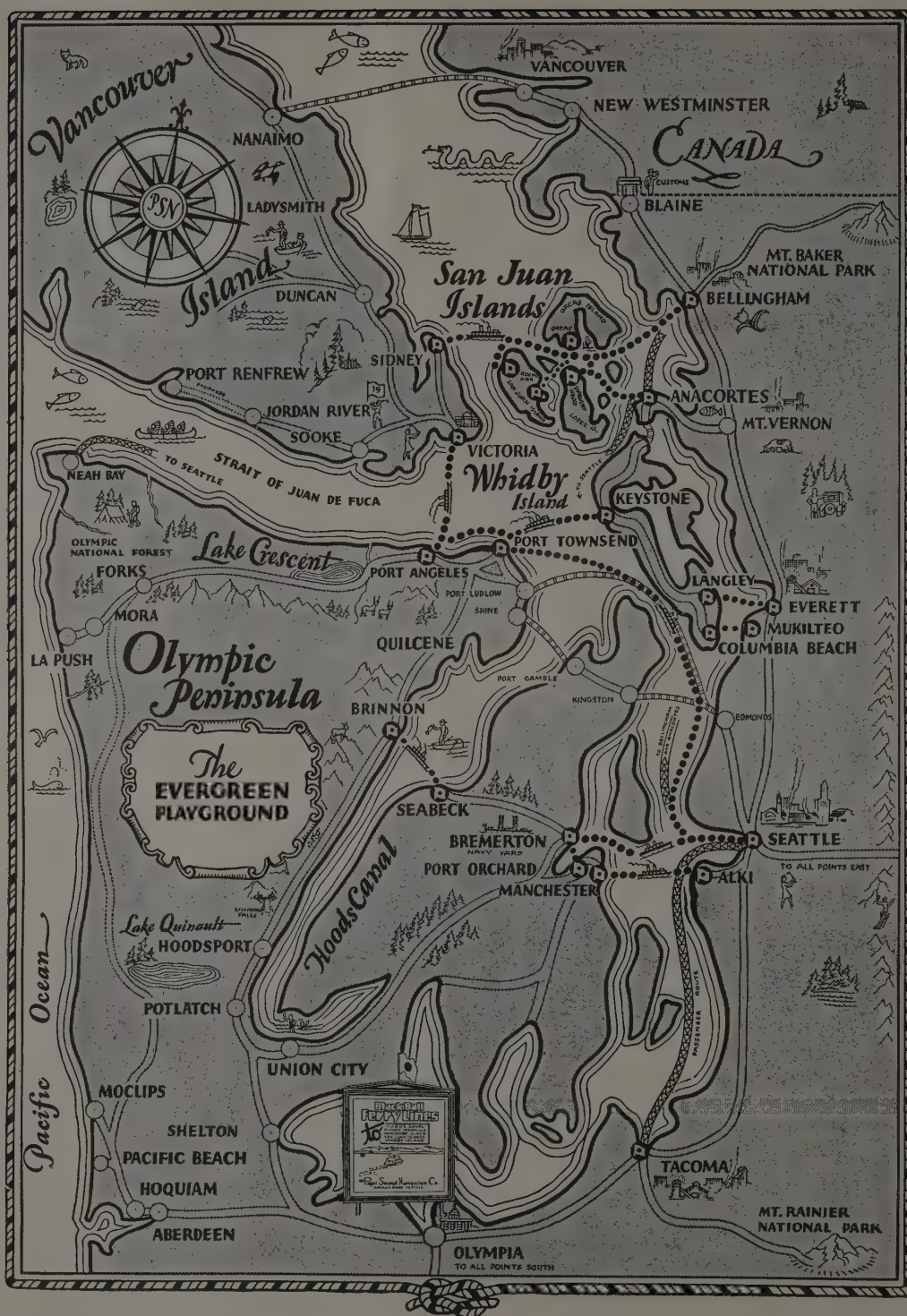
all the oil it might find there. The proposition was accepted, and Shell put up the most attractive derrick and boiler layout it could design, to avoid blemishing the beautiful landscape. The company drilled a hole 5020 feet deep, and gained absolutely nothing but experience.

On the strength of all that money rolling into the club treasury, members who had paid \$400 for their cards are said to have been offered as much as \$1,100 for them, because they were participating memberships. It was declared at the time that more than 1000 applications for membership were on the waiting list.

When Shell got through drilling on the club grounds along came the Associated Oil Company and paid \$75,000 cash for the privilege of drilling on the west seventy-five acres. This proposition was likewise accepted by the club. After making the deal, Associated changed its mind, and never stuck a drill into the lease. The land was quit-claimed only a few weeks ago.

So the Virginia Country Club picked up \$225,000 of pure velvet, because two big oil companies guessed wrong about the likelihood of there being oil under the property. The Virginia used its oil bonus money to build a magnificent tennis court, remodel its splendid golf course, and rebuild and enlarge its clubhouse.

The Potrero Country Club, near Inglewood, more recently had a



“THE Evergreen Playground” is the name given to that part of Western Washington and British Columbia bordering Puget Sound. It is a region of high mountains and beautiful valleys, of a marvelous inland sea of more than two thousand miles of shore line, of crystal lakes and rushing rivers, of fertile fields and beautiful cities. Magnificent highways penetrate to many of its most scenic spots and the Black Ball Ferry Lines completes the accessibility to the islands and peninsulas of Puget Sound.

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of the whole "Evergreen Playground" is
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All of this "Evergreen Playground" is a land of varied beauty. Ideal campsites are found almost every mile. Numerous resorts and hotels offer splendid accommodations. Lakes, rivers and smaller streams abound in gamey trout while the Sound offers clams on its beaches, with giant crabs and many kinds of salt water fish. Mountains which are the "youngest" and most rugged on the continent challenge the prowess of the mountaineer. Some of the world's finest remaining forests of giant red firs, cedars and spruce border the highways and clothe the hillsides.

For the convenience of those who contemplate enjoying this enchanting country, a folder has been arranged, giving photographs and detailed information of 19 one, two, three, four, five and six day automobile tours from Seattle. Distances between towns is given together with a description of the scenery and points of interest en route. These trips are contained within the territory indicated by the map on the opposite page, which is reproduced in the folder in three colors. A sample trip is herewith given, distances eliminated:

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"A Scene Along Hood Canal"

The voyage from Seattle to Bremerton is, in itself, one of the most attractive short trips by water. Leaving the city on the commodious ferry, the traveler is borne across the magnificent harbor of Elliott Bay, as he watches the impressive skyline of the city disappear in the distance. After crossing the main body of Puget Sound the boat enters a tortuous passage rounding Fort Ward and passing along wooded shores thickly dotted with summer homes, until it arrives at Bremerton, home of the Puget Sound Navy Yard. Here towering against the sky will be seen the huge cranes and lofty buildings of the Yard and usually navy craft ranging from giant battleships to tiny subchasers and submarines are in the harbor or lie exposed in the huge drydocks, undergoing repairs. A trip through the yard and battleships can be arranged through the Bremerton Chamber of Commerce.

From Bremerton to Seabeck the road winds through beautiful woods, where in the Spring the Washington state flower, the rhododendron blooms in rich profusion. Seabeck is known as "the Lake Geneva of the West" because of the many summer conferences held there by various religious and social service groups. From here the traveler has a glorious view of the majestic Olympics, towering above the blue waters of the Canal. Ferrying across to Brinnon the route leads southward past numerous resorts and amid scenes of ever changing charm and grandeur, rounding the head of Hood Canal and following the Navy Yard Highway back to Port Orchard and thence by fertile fields and rich berry farms to Manchester whence the ferry leaves for Alki, the point where Seattle's first settlers landed.

*This folder, "Seeing The Puget Sound Country by Motor and Ferry"
will be mailed free to anyone on request.*

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somewhat similar experience. It leased its land to the Associated Oil Company when the latter was getting together acreage for a wildcat well near Cypress Avenue. No cash bonus was paid in this instance, but if oil is found on the land the club gets one-sixth of it. The wildcat well has produced some oil in recent weeks, but is still in the experimental stage.

The story of the Lloyd leases in the Ventura Avenue field at Ventura reads like a modern fairy tale, being fantastic enough to require no literary embellishment. Back in the '90s L. M. Lloyd, a retired professional man in frail health, came to California and bought several thousand acres in the rugged hills just above Ventura Avenue for a cattle ranch. He gave the beef business a pretty good trial, but it didn't pan out as he had hoped, so he opened negotiations to sell the place as a sheep ranch.

At that time Mr. Lloyd's son, Ralph, was studying geology at the University of California. When he learned that his father contemplated selling the home place to a sheep-grazer, he implored the elder Lloyd to reserve the mineral rights on the entire tract. While that angle had not been seriously considered before, it was not difficult to negotiate, because the sheep man had no earthly use for the mineral rights. What he hoped for was a reasonable amount of rainfall, and an abundance of bunchgrass.

So the Lloyds hung onto the mineral rights of the old home place, and a matter of five years later some shallow oil was discovered at depths ranging between 400 and 800 feet. It tested 56 degrees gravity, which is only seven points less than the Los Angeles test for commercial gasoline.

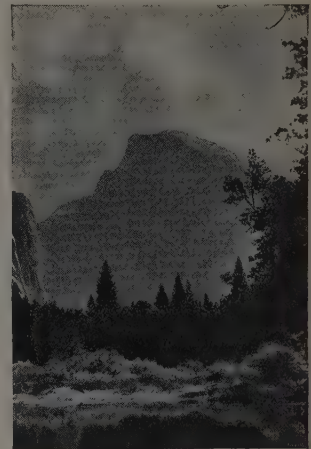
Ralph Lloyd spent years endeavoring to get big companies to drill that property. In 1913 he got Joseph B. Dabney and E. J. Miley to join with him in drilling a deeper test, and at 2550 feet they hit an oil sand with such heavy gas pressure that it destroyed their outfit, blew out a big crater, and created a pond of oil.

It was feared that the well, flowing without a water shut-off, would flood other oil sands in the field, and the operators were required to work for months and spend what has been estimated as \$200,000 to build a concrete bulkhead in the middle of the pond and pour in enough cement to permanently stop what they had started.

After that demonstration it was no trick to get big companies to drill the field. Dabney and Lloyd leased a lot of their holdings to major operators, and went on picking up the mineral rights of lands along the Ventura anticline until today they hold more than 123,000 acres. The three pioneers have hung onto over-riding royalties on all their leases which have been developed in the Ventura Avenue field.

The field has already revealed six different oil zones, and is said to have produced between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 barrels of oil in the last three years. It has put out 40,000,000 barrels of oil in the last twenty months, and it yielded

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18,000,000 barrels during 1927, to say nothing of a gas output estimated at 200,000,000 cubic feet per day—enough to supply the domestic requirements of all Los Angeles and Pasadena.

One would be somewhat aged and infirm before he would be able to wheedle Ralph Lloyd into revealing how much money that sheep ranch has made the Lloyd family. As a matter of fact Ralph Lloyd was well-to-do before the oil came in, but his bank account now—well, Miley has a smaller royalty interest in the field than either Dabney or Lloyd, and Miley's income therefrom is asserted to be \$35,000 to \$40,000 per month. If Ralph Lloyd hasn't taken 2,000,000 barrels out of that field then I don't want a cent for the motion picture rights of this story. And the end is not yet, because experts have said that the Ventura Avenue field will eventually yield up 200,000,000 barrels of petroleum. They

still raise sheep there, but nobody has ever been able to pull the wool over Ralph Lloyd's eyes on an oil proposition.

So many strange things happen in connection with Southern California real estate that people who own it are torn between two impulses—they are afraid that if they don't sell it they will wish they had, and fearful that if they do sell it they will wish they hadn't.

Take A. W. Cleaver, proprietor of the Sanitary Laundry at Fullerton. In 1904 he was the better part of the Long Beach and Alamitos Improvement Company, which owned 240 acres of tidelands directly east of and just within the city limits of Long Beach. The company was eager to sell this acreage off as lots, but the land was so low that people didn't seem to care for it.

As the years went by many of the lots were sold for \$100 and \$200, then \$250 and finally \$300

each. Three years ago,—perhaps fifteen to eighteen months before oil was found there,—Mr. Cleaver sold the five acres on which the Pan-American Petroleum Company more recently drilled a nice bunch of oil wells, for a paltry \$3,500. This cleaned up all the Cleaver holdings with the exception of about three acres, and the reason this was not sold was that nobody wanted it.

The tract ran in a sort of narrow strip which curved around one end of the five acres on which Pan-American drilled. It was a subdivision remnant, in many places ten to fifteen feet wide. At the east end it spread out almost square, embracing two acres. Mr. Cleaver admits that he was in for selling it at any price, but says that his wife "had a hunch" they had better hang onto it.

When the Seal Beach field began producing oil Paul Getty leased the Cleaver strip and drilled four or

five wells on it. The biggest producers in the field were found on this strip. Some of them yielded 10,000 to 12,000 barrels a day for a time. The first well came booming in for 12,000 barrels a day on Cleaver's sixty-seventh birthday, and Mr. and Mrs. Cleaver celebrated their good fortune, you may be assured.

Last year the royalty money rolled into their pockets at the rate of \$60,000 per month, according to reports, and is still coming in at better than \$25,000 per month, if we may believe what we hear. The Cleavers are modest folk. They won't admit that the three acres have made them \$300,000 nor do they need to. The writer is willing to admit it for them.

Being a first-class laundryman, Mr. Cleaver is using considerable of his oil fortune in remodeling and re-equipping his modern laundry at Fullerton, but there is plenty left, and the fortunate couple.

Quaker State Super refined

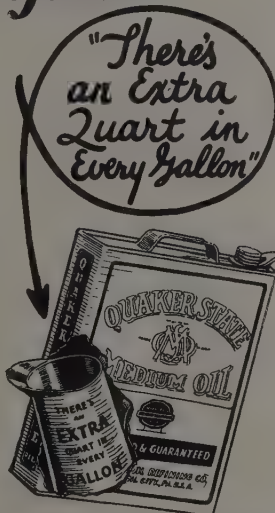
If the motor of your car is properly lubricated you will get more power—more pep and little or no repair bills. But you must be specific in asking for oil by brand. For instance, do not say, "Give me a quart of 'Eastern'." for the word "Eastern" describes any oil produced from the fields located East of the service station where you bought your oil. The motorist who gives some consideration to the proper lubrication of his motor should designate oil by brand.

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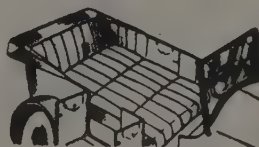


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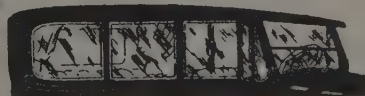
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whose ship came in March 31, 1927, are making preparations to sail on that ship, this summer, for a trip around the world.

Many years ago, when real estate subdividers undertook to make a health resort out of Santa Fe Springs, because there were sulphur springs there, lots were cut up 25 by 100 feet. A Los Angeles business man named Morrison bought six of them for \$25 apiece.

More than twenty years later, after the townsite had grown up to weeds and fruit trees and chicken ranches, a poultryman de-

siring to enlarge his chicken park, sought Mr. Morrison and offered him \$25 each for the six lots, and a deal was made.

A few weeks later he visited Mr. Morrison's office, complaining that somebody else owned a lot between the fifth and sixth lots he had bought, and that the end lot was of no use to him. He wanted his money back, so Mr. Morrison handed him \$25 and took a deed back for the one lot.

After the lapse of another ten years the land agent for a big oil company called upon Mr. Morrison

one day and wanted to lease the lot. Oil had been struck at Santa Fe Springs. He offered \$1,000 cash bonus for the privilege of drilling, and would give one-sixth of the oil. One well was drilled on the 25-foot lot. The first year it paid over \$1,500 royalty, then \$900 a year, and \$650 a year. Altogether it has panned out nearly \$4,000.

Louis Denni, a native of Switzerland, owned a few acres on Signal Hill when the oil excitement started. Two different companies leased parcels of it and obtained millions of barrels of oil from it. Mr. Den-

ni, who resided in Wilmington, invested about \$400,000 in harbor real estate and took a trip back to Switzerland. Now he and his wife are residing at Sierra Madre, and are making preparations to tour the world this year.

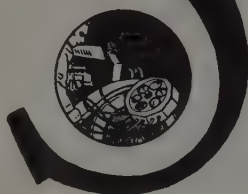
The Rosecrans homestead at Rosecrans was an old Spanish land grant. It was deeded to General Rosecrans by the United States government. A few years ago it was the scene of great oil excitement and the oil made the family immensely wealthy.

Not all of the oil wealth in the Los Angeles Basin remains here. The Andersons, who own five and one-half acres at Santa Fe Springs, reside in the east. General Petroleum Corporation has taken 1,400,000 barrels of oil from this lease, and the land-owner's one-sixth has been mailed back to the owners.

Speaking of an acre of land and a living therefrom, the General Petroleum organization has taken 7,300,000 barrels of oil from eight and one-half acres at Signal Hill. Add the gas and gasoline and you'd have the equivalent of 1,000,000 barrels of oil to the acre. There are land owners at Signal Hill who have gathered more than \$350,000 from a single acre via the oil route. A schoolma'm who owned half an acre there is rated as being worth \$200,000.

The Clock and McWhinney lease at Signal Hill, consisting of five acres, has produced 2,900,000 barrels of oil. The Jonah Jones four acres in the same field has yielded 4,500,000 barrels, and has been no Jonah to Jones, for a lot of this

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CHRYSLER AUBURN STUDEBAKER AND NASH
WOODWARD AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEERS

BEacon 7500

1260 So. Alvarado at Pico

Established 1912

FEDERAL

EXTRA SERVICE

TIRES

Why Gamble On Mileage?

Ask About Our "One Year Guarantee" on
FEDERAL Double Blue Pennant TIRES!

—Complete Tire Protection for a Year—

California
Tire & Rim Co.

1422
50 GRAND AVE.

Signal Hill oil, in the early days of the field, was worth upwards of \$2 a barrel.

There are at least five wells on as many town lots at Signal Hill that have produced more than 1,000,000 barrels apiece, and several wells at Santa Fe Springs have gone over the 1,000,000-barrel mark. Probably the biggest producer in Southern California is a well in the Whittier field, belonging to the Birch Oil Company. It has been chugging along for a matter of twenty-five years or so and is credited with having put out more than 4,000,000 barrels of petroleum.

Another good example of oil production is the Hass lease of the Richfield Oil Company, at Signal Hill. Along in the '90s the father of Ernest S. Hass of Los Angeles bought ten acres on the sunny side of Signal Hill. He leased it to Japanese truck gardeners who

planted it to blackberries, and it was yielding luscious berries when the Shell Company struck oil on the hill in the summer of 1921.

Seventeen wells were drilled on the tract, prior to this year. Since 1922 these wells have produced 6,100,000 barrels of oil, to say nothing of gas and other by-products. The operating company is said to be of the belief that the lease is good for at least another 4,000,000 from the original wells, to say nothing of what may be recovered from new wells going to the deeper zone.

Ernest Hass, who looks after the destinies of this piece of property, owns three herds of registered Holstein cattle on as many different ranches. He owns more purebred Holstein cows than any other man in California. Thus has the oil industry assisted in the development of better dairy cows and the

improvement of our milk supply.

Out at Montebello the oil derricks marched down the hillsides onto the floor of the valley and sprang up in the gardens of the Howard and Smith nursery. Four or five wells on this property have been producing steadily for years. The Beautiful Lily of the Nile, the Bird of Paradise and the graceful Seaworthia palm may be found there today, within a stone's throw of the derricks which are pumping black gold from a zone where the drill went 4500 feet to unlock one of Mother Nature's mysteries.

Alfonso Bell was an industrious farmer at Santa Fe Springs in 1920. He owned considerable land and rented more. Much of it he sublet to gardeners. In 1921 the Union Oil Company struck oil on his 170 acres. They named that oil zone the Bell sand. Since then

the Union has taken 11,738,500 barrels of oil off that piece of property.

Then what did Mr. Bell do? He picked up and moved to Los Angeles. He went out to Benedict Canyon, between Beverly Hills and Santa Monica, and bought the Danziger home. Then he purchased 22,000 acres lying between the Soldiers' Home and the ocean. Everybody knows about Bel-Air. Millions have seen this beautiful spot. Country club, golf course, mountain homes, magnificent residential subdivision, and other things which have added greatly to the natural beauty of the landscape. Still on the sunny side of fifty, Alfonso Bell has shown us how a man can take brackish, ill-smelling oil out of the ground and convert it into something which makes the world a more beautiful and more desirable place in which to live.

Cruising in Broadway

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50)

a much larger car. It is essentially a small car, with a low center of gravity and surprisingly small wheels. The motor is slightly larger and develops more power. A military visor of graceful design, which was woefully lacking in the Custom Six, has been added.

A full rear bumper replaces the bumperettes. A small rear window gives a natty effect while ample light is afforded by the side windows with clever reveals in the closed models. There is a nickel

cross-bar to support the head lamps which is used in place of the upright standards on some cars. Small nickel, bullet-shaped cowl-lights are a needed addition. The head lamps are of a nicer design and use the double filament, you know, two-in-one-bulbs, for driving. Here we also find another of those torsional neutralizers which have to do with eliminating the strain, vibration, or something. The worm drive axle is retained, which means that it must be pretty good.

One advantage of this is that it permits a lower center of gravity, which is a great help to the quick swerving, "who cares" driver as well as others, if any. Bright and merry, these little cars make good the boast of their appearance and shoot through traffic and climb hills with amazing grace and ease, to say the least.

* * *

IN the higher class field we find those numbers which were favored at the recent auto shows now

added to regular lines. Nothing surprising in that, but there are some mighty nice bodies on some of the products by Judkins, Dietrich, Locke and the other arbiters of styles in motor car design.

Everything is for the women folks, easier driving, more comfort, and luxury galore as usual. It is nice for the men that women demand such attention, otherwise the lowly males would be deprived of the pleasure of decrying the feminine features and would be forced

Adapt Cameo Signs to Your Business



Cameo porcelain enamel signs have adapted themselves profitably to almost every type of business and industry.

They can be manufactured in any size, quantity, designs or color combinations. Each "Cameo Sign" is guaranteed not to fade or tarnish for ten years.

All road signs used by the Auto Club of Southern California are Cameo Signs

CALIFORNIA METAL ENAMELING CO.

2151 East 51st Street

LOS ANGELES



7,000 feet up in the Fresno County High Sierra on the shore of Huntington Lake, every possible convenience and comfort is provided for the guest of Huntington Lake Lodge. Excellent cuisine. Varied entertainment includes trout fishing in the lake and many streams that empty into it, boating, riding, hiking, tennis and dancing. Guides, pack and saddle outfits complete the trips into the back country arranged for at the Lodge.

How to Get There

Drive to Fresno, thence through 35 miles of vineyards and foothills, thence along 35 miles of splendid mountain road through the pines to Huntington Lake Lodge. For complete information address D. A. MUNGER, Edison Building, PHONE FABER 7121, Los Angeles, or F. M. WILLIAMS, Mgr. Huntington Lake, Calif.

Huntington Lake Lodge

LOWER RATES ON
**Automobile
Loans to
Members**

HAVING AUTO CLUB
INSURANCE



WE 9391
also
5900
HOLLYD BLVD.



Pick a Cigarette from your dash LIT FOR YOU by CIG-A-LITE

Does Danger hold the wheel while you light a cigarette? Is Inconvenience your companion when you long for the cool comfort of a smoke? Never!—if your car is equipped with Cig-A-Lite!

Cig-A-Lite is an automatic cigarette lighter for the motorist. Of genuine molded bakelite, it is the handsomest handyman that ever graced a dash-board. It delivers a lighted cigarette almost as quickly as the tick of a watch.

Your eyes never leave the highway. You're never blinded by flame, nor bothered by wind. You need never "pull up" to the side of the road—or even slow down. You literally pick the lighted cigarette from your dashboard! More, Cig-A-Lite accepts the ash, puts out the stub, and furnishes you with a handy pocket cigarette case to boot.

Send the coupon today for Cig-A-Lite. You'll agree that for convenient, time-saving safety, Cig-A-Lite is the most advisable luxury ever offered the smoking, motoring public. Simple directions for installing are furnished with each one.



COUPON

Cig-A-Lite Products Co.,
(Div. Gat-Gun Lubricating Corp.)
Builders Exch. Bldg., Dept. T
Oakland, California.
Gentlemen:

Send me a Cig-A-Lite in—
polished black (\$8.50) ☐
mottled walnut (\$10.00) ☐
If my check or money order is not enclosed, I am to pay the postman on delivery, in which case I will also pay parcelpost C.O.D. charges.

My car is a (make)
..... (year) (model)
It is agreed that if, 10 days after receipt, I am not wholly satisfied, I can return it and have my money refunded promptly.

Name
Address
City State

JOBBERS AND RETAILERS!!
Write for our sales proposition on Cig-A-Lite, the popular new automatic cigarette dispenser and lighter for wise motorists. 128

to forego many excellent features. Cadillac, ever alert to modish promptings, has an adjustable back on the driver's seat as well as a movable steering column so that plump Aunt Jessica and slender cousin Belle can both be accommodated.

Individualism is the cry in custom-built bodies, and lap robes to match upholstery, unique and colorful decorations, jeweled vanities, hassocks, and all manner of "neat, but not gaudy," trappings are found on these bijous.

We are glad to see the "pneumonia" cars have been equipped with all-weather tops; the poor chauffeurs have long had a hard time of it. Lincoln, Mr. Holbrook and others have effected this humane change. Also in these cabriolet Lincolns by Holbrook there is a so-called visiting seat half-way facing the rear seat, thus not only permitting conversation with more ease but obviating the necessity of those in the rear seat looking at the back of the stalwart unfortunate who must sit on the small seat.

Ultra-precision is the thing, it seems, with the high-grade motor makers. Balloon tires are marked at their lightest point so that the valve stem may be placed there to insure perfect balance. Now that is getting down to real fine points.

Pierce-Arrow has just introduced a new version of the Series 81 Club Brougham which we are pleased to note is somewhat lower priced. The only changes are a new combination of colors, slightly different upholstering material and hardware; in fact, it is the same car, but Pierce-Arrow, ever piquant, takes this naive means to effect a change in price.

Packards, so they say, are being sold in department stores in London. We may be put to it to buck a lingerie sale to buy our new chariots soon!

Beirut to Bagdad

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

at making herself Queen of the East, but was carried in slavery to Rome by her conqueror, the Emperor Aurelian, who in 273 destroyed and sacked the city and butchered its inhabitants. Palmyra today is what Aurelian and subsequent earthquakes left it—a heap of ruins, but it is a very large and fascinating heap, and some of the ruins are of great beauty, especially the long colonnade, the Temple of the Sun, the Triumphal Gateway, and the subterranean tombs.

At two o'clock we started on the last lap of our journey, some 300 miles, to the far-famed city of Haroun-al-Raschid and the caliphs of old, present seat of the British government of Iraq, and gateway to India and Persia. The weather had cleared up, the road across the sand was wonderfully smooth. Our chauffeur-jockey promised to make the jump within six hours.

Between Palmyra and Bagdad the traveler by automobile has ample opportunity to fall beneath the magic spell of the seemingly end-

THE EVERGREEN PLAYGROUND



Lake Chelan
Cascade Mountains

A "DIFFERENT" Vacation in the Evergreen Playground

LAST SUMMER a Los Angeles banker said: "Why didn't I know of the wonderful summer vacation land of Puget Sound and British Columbia twenty years ago. I'd never have gone elsewhere for my summer vacations."

This banker, like tens of thousands of others, from all parts of the United States and Canada, has recently discovered that surrounding the cities of Longview, Tacoma, Seattle, Everett, Bellingham, Vancouver and Victoria is a summer land which has no equal, just as there is no winter land like California and the southwest.

Ours is a country looking out upon the broad Pacific, with great stretches of inland sea, bordered by evergreen forests; the horizon bounded by dazzling snow-capped peaks; of glorious summer days and refreshing nights.

Here you encounter no excessive heat. You enjoy every outdoor sport—mountain climbing, yachting, bathing, canoeing, motoring over perfect roads through a scenic wonderland; salt water, stream and lake fishing; skiing down glaciers, golf on evergreen fairways, camping, hiking, and a climate that gives this region the world's health record.

[This advertisement can scarcely outline the attractions which drew 175,000 motorists from California, Utah, Arizona and Oregon to Puget Sound and British Columbia last year. For complete description mail the coupon below and receive the free 32-page illustrated booklet.]

Puget Sounders & British Columbians

Associated

LONGVIEW TACOMA SEATTLE EVERETT
BELLINGHAM VICTORIA VANCOUVER

"No Red Tape at the International Border"

PUGET SOUNDERS & BRITISH COLUMBIANS Associated
215 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
Gentlemen: Please send me your free illustrated booklet.

Name

Address

Lake Washington, Seattle





JUDGE TIRES AS YOU JUDGE CARS


ONLY motor cars of outstanding style, comfort and performance can meet the demands of modern motorists. Only tires which embody Fisk standards of appearance and performance are worthy to adorn your fine, modern car... There is a Fisk "Fillerless Cord" Tire of every size, of every type, and priced for every buyer's preference. Fisk makes the longest wearing, the easiest riding, the safest tires for today's motoring public.

FISK TIRES

FISK HEAVY DUTY TIRES WITH THE "RUGGED TREAD"

In this big, good-looking tire, Fisk offers you an outstanding measure of pliant strength and slow, even wear. All the features that you want most in a tire are plus factors in this special super-tire.

Fisk "Time to Re-Tire" Boys broadcast from coast to coast every Monday evening.




DUCO EXPERTS



You can now have your car finished in Genuine Duco in our plant by the originators of this glossy permanent finish AT A COST CONVENIENT TO ALL.

We absolutely guarantee you 100% Du Pont Duco, all work being personally supervised by the MOST EXPERT AUTOMOBILE FINISHERS IN AMERICA.

If your original finish is still good, ask for our re-conditioning process, which BRINGS YOUR CAR BACK TO THAT NEW CAR APPEARANCE IN TWO DAYS AT SMALL COST, consisting of our special body rub and polish, Duco finishing the hood, fenders, wheels, chassis and top.

SPECIAL PRICES TO AUTOMOBILE CLUB MEMBERS. Bring us your Automobile Club orders for fender and body repairs, top and upholstering repairs, and your top will be finished free with Genuine Du Pont Top Finish to preserve it another year.

We highly recommend "GLOSSENE," the newly discovered DUCO CLEANER AND POLISH to maintain your Duco finish and baked enamel. Free demonstrations daily at our plant.

Following refinished cars now on display at our plant in 1928 colors: Rolls Royce, Pierce Arrow, Lincoln, Packard, Cadillac, Marmon, Buick, Studebaker, Nash and Chrysler. Come in and see how your car will look refinished.

PACIFIC DUCO AUTO FINISHING CO., Inc.

E. G. GARRITY
President

BERT PUGH
Vice-President

2217 Beverly Blvd. (Formerly West First St.)
(Just west of Alvarado Street)

DUnkirk 1208

DUnkirk 1209

Pacific Duco Auto Finishing Co., 2217 Beverly Blvd.
(Duco Headquarters) Los Angeles, Calif.

Without obligation furnish me with cost of a 15-coat

Glossy Duco finish on my.....

(Name of car)

Name.....

Address.....

less desert with its changing colors, its mirages, its hills and rocks, its burnished sands, its sunrises and sunsets.

So occupied was I with the whole spectacle as viewed from the easy cushion of that rushing motor car that I failed to note the passing of time. In a land where dashboard clocks are seldom kept wound and where time-pieces in general are not worshipped as they are here at home, one easily falls into the Arabic "bukra" (tomorrow) habit. I could hardly believe it when four o'clock came and the speedometer said we had covered 120 of those 300 odd miles.

After several delays at and near the Iraq frontier for customs and tire changes it was well past eight o'clock when we reached Bagdad itself—the Bagdad of old Haroun-al-Raschid!

Slowing now to a snail's pace our honking way led among a colorful throng of native meh walking and talking in the cool of evening against the eternal background of cafe, bazaar and pointed minaret along a broad avenue slashed through the heart of the ancient city by Turkish armies retreating in the World War.

Bagdad's interesting palaces, bazaars, mosques and gardens were explored next morning under the guidance of a resident girl educator from the States, one of the pioneers whose commission it is to help the Iraq government cause the roses of Eden to bloom again in this traditional site of the Creation of Mankind.

Club Activities

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

handle the details of shipping. During the month of April this department handled shipments involving freight charges totalling \$29,000. In addition to the average number of shipments to all parts of the United States, it is interesting to note that fifty-nine inquiries were received regarding shipment to foreign domains and cars were consigned, through the department, to cities in England, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Germany, France, Belgium, Madagascar, Mexico, Canada, China, Australia and New Zealand. Siam and Abyssinia will surely feel hurt at being slighted.

It seems that the eastern motorists are coming to California and that Californians are going to foreign lands—so as to better appreciate the Golden State perhaps.

* * *

Results

AS THE result of the recent trip of Club officers from Nogales, Arizona, to Guaymas, Sonora, and the subsequent report advising the construction of an improved highway over this route, a contract for this work has been let. Actual construction will start within sixty days and completion is expected inside of a year, according to reports from Sonora. That the State of Sonora should see fit to rush work on this undertaking for which 2,250,000 pesos have been appropriated is a distinct compliment to the value of the Club's advice.

DUCO

**Excellent materials!
Alone, they are inadequate. Their use and application must be of the same distinctive high order.**

Therefore, have your car refinished the better way — The Thompson Way, the way that has, since Duco's inception, established Thompson's as a standard of comparison.



**Authorized
auto refinishing
station**

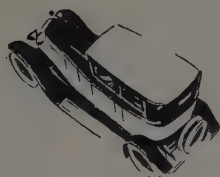
**ALL UNDER
ONE ROOF**

Painting; Fender and Body Repairing; Top Work; Upholstering; Body Reconstruction, and Custom Building.

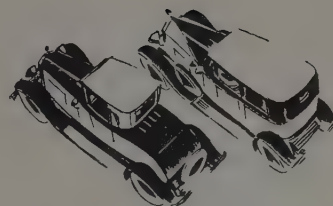
Robert Thompson & Co.
A CORPORATION
1015 So GRAND AVE
WEStmore 9196

WILSON-BOWEN AUTO WORKS
Estab'd 1914
SLEEP IN YOUR CAR
Phone WEStmore 4585
1318 South Main St. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Seat Backs Cut for Sleeping
BODY AND FENDER REPAIRING



Look for the authorized sign on the shop. This sign is displayed by the Duco Authorized Refinishing Station. Stations listed on this page—only in these shops can you be sure of getting your car refinished by the du Pont Process.



Make your car lead the procession

Why not bring your own car back into the new car class? The Duco Authorized Refinisher is equipped to refinish your car with Duco by the du Pont Process. His craftsmanship is attested by du Pont. His materials are made entirely by du Pont—the creators of Duco. The du Pont Process as used in his shop can make your car look like

new again, can make it lead the procession.

If your car doesn't need a complete refinishing job, if the original finish is still in good condition, the Duco Authorized Refinisher can make it look like one of the latest models by a Duco recoloring job.

Drive in to the Authorized Refinisher nearest you tomorrow and get an estimate on your car.

Authorized Refinishing Shops Los Angeles and Vicinity

LOS ANGELES

Don Lee, Inc.
7th & Bixel Sts.
Robert Thompson Co.,
1015 So. Grand Ave.
Pacific Duco Auto Refinish.
2217 Beverly Blvd.
Chas. W. Link, Inc.,
1501 West 8th St.
Greer-Robbins Co., Inc.,
48th & Alameda Sts.
Western Mechanical Works,
3221 So. Figueroa St.
Morgan Top Co.,
622 W. 17th St.
Joseph Kreutzer,
1801-23 S. Hope St.

Milligan & Newell Co.,
1385 So. Hope St.
F. Y. Wheeler Co.,
2814 S. Grand Ave.
Fontaine Auto Works,
1562 W. Pico St.
Ready-Go Service,
2701 S. Figueroa St.
West Coast Auto Paint Shop,
1460 W. Washington St.
Highland Auto Works,
106 So. Ave. 58
Woodward Automotive Engineers,
1260 So. Alvarado St.
Master Service Co.,
811 Whittier St.

COVINA

W. A. Label, 118 Orange St.

LONG BEACH

Duco System,
1724 American Ave.
L. B. Updike,
537 W. Anaheim Blvd.

Loynes Garage,
243 Chestnut St.
Continental Auto Paint Shop,
1189 E. Anaheim Blvd.

PASADENA

W. B. Fairweather,
38 North Hill Ave.
McLaren Body, Top & Paint Works,
136 So. Raymond Ave.

Walter M. Murphy Co.,
55 North Vernon Ave.
C. J. Damm,
55 Valley Street.

GLENDALE

Glendale Duco Automotive Works,
406 E. Colorado St.

Jewel City Paint Shop,
821 S. Glendale Ave.

BURBANK

Valley Duco Paint Shop, 325 West San Fernando Road.

HUNTINGTON BEACH

Rinard & Ebert, 610 S. Main St.

WHITTIER

Elliott's Auto Paint Shop, 120 Comstock Ave.

MONROVIA

Stanley Auto Paint Shop, 917 West Orange St.

SANTA BARBARA

Duco Auto Refinish Co., Chapala at Montecito St.

SAN BERNARDINO

Zulch Auto Works,
274 "I" Street.

Geo. Sherlock, Jr.,
529 Court St.

ONTARIO

Woods Body & Auto Shop,
320 N. Euclid Ave.

Wolfe & Couch,
Palm at Transit.

ANAHEIM

Cramer & Mills, 327 S. Los Angeles St.

VENTURA

Pacific Auto Refinish, 421 Palm St.

SAN PEDRO

Central Garage,
521 S. Pacific Blvd.

E. C. Richards,
526 W. 5th St.

COMPTON

Ferrell & Wood, 431 W. Main St.

LA JOLLA

La Jolla Garage, 7922 Herschell Ave.

RIVERSIDE

E. E. Gruhn,
1344 Market St.

Riverside Duco Works,
282 W. 8th St.

Riverside Auto Top & Body Works, 6th & Fairmount Sts.

SAN DIEGO

D. E. Lewis,
State and Ash Sts.

Raymond V. Morris Co.,
836 Columbia St.

SANTA ANA

Duco Auto Paint Shop,
Fifth & Ross Sts.

O. H. Egge & Co.,
426 W. 5th St.

POMONA

Sterling Auto Paint Co., 172 E. 5th St.

SANTA MONICA

Harrison Brush, 1428 2nd St.

SANTA MARIA

W. S. Edwards Co., Mill and Smith Sts.

BAKERSFIELD

O. N. Johnston,
18th & O Sts.

H. E. Jaynes & Son,
23rd & Chester Sts.

SAN LUIS OBISPO

C. H. Kamm & Co., 1009 Monterey

VISALIA

The Main Garage,
415 Main St.

Visalia Auto Top & Paint Shop,
511 E. Main St.

PORTERVILLE

Porterville Auto Paint Shop, Mill and B Sts.

TULARE

Tulare Radiator Works, 105 E. King St.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.  569 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

DUCO Authorized Auto Refinishers

Men's Fashions

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

There is a chance, of course, that he will take his vacation, *en famille*, so if such a contingency presents itself, with no reasonable arguments against it that mere man could think up at a moment's notice, he can pack into the family car a regular tent, which, although it folds up into quite a convenient parcel, will accommodate several

people, both large and small, and have every appearance of a substantial house, that is, if one be gifted with a lively imagination.

With this sort of tent, a folding extension bed is the very thing and the mattress, which can also be tucked away into an almost infinitesimal space in the car, can be taken to be used in the tent together with an air mattress or sleeping-bag. And so to bed.

Then there is that little matter of

food, for "Where is the man who can live without cooks?" Well, the poet to the contrary, he might exist on berries and herbs and raw fish, but why should he when a most compact stove, kitchen cabinet and icebox combined can be easily carried on the running board?

Whether or not the masculine of the species can see at a glance all the possibilities of this marvelous contraption, may remain forever a mooted question. There is, however, not the slightest doubt about a woman's immediate appreciation. In fact, she may be counted upon to go into ecstasies, as it were, the moment she sets her eyes upon it and will, no doubt, develop an uncontrollable desire to start cooking at once.

It is really astonishing the number of things that can be conveniently carried in any good family car and a man will get a world of pleasure out of packing and fitting things in. In fact, ask any summer vacationist; the getting "all set to go" is just about one-half of the fun of "roughing it" in California's wonderful out-of-doors.

feminine ways, many of the fair sex just dote on those extremely practical and mannish-looking dressing gowns. A model in gayly striped flannel, severely tailored, should be packed with the necessary apparel, unless the traveler prefers a sober robe of black or navy blue moire, black satin or other dark material, for the fluffy negligees of the boudoir have no place on this outdoor venture.

Above all, don't fail to take along some smocks; you will need them if you camp or take a cabin in the mountains. They are shown in gayly patterned flower designs or the new conventional prints in solid pastel shades or brightest colorings. Any one of these would be attractive enough to successfully counteract any defects in the campfire cooking which may have to be undertaken from time to time in making this summer journey into the unknown a vacation devoid of monotony and one long to be remembered.

"A Haven of Rest in the High Sierras"



Palisade Ranch

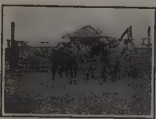
Located in the "Switzerland of America," where glorious trout streams abound—wonderful hunting—pack trips to the Palisade Glacier—or back into the snow-capped mountains. Enjoy the bracing mountain air and partake of wholesome ranch meals, served family style.

Only a 7-hour trip from Los Angeles.

Make this your destination this summer and enjoy a real rest and good time away from the din of the city—in beautiful Owens Valley.

Write or wire reservations—

BIG PINE, CALIF.



Sleep in Your Car

in a
"KIMBALL BED"



No cutting or mutilating

—installation simple. Folding beds for every model and make of car. Six feet of comfortable bed, ¾ width, at small total cost. No more tents or beds to carry on sides of cars.

Sold and Guaranteed for \$18.50
Delivered Complete

KIMBALL AUTO BED COMPANY 1115 N. SERRANO
LOS ANGELES

Let Us Replace That Broken Windshield

AUTOMOBILE GLASS REPLACEMENTS

STEP PLATES WIND WINGS ENAMEL EMBLEMS

E. D. HOFELLER CO.

1242 So. Flower St.

WE 6309

Women's Fashions

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45)

sleeveless, with a tightly fitting basque topping a skirt of tiered ruffles or flaring godets. Linen coats to match, either long or short, add a touch of cleverness and make this an ensemble which might suit any occasion likely to be encountered on a summer's journey. Scarfs, of course, must not be omitted and many are the styles from which to choose. Sport squares, triangles, long narrow scarfs which may be tied in a saucy bow, if you please.

And now, the luggage. *Impedimenta!* Make it light and take as little as possible, for this is to be a restful trip. Don't forget that little bag of rubberized plaid silk, with a drawstring at the top, for linen or whatever you like. Also one should have another bag of old-fashioned cretonne with a stiff bottom section that will hold an astonishing number of toilet necessities which should always accompany the lovely woman on any kind of outing, say what you will.

Although we should be the last to admit it, the fact remains that in spite of the belief that we are allowing the "jazz age" to die a natural death and are acquiring sedate, proper and vine-clinging

Star of India

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

and ran out of San Francisco, under Hawaiian registry. In 1901 she was purchased by the Alaska Packers' Association of San Francisco, and was placed in the salmon trade to the far north. She was re-rigged as a bark, and in 1906 her name was changed, by special act of congress, to *Star of India*. Every spring she went out through the Golden Gate with a crew of fishermen of every nationality and color, bound for Alaska. It is interesting to note that in those days she carried three galleys for the preparation of food—the regular galley, the Mexican galley, and the Chinese galley. In the fall, her holds filled with cases of salmon, she would return to San Francisco. Her last voyage was made in 1923, and since then she has lain in the Oakland estuary.

More than a year ago the idea of establishing a nautical museum, as a unit of the proposed aquarium, was conceived by the Zoological Society of San Diego, and *Star of India* was selected as the logical vessel. But square-rigged ships cost more money than is ordinarily available, and the plan was all but abandoned for lack of funds when James W. Coffroth, internationally famous sportsman, came to the rescue and presented the stout old bark to the society.



A Worthy Mate

FOR YOUR MOTOR CAR

The trunk that is to complete your car must be correct in line, color and design. Regardless of the make or model of your car, there's a Fey & Krause trunk and rack for it. It will add to your car beyond your belief and the usefulness needs no repeating.

High grade trunks and racks to fulfill all necessities.

Be SURE it's built by

FEY & KRAUSE, INC.

1341 So. Hope St., Los Angeles, Calif.



Dont Be A Rough Rider

The Martin takes the "buck" out of the hardest-riding cars, and prevents "galloping" with its resulting dangers. Utilizes the multiple disc clutch principle—the most practical method ever devised for shock control.

Ask for illustrated folder or a demonstration

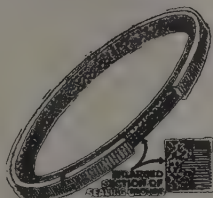
MARTIN SHOCK ABSORBERS

MARTIN IRON WORKS,
1222 E. 28th St., Los Angeles
Humbolt 3407

Piston Slap and Oil Pumping Stopped By Cork Sealed Piston Rings

Prolongs Motor Life By Saving Cylinders

SAVES fuel by stopping oil pumping. INCREASES power by eliminating rocking and slapping pistons. Thus it betters motor performance. Have them installed by your mechanic. Distributors, write for territory.



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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Drive Aboard



for New York Check your car with your baggage. Enjoy the most delightful of all sea trips on the luxurious new S.S. *California*. Return across the continent in your automobile. For sailings and details apply

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

510 South Spring Street, Los Angeles
or your local steamship or railroad agent



"Concrete All the Way"



Along Pacific Highway near Redding, California

WHAT a welcome reply to the question, "How are the roads to the next town?" What assurance of safety, of clean, smooth travel all the way!

Soon you put the miles behind—shorter miles they seem—with scarcely a sense of moving but the whizzing air and the motor's steady hum. With nerves at rest and muscles relaxed, you can enjoy the passing scenes.

Going anywhere is a pleasure when "it's concrete all the way."

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

325 W. 8th ST., LOS ANGELES

A National Organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

Offices in 32 cities

PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE

Routes and Rules for the Highway Patrol



THE HIGHWAY PATROL SERVICE CARS are not subject to call—they patrol daily the main thoroughfares of Southern California and service is rendered to Club members in distress on the highways when encountered.

¶ Mechanical first aid available for members consists of the following:

¶ Emergency repairs to a car disabled on the highways when it is possible to start same within a reasonable length of time. Patrolmen will not go into garages, private or public, to render service.

¶ Towing a disabled car (without dollies) free of charge to the nearest Official Garage, preferably on the particular route in the direction the patrol car is traveling, if it cannot be started on the road.

¶ In the event that the disabled car must be floated on dollies, patrolmen will arrange with the Club's nearest Official Emergency Road Service Station to tow same without expense to the member. (Refer to regulations printed elsewhere herein for Emergency Road Service.)

¶ Changing spare tires from rack to rim when car is operated by a woman driver unaccompanied by male companion. This service will not be rendered a man physically fit.

¶ Gasoline and oil will be carried by patrol cars and sold without profit to members.

¶ Patrol cars will not be permitted to deviate from their designated routes.

¶ Only competent mechanics, qualified to render mechanical aid, are employed on these cars.

¶ Medical first aid to injured persons consists of applying splints and bandages, and arranging for removal of injured persons from the scene of accident to the nearest hospital. Complete medical kits for emergency use are part of the equipment of each car. The patrol drivers have all undergone special training in Medical First Aid Work.

¶ Members are requested not to tip patrolmen for services rendered. Members are kindly requested to show their Club membership card when service is rendered, and to sign service report.

Where the Patrol Cars Operate

Patrol Car No. 72

This car patrols the highway between El Centro and San Diego daily—and covers the important roads in the Imperial Valley.

Patrol Car No. 64

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the route via Glendale, San Fernando,

Saugus and Santa Paula to Ventura, returning to Los Angeles via Moorpark and Santa Susana Pass.

Patrol Car No. 71

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. via Alvarado Street and Glendale Blvd. to Glendale; Verdugo Canyon to La Canada, Flint-

ridge, Devil's Gate Dam, thence to Pasadena and via Colorado Street to the San Gabriel Blvd., thence south to Downey, Norwalk, Buena Park and Garden Grove into Santa Ana; thence to Balboa and north over the Coast Highway through Huntington Beach, Seal Beach and Long Beach to Los Angeles, returning to Los Angeles via Wilmington and the Harbor Blvd.

Patrol Car No. 63

Leaves Visalia daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Inland Route south via Tulare and Delano to Bakersfield, retraces to Delano, then patrols the highway via Ducor, Porter ville, Lindsay and Exeter to Visalia.

Patrol Cars Nos. 61 & 69

These two cars patrol the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. One car leaves Los Angeles and the second leaves San Diego daily at 8 a.m.

Patrol Car No. 73

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Valley Blvd. through El Monte, Puente, Pomona and Ontario to Riverside, then to Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, returning to Los Angeles via Foothill Blvd and Pasadena.

Patrol Car No. 68

This car patrols the Highway between Los Angeles and Bakersfield—(off each Monday).

Patrol Car No. 70

Leaves San Luis Obispo daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Coast Highway north through Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel to the Monterey County line. Retraces to San Luis Obispo, then patrols south to Santa Maria and returns to San Luis Obispo

Patrol Car No. 66

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the highway via South Figueroa Street, Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park and Long Beach Blvd. to Long Beach; thence to San Pedro, Wilmington and Redondo; returning to Los Angeles via Western Avenue, thence to Venice via West Adams Street, Washington Blvd. and Culver City, thence to Santa Monica, returning to Club Headquarters via Wilshire Blvd., Vermont Avenue and West Adams Street.

Patrol Car No. 67

This car operates on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Maria—(off each Monday).

OFFICIAL CAR FORWARDERS



The following forwarders have been carefully selected and have agreed to receive and distribute automobiles shipped from the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to them and to receive automobiles for shipment in consolidated consignment to the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN

CALIFORNIA at the lowest costs obtainable. Members and motorists contemplating shipment of automobiles to or from Southern California are advised to communicate with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA or the appropriate forwarder.

Alabama

MOBILE

Walker Storage Warehouse Co.,
926 Conti Street.

Arizona

PHOENIX

Automobile Club of Arizona,
217 East Adams Street.

TUCSON

Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Co.

California

LOS ANGELES

Automobile Club of So. California,
Adams and Figueroa Sts.

Colorado

DENVER

Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.,
1700 15th St., (and Denver Motor Club, 1448 Tremont St., for information only).

Florida

JACKSONVILLE

Laney & Delcher Storage Co., Inc.,
657 East Bay Street.

MIAMI

John E. Withers' Transfer & Storage Co.,
1000-1012 N. East First Avenue.

Hawaii, T. H.

HONOLULU

Honolulu Automobile Club

Illinois

CHICAGO

Currier Lee Warehouse Co.,
427 West Erie Street.

PEORIA

Federal Warehouse Co.

Iowa

CEDAR RAPIDS

Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.

DAVENPORT

Ewert & Richter Exp. & Storage Co.

DES MOINES

Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.

FORT DODGE

Brady Transfer & Storage Co.,
Central at Sixteenth Sts.

SIoux CITY

Dougherty Storage & Van Co.,
409 Douglas Street.

WATERLOO

Iowa Warehouse Co.

Additional forwarders are being constantly added.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS

Indiana Terminal Warehouse Co.,
230 So. Pennsylvania St.

Kansas

WICHITA

Bryan Transfer & Storage Co.

Kentucky

LOUISVILLE

O. K. Storage & Transfer Co.,
801 West Main Street.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS

Importers' Bonded Warehouse Co.,
340 Bienville Street.

Massachusetts

BOSTON

Quincy Market Cold Storage Warehouse Co.,
178 Atlantic Avenue.

Michigan

DETROIT

Michigan Terminal Warehouse Co.,
Brandt Ave. and Wyoming Road.

Minnesota

DULUTH

Duluth Van & Storage Co.

MINNEAPOLIS

Great Northern Warehouse Co.,
714 Washington Ave., North.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY

Southwest Warehouse Corporation,
Nineteenth and Campbell Streets.

ST. LOUIS

Automobile Club of Missouri,
4228 Lindell Boulevard.

Nebraska

OMAHA

Terminal Warehouse Co.,
702 South Tenth Street.

New York

BUFFALO

Larkin Co., Inc.,
680 Seneca Avenue.

NEW YORK CITY

Tooker Storage & Forwarding Co.,
281 Eleventh Avenue.

SYRACUSE

Great Northern Warehouse, Inc.,
350-360 West Fayette Street.

Ohio

AKRON

W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

CINCINNATI

E. J. Robben, 954 West Fifth St. (and Cincinnati Automobile Club, 8th and Race Sts., for information only).

CLEVELAND

Interstate Terminal Warehouse, Inc.,
1200 West Ninth Street.

COLUMBUS

W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA CITY

O. K. Transfer & Storage Co.

TULSA

Tulsa Transfer & Storage Co.

Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA

Union Shipping & Forwarding Co.,
356 Drexel Bldg. (and Keystone Automobile Club, 250 S. Broad St., Keystone-Shubert Bldg., for information only).

PITTSBURGH

Keystone Storage & Warehouse Co.,
600 Second Avenue.

Texas

DALLAS

Dallas Transfer & Terminal Warehouse Co.

EL PASO

El Paso Fireproof Storage Co.

FT. WORTH

Binyon O'Keefe Firep. Storage Co.,
Eighth and Calhoun.

HOUSTON

Westheimer Transfer Co.

SAN ANTONIO

Scobey Fireproof Warehouse Co.
(Receiving only).

Utah

SALT LAKE CITY

Jennings Cornwall Warehouse Co.,
337 West Second South St.

Washington

SEATTLE

Automobile Club of Washington,
1109 Pine Street.

OFFICIAL

The Hotels listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices. Members are advised



HOTELS

to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show cards. (A) American Plan. (E) European Plan.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LOS ANGELES			
Alexandria Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Chelsea Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 4.00	Running Water and Private Toilet
Coliseum Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	All Rooms with Bath
Hotel Figueroa	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
Westlake Olympic Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	All Rooms with Bath
Hotel Rosslyn	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel St. Paul	(E)	Single 3.00 up	Double 4.00 up
(All Rooms with Bath and Shower)			
Hotel Savoy	(E)		
Outside Room with Bath, 1 person		\$3.00	
Outside Room with Bath, 2 persons		\$4 to \$5	(Garage next door)
Stillwell Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50
Hotel Stowell	(E)	2.00	All Rooms with Bath
(Fireproof)			Cafe in connection
Ambassador	(E)		
Outside room with bath 1 person		\$5.00 up	
Outside room with bath 2 persons		8.00 up	
Hotel Trinity	(E)	2.50 & 3.00	1.50
Van Nuys Hotel	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00 to 3.50

HOLLYWOOD			
Hotel Christie	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Gilbert	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	All Rooms with Bath
Hollywood Plaza	(E)	Free	Garage in connection
Village Inn	(E)	3.00 up	(All rooms with bath)
(All rooms with bath)			Free Brick Garage

PASADENA			
Hotel Constance	(E)	3.00 up	(All rooms with bath)
MT. WILSON			
Mt. Wilson Hotel	(E)	4.00	1.50 up
(A)		7.50	5.00 up

GLENDALE			
Hotel Brand	(E)	1.50	1.00
SANTA MONICA			
Hotel Windermere	(A)	7.50	6.00
(E)		4.50 up	3.00 up
Miramar Hotel	(E)	4.00 up	

Inland Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

BAKERSFIELD			
Hotel El Tejon	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Euclid	(E)	2.00	1.00 up
Hotel Moronet	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Tegeler Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
Hotel Bilford	(E)	2.00 up	1.25 up
Hotel Willis	(E)	1.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			

DELANO			
Hotel Kern	(E)	2.50	1.50
LEBEC			
Hotel Lebec	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00
(Elev. 3850 ft.)			

LINDSAY			
Hotel Lindsay	(E)	1.75 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

PORTERVILLE			
Hotel Porterville	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
Free garage in connection			

SAN FERNANDO			
Porter Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00

TAFT			
Savoy Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.75 to 2.50 up
Hotel Fox	(E)	2.50	1.75

TULARE			
Fox Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.75
Hotel Tulare	(E)	2.50	1.50

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK			
Giant Forest Lodge	1 person (A)	8.50	6.00 to 6.50
2 persons		15.00	10.00 to 11.00
(Opens May 15th, 1928)			

VISALIA			
Hotel Johnson	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	2.00 to 2.50

Coast Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

ATASCADERO			
New Atascadero Inn	(A)	6.00 up	2.50 up
(All rooms with bath)			

BUELLTON			
Buell Tavern	(A)	3.50 per day up	1.50 per day up

LOMPOC			
Hotel Arthur	(E)		1.00 to 2.00

LOS ALAMOS			
Hotel Los Alamos	(E)	3.00	2.00

LOS OLIVOS			
Mattel's Tavern	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up

OJAI			
El Roblar Hotel	(A)	6.00 per day up	
Pierpont Cottages	(A)	6.50 up	

PASO ROBLES			
Hotel Taylor	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel	(A)	6.50 up	5.00 up
(E)		2.50 up	2.00

PISMO			
Hotel Butler	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Olsen	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00

SAN LUIS OBISPO			
Anderson Hotel	(E)	2.50 per day up	
(All rooms with bath)			

Hotel Andrews	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Blackstone	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Free private garages in connection			

SANTA BARBARA			
The Samarkand	(A)	10.00 up	
(All rooms with bath)			

Hotel Barbara	(E)	3.00 to 6.00	2.00 to 4.00
Hotel Californian	(E)	2.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			

Upham Hotel	(E)	3.00	2.00
(A)		4.00	2.50
(E)		5.00	4.00
(A)		6.00	4.50
(E)		2.50	1.50 to 2.00

Hotel Virginia	(E)	2.50	1.50 to 2.00
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SANTA MARIA			
Santa Maria Inn	(A)	7.00 to 8.00	
Hotel Massy	(E)	1.75 to 2.00	
(A)		1.25 to 1.50	

Hotel Bradley	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Grill in connection			

Hotel California	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 up
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SANTA PAULA			
Glen Tavern	(A)	4.00 to 6.00	
(E)		3.00	2.00

VENTURA			
Hotel Baldwin	(E)	2.50	1.50 and 2.00
Hotel Cosnough	(E)	2.50	
(All rooms with bath)			

Los Angeles—San Diego, Coast Route

CARDIFF-BY-THE-SEA			
Beacon Inn	(A)	8.50	5.50
(E)		4.50	2.50

DEL MAR			
Hotel Del Mar	(A)	7.00 up	6.00 up

FULLERTON			
California Hotel		2 to 2.50	1.50 to 2

LA JOLLA			
Hotel Cabrillo	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Casa De Manana	(A)	10.00 up	

OCEANSIDE			
Hotel Keisker	(E)	2.50 up	2.00

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
ORANGE			
Sunshine Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00

SANTA ANA			
St. Ann's Inn	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	2.00

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO			
Hotel Capistrano	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

SAN DIEGO			
Albany Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
El Cortez Hotel	(E)	5.00 up	
All Rooms with Bath			

U. S. Grant Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	
Hotel Churchill	(E)	3.00 to 4.00	2.00 to 3.50
(E)			2.00 to 3.00

Hotel Knickerbocker	(E)	1.50 to 3.00 per day	
(E)		3.50 to 8	2 to 3.50
(A)		4.50 up	3.00 up
(E)		2.50 up	1.00 up
(E)		2.00 to 6.00	

San Diego Hotel	(E)	1.00 to 3.00 per day	
Maryland Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	1.50 up
(All rooms with Private Toilet and Lavatory)			

Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	
(All rooms with bath)			

Admiral Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
King George Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up

CORONADO			
Hotel Del Coronado	(A)	10.00 up	8.00 up

Los Angeles—San Diego, Inland Route

ELSINORE			
Amsbury Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50
(A)		5.50 to 6.50	4.50

GLEN IVY			
Glen Ivy Mineral Hot Springs	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
Free garage in connection			

ONTARIO			
Ontario Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.50 to 3.00
(E)		2.50	2.00

Casa Blanca Hotel	(E)	2.50	
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RIVERSIDE			
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

HEMET			
Palomar Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50

VISTA			
Vista Inn	(A)	6.00	5.00
(E)		3.00	2.00

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

CLAREMONT			
Ye Claremont Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
(E)		3.00 up	2.00 up

FONTANA			
Fontana Farms Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up
(E)		2.50 up	2.00 up

GLENN RANCH, CAL.			
Glenn Ranch Resort	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Housekeeping Camping			.50 up

MONROVIA			
Leven Oaks Hotel	(A)	5.50 to 7.50	4.50 to 5.50

SAN ANTONIO CANYON			
Camp Baldy	B (E)		1.50 up

SAN BERNARDINO			
Antlers Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50

San Bernardino Mountain Resorts (Rim of the World)

LAKE ARROWHEAD			
Lake Arrowhead Lodge			Closed for Season

BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Pine Knot Lodge			(Closed for Season)

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Big Bear Lake	(A)	6.00 up	5.00 up
Tavern	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Highlander Hotel	(A)	6.50	6.00
Knight's Camp	(E)	1.50 to 5.00	

SAN BERNARDINO P. O.			
Pinecrest Mountain Resort Hotel	(E)	5.00 up	3.00 up
		Housekeeping 5.00 up	

FOREST HOME P. O.			
Big Falls Lodge	(E)		3.00 up

National Old Trails

(East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO			
Monkbridge Manor	(A)	5.00	4.50
	(E)	2.50	2.00

AMBOY			
Amboy Hotel	(E)	1.50 up	
		Cottages 2.00 up	

BARSTOW			
Hotel Melrose and Annex	(E)	2.50	1.50 up

KINGMAN, ARIZ.			
Hotel Beale	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 to 2.00
Commercial Hotel	(E)	2.00	1 to 1.50

LUDLOW			
Hotel Oasis	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up

SOCORRO, N. M.			
Hotel Val Verde	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up

VICTORVILLE			
Hotel Stewart	(E)	2.50	1.00 up
Hotel Smith	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Midland Trail and Lincoln

BRIDGEPORT Highway			
Bridgeport Hotel	(E)		1.50
	(A)		4.50

BISHOP			
Kittie Lee Inn	(E)	3.00	2.50

INDEPENDENCE			
Winnedumah Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50

JUNE LAKE (BISHOP P. O.)			
June Lodge	(E)	5.00	3.00
Housekeeping			2.00
Gull Lake Lodge	(A)		5.00

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LANCASTER			
Lancaster Inn	(E)	2.00	1.50
LONE PINE			
Dow Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
MOJAVE			
Hotel Alton	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley

(Salton Sea Route)
Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix.

BANNING			
San Geronio Inn	(A)	6 to 7.50	5 to 6.00
	(E)	3 to 4.00	2 to 2.50

BRAWLEY			
Planters Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Dunlack	(E)	2.50 up	
		(Air cooled and fireproof)	

COLTON			
Anderson Hotel	(A)	5.00	3.50
	(E)	2.00	1.50

INDIO			
Hotel Indio	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
The La Quinta	(A)	15.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	

PALM SPRINGS			
Desert Inn	(A)	10.00 up	
		(Closed for Season)	
El Mirador	(A)	10.00 up	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	

RIVERSIDE			
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up

REDLANDS			
Casa Loma Hotel	(A)	4.50 up	4.00 up
	(E)	2.00 up	1.50

San Jacinto Mountain

Resorts

IDYLLWILD			
Idyllwild Inn	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 up

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway

(Borderland Route)

San Diego—El Paso and Points East.

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
THE WILLOWS, SAN DIEGO CO.			
The Willows		5.00 up	4.00 up

CALEXICO			
Hotel Reeder	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

DESCANSO			
Hulburd Grove Inn	(A)	5.50	4.50
Housekeeping Cottages	(E)	2.50	1.50
		15.00 per week up	

PINE VALLEY, SAN DIEGO CO.			
Pine Valley Cabin	(A)	6.00 up	5.50
	(E)	4.00 up	3.00

(All modern conveniences) Housekeeping Cottages.

EL CENTRO			
Hotel Barbara Worth	(E)	2.50 to 5	2 to 3.50

EL PASO, TEXAS			
Hotel Sheldon	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00

YUMA, ARIZ.			
Hotel Del Ming	(E)	3.50 up	2.00 up

Miscellaneous Hotels and Resorts

TEHACHAPI			
Juanita Hotel	(E)	1.50 per day up	

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS			
Alexander Young Hotel	(E)	3.50 up	2.50 up

RAMONA			
Kenilworth Inn	(A)		3.50

RYAN			
Death Valley View Hotel	(A)		5.00 to 7.00
	(E)		2.50 to 4.00
			(Closed for Season)

DEATH VALLEY			
Furnace Creek Inn	(A)	10.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	

District Offices of the

California State Automobile Association

CHICO—Second and Salem Sts., Butte County.

EUREKA—608 Fourth St., Humboldt and Del Norte counties.

FRESNO—660 Van Ness Ave., Fresno County.

HANFORD—316 N. Irwin St., Kings County.

HOLLISTER—379 Fourth St.

MADERA—114 North F St.

MARTINEZ—407 Ferry St., Contra Costa County.

MARYSVILLE—1015 Fifth St., Yuba, Sutter, Nevada and Sierra counties.

MERCED—El Capitan Hotel Bldg., Merced, Madera and Mariposa counties.

MODESTO—Ninth and "Eye" St., Stanislaus County.

NAPA—1017 Third St., Napa and Lake counties.

OAKLAND—399 Grand Ave., Alameda County.

RED BLUFF—608 Main St., Tehama County.

REDDING—313 Yuba St., Shasta, Trinity and Modoc counties.

SACRAMENTO—1416 K St., Sacramento, Placer and El Dorado counties.

SALINAS—334 Main St., Monterey and San Benito counties.

SAN JOSE—1034 The Alameda, Santa Clara County.

SAN MATEO—100 El Camino Real, San Mateo County.

SAN RAFAEL—401 Fourth St., Marin County.

SANTA CRUZ—21 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz County.

SANTA ROSA—544 Mendocino Ave., Sonoma and Mendocino counties.

STOCKTON—929 El Dorado St., San Joaquin, Amador, Calaveras, Alpine and Tuolumne counties.

SUSANVILLE—Mt. Lassen Hotel Bldg., Plumas and Lassen counties.

VALLEJO—501 Georgia St., Solano County.

WILLOWS—249 Tehama St., Glenn and Colusa counties.

WOODLAND—818 Main St., Yolo County.

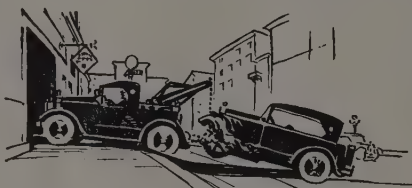
YOSEMITE VALLEY—Park Supt. Office.

YREKA—Main near Miner St., Siskiyou County.

Official Garages and State-wide Emergency Road Service

for Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Automobile Association

The Garages listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices.



Members are advised to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show their cards

How to Obtain Free Emergency Road Service

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Southern California are designated by star and phone number

MEMBERS with their disabled cars on the road outside of Los Angeles are requested to call the nearest Emergency Road Service Station—listed here and in each issue of TOURING TOPICS. In or near Los Angeles City call Club headquarters, BEacon 8600—always open,

¶ Give your name, address, membership card number, make of car, license number, location, and nature of trouble.

¶ The mechanics on arrival will either start your car in 30 minutes mechanical labor or tow car to the Official Garage. (Elsewhere at your expense.)

¶ This is an emergency service only for members whose cars are disabled on the highways. Calls cannot be answered at the Club's expense to start cars in garages.

¶ Service cannot apply to employees or friends of members who do not belong—even when such employees or friends are operating the member's cars, as Club service follows the member and not the car.

¶ Be sure to carry your membership card. No free service will be extended to persons who fail to carry paid-up membership cards.

¶ The service will be extended to owners of firm or commercial cars only when the drivers thereof can produce a Club member-

ship card in their own names. This service does not apply to trucks of any make.

¶ This service is for emergencies when disabled while actually on the road, and does not apply on mechanical or repair work at garages, nor include supplies or parts.

¶ Tire service—changing spare tires from rack to rim—will be extended when car is operated by a woman member unaccompanied by male companion, or a man physically unable to change tires.

¶ Carry the current issue of the Club magazine, TOURING TOPICS, containing list of appointed garages in your car.

¶ The Club's Emergency Road Service, as above outlined, applies only to the territory embraced by the thirteen Southern Counties of California. As a member of our organization, however, you are entitled to Emergency Road Service in Central and Northern California through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association (Northern Club) in accordance with rules and regulations established by them for their own members.

¶ Members cannot be reimbursed for services secured from garages not under contract with the Club as Emergency Road Service Stations.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NOTE: This list is complete to date of publication. A revised list will be published monthly in Touring Topics. Carry the latest list in your car so it may always be available.)

Los Angeles

*A-1 Auto Sheet Metal Works, 3701 Moneta Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)

Arrow Garage, 1016 W. Vernon Ave.

Auto Centre Garage, 746 South Hope Street

Bernard & Johnson Garage, 1317 Wilshire Blvd.

Beverly Drive Garage, 439 Beverly Drive, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)

Biltmore Garage, 525 West 5th St.

Blue Ribbon Garage, 4251 South Broadway

Bozzani Motor Car Co., Cor. Sunset Blvd. and Broadway

Buick Garage, 1000 West Washington St.

Burlington Garage, 517 South Burlington St.

Clark-Wall Garage, 634 Wall St.

Clinton L. Clark Garage, 2219 West Pico St.

Clippinger Garage, 708 Merchant St.

Eddy's Fireproof Garage, 816 So. Grand Ave.

Ellsworth Cadillac Service, 1105 West Pico St.

Fifth Street Garage, 221 East 5th St.

Fenn-Shelton Super Service Station, 1832-50 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.

*Gagen's Motor Service, 218 North Virgil, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)

*Gold Arrow Auto Works, 2714 South Figueroa St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)

Granada Garage, 526 S. Western Ave.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

*Grand-Adams Garage, 2525 S. Grand Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Harris-Davenport Super Service Station, 1600 So. Western Ave.
Heller's Garage, 4105 Beverly Bld.
Hotel Clark Garage, 4th and Olive Sts.
H. & S. Garage, 2415 South Vermont Ave.
*Herdina Garage, 12518 South Main St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*Jack McArley's Garage, 4421 South Western Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Kreutzer Garage, 1801 Hope St.
*Lloy's Garage, 3412 West Pico St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
L. A. Motor Service Garage, 2524 South Hill St.
*Lincoln Park Garage, 3319 Mission Road, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*Larchmont Garage, 241-243 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Love & Love Garage No. 2, 232 So. Figueroa St.
Manhattan Wilshire Garage, 606 S. Manhattan Place
Master Service Co., 811 So. Whittier St.
The May Co.'s Patrons Garage, 9th & Hill Streets
*Montclair Garage, 4321 W. Adams, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Ready-Go Service Garage, 2701 South Figueroa St.
*Reliable Mechanical Works, 320 Venice Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Schuler Auto Service Garage, 4708 W. Washington St.
Schuler Co. Garage, 3241 South Figueroa St.
Security Garage, 430 South Los Angeles St.
*Snyder's Garage, 2459 Brooklyn Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Sonoma Motor Sales Co., 636 Maple Ave.
Speer-Dodge Works, 1827 South Hope St.
*Stewart's Garage, 4917 Whittier Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
260 So. Vermont Super Service Station, 260 South Vermont Ave.
Washington Park Garage, 18th and Grand Ave.
*Welcome Garage, 329 Glendale Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Western Avenue Garage, 226 South Western Ave.
Wittmer Garage, 528 Columbia Avenue
*Woodward Garage, Pico and Alvarado Sts., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
*Wilmont Garage, 3144 Wilshire Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
[Wilshire Garage, 6th and Kenmore
Wolfe & Allen Super Service Station, 7726 S. Vermont Ave.

*CHATSWORTH—Alamo Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)
*ENCINO—Encino Garage. Phone: Van Nuys 428-J
*HOLLYWOOD—East Hollywood Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
HOLLYWOOD—Classic Garage, 1262 No. Western Ave.
*HOLLYWOOD—Mission Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
HOLLYWOOD—Sierra Vista Garage.
HOLLYWOOD—Southern Garage, 5731 Sunset Blvd.
*HOLLYWOOD—Standard Motor Service. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
HOLLYWOOD—Fred R. Winnett Garage.
*LOMPOC—Ruffner & Ruffner Garage. Phone: 74 (Day) 41-R or 169-W (Night)
*LOS ALAMOS—Los Alamos Garage. Phone: 37
*LOS ALAMOS—T. & T. Garage. Phone: 27
*MOORPARK—Mission Garage. Phone: 20
*NORTH HOLLYWOOD—Huffaker Garage. Phone: Lankershim 290
*OJAI—City Garage. Phone: 4
*ORCUTT—Orcutt Garage. Phone: 593-J-2
*OXNARD—Carner's Garage. Phone: 73 or 285
OXNARD—Buick Garage.
*PASO ROBLES—Pioneer Garage. Phone: 247
*PISMO BEACH—Pismo Garage & Mach. Shop. Phone: 6-W
*SAN LUIS OBISPO—Berkemeyer Garage. Phone: 3
*SAN LUIS OBISPO—Studebaker Service Garage. Phone: 601
*SAN LUIS OBISPO—Kamm's San Luis Garage. Phone: 102
*SAN MIGUEL—Tucker's Super Service, Phone: San Miguel 6-W
SANTA BARBARA—Arlington Garage.
*SANTA BARBARA—Huff's Garage. Phone: 701
*SANTA BARBARA—Johnson's Garage. Phone: 3054
*SANTA BARBARA—Carrillo Hotel Garage. Phone: 3900
SANTA MARIA—California Garage.
*SANTA MARIA—Automotive Garage. Phone: 3
*SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage. Phone: 233
*SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage. Phone: 85
*SATICOY—Satcoy Garage. Phone: 41
*VAN NUYS—J. R. Wardlaw Super Service Station. Phone: Van Nuys 150
*VENTURA—Neiderhauser Garage. Phone: 620-W
*VENTURA—Ventura Garage. Phone: 1142
*VENTURA—Reid's Garage. Phone: 176 (Day) 642 (Night)
VENTURA—Union Garage.

Los Angeles—San Diego Coast Route

*ANAHEIM—Frahm's Garage. Phone: 799 (Day) 703-R (Night)
*CORONADO—Guarantee Garage. Phone: Coronado 518
*CORONADO—Pioneer Garage. Phone: Coronado 56
CORONADO—Hotel Del Coronado Garage.
CARLSBAD—Standard Garage. Phone: 12-J-1
*CYRESS—Cyress Garage. Phone: Anaheim 8711-R-4 (Day) 941-W (Night)
*DEL MAR—Hotel Del Mar Garage. Phone: Del Mar 88
*DOWNEY—Faulkner's Garage, Mach. Shop. Phone: Downey 432-60
*FULLERTON—Bill's Garage. Phone: 697
*FULLERTON—Lillian Yaeger Garage. Phone: Fullerton 115 or 114
*LAGUNA BEACH—Coast Garage. Phone: Laguna Beach 52
*LA HABRA—Missouri Garage. Phone: La Habra 8-176
*LA JOLLA—Pacific Garage. Phone: La Jolla 768
*MONTEBELLO—B. & H. Garage. Phone: Montebello 345
*NATIONAL CITY—T. W. Miller's Garage. Phone: National 528 (Day) Randolph 3922 (Night)
*NORWALK—Central Garage. Phone: 5382 (Day) 5361 (Night)
*OCEANSIDE—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 27-J
*OCEANSIDE—Oceanside Garage. Phone: 42
*ORANGE—Acme Garage & Machine Shop. Phone: Orange 80
SAN DIEGO—Savoy Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Sixth Street Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Adair's Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Elite Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Dunne's Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Hi-Ho Garage.
*SAN DIEGO—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5101
SAN DIEGO—Price Motor Car Co.
*SAN DIEGO—White Front Garage. Phone: Hillcrest 2562
SAN DIEGO—San Diego Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Crescent Garage.
*SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
*SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Congdon Motor Car Co. Phone: 131
*SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—White Garage. Phone: 4
*SANTA ANA—Grand Central Garage. Phone: 2457
*SOLANO BEACH—Cochran & Weiss Garage. Phone: Del Mar 93-J
*TUSTIN—Tustin Garage. Phone: Tustin 11-J (Day) Tustin 155-R or 155-M (Night)
WHITTIER—J. W. Cox Motor Sales Co.
WHITTIER—Ternquist & Olson. Phone: Whittier 423-249
WHITTIER—L. G. Rinderknecht Garage.
*YORBA LINDA—Liberty Garage. Phone: Placentia 8705-R-1

Los Angeles—San Diego Inland Route

*BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage. Phone: Covina 64853
*EL MONTE—Commercial Garage. Phone: 216
*ELSINORE—Graham & Graham Garage. Phone: 72 (Day) 162 (Night)
*ESCONDIDO—Escondido Garage. Phone: 406 and 157
*ESCONDIDO—Guarantee Garage. Phone: 68
*FALLBROOK—Fallbrook Garage. Phone: Fallbrook 11-W
*ONTARIO—Dietz Garage. Phone: 818 (Day) 1052 (Night)
ONTARIO—McGready Bros. Garage.
POMONA—Opera Garage.
POMONA—Elsberry-Reynolds, Jr. Inc.
*POMONA—Wurl's Garage. Phone: 1424
*PUENTE—Puente Garage. Phone: 532-21 (Garage) 554-91 (Residence)
*PUENTE—Service Garage. Phone: 532-33
*RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
*RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000

Los Angeles—San Francisco Coast Route

*ARROYO GRANDE—Barcellos & Morgan Garage. Phone: 15
*ATASCADERO—Atascadero Garage. Phone: 74
*BUELLTON—Buellton Garage. Phone: 31-F-13
*CALABASAS—Calabasas Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 115-R-11 (Day) 115-J2 (Night)
*CAMARILLO—Knob Hill Garage. Phone: 956-M-2
*CAMBRIA—Service Garage. Phone: Cambria 11-F-2
*CARPINTERIA—Rincon Garage. Phone: 20-W
*CAYUCOS—Cayucos Garage. Phone: Cayucos Garage.

Los Angeles—San Francisco Inland Route

*BAKERSFIELD—Class A Motor Company. Phone: 133
*BAKERSFIELD—Bakersfield Motors Co. Phone: 3322
BAKERSFIELD—Chester Avenue Garage.
*BAKERSFIELD—East Side Garage. Phone: 990
*BAKERSFIELD—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: 702 or 703
*BAKERSFIELD—California Garage. Phone: 621
*BURBANK—Patterson's Garage. Phone: Burbank 268
*DELANO—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: Delano 1
*DINUBA—Biswell, McDonald & Biswell. Phone: 12 (Day) 307 (Night & Sun.)
*EXETER—Square Deal Garage. Phone: Exeter 46-R (Day) Exeter 27-W (Night)
*FELLOW—Fellow Garage. Phone: Black 362
*FILLMORE—Rudkin Motor Service. Phone: 42 or 15
*GLENDALE—Pellegrini Garage. Phone: Glendale 5080
GLENDALE—Dotson's Super Service Station.
*LEMON COVE—Lemon Cove Garage. Phone: Lemon Cove Gar. bet. 7 a.m. and 6 p.m. Sunday 7 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.
*LINDSAY—Cate & Woollomes Garage. Phone: Lindsay 60
*MARIPOSA—Maricopa Garage. Phone: B-403
*McFARLAND—King Garage. Phone: McFarland 13 (Day) 4-F-3 (Night)
*McKITTRICK—McKittrick Auto Supply Co. Phone: Main 61
MONTROSE—Evans Garage.
NEWHALL—White Star Garage.
*PIXLEY—Gaudin Motor Co., Phone: 17-J (Day) 17-W (Night)
*PORTERVILLE—Dick's Automotive Service. Phone: 574 (Day) 414-R & 574 (Night)
RIDGE ROUTE—Ridge Road Garage, 15 miles from Saugus on Ridge. (Castaic P.O.)
*SANDBERG—Sandberg's Garage. Phone: Sandberg Toll Station.
*SAN FERNANDO—Cascade Garage. Phone: Main 184
*SAN FERNANDO—Willis A. Rowe Auto Supply House. Phone: Main 41
*SAUGUS—Midway Garage. Phone: Newhall 28-J-2. After 10:00 p.m. call Sheriff's Office at Newhall
*SHAFTER—Miller Bros. Garage. Phone: 4-W
*TAFT—H. R. Kanode Garage. Phone: 220-J (Day) 109-W (Night)
*TULARE—Central Garage. Phone: Tulare 102
TULARE—Graham's Department Store Garage.
*TIPTON—Rainbow Garage. Phone: Tipton 10
*VISALIA—Main Garage. Phone: Visalia 980
*WASCO—Wasco Garage. Phone: 12

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

ALHAMBRA—Eagle Garage.
*ALHAMBRA—Harry T. Moore Garage. Phone: Alhambra 242 (Day) 3027-J (Night) and 4195-J
*ALHAMBRA—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 4386 (Night)
*CLAREMONT—Foothill Garage. Phone: Claremont 4961
*COLTON—Taylor's Electric Service Garage. Phone: 90
*COVINA—Webber Garage. Phone: Covina 12111
*FONTANA—Fontana Garage. Phone: Fontana 257
*GLENORA—Rowe Motor Service Garage. Phone: Covina 42004
*HIGHLAND—Coy Garage. Phone: 35
*MONROVIA—Ruechel Garage. Phone: Green 70 (Day) Lack 389 (Nights, Sun. and Holidays)
*RIALTO—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 7 (Day) 170 (Night)
*SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Nights, Sundays and Holidays)
EAST SAN GABRIEL—Barlow's Automotor Service.
*SAN BERNARDINO—Central Garage. Phone: 271-82
*SAN BERNARDINO—Draper's Garage. Phone: 271-63
SAN BERNARDINO—California Garage.
SAN BERNARDINO—Tonneson's Super Service Station.
*UPLANDS—Waterman Garage. Phone: 116-J

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Central Garage & Machine Works.
*AMBOY—Amboy Garage. No Phone.
*BARSTOW—Barstow Garage. Phone: 26-M.
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—Babbitt Brothers Garage.
*GOFFS—Goffs Mercantile Garage. Phone: Goffs Garage.
KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Ford Garage.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Farrow Stackpole Auto. Co.
 *LUDLOW—Murphy Bros. Tourist Garage.
 MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO—Stendel's Garage.
 *NEEDLES—Old Trails Garage. Phone: Main 28
 SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Becker's Transcontinental Garage.
 *VICTORVILLE—Victorville Garage. Phone: 8-J
 WINSLOW, ARIZ.—Bazel Motor Co.

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway (Borderland Route)

*ALPINE—Alpine Garage. Phone: El Cajon 342-3
 *EL CAJON—J. R. Dall Motor Co. Phone: 101 (Day) 691 (Night)
 *EL CENTRO—C. E. Coggins Garage. Phone: El Centro 166
 EL CENTRO—Barbara Worth Garage.
 *JACUMBA—J. R. Fowble Garage. Phone: Fowble Garage, Jacumba.
 *LA MESA—La Mesa Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 145 (Night)
 YUMA, ARIZ.—Super Service Garage.

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

*BISHOP—Smith Auto. Co. Phone: Bishop 81 (Day) Bishop 91-J (Night)
 *BISHOP—Crescent Garage. Phone: 48-R (Day) 69-W (Night)
 BISHOP—Watterson's Garage.
 *BIG PINE—Glacier Garage. Phone: 121
 *BRIDGEPORT—Bridgeport Garage. Phone: Bridgeport Store
 *INDEPENDENCE—Independence Garage. Phone: Bishop 25-4
 *LANCASTER—Inn Garage. Phone: 1001
 *LONE PINE—Mt. Whitney Garage & Livery Co. Phone: Bishop 21-1
 LONE PINE—Square Deal Garage.
 *MINT CANYON—Baletier's Garage. No phone.
 *MOJAVE—Andy Smith's Garage. Phone: 221
 MOJAVE—Paul's Garage.
 *MONO LAKE—Tioga Lodge Garage. Phone Tioga Lodge
 OLANCHA—Romero Garage.
 *PALMDALE—Mission Garage. Phone: 17-W

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix

*BANNING—Dickinson Motor Car Co. Phone: 96 (Day) Main 82 (Night)
 *BLYTHE—Valley Garage. Phone: 26
 *BEAUMONT—Brown & Sons Garage. Phone: 774
 *BEAUMONT—Beaumont Garage. Phone: Beaumont 782
 *BLOOMINGTON—Bloomington Garage. Phone: 8715-R-2
 *BRAWLEY—Plaza Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 709 (Night)
 BRAWLEY—White Garage.
 *COACHELLA—Union Garage. Phone: 138
 *INDIO—MacKenzie Motor Co. Phone: 3 Indio

*PALM SPRINGS—Bunker's Garage. Phone: Bunker's Garage.
 *REDLANDS—Eddie Meyer's Garage. Phone: 102
 *RIVERSIDE—T. N. Gibson Garage. Phone: Main 909
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
 *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
 *WESTMORELAND—W. E. Gullett's Garage. Phone: Brawley 1099 F-3

Miscellaneous

*ARLINGTON—Arlington Garage. Phone: 9008 W (Day) 9315 W (Night)
 BELLFLOWER—Bellflower Garage.
 *BIG BEAR LAKE—McCroskey Garage. Phone: Pine Knot P.O. 36
 *BIG BEAR LAKE—Jack Preston's Garage. Pine Knot P. O. Phone: Bear Valley 41
 *CHULA VISTA—C. V. Brown's Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 35 (Day) 34-W (Night)
 *CHULA VISTA—Helm Bros. Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 319-J (Day) 231-J (Night)
 *CULVER CITY—Walker's Complete Auto Works. Phone: Empire 2072 (Day)
 Culver City 2555 (Night)
 *COMPTON—National Garage. Phone: 491
 *CORONA—Mission Garage. Phone: 2024 (Day) 1312-R-2 (Night)
 *CRESTLINE P. O. (Crest of Waterman Canyon) Crest Garage. Phone 3 or
 San Bernardino 29200
 *EAGLE ROCK—Dahlia Motor Service Co. Phone: Garfield 5291; (Night) Albany 2948
 *HEMET—Monte Vista Garage. Phone: 1030 (Day) 497 (Night)
 *HIGHLAND PARK—Highland Auto Works. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HUNTINGTON BEACH—Security Garage. Phone: 2391
 *HUNTINGTON BEACH—Owl Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HYVENS—Schilling Garage. Phone: 332 (Day) 333 (Night)
 *INGLEWOOD—Honaker-Nash Motor Co. Phone: 339
 *JULIAN—Julian Garage. Phone: Julian 1-J
 *LONG BEACH—Park Garage. Phone: 322-62
 LONG BEACH—K. & S. Garage.
 LONG BEACH—El Camino Garage.
 *LONG BEACH—Loynes Garage. Phone: 652-76
 LONG BEACH—California Garage.
 LONG BEACH—Long Beach Motor Sales.
 *LONG BEACH—Forbes-Curtis & Warren Garage. Phone: 664-45
 *LYNWOOD—Lynwood Garage. Phone: Compton 1131
 *PASADENA—Eddie Motor Works. Phone: Terrace 1745
 *PASADENA—Paramount Garage. Phone: Terrace 8787
 *RAMONA—Ramona Garage. Phone: 35
 *REDONDO BEACH—Redondo Auto Works & Garage.
 *REDONDO BEACH—Pacific Garage. Phone: Redondo 1521
 *SAN JACINTO—Record Garage. Phone: 120
 *SOUTH PASADENA—Mission Garage. Phone: Elliott 2661 (Day) Sterling 7618 (Night)
 SAN PEDRO—Goodrich Bros. Super Service Station.
 *SAN PEDRO—William Lever Garage. Phone: 478 (Day) 946-W or 1648-J (Night)
 *SANTA MONICA—Santa Monica Garage. Phone: 21523
 *SAWTELLE—Slater's Garage. Phone: Sawtelle 31452 (Day) 31222 (Night)
 *SIERRA MADRE—Sierra Madre Garage. Phone: Main 110
 *TEHACHAPI—Bartlett's Garage. Phone: 55-W
 *TORRANCE—Ed's Service Garage. Phone: Torrance 161
 WILMINGTON—Wilmington Garage.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars.

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Northern California

CALIFORNIA STATE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

(NOTE: Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California when touring in Northern California are advised to get in touch with the nearest office of the California State Automobile Association for their rules and regulations pertaining to this service.)

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ADIN	Adin Garage	Adin Exchange	BURLINGAME	Pattison's Garage, San Mateo	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 895 or 673-W
ALAMEDA	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, or Park St. Garage	Glencourt 4400	BURLINGAME	El Camino Garage	Burlingame 4480
ALBANY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	BURNEY	Tourist Garage	Tourist Garage
ALBION	Johnson & Larson	Albion 1-F-3 or 10-F-32	BYRON	Byron Garage	(Day) Byron 1; (Nights, Sundays & Holidays) Byron 18
ALTAMONT PASS	Mountain House Garage	Mountain House	CALISTOGA	Wilber R. Snow Elec. Garage	Calistoga 50
	(nine miles west of Tracy)	Livermore Exchange	CAMPTONVILLE	C. O. D. Garage & Machine Co.	Camptonville 8
ALTURAS	Modoc Machine Shop	(Day) Red 272	CARMEL	Carmel Garage	(Day) Carmel 112
ALVARADO	Alvarado Garage	(Night) Black 622	CASCADA	Solomon Garage	(Night) 353-568-570
ANGELS CAMP	Central Garage	Alvarado 28-W			Rangers Station at Big Creek
ANGWIN	College Garage	(Day) Angels Camp 32	CASTROVILLE	Kings' Garage	Castroville 4-J
ANTIOCH	W. A. Christiansen	(Night) Angela Camp Ex.	CEADARVILLE	Western Garage	Cedarville Exchange
ARBUCKLE	Atran Garage	St. Helena 79-F-5	CHICO	Service Garage	Chico 311-W
ARCATA	Sacchi Service Station	Antioch 123	CHINESE CAMP	Chinese Camp Garage	(Day) Chinese Camp Exch. (Night) 5
AUBERRY	Auberry Garage	(Day) Arcata 109-W or 245-J or 363	CHOWCHILLA	Chowchilla Garage	Day & Night Chowchilla 4
AUBURN	R. & D. Service Shop	(Day) Auburn 220	CLEMENTS	Service Garage	Clements Exchange
		(Night) 296	CLOVERDALE	Tire Shop Garage	(Day) Cloverdale 41
AUBURN	White's Garage, Newcastle	(Day) Newcastle 110			(Night) Cloverdale 118-J
BASS LAKE	The Pines Garage	(Night) 118	CLOVIS	H. B. Owens Garage	Day & Night Clovis 4
BAY POINT	Bay Point Garage	Shaw line, one long ring	COALINGA	V. V. Oyster Auto & Mach. Shop	(Day) Coalinga 165
BECKWITH	Sierra Valley Garage	Bay Point 22			(Night) 326-J
BELMONT	Belmont Garage	10-W	COLFAX	McClary Garage	Main 20
BELVEDERE	Belvedere Garage	Belmont 6	COLMA	Bill's Garage, Daly City	Randolph 940
BENICIA	Enterprise Garage	Belvedere 37-J	COLUSA	Universal Garage	Colusa 53-W
BEN LOMOND	Ben Lomond Garage	Benicia 214-W	CONCORD	Concord Auto Service Co.	Concord 87; after 9 p.m. call 319
		Ben Lomond 23; after 9 p.m.	CORCORAN	Corcoran Garage	Corcoran 441
BERKELEY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Ben Lomond 4-W	CORCORAN	The Corning Garage	(Day) Corte Madera 305
BIEBER	Oak's Garage	Glencourt 4400	CORTE MADERA	Community Garage	(Night) 147 or 395
BIG CREEK	Solomon Garage	Richter Exchange			Cotati 20-F-11
		Rangers station at Big Creek	COTATI	Fox Garage	(Day) Cottonwood 7-J
BIGGS	Biggs Garage	Creek	COTTONWOOD	Cottonwood Garage	After 8 p.m. send word (Day) 67; (Night) 66
BLAIRSDEN	Mohawk Valley Garage	Biggs 34			Covelto 8-F-21
BLUE LAKE	Blue Lake Garage	Blairsdan 4	COURTLAND	Thomsen Auto Repair Shop	San Jose 119-J-1
	(Humboldt Co.)	13-J (Day only)	CORNELL	Covelto Garage	
BLUFF CREEK	Cephart Bros. (Via Weitchpec)	1 long, 2 short & 1 long ring	COYOTE	Kruehl's Garage	
BOLINAS	Bolinas Garage	Bolinas 3-W. If no answer, call Bolinas 12.	CRESCENT CITY	Crescent City Garage & Mach. Works	Crescent City 441
		Phone 8; after 8 p.m. send word			Crescent Mills Exchange
BOONVILLE	Live Oak Garage	Bridgeport, Mariposa Exch	CRESCENT MILLS	Crescent Mills Garage	Crockett 326, 206-W or 206-J
BRIDGEPORT	Bridgeport Garage	Buck Meadows	CROCKETT	Community Garage	Laytonville 3-F-4
BUCK MEADOWS	Hillebrand and Caldwell	(Day) Sun Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031			
BURLINGAME	San Mateo		CUMMINGS	Redwood Empire Garage	(2 miles south of Cummings)
			DALY CITY	Bill's Garage	Randolph 940
			DANVILLE	Olson's Garage	Danville 10-J

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
DAVIS	<i>Davis Garage</i>	(Day) Davis 50 (Night) 50-W	LOYALTON	<i>White Garage</i>	(Day) Main 1-J (Night) 1-W
DELTA	<i>Vollmer's Garage</i>	Vollmer's Ranch	LUCERNE	<i>Country Club Garage</i>	Send Word
DIAMOND SPRINGS	<i>Diamond Springs Garage</i>	332-F-4	MACDOEL	<i>Macdoel Garage</i>	1 long ring
DIXON	<i>Rossi Bros.</i>	(Day) Dixon 115 (Night) 141-R	MADERA	<i>Standard Garage</i>	Madera 240
DORRIS	<i>Dorris Garage</i>	(Day) Dorris Exchange (Night) send word	MANTECA	<i>Main Highway Garage</i>	(Night) 194-R
DOS PALOS	<i>Ford Garage</i>	(Day) Dos Palos 63 (Night) 4405	MARIPOSA	<i>Fort Sumpter Garage</i>	Mariposa Exchange
DOWNIEVILLE	<i>Downieville Garage</i>	Downieville J	MARTINEZ	<i>Allen's Garage</i>	(Day) Martinez 395 (Night) 748-W
DUBLIN	<i>Hansen Bros.</i>	Pleasanton 82-F-2	MARYSVILLE	<i>M. & K. Garage</i>	Marysville 468
DUNSMUIR	<i>Dunsmuir Service Station</i>	(Day) Dunsmuir 177 (Night) Dunsmuir 54		<i>Sutter Garage, Yuba City</i>	(Day) Yuba City 1165 (Night) Yuba City 891-W and 628-J
DURHAM	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Durham 811-J-4 (Day & Night)	McARTHUR	<i>Highway Garage</i>	McArthur Exchange
ELK	<i>Matson & Dearing</i>	Elk 5-F-2	McCLOUD	<i>McCloud Garage</i>	McCloud Garage
ELK GROVE	<i>Macks Garage</i>	Elk Grove 62-F-3	MENDOCINO CITY	<i>S. & E. Garage</i>	Mendocino City 14-J
EMERYVILLE	<i>C. S. A. A. Oakland Office</i>	Glencourt 4400	MENDOTA	<i>Mendota Garage & Mach. Shop</i>	Mendota 5-J
ESCALON	<i>Jess A. Seaman Garage</i>	(Day) Escalon 44 (Night) 49	MERCED	<i>Lounsbury's Garage</i>	Merced 107
ESPARTO	<i>Central Garage</i>	Esparto 5-W	MERCED FALLS	<i>Barretts Garage</i>	6
EUREKA	<i>Eureka Garage and Service Sta.</i>	Eureka 2300	MERIDIAN	<i>River Garage</i>	Kent Exchange (Day only)
FAIRFIELD	<i>Solano Garage</i>	(Day) Fairfield 227 (Night) 147-W, 147-J	MEYERS	<i>Meyers Garage</i>	(Day) Middletown 8
FAIR OAKS	<i>Fair Oaks Garage</i>	(Day) Fair Oaks 15 (Night) 21-R	MIDDLETOWN	<i>Herrick Garage</i>	(None after 10 p.m.)
FALL RIVER MILLS	<i>Pioneer Garage</i>	Pioneer Garage	CAMP MIDPINES	<i>Camp Midpines Garage</i>	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4
FERNDALE	<i>Peterson's Service Station</i>	(Day) Ferndale 102-W (Night) 72-R	MILL VALLEY	<i>Eveready Garage & Elec. Co.</i>	(Day) Mill Valley 407 (Night) 155-J
FIREBAUGH	<i>Valley Garage</i>	Firebaugh 1-J (Night) send word	MILLVILLE	<i>Fawcett & Bartell</i>	Central at Millville
FOLSOM	<i>People's Garage</i>	(Day) Main 49 (Night) Main 1187	MINERAL	<i>Mineral Garage</i>	Mineral
FORESTVILLE	<i>Forestville Garage</i>	Forestville 8-F-2	MINKLER	<i>Minkler Garage</i>	(Day) 12-F-13 (Night) Sanger 155-W
FORT BIDWELL	<i>Fort Bidwell Garage</i>	No Phone	MODESTO	<i>Silva Motor Car Co.</i>	Modesto 1130
FORT BRAGG	<i>Pacific Garage</i>	(Day) and (Night) 174	MOBELUMNE HILL	<i>Mobelumne Hill Garage</i>	(Day) 10-W; (Night) 3-W
FORT JONES	<i>Scott Valley Garage</i>	122	MONTEREY	<i>Monterey Garage</i>	Monterey 224 and 225
FORTUNA	<i>Fortuna Garage</i>	Fortuna 22-W	MONTGOMERY CREEK	<i>Young's Garage</i>	Bass Telephone Line
FOWLER	<i>Baxter Bros. Garage</i>	Day and Night 711	MORGAN HILL	<i>Jos. J. Verge Garage</i>	Morgan Hill 291. If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South.
FRESNO	<i>A.B.C. Garage</i>	Fresno 3-3719			(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W (Night) 4-F-3
FRESNO	<i>Auditorium Garage</i>	Fresno 551	MORGAN HILL	<i>Jos. J. Verge</i>	Morgan Hill 291
GALT	<i>Service Garage</i>	Galt 21-J	MOSSDALE	<i>Moore Bros. Garage</i>	Stockton 27-R-1
GARBERVILLE	<i>Redwood Garage</i>	Redwood Inn	NAPA	<i>Napa Motor Supply Co.</i>	(Day) Napa 202 (Night) 683-R, 950-W and 362-R
GAZELLE	<i>Gazelle Garage</i>	(Day) Gazelle 18 (Night) Call Res.	NAVARO	<i>Navarro Garage</i>	No phone
GERBER	<i>Chapman's Garage</i>	Gerber 24	NAVARO	<i>Cheda's Garage</i>	Point Reyes Station 4-J; after 8 p.m. send word
GEYSERVILLE	<i>Lampson's Garage</i>	(Day) Geyserville 25-W (Night) 12	NEVADA CITY	<i>Nevada City Garage</i>	Nevada City 133
GILROY	<i>Pacheco Pass Garage & Super Service Station</i>	Gilroy 32	NEVADA CITY	<i>Kneebone Motor Sales Co., Grass Valley</i>	Grass Valley 119
GOLD RUN	<i>Pine Grove Service Station</i>	Pavstation, Gold Run	NEWARK	<i>Newark Garage</i>	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
GONZALES	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	Gonzales 41-W	NEWCASTLE	<i>White's Garage</i>	(Day) Newcastle 110 (Night) 118
GRASS VALLEY	<i>Kneebone Motor Sales Co.</i>	Grass Valley 119	NEWCASTLE	<i>R. & D. Service Shop, Auburn</i>	(Day) Auburn 220 (Night) Auburn 296
GRASS VALLEY	<i>Nevada City Garage, Nevada City</i>	Nevada City 133	NEWMAN	<i>Patchetts & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	Newman 6 and 7 (No Night Phone)
GREENFIELD	<i>Greenfield Garage</i>	Greenfield 8	NEWMAN	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage, Gustine</i>	(Day) Gustine 6 (Night) Gustine 60-J
GREENWOOD	<i>Mason and Dearing</i>	Elk 5-F-2	NILES	<i>American Garage</i>	Niles 67
GRENADA	<i>Grenada Garage</i>	Grenada 18	NORTH FORK	<i>Brownie's Auto Repair Shop</i>	10x3
GRIDLEY	<i>Fane's Garage</i>	(Day) Gridley 211 (Night) 223	NORTH SACRAMENTO	<i>Carlson's Garage</i>	(Day) Main 3240 (Night) Main 5350-W
GROVELAND	<i>Sierra Garage & Service Station</i>	11	NOVATO	<i>Peoples Motor Sales Company</i>	(Day) Novato 77 (Night) " 72 & 433
GUERNEVILLE	<i>Guerneville Garage</i>	Guerneville 15-J	OAKDALE	<i>Pedersons Garage</i>	194
GUINDA	<i>Guinda Garage</i>	Brooks Exchange	OAKLAND	<i>C. S. A. A. District Office</i>	Glencourt 4400
GUSTINE	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Gustine 6 (Night) Gustine 60-J	ORANGE COVE	<i>Orange Cove Motor Company</i>	(Day) Orange Cove 8 (Night) 28 & 44-J-4
GUSTINE	<i>Patchetts & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	(Day) Newman 6 & 7 (No Night Phone)	ORICK	<i>Pickwick Garage</i>	Call Orick Operator
HALF MOON BAY	<i>Isadore Garage</i>	Half Moon Bay 9-W	ORINDA	<i>Orinda Parke Garage</i>	C. S. A. A. Dist. Office
HANFORD	<i>Erwin Motor Co.</i>	Hanford 400	ORLAND	<i>Nock Auto Company</i>	Oakland 688
HAYFORK	<i>Hayfork Garage</i>	Hayfork	OROVILLE	<i>Bradley Auto Works</i>	(Day) Orland 89 (Night) 194-A
HAYWARD	<i>Moon Garage</i>	Hayward 725	PACIFIC GROVE	<i>Pacific Grove Garage</i>	(Day) Oroville 9 (Night) 104
HEALDSBURG	<i>Standard Machine Works</i>	(Day) 41; (Night) 112-294-J	PALO ALTO	<i>Davison Sales</i>	Pacific Grove 6
HELM	<i>Helm Garage</i>	Fresno 2-J-3	PARADISE	<i>Paradise Super Station</i>	Palo Alto 2820
HOLLISTER	<i>Tiffany Motor Co.</i>	Hollister 143	PATTERSON	<i>Patterson Garage</i>	Paradise 9F-12 (Day) Patterson 45 (Night) 133
HOPLAND	<i>Central Garage</i>	Hopland 21	PESCADERO	<i>Pescadero Garage</i>	Pescadero 7-J
INDIAN FLAT	<i>Indian Flat Service Station</i>	(5 miles west of El Portal Indian Flat via Merced) (Day) Ione 41 (Night) 7	PETALUMA	<i>Hill Plaza Garage</i>	Petaluma 55
IONE	<i>Tonzi's Garage</i>	(Night) Send Word	PETROLIA	<i>Shell Service Station and Garage</i>	Glencourt 4400
IRVINGTON	<i>Corey's Garage</i>	Irvinton 5-J	PIEDMONT	<i>C. S. A. A. Oakland Office</i>	Pittsburg 150
ISLETON	<i>Owl Garage</i>	Iseleton 258	PITTSBURG	<i>W. & W. Garage</i>	(Day) Placerville 153 (Night) 217-J
JACKSON	<i>Davies Garage</i>	Jackson 104-W	PLACERVILLE	<i>Placerville Garage</i>	(Day) Pleasanton 108 (Night) 203 or 82-F-2
JAMESTOWN	<i>J. L. O'Neil's Garage</i>	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) Sonora 16-W	PLEASANTON	<i>Hanson Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Plymouth 21 (Night) 18-J
JANESVILLE	<i>Janesville Garage</i>	1223	PLYMOUTH	<i>Alpine Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	(Night) 18-J
KELSEVILLE	<i>Watts & Voss</i>	Kelseyville Exchange	POINT ARENA	<i>Point Arena Garage</i>	Point Arena 41-W
KENWOOD	<i>Meads Garage</i>	Kenwood 2-F-3	SILACI & CHEDA	<i>Silacci & Cheda</i>	Point Arena 4-F-3
KERMAN	<i>Service Garage</i>	(Day) Kerman 263 (Night) 25	POPE VALLEY	<i>Pope Valley Garage</i>	Portola 7-W
KING CITY	<i>El Camino Garage</i>	King City 31	PORTOLA	<i>Portola Garage</i>	Quincy 99
KINGSBURG	<i>Wilson & Sherling</i>	(Day) Kingsburg 71 (Night) 249	QUINCY	<i>Erwin's Garage</i>	Ravendale
KNIGHT'S LANDING	<i>Knight's Landing Garage</i>	34-M	RAVENDALE	<i>Ravendale Garage</i>	(Day) Red Bluff 186 (Night) 128-A and 245-M
LAKEPORT	<i>Dunbar Chevrolet Co.</i>	Call Lakeport Operator	REDDING	<i>Hersey's Garage</i>	Redding 45
LATON	<i>Laton Garage</i>	(Day) Laton 37 (Night) 34	REDDWOOD CITY	<i>Service Garage</i>	Redwood 516
LAYTONVILLE	<i>Tillford's Garage</i>	Laytonville 10-J	REEDLEY	<i>Orborn Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Reedley 1681 (Night) 732 or 523
LEMOORE	<i>Sillano Motor Co.</i>	Lemoore 223	REQUA	<i>Ocean View Garage</i>	Requa
LINCOLN	<i>Saugstad Garage</i>	34	(1 Mi. So. of New Klamath River Bridge)	<i>Seventh Street Garage</i>	Richmond 841
LITCHFIELD	<i>R. Q. Deal Garage</i>	Litchfield 502	RIO VISTA	<i>Sidwell's Garage</i>	(Day) Rio Vista 45 (Night) 51-J
LIVERMORE	<i>Valley Garage</i>	(Day) Livermore 106 (Night) 197	RIPON	<i>Madsen's Garage</i>	(Day) San Joaquin 28-W (Night) 49-W
LIVINGSTON	<i>Shaffer Motor Co.</i>	(Day) 25 or 33 (Night) 91 & 21-R	RIVERDALE	<i>L. H. Byron's Garage</i>	(Day) Riverdale 7 (Night) 42
LOCKFORD	<i>Central Garage</i>	(Day) 13-J (Night) Send Word	RODEO	<i>Rodeo Garage</i>	Crockett 801-F-2
LODI	<i>Tourist Garage</i>	Lodi 155			
LOOMIS	<i>Loomis Motor Co.</i>	(Day) Loomis 32 (Night) 61-F-4			
LOS ALTOS	<i>Depot Garage</i>	(Day) Los Altos 12 (Night) 175			
LOS BANOS	<i>Kaljian Garage</i>	Los Banos 85			
LOS GATOS	<i>Gateway Garage</i>	Los Gatos 271			
LOS MOLINOS	<i>Los Molino Garage</i>	Los Molinos 30			
LOWER LAKE	<i>Morrell Garage</i>	Morrell Garage			

“Wet” gasoline

Down the cylinder walls into your oil

Out of the crankcase, when you drain it, comes a thin blackish fluid—not the rich oil you bought five hundred or a thousand miles back.

Full of gasoline you bought for power, for mileage. “Wet” gasoline that didn’t explode, that trickled down the cylinder walls—worse than wasted for it has ruined your oil.

Yet lubrication men say they are finding many crankcases in which the oil is surprisingly *free* from dilution!

Connect that fact with this:

More and more drivers are careful to buy only Shell 400. Refined to an exact point, Shell 400 goes completely vaporized into the motor—a “dry” gas. It explodes cleanly, swiftly, leaving no “wet” particles, no waste. And so the words “more mileage,” “more power,” have at last taken on a real meaning!

Fill with Shell 400 today. Use it exclusively. It costs no more than ordinary gasoline.



An example of what a thousand miles of ordinary driving with ordinary gasoline can do—oil 51% “gasoline”—thinning caused by incomplete explosion of “wet” gas

Shell 400, the “dry” gas, reduces oil thinning to a minimum. Notice this example—only 9.2% in a thousand miles of ordinary driving



You can tell Shell 400 in the starting. Pull your choke out only half way. Push it back in a few seconds after the motor starts. Shell 400 requires less choke than “wet” gas, but can stand more without causing thinning



The “DRY” GAS

Shell Motor Oil, a new lubricant that forms *less* carbon, *soft* carbon, is the ideal running mate for Shell 400. Don’t offset the good effects of Shell 400 by using an oil less fine than improved Shell Motor Oil.



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STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA



MT. WHITNEY

Benjamin C. Brown

TOURING TOPICS

JULY 1928



LAKE TAHOE - "BIG WATER" on your "Roads to Romance"

SIX thousand feet above the sea, evergreen forests and lofty mountain peaks are mirrored in the blue depths of amazing Lake Tahoe. This body of clear, shining water is 32 miles long and 13 miles wide—an expanse to carry all the navies of the world! Hence its Indian name, the "Big Water."

Let *your road* to romance lead you there. Follow leafy woodland highways three score and more miles around its shore. Pitch your tent beside a roaring camp-fire at the foot of majestic Mt. Tallac with its cross of snow. You'll find romance there. Tahoe beckons to the open road. Follow Jack and

Ethyl, the honeymooning Motor-mates on their "Roads to Romance." They're telling you, each Wednesday night over the Pacific Coast Network, of places to go and sights to see in this Pacific Empire.

All along the way, Associated dealers are waiting to serve you. Fill up with Associated Ethyl gasoline and know a new standard of motor performance. Feel the thrill of steady power on grades and heavy roads, the faster pick-up and a cool, smooth motor under any driving condition.

Associated Oil Company
Refiners of Associated Gasoline,
Associated Ethyl Gasoline and New
Cyclol Motor Oil



ASSOCIATED GASOLINE

Wednesdays at 8 P.M.
—follow Jack and Ethyl
on "Roads to Romance"
over the Pacific Coast
Network of the National
Broadcasting Company



Stations:
KOMO Seattle
KGW Portland
KGO Oakland
KPO San Francisco
KFI Los Angeles

The President

.... Sedan for Seven



Studebaker's President Straight Eight is a car that appeals to men and women who have been accustomed to paying \$4000 and more for a fine car. Today they are buying the President because it possesses the distinctive beauty they demand in a fine car, it travels 80 miles an hour, is a delight for anyone to drive, and, finally, because its price has an irresistible appeal. The seven passenger President Sedan, as illustrated, is offered in sable, with dauphin red panels, and upholstery to harmonize. This same model is also available in spruce green with ivory panels.

PAUL G. HOFFMAN CO. INC.

\$2680 delivered in Los Angeles
with 6 wire wheels, 6 tires,
bumpers and trunk rack.

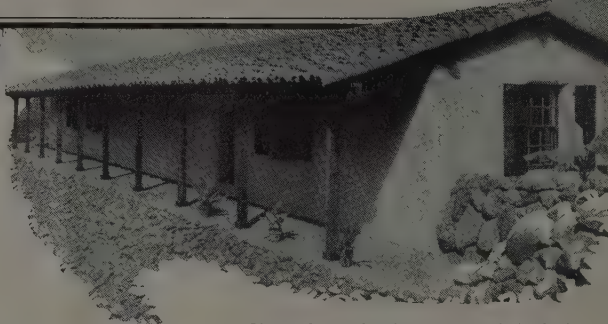


FIGUEROA AT PICO
1025 West Vernon Avenue, near Vermont
Hollywood --- 6116 Hollywood Boulevard
Beverly Hills --- 427 North Camden Drive
Inglewood ----- 240 North Market Street



This photograph of a store building in the Civic Center is a good example of how commercial buildings are made both useful and artistic through the supervision of a qualified art jury at Rancho Santa Fe.

Why Rancho Santa Fe is a Tremendous Success



This is a photograph of the pump house on the Fairbanks-Pickford estate at Rancho Santa Fe. Even structures which serve the most utilitarian purposes are made to conform to the prevailing Spanish theme of architecture.

APPROXIMATELY 85% of the 9000-acre community of Rancho Santa Fe has been sold, \$5,000,000 has been invested in its upbuilding and nearly 200 estates are undergoing development. Why such a rapid success?

First, the immense capital resources of the sponsor, the Santa Fe Land Improvement Company.

Second, the natural beauty of the setting . . . colorful mesas between mountains and sea in America's finest climate belt.

Third, the Rancho Santa Fe plan, which prevents speculation by requiring improvement of estates within one year of purchase.

Fourth, wise direction with the assistance of such skilled men as Charles H. Cheney, noted city planner; Max Behr, famous golf course architect; Miss Lilian J. Rice, supervisor of architecture; Glenn A. Moore, landscape architect and the J. B. Lippincott engineering organization.

No other development in California has had such sponsorship. No other development has gotten such unusual results. Mail the coupon.

Rancho Santa Fe

A COMMUNITY OF COUNTRY ESTATES

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CALIFORNIA
Address: S. R. Nelson, Manager

Pasadena Representative
ELLIS BISHOP
26 North Marengo
TErrace 2840



A typical home scene on an estate at Rancho Santa Fe. This loggia overlooks beautiful San Dieguito Lake and enjoys a wide view of the mountains.

Typical Estates

43.61 acre estate suitable for citrus orchard planting, especially Valencia oranges. Building site commands wonderful view of San Dieguito Lake and nearby mountains. Surrounding estates are being highly developed with homes and orchards.
Price \$21,805.00

1.41 acre estate overlooking the new \$200,000 golf course. 253 foot frontage along private park. Splendid view of surrounding country. Only a few minutes' walk from village.
Price \$2500.00



There are 2000 acres of eucalyptus trees at Rancho Santa Fe, forming many lovely home settings for Easterners who miss the woodland scenes of their home states.

S. R. Nelson, Manager
Rancho Santa Fe, California
Please send current issues of Rancho Santa Fe Progress.

Name _____

Address _____ T.T. July

TOURING TOPICS

Volume 20
Number 7



July
1928

Published monthly by
The Automobile Club of Southern California

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
1646 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California
EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES
2601 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California

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Hollywood 5917 Hollywood Blvd.
Huntington Park
6612 Pacific Blvd.
Inglewood - - 219 N. Market St.
Long Beach 1157 American Ave.
Ontario - - - 217 West "A" St.
Orange - 106 W. Chapman Ave.
Pasadena - - - 332 W. Colorado
Pomona - - - 601 W. 2nd St.
Porterville - - 520 Main St.
Redlands - - 120 W. State St.
Riverside - - 1010 W. 7th St.
San Bernardino - - 475 "E" St.
San Diego - - - 1254 India St.
San Luis Obispo
1134 Monterey St.
San Pedro - 624 So. Pacific Ave.
Santa Ana - - 510 No. Broadway
Santa Barbara - - 1425 State St.
Santa Maria - 310 No. Broadway
Santa Monica - - 150 Pico Blvd.
Taft - - - 427 North St.
Tulare - - - 132 E. Kern St.
Ventura - - - 881 E. Main St.
Visalia - - - 217 W. Main St.
Whittier - - 135 N. Greenleaf St.

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Klink, Bean and Company, and Lybrand Ross Brothers and Montgomery

Entered as second-class matter February 27, 1928, at the post office at Beverly Hills, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Formerly entered March 8, 1913, at the post office at Los Angeles. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscription rates: Members, first year, \$1.00; renewals, 25 cents for six months; non-members, \$1.00 per year.

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Comfortable Touring

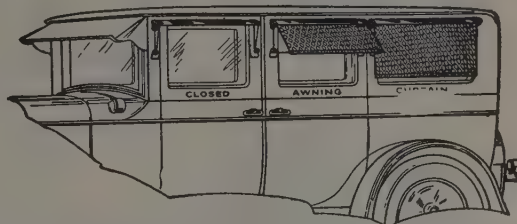
Prepare your closed car with necessary protection from sun.

Pullmanizing means a good night's sleep even if the hotels are filled.



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The greatest item for sun protection yet devised.

Visors\$4.00 each Sun Shades.....\$3.50 each
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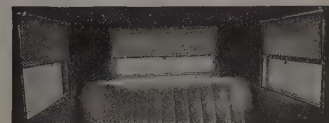


FASTEST SELLING AWNING ON THE MARKET.
No set screws. No installation cost. \$5.75 to \$6.25 per pair.



WINGS
\$5.50 and up.
Small installation charge.

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Rex Curtains\$3.00
A match for every car.
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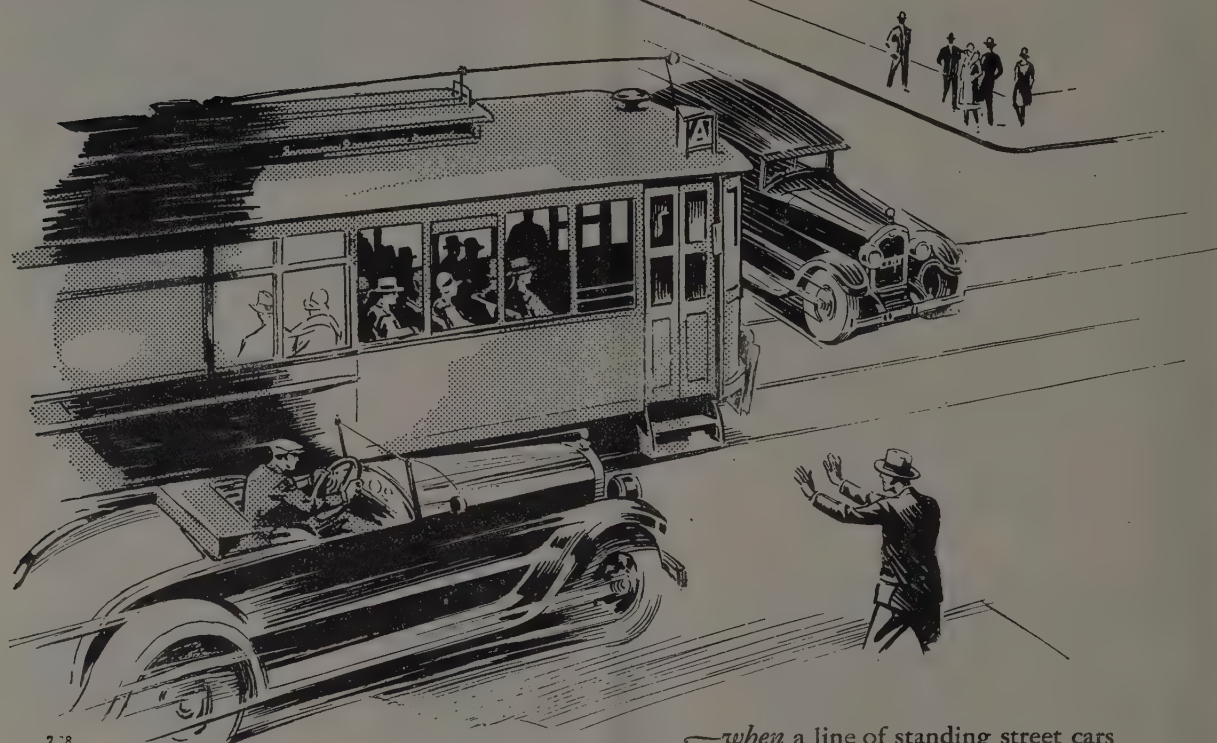
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TOURING TOPICS

VOLUME XX *A Magazine for Motorists* NUMBER 7

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1928

	PAGE
COVER DESIGN— <i>Mt. Whitney. Painted by Benjamin C. Brown</i>	
THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE— <i>An intimate discussion of TOURING TOPICS contributors and contributions.....</i>	9
WHITE SAILS— <i>A frontispiece. Verses by Dalnar Devening. Photograph by J. Walter Collinge.....</i>	11
HIGHWAY BENEFITS— <i>An editorial</i>	13
STEAMBOATING ON THE COLORADO— <i>The story of early navigation on the "Red River of the West." By John S. Gorby</i>	14
MOODS OF ENSENADA— <i>A rhapsody of impressions of a sleepy Mexican village. By Florence K. Hinckley. Photograph by Ernest M. Pratt.....</i>	19
HORN, THORN, TOOTH AND CLAW— <i>Who's who among the strange creatures in the desert regions of the Southwest. Rhymes and caricatures by Eve Ganson.....</i>	20
WHERE VULCAN WORKS IN CALIFORNIA— <i>Detailing a ramble about Lassen's Peak, the only active volcano in the United States. By Phil Townsend Hanna.....</i>	22
TRUE FLIES—AND OTHERS— <i>An interesting description of the various members of the fly family. By G. Rayson Brown. Photographs by the author.....</i>	26
HERALDRY ON THE EARLY CALIFORNIA RANCHO— <i>How the first settlers identified their livestock. By Philip Johnston</i>	28
THE LOST WOMAN OF SAN NICOLAS— <i>The legend of a woman marooned for twenty years on the most desolate of the Santa Barbara Channel islands. By Gordon Wolfe</i>	31
HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?— <i>A page of humorous sketches by Franz Strahalm</i>	32
WHAT CAUSED THE ACCIDENT?— <i>An analysis of the nature of motor vehicle casualties in Southern California. By Chester N. Hess</i>	33
YOUR CLUB'S ACTIVITIES— <i>What the various service agencies of the Automobile Club of Southern California are doing</i>	35
SO YOU CALL THAT STOPPING!— <i>Looking ahead at the future automobile braking system. By Frederick C. Russell</i>	36
THE NAVY FLIES— <i>First "all-air unit" for sea fighters is assembled in Southern California waters. By Andrew R. Boone</i>	38
THE SHOW CASE— <i>Presenting the new and novel in things for the motor car. By Gilland Mason.....</i>	41
"CLOSE UPS" OF OUR HIGH SIERRA: PART IV— <i>The 12,000-13,000-foot Peaks. By Norman Clyde.....</i>	42
BRIDLING THE EARTH'S HIDDEN FIRES— <i>Describing an attempt to utilize volcanic fires in the generating of power. By Martin Walsh</i>	44
ROTAGRAVURE SECTION— <i>Seven pages of pictorial views of California from the mountains to the sea, including a group of etchings by Arthur Millier</i>	

A Message

from

Charles W. Nash

"IT has been the dominating ambition of my whole manufacturing experience to develop a line of cars of moderate price which would have everything in the way of appearance, performance, comfort, and quality that the country's costliest cars offer.

"This ideal has been completely realized, I believe, in the new '400' Series.

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"Nothing I might say could add emphasis to this— It has been the ambition of my career to build such a car as the '400'."

— C. W. NASH.

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The Editor's Own Page



Benjamin C. Brown, whose painting of Mt. Whitney appears on the cover of this issue of *Touring Topics*

SOPHISTICATED critics derisively refer to him on occasion as "Poppy" Brown, but he doesn't mind in the least. Certainly he has painted the poppy fields of California—many times. Why not? What phase of the California scene is more characteristic or more colorful? Must the artist eschew the obviously beautiful to seek beauty in dubious subjects? He defends his paintings with an ironical smile and irrefutable logic. Let the critics "rave, recite and madden round the land," the poppy fields adorn the homes of those of impeccable taste and sound judgment.

But there's another reason—a sentimental one—why Benjamin C. Brown has a flair for poppies. For five years after he settled in Pasadena in 1896 he labored diligently at his art, and to maintain himself colored photographs and photo-gravures. Indifference greeted his paintings whenever they were offered. And then he placed on canvas a likeness of that glorious tapestry of poppies that stretched for miles between Altadena and Eaton's Canyon, before the sub-divi-

ers came. And he sold it—after five years of fruitless effort and spent energies! Can one wonder at his regard for the delicate *eschscholtzia*.

Benjamin Brown is one of the deans of the Southern California art colony. A native of Arkansas, later a student at the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, he first came to the Southwest in 1885 for a summer visit. He might have located permanently but the current "boom" was bursting and the period was an unsettled one. So eastward he returned. But he carried with him fond memories and a sheaf of pencil sketches—of the Plaza Church, Chinatown, a country road now lined with the mansions of opulent Pasadenans. And as the train bearing him passed between Mounts San Jacinto and San Geronimo, down the windswept pass the ecstasy born of the sight determined him. He would return.

He did, but not until ten years later and after a year in the Julian Academie at Paris. Landscape painting lured him. He had gained celebrity in St. Louis for his still

lives. Luscious watermelons and Ben Davis apples grew under his facile brush. He essayed portraiture but found it revolting to compromise his art with the notions of his subjects and their countless friends. In landscape painting he found his metier.

On the cover of this issue appears a painting of Mt. Whitney made especially for *TOURING TOPICS*. Bathed in the warm glow of late afternoon light, the craggy summit of the highest peak in continental United States rises nobly and austere, the monarch of the Sierra so beloved by Brown and his fellows. In the painting of the peak itself there is a fidelity of draughtsmanship, reassuring and comforting in an age that has gone "modern." Such idealization as occurs in the foreground is painter's license and serves to give some notion of the otherwise inconceivable magnitude of this god among mountains.

FORERUNNER of the "penny dreadfuls" of the first years of this century and the lurid tabloids of today was the broadside, a familiar fireside companion and necessary gentleman's accessory of the "flaming fifties."

Laden with moral precepts, advice on filial conduct, or the burning issues of the day, it appeared spasmodically to form the *piece de resistance* in the literary fare of the age. With the passing of the years specimens of these extraordinary documents have become rare and have found their way into the collections of museums and libraries.

One of the most remarkable of all was published in California, and was known as "The Miners' Ten Commandments." Redolent with rules for righteous conduct it is credited with a virtuous influence in the gold-mad days of '49. Successive editions gave it a circulation that ran into many thousands. Elsewhere on this page will be found a contemporary illustration showing the avidity with which miners seized it and read it when vendors hawked it about.

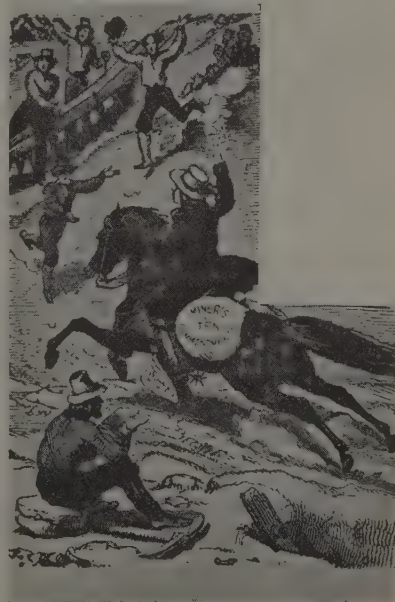
Amusing and salutary, its text, with an explanatory introduction as well as a facsimile of the actual broadside, will appear in an early issue of *TOURING TOPICS*, in an article, *A Decalogue of '49*, by Chester Newton Hess.

THE insect photographs of G. Rayson Browne, some of which have illustrated articles he has contributed to past issues of *TOURING TOPICS*, notably *The Miniature World of Our Own Backyard* and *Our Spiders—Friends or Enemies?* have gained him praise in many lands. Only recently was he elected an associate of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain in recognition of his important work.

All of which is by way of introduction to his contribution to the present number of this magazine—*True Flies—and Others*.

The patience of Job is proverbial; the patience of an insect photographer transcends that of the prophet, in my opinion. The photographs are made from life. Occasionally, the insects are anaesthetized, but not often, for ether or chloroform frequently has a tendency to alter their appearance so radically that the resulting photograph is not a true representation of the tiny creatures.

Special photographic equipment is essential, and the photographer must possess an extraordinary knowledge of the performance of his lens. The subjects must be placed on a special stage, adequately lighted, and the exposure cannot be made until they assume a position showing legs, wing structure, thorax, head or that portion of its anatomy that distinguishes it



A contemporary illustration showing "newsboys" of the gold days hawking "The Miners' Ten Commandments"

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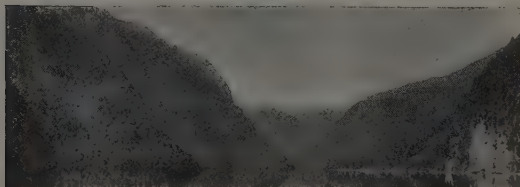
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TOURING TOPICS

or which must be shown. Frequently, Mr. Browne says, a week of patient effort is necessary before a satisfactory photograph may be made.

Fancy photographing a flea between jumps, or a fly while it is momentarily quiet! (And they must be quiet, for time exposures are necessary). Personally, I should prefer to undertake the task of engraving the Beatitudes on the head of a pin.

* * *

ALARCON discovered the Colorado River in 1540; the intrepid Jesuit father, Ugarte, attempted to ascend it in the boat he built at Loreto, Lower California, from timbers hauled a hundred miles on the backs of the Indians, in 1721, but the mad waters of the Red River of the West repelled him and he nearly lost his life and the lives of the courageous band that accompanied him.

Ever since, spasmodic attempts have been made to navigate this furious waterway. The majority have proven impractical. The story of these attempts nonetheless forms an important chapter in the annals of the Southwest. John S. Gorby, whose *Ships, Men and Gold* appeared in the March issue of TOURING TOPICS, writes on *Steamboating on the Colorado* in the present number. Mr. Gorby's contribution briefly outlines the history of the river, dwells on the expeditions of Lieutenant Ives, and the later episodes in the navigation story, and presents some interesting sidelights on the life at Fort Yuma in the early days.

* * *

PROUD indeed is the motorist who can boast of having gazed upon the great Rainbow Bridge in Northern Arizona, for to reach this, perhaps greatest single natural attraction in the Southwest, involves a lengthy and at times trying motor jaunt, plus a voyage astride that fast disappearing genus Equus. But it's worth all the effort.

Henry H. Cawthorne, a realtor by profession, "discovered" Rainbow Bridge last year and was stimulated to reduce his impressions to writing. Most everyone who sees it is moved to either write about it, paint or draw it, make it the subject of poems or sing songs

about it. The regrettable part about it is that few are competent to resolve their ideas into suitable images. Such, however, is not the case with Mr. Cawthorne, who describes *The Rainbow Cast in Stone* in the August issue of TOURING TOPICS.

The article is accompanied by a group of engaging pencil illustrations by Charles Hamilton Owens, whose close acquaintance with this entire region, covers a period of many years.

* * *

THERE are so many odd and unusual things crawling and flying and running about the deserts of the Southwest that most people know so little about that we greeted with open arms the gay jingles and clever sketches that comprised *Who's Who on the Deserts of the Southwest*, by Eve Ganson, which appeared last month. A second group of these engaging sketches will be found in this issue under the title *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw*.

These verses and drawings are part of a book of similar sketches that the author will publish in the near future.

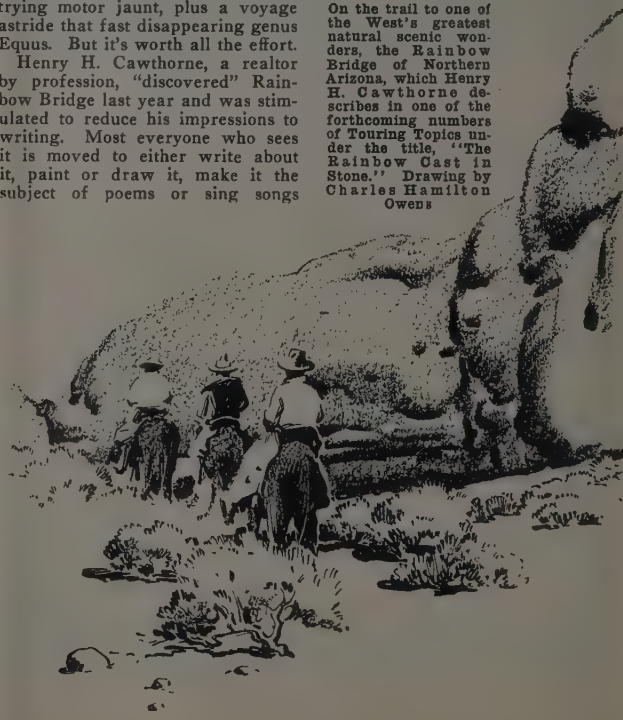
* * *

AND now, in conclusion, just a brief congratulatory message from Owen C. Coy, director of the California State Historical Association, that came in a recent mail, in which we take a pardonable gratification:

"The historical articles in TOURING TOPICS are a contribution to the knowledge of California history. The historical association, which is just becoming re-established after a period of inactivity, appreciates this help in the matter of promoting California's history."

—P.T.H.

On the trail to one of the West's greatest natural scenic wonders, the Rainbow Bridge of Northern Arizona, which Henry H. Cawthorne describes in one of the forthcoming numbers of Touring Topics under the title, "The Rainbow Cast in Stone." Drawing by Charles Hamilton Owens





VERSES BY
DALNAR DEVENING

WHITE SAILS

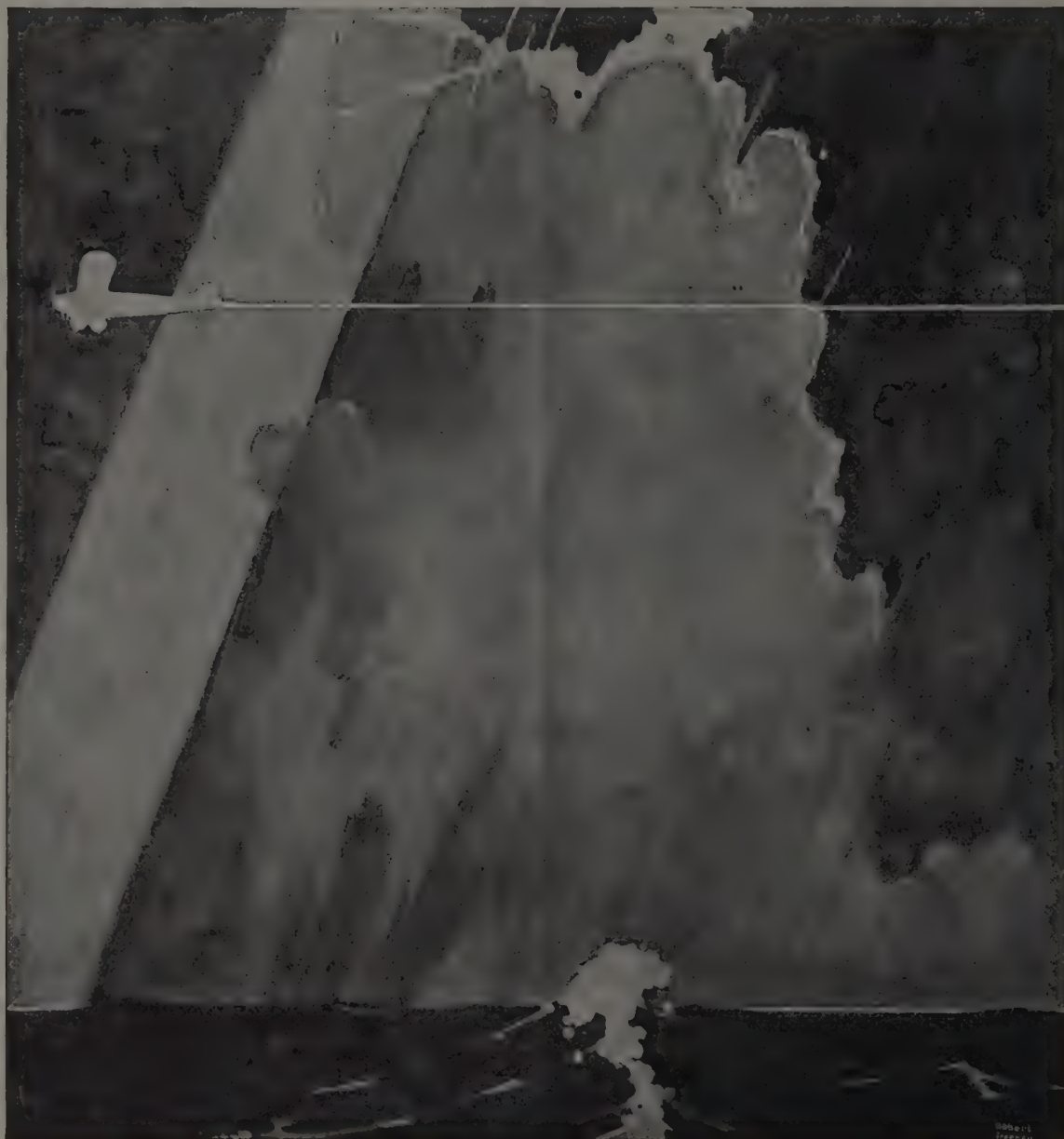
PHOTOGRAPH BY
J. WALTER COLLINGE

*The white sails gleam off Avalon,
They gleam off Monterey,
Off all our shores where late the Don
And pioneer held sway.*

*Off all our coasts the white sails gleam,
For man's unending quest
Still yields the helm unto a dream
That steers him ever west.*

*But sail you where the salt wind wills
To blow you o'er the seas,
You seek in vain for fairer hills,
For bluer waves than these.*

... *O*n...and on...and on to Australia!



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TOURING TOPICS

JULY, 1928



HIGHWAY BENEFITS

THE national parks of the West, these being America's playgrounds and the choicest in the world, are coming into the recognition which they deserve. Until within a few years they were enjoyed only by the few. Now interest in them is intensified all over the country and for more reasons than one. Their magnificent scenic beauty and the opportunity they afford for healthful and broadening recreation are better and more intimately known. They have shared in national public interest with the growing attractions of the developing West as a whole and, above all, they have been made more comfortably accessible by the building of many good highways leading to them from all directions.

These national parks, although located in the West, are a national asset and a national responsibility. They are separated by large areas of sparsely settled territory and it is obvious that the demands for more and better road service cannot be met alone by the communities or by the States in which they are located. The Automobile Club of Southern California, together with thoughtful and far-seeing men all over the country, has for years supported the position that Federal Aid for highways which are of national benefit is not only profitable but just and equitable.

It is gratifying, therefore, that Fed-

eral Aid appropriations have been made amounting to \$75,000,000 annually for highway building in each of the fiscal years of 1930 and 1931. Motorists may expect a continued enlargement of their touring zone in the great western area, which is of the greatest tourist interest. Additional appropriations have been made by Congress of \$7,500,000 for each of the two years for building forest roads and trails. Judging by past records and announcements of future highway programs, this total appropriation of \$165,000,000 by the National government will be supplemented by approximately twice that amount by the various western States.

With this expected half-billion-dollar expenditure for new highways, the era of western motoring and tourist travel is sure to receive a tremendous impetus. The development of the West will be thereby accelerated, and the whole nation will begin to really enjoy one of the greatest assets with which any people were ever endowed. The value of the roads already built because of Federal Aid supplementing the efforts of the western States is so obvious that a policy of continued Federal Aid should be a reasonable expectation, not so much because such aid benefits the West, but because it develops one of the nation's greatest assets and redounds to the profit and enjoyment of all the people of America.



.. The steamer "Gila" was the fastest of the riverboats. She was piloted by Captain Polhames from Yuma to Needles and return, 250 miles, in ten hours. Railroad freight cars which supplanted the picturesque river steamers may be seen in the background

Steamboating on the Colorado

The story of early navigation on the "Red River"
of the West—By J. S. Gorby

MADLY swirling its turbidly red waters through majestic and apparently interminable canyons, then rushing with maudlin glee through arid mesa land to the Gulf of California, the Colorado has been a true "river of destiny." Whimsical even in its best moods, the mighty Colorado, or "Red River," has wantonly destroyed both lives and property, or

has impatiently suffered success to be whirled into the lives of those who have dared to navigate it.

The early navigation of the river was carried on principally by those with conquest as their object or gold as their goal. Later we find men venturing forth upon its turbulent eddies and currents for possibly a more material, yet incidentally a none the less colorful and romantic purpose, the

transportation of life and life's necessities to the outposts of civilization.

Some forty years before Spanish expansion aspirations suffered curtailment by the defeat of the Invincible Armada, and while the conquest of Peru under the lickerish Pizarro was beginning to bear fruit in the form of colonization, Spain, with an eye inclined toward the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola, described from rumor by Cabeza

de Vaca, sent numerous exploring expeditions into the northern part of Mexico. Spending the greater part of his newly acquired Aztec fortune, Cortez died with Cibola still undiscovered. The viceroy of Mexico, Mendoza, continuing the search, organized several expeditions. Fray Marcos de Niza, and the negro Estevanico, pushing north from San Miguel, in upper Sonora, reached Cibola (Zuni) in 1539, being the first to set foot in the territory which is now the State of Arizona.

Estevanico, his cupidity aroused by the hope of riches and having a strong tendency toward rapacity and licentiousness, pushed ahead of Fray Marcos and so was the first to reach the mythical goal. Forewarned, however, the natives were not extremely cordial in their welcome to the conquistadores, and Estevanico was met with promises of a cruel death should he proceed into the city. Consequently, after a short visit, Fray Marcos and his party retraced their steps, but not, however, without bringing grossly exaggerated tales of the country.

These reports, corroborating the earlier descriptions and enhancing the wealth and marvels of the land, had the inevitable result of prompting further excursions to the north. In the following year Vasquez de Coronado, with a large company of buccaneers, was sent by Viceroy Mendoza into the territory. In August, 1540, Captain Hernando de Alarcón, one of Coronado's officers, sailing north independently in what was, at that time, presumed to be the Straits

territory and probably running short of provisions, Alarcón returned without the long sought gold but with the discovery of one of the most important rivers in North America to his credit.

Melchor Diaz, another of Coronado's captains, traveling by land a few months later, came upon the majestic river, and, following it southward to its mouth, found a sealed bottle containing letters left by

Alarcón, telling of his explorations. Diaz had previously named the river, *El Rio del Tizon*, "the fire-brand," because of the fire-brands which the savages carried to protect them from the severe cold of the nights.

While Diaz and Alarcón had visited the lower portions of the river, it remained for another to first view the grandeur of the Cañon Grande, or the Big Canyon. Garcia Cárdenas, still another of Captain Coronado's officers, had reached the Hopi pueblos farther to the east. After a 20-day-march over extremely difficult country, an Indian escort brought Cárdenas and a party of twelve men to a river whose banks appeared to be several miles above the stream. Descending the canyon as far as possible, they reported the river to be exceptionally large and that rocks, which from above appeared to be about the height of a man, were "higher than the tower of Seville."

Such is a brief account of the discovery of the Colorado River less than fifty years after Columbus named San Salvador.

The Spanish continued to send expeditions into the country around the river. Juan Bautista de Anza, commander of the presidio Lubac, in Sonora, came to the river near the site of Yuma late in 1775 with a company of men. Anza and his officers sought to ford the Colorado, but Palma, a Yuma Indian chieftain, told them it was impossible. Undaunted, Anza continued searching and finally succeeded in fording the river with all his train of ox-carts and mules, a few miles above the point where the river is forced through a narrow gorge, which gorge is now spanned by the Southern Pacific railroad bridge. Anza then proceeded to the San Gabriel mission and reached there early in 1776. A Franciscan friar, Francisco Garcés, accompanying Anza in 1775, made the first attempts to settle the country. Between the years of 1776 and 1780, Garcés made several trips and eventually succeeded in interesting the college at Altar sufficiently to cause them to



Captain Isaac Polhames. This much bewhiskered old navigator commanded the respect of everyone and held the enviable position of chief captain of all the river steamers. Photo courtesy of Mose Hibbard. Yuma



Site of Jaeger's ferry at Fort Yuma in 1869, as depicted by J. Ross Browne in an illustration for his "Adventures in the Apache Country"

Right—The steamer "Searchlight," one of the last of the river boats. When the Laguna Dam was built in 1908 the "Searchlight" was above it and was later lifted bodily over so that she could be used from Yuma to the Gulf

of California, came upon the mouth of the Colorado River. Surprised at the absence of a water passage around the Island of California, he decided to explore the river which he had named, *El Rio Buena Guia*, "the river of good guidance." Ascending in three small boats, the party reached a point not far distant from the site of Port Isabel, always hoping to find the magic cities. Undoubtedly discouraged by the forbidding aspect of the



lend aid in establishing missions along the river. La Purísima Concepción at Yuma, the Misión de San Pedro y San Pablo, some nine miles south, and a mission believed to have been called Santa Ysabel, north of Yuma, all on the California side of the river, were the result.

Ill-starred from the beginning, the missions were short lived. The Indians, particularly the Yumas and the Apaches, were anything but favorably impressed with the advent of the padres. Having been led to believe that they would be showered with presents and endowed mightily with earthly goods, they had the uncomfortable feeling of having been cheated. Food and supplies were soon exhausted and the natives became increasingly discontented with their new neighbors. There was a crisis and suddenly the savage disaffection blossomed into a wholesale massacre. Spanish vengeance was found to be much less enterprising than the invaders' lust for gold, and the Indians held sway over their own domain for many years more.

The mission of La Purísima Concepción was the most important of the Spanish missions in this territory and was the nucleus that later attracted Fort Independence and resulted in the establishment of the present town. The real name of the Yuma Indians is Kwichan. The name Yuma is believed to be a corruption of the Spanish humo, smoke, which was given them by Diaz. It is probable that this name was prompted by the sight of the smoking volcanoes which were found along the river some distance south of Yuma. The river was at one time called *El Río de Las Balsas*, "the river of rafts," because of the Indian custom of swimming and pushing their belongings on rafts across the river ahead of them. The women ferried their babies in little earthen ollas.

Very little is known of the history of Yuma or the lower Colorado, after the massacres at the missions, until 1838, when Peg-Leg Smith and his party of eight



Fort Yuma in 1891. This view taken from the California side of the river shows the Arizona Territorial Prison as well as Jaeger's ferry, which provided transportation facilities until the present highway bridge was built in 1915

prospectors crossed the river near Yuma. Shortly after this time, Pauline Weaver and Bill Williams, hunters and trappers, began working up and down the river in their quest for beaver pelts. It is interesting to note that Pauline Weaver carved his name in the crumbling walls of the Casa Grande in 1832.

William Williams, or "Old Bill," as he was called, was one of the most eccentric and picturesque pioneers of the country. A former Methodist preacher from Missouri, he was a familiar figure from the mouth of the Gila to Three Forks. Always avoiding companionship whenever possible, clad in an elkhide suit, black from smoke and grease, either riding or leading his piebald Indian pony, he went his solitary way up and down the river hunting and trapping. In 1848 "Old Bill" attempted to conduct Frémont's fourth expedition around San

cree.

The Bill Williams Fork of the Colorado, Bill Williams Peak, and Williams, Arizona, are monuments to this famous trapper.

In 1846 General Stephen Kearney marched his forces to Yuma and crossed into California, on his memorable march to assist in the conquest.

When the cry of Eureka brought the first mad hordes of Argonauts to California, they found the Yumas, the Apaches and the Cocopahs still very much in evidence and, as a general rule, still averse to having their lands traversed or frequented by the whites. Evidence of this is found in the accounts of the numerous sanguinary Indian massacres. Consequently, army posts were established at certain vantage points along the westward trails. Fort Independence, which was later moved to the old site of the mission at Yuma,

near the junction of the Gila and the river named by Father Garcés, *El Colorado*, was one of the first of these posts. Independence, or as it was later called, Fort Yuma, was the scene of many colorful and too often bloody episodes. Provisions and supplies were always scarce due to the extreme difficulty of transporting them across the adjacent desert territory, and this, together with the ever-present danger from hostile Yumas, made the fort a rather un-



The iron steamer "Explorer," in which Lieutenant Ives, in 1857, explored the Colorado from its mouth to El Dorado Canyon. From an old lithograph by J. J. Young, found in Ives' "Report Upon the Colorado River of the West"

healthy resort.

Consequently, in 1850, General Persifer Smith sent Lieutenant George H. Derby to make a reconnaissance of the Colorado from its mouth to Fort Yuma with a view to establishing a river route from the Gulf of California to Fort Yuma, which would greatly facilitate the transportation of supplies and thus permit the stationing there of a larger guard. Derby arrived at the mouth of the river in the schooner *Invincible*.

The boat, with a draft of probably eight or nine feet, was able to ascend the river twenty-five miles. From there Derby and his party proceeded about sixty miles further in flat-boats, brought for this purpose. The expedition clearly showed the feasibility of the river route and it was immediately adopted. Prior to Lieutenant Derby's reconnaissance, several ferries had been established on the river. One General Anderson, of Tennessee, arrived at the river several miles south of the Gila, having followed the Gila from Tucson. Anderson built a boat to transport his family and supplies to the California side of the river. After his crossing he presented the boat to the Yuma Indians, giving them a certificate of title. The conditions of the deed provided that the tariff or fare for transporting a man, a pack, and a horse would be one dollar for each, and in the event of their charging more they should be made to forfeit the boat. So far as is known the terms of the contract were faithfully kept and the ferry business proved very profitable to the Indians.

Another ferry line was started by Lieutenant Cave J. Coutts in September, 1849. Coutts established Camp Calhoun on the California side and for several months greatly aided the travel-worn gold seekers who crossed at this point. The boat Coutts operated was believed to have been the one used by the Howard family in descending the Gila on their trip westward. This trip was made famous by the birth of a son to Mrs. Howard while on the Gila. The boy was named Gila and is be-



The Ives party which explored the Colorado in the "Explorer" landed at Robinson's Landing at the mouth of the river in the schooner "Monterey"; here the iron steamer was assembled for the trip. From an old lithograph

lieved to be the first white person born in Arizona.

When Lieutenant Coutts departed in December, he sold the ferry to Dr. G. W. Lincoln, reputed to have been a distant relative of our famous president of the same name. Shortly afterward one John Glanton bought a half interest in Lincoln's ferry. Glanton, a renegade and blackguard, had been previously occupied in a most unusual and nefarious trade. The Mexican government had put prices upon the heads, or rather the scalps, of the Apaches—\$100 for the scalp of a brave, \$50 for a squaw, and \$25 for a papoose. Glanton, with a small band of professional cut-throats, had been selling a great many scalps to the Mexicans. They were not, however, at all discriminating in their choice and would indiscriminately present the tufted cerebral coverings of Indians, Mexicans and even whites. Finally the ghoulish practice was discovered

and was quietly done away with. The Indian ferry, to prevent harmful opposition, was burned, and many of the savages killed. However, the aborigines soon gave vent to their feeling of indignation over this atrocity and Glanton and his men were brutally killed in a surprise attack. The ferry boat and everything belonging to Glanton was burned or destroyed.

In the summer of the following year, 1850, a party of men, led by L. J. F. Jaeger and Ben Hartshorn, including Dr. Ogden, G. A. Johnson, Ankrum, Minturn, Blake, Taff, Moses and Archibald, came to Yuma to settle and re-establish the ferry. This ferry was several miles below the present site of Yuma, near the location of Hall Hanlon's famous ranch. The lumber of which the ferry boat was built was hauled by pack train across the desert from San Diego. The freight on this shipment was 35 cents a pound. The ferrymen, never-

theless, were amply repaid for, from the fall of 1850 to the spring of the next year, more than 60,000 people crossed on their ferry, paying from \$1 to \$2.50 a person and from \$5 to \$15 for each team of horses.

The schooner *Invincible*, under Captain A. H. Wilcox, which brought Lieutenant Derby's party to the mouth of the river, also carried a heavy cargo of supplies. These supplies were later taken up the river in flat-boats to Yuma. The fort subsequently was abandoned and the soldiers sought refuge in Jaeger's wooden fort near Hall Hanlon's. In time this was attacked by the Indians and the whites were again driven



The Mojave Canyon is the first of the many impressive canyons of the Colorado through which the traveler passes on a journey up the river. These canyons are products of centuries of erosion. From an early sketch

from the country, Jaeger himself being wounded three times by arrows, but recovering.

Early in 1852 another schooner, the *Sierra Madre*, arrived at the mouth of the river with supplies for troops which had been sent across country under Major S. P. Heintzelman and Major General Stone-man. Upon the arrival of the troops, Jaeger and his men returned and rebuilt their settlement. Hartshorn, Wilcox and Johnson joined in a contract with the government to bring the stores from the schooner to the fort. Barges were built for this work. They were towed by Indians and soldiers hired for the purpose. This was the beginning of the exceedingly lucrative freight trade on the Colorado, the receipts of which business were soon to reach into millions.

The trip from the mouth of the river to Fort Yuma took from thirty to forty days and covered a distance of approximately 150 miles. Minturn, who in the meantime had started another ferry at Yuma, died, and early in 1853 Jaeger secured both ferries. In the following summer, after much bloodshed, the troops decisively defeated the Indians, who have been at peace ever since. Shortly the Hartshorn, Wilcox and Johnson Company became the Colorado Steam Navigation Company, although they owned not a single steamer. They did, however, have plans for the procuring of one, and organization of this company marked the beginning of a thriving steamboat business on the river. One Captain Turnbull had brought the first steamer to the river late in the year previous. The boat was taken to pieces, loaded on the schooner *Capacity* and shipped to Robinson's Landing. Here the craft was reassembled and quickly proved herself. She was named the *Uncle Sam*, was 65 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 3½ feet deep. She was a side-wheeler and was powered by a locomotive boiler of twenty horsepower. She carried thirty-five tons of freight on only twenty-two inches of water. The *Uncle Sam* was used on the river for about three years and admirably served her purpose. She sank at her moorings near Pilot Knob, about five miles south of Yuma, and all efforts to raise her were in vain.

In 1854, almost a year after the formation of the company of Hartshorn, Wilcox and Johnson, Captain Johnson, of the firm, brought the side-wheeler *General Jesup* to Yuma. She carried thirty-five tons of freight on her maiden voyage, although her capacity was sixty tons on two feet of water. Her engine was rated at fifty horsepower and she was 104 feet long and 17 feet wide. The *General Jesup* gained the distinction of being the first steamer to go above Yuma when she carried mining supplies some twenty miles above Hardyville in 1858. On her return she met the little iron-clad, stern-wheeler *Explorer*, in which Lieutenant J. C. Ives and a group of topographical engineers were exploring the Colorado. The *Explorer* ascended the river as far as Great Bend. Somewhat obscured under

the sombre umbrage of a dust-covered tome and dismal lithographs, a complete description of the thrilling and arduous voyage is found in Ives's report on the expedition. The Indians, on first seeing the steamboat, ran away very frightened, screaming that "the devil was coming, blowing smoke out of his nose and kicking the water back with his feet."

In 1854 the government paid \$75 a ton

GRAND STEAMER EXCURSION!

STEVENSON'S ISLAND.

Steamer "MOHAVE"

Capt. Polhamus,

Will leave foot of Main Street at 7 a.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1893.

Music by Pablo Pino's Band.

Tickets, adults, One Dollar.

Children Fifty Cents.

Leave the Island at 4:30 p.m. reaching
Yuma at 6 o'clock.

Excursion trips were made on the Colorado river steamers until the building of the Laguna Dam in 1908, several miles above Yuma, which prevented their passage. These excursions were well attended, chiefly by the townspeople of Yuma. Photo courtesy Mose Hibbard

for the transportation of supplies from the mouth to Fort Yuma, and the military freight bill, covering a period of fourteen months, amounted to \$94,000.

A man named Poston and a party of civil engineers came to Yuma and tried to cross on Jaeger's ferry. Jaeger, however, asked \$25 to carry the party across and the amount could not be raised. Poston wracked his brain for a means to get across and finally devised a rather ingenious scheme. When Jaeger came to the California side again, he found the engineers staking out lots and making extensive surveys of the land. When he inquired what they were doing, they showed him a well worked out map of the townsites of Colorado City, neatly plotted into lots and showing in prominent lettering a steamboat ferry landing on the spot where Jaeger's ferry now landed. Jaeger was immediately interested and readily invested in a corner lot at \$25, the price of the ferry passage. Poston and his men crossed, and the town was duly recorded in San Diego County. Although, at one time there were several families in Colorado City, it never really prospered. However, it had served the purpose for which it had been conceived.

As the *General Jesup* reached the mining camp of Picacho, she struck a submerged boulder, rapidly filled with water, and sank. In the meantime the Colorado Steam Navigation Company had acquired another steamer, the *Colorado No. 1*, and she was immediately sent to the rescue of the *General Jesup*. The sunken vessel was raised and towed to Yuma, where she was repaired only to meet her doom a few months later when her boiler exploded as she was steaming up the rapids near Ogden's Landing, about twenty-five miles above Lerdo Colony. Two men were killed by the explosion and the boat was shortly afterward condemned. Her machinery was removed and sent back to San Francisco.

Several years prior to 1858 a stage line was started from Yuma to San Diego over a route closely following the present-day highway. In 1858 the government awarded a contract to John Butterfield and Company for a stage line from St. Louis to San Francisco. This route passed through Yuma, crossed the Colorado ferry, then turned northward to San Bernardino, thence to Los Angeles and San Francisco. The stages were guarded by cavalrymen from the forts and posts were established at frequent intervals enroute. Yuma was the source of supplies for many of the neighboring posts. Adobe stations were built and provisions stored there. Accommodations were also made for the weary cross-country traveler so that he might rest and wait for the next stage. The first Butterfield stage in 1858 made the 282 miles from Los Angeles to Yuma in seventy-two hours and twenty minutes. The entire trip from San Francisco to St. Louis was made in slightly more than twenty-four days.

The little iron steamer *Explorer* of Lieutenant Ives was later used on the Gila and Colorado rivers until 1864. Where the Gila joins the Colorado there are strong eddies and currents which often caught boats and carried them over shallow spots which caused them to become unmanageable. The *Explorer*, coming out of the Gila with a heavy load of wood, was thus whirled crazily down the Colorado to Pilot Knob, where she was put under control and made fast to a large cottonwood tree on the bank of the river. As if to show that Fate was not to be tampered with, the bank caved in almost before the men could return to the boat and the tree, roots and all, floated with the tiny steamer into a slough eight miles below. By a queer prank of nature, the river has changed its course, and the remains of the boat now lie about twenty miles from the river in the midst of a thick grove of cottonwood trees.

The *Colorado No. 1*, unlike its predecessors, was shipped in pieces to Yuma and put together at the ship yards which had been established at the foot of what is now Main street. She was the fastest boat on the river until 1893 when the *Gila* was put into service. Port Ysabel, somewhere near the mouth of Hardie's River, and close to the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45)

MOODS OF ENSENADA

By Florence K. Hinckley

Photograph by Ernest M. Pratt

OUR CAR creeps down the tortuous road from the clear moonlight of high mesas to the black shore-road. Unseen rocks below us fling a salty spray in our faces, increasing our sense of loneliness, but a curve in the road soon reveals a scattering of murky, yellow lights in the distance. They are strange, unblinking lights congealed in a foggy haze in the shadow of hills at the end of a crescent of moist black sand.

We stop our motor and listen for some friendly sound, but the town of Ensenada is sleeping silently under a slough mist that muffles even the lapping of the bay water against the wharf pilings. Yet as we turn back to the car an eerie note shrills through the night, followed by a series of mournful gurglings and arpeggios that last for several minutes and stop, echoless, as suddenly as they begin.

* * *

Daylight dispels our remaining illusions. In place of colorful adobe haciendas with garden filled patios, we find a group of "late American" shacks divided by a row of saloons, squatting in the dust. However, the langorous beauty of the country and certain quaint bits of Mexican local color more than compensate us for any lack of vine-clad adobe walls. As we stroll down the main street searching for one Don Castro, we see that the town is pinned on one end of a gleaming crescent of white sand that circles twenty-five miles to Punta Banda and the islands that enclose the blue bay of Todos Santos.

Don Castro we find at his ranch on the edge of town. He talks to us through the one window of the shack that shelters his eight children. He tells us that he is "mucho mal" (a wonder he is not *todo mal*!) but that "mañana" we may ride his horses if he can find them.

Amused, but not hopeful, we shuffle back through the soft dust, finding the streets and shops deserted. It is noon, and every good Mexican must eat and rest a little, but Quong Loy does not worship the great god, Mañana. This excellent celestial, with his solid gold

smile, assures us a choice of "Cheeken, pok chops, lamb chop, or Feesh," which proves better than it sounds.

* * *

A peculiar drowsiness begins to possess us. It will be just as well to ride mañana; today we can sleep on the sand. The street to the beach passes the military barracks, bright pink and blue stucco, crowded between the Beach Hotel and a duck pond. A small group of soldiers clothed in cast-off uniforms are leaning on their guns in the street watching the lazy antics of their wild-boar mascot. The officers have quarters for their families across the street. Lines of drying clothes stream like tears from the windowless openings of this two-story, brick building, while children and dogs lie sleeping together in the scant shade it affords.

As we pass, the brave clear note of a bugle suddenly sounds. The army snaps into attention with an heroic effort at dignity, which fails when the brave note falters, cracks, and is followed by mournful gurglings.

* * *

Today the town is rife with Americans on a holiday. Tia Juana, seventy miles away, overflows and all day they come noisily in their honking cars, men and girls in too much of a hurry, laughing coarsely. Down the street they go, weaving in and

out of saloons. All day long our fellow-countrymen drink, drink, drink, never seeing the shining crescent of beach, never seeing the lazy dogs and brown children asleep in the golden dust, never seeing the bronze statue of the proud Hidalgo at the town's entrance, and never knowing, never thinking of what they're doing.

The Mexicans disappear like shy squirrels into their burrows. Ashamed to be white, where whites are thus, we wander down the shore beyond the noise of cars and ribald songs. We bathe in the gentle waves and sleep on the tepid sand, or count the gulls as they go sailing by, until faintly, from the din of distant revels, comes one clear note of a bugle—the rest is lost.

It is twilight of another day and the last reveler is gone. Happy brown people again possess their town. A little orchestra of old men plays soft, Spanish music in the tiny plaza at the foot of the Hidalgo. Fat brown mothers with their flock of merry children chatter up and down the streets, watching older boys and girls at their flirtations.

A rising moon hurries the waning twilight. Its soft light veils the shabbiness and turns everything to beauty. As we walk down this street we pass doorways invitingly open, with soft lights and soft eyes glowing through the semi-darkness. The street is not long, and ends on the clean sands of the bay.

Here we find the Chinese fishermen of Todos Santos, short yellow men with almond eyes, dragging in their nets, pulling, pulling against the sucking tide. We give them a hand to see what it feels like to be fishermen. Stolidly they ignore us. When the nets are in with their load of silvery, flapping fish, we have had our thrill, and we stroll on. Out on the rickety little wharf we are alone with the moon and the little boats rocking on the bay. The town blinks quietly and contentedly across the water until, softly, the notes of a bugle stir the air with a minor discord.

Such is Ensenada, bright and colorful, dozing beside the sapphire-tinted bay that is called Todos Santos.



Ensenada, like virtually every other Mexican city, small or large, boasts its statue of the immortal Guadalupe Hidalgo

Horn, Thorn

Who's who, among the strange creatures in the wasteland re



The Prairie Dog

These doggies are gregarious,
They bark and make a dreadful fuss,
And chatter all the livelong day
About their neighbor 'cross the way.
Their furry cheeks just ooze and bulge
With things they're dying to divulge,
And if you listen long enough
You'll hear a lot of silly stuff.
Like all gossips their tongues are quick;
Like gossips, too, their skulls are thick.



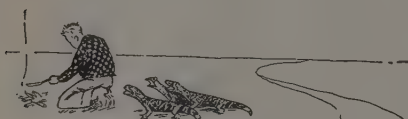
The Goshawk

Quite long of wing is the Goshawk,
But short of tail, and beak and squawk.
His feather coat is dingy grey,
He's hard to recognize, they say.
But if he grabs a hen and flies
Above you in the azure skies—
Think you won't know him? That's all
bosh;
You'll call his name—you'll yell, "O gosh!"



The Peccary

The Peccary is rather rare,
You have to beard him in his lair.
I do not know his history,
I never saw his family tree,
I am not versed in wild-hog lore—
To me he's something of a bore.



The Gila Monster

The Gila Monster's shunned by all,
So step aside and let him crawl.
His future isn't very bright,
It's ruined by his appetite.
He bites off more than he can chew,
Exactly as some people do,
And so he's filled with poison slime
And has dyspepsia all the time.
Now, if some day he tries to bite,
Just make your will and say, "Good night!"



The Horned Toad

The great Horned Toad is meek and mild
And would not harm a little child.
We all admire his taste in dress—
He wears a ruff, like good Queen Bess.
With bits of horn he is aflutter,
All cut out with the cookie-cutter!
Now when it comes to nifty style
He has the hothead skinned a mile.
His usefulness no one denies—
He spends his days in catching flies.



The Armadillo

He wears a coat of jointed mail
From tip of nose to end of tail,
And if he is disturbed at all,
He curls up in a round hard ball,
So he is safe from all his foes.
In spite of this he often grows
Quite discontented, and he'll pout,
Because his coat—it won't wear out!
Year in, year out, the same old dress
Grows a bit shabby, I'll confess.
And so the Armadillo's sad
When'er he sees a clothing "ad."



The Antelope Jack

His ears are enormous; his tail, it is black;
His legs are quite limber, and so is his
back.
He lives on the border, one ear to the
ground—
In each "revolution" he picks up the sound,
And, waking or sleeping, he's ready to leap,
Thus one hop ahead of the snipers he'll
keep.
Oh, if our big statesmen but had his long
ears,
They'd hop as he hops—if they heard what
he hears!



The Elf Owl

The wee Elf Owl, with soulful eyes,
Will match a sparrow, in his size.
He's very shy—the little Elf—
And does not like to show himself.
He lives in Jim Woodpecker's hole,
High up the giant cactus bole,
Where winter rains can never wet him,
And where coyotes cannot get him.



The Road Runner

The Road-Runner runs in the road,
His coat is speckled, a la mode.
His wings are short, his tail is long,
He jerks it as he runs along.
His bill is sharp, his eyes are keen,
He has a brain tucked in his bean.
But in his gizzard—if you please—
Are lizards, rats and bumble bees;
Also horned toads—on them he feeds—
And rattlesnakes! and centipedes!

Tooth and Claw

of the Southwest. Rhymes and caricatures by Eve Ganson—



The Arizona Green Jay

He's green and blue, and yellow, too,
With head and throat of inky hue.
A Jay will follow sudden whim,
Crass tenderfoot—beware of him!
For he is green—so very green—
You may be dazzled by his sheen,
And later, pinch yourself and say,
"I wonder which one was the Jay!"



The Diamond-Back

'Most every tenderfoot has heard
The Desert Rattler is a "bird";
But that's not true; although he sings,
The creature hasn't any wings.
He likes to shake his wicked tail
And make great big strong men turn pale,
And when he is in need of jack
He hocks the diamonds on his back!



The Bobcat

To be in style the Desert Lynx
Has bobbed her tail—the little minx!
Like every cat you ever saw
She's very quick with tooth and claw.
Between the acts she'll fawn and purr
And you can't get away from her,
For that Cat leaves a Cheshire grin
In every spot where she has been.



The Lobo Wolf

His sharp teeth gleam, his wild eyes blaze,
He's not known for his winning ways,
And so upon the Lobo's head
A price is set—"alive or dead."
He really does not seem to care,
But wears an independent air,
And though his race is nearly run,
He asks no quarter—and gives none.



The Porcupine

Poor Porky hasn't any friends!
You see—his quills have such sharp ends
That when a neighbor comes to play
He carries Porky's quills away,
A-sticking in his sides and snout;
And when he tries to pull them out
They give him such a dreadful pain
That he won't play with "Pork" again.



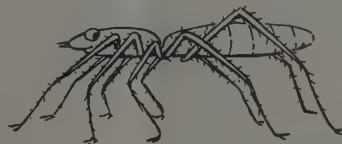
The Scorpion

If you are Any One at all,
The Scorpion will come to call.
He'll slip in slyly at your door,
And quickly scuttle 'cross your floor,
And hide deep in some cushioned seat—
Or on your shelves, or in your sheets.
You may not know that he has come
Until you find that you've been stung!



The Calling Hare

Above the timberline—that's where
You'll find the little Calling Hare.
He cuts and cures the mountain hay,
And when it's cured stores it away.
When this chap sees you—so they say—
He'll stand stock still and call "Hay, Hay!"
He's busy all the livelong day—
At night he likes to hit the hay.



The Vinegaroon

Half spider and half scorpion
Is this dainty Vinegaroon.
His many legs give him great speed,
And just as many you will need
To keep out of his way, for he
Is known for his agility.
By day he crawls away to hide.
Shake well your coat—perhaps inside
Your pocket you may find him hid.
Or in your shoe—as I once did!



The Badger

This plain dirt-farmer has a craze
For labyrinthian passage-ways.
He plays an underhanded game,
But—like a sport—he takes the blame.
As you might gather from his map,
The Badger's a resourceful chap.
And, in his way, is rather droll—
He likes to place you in a hole.

Where Vulcan Works IN CALIFORNIA

Detailing a ramble about Lassen's Peak, the only active volcano in the United States—

By Phil Townsend Hanna

LASSEN'S PEAK already possessed a certain eminence before that memorable evening of May 30, 1914, when it belched forth with the first of a series of regurgitations that established it as the only active volcano in continental United States.

It had been a landmark for emigrant parties as early as 1846, and, to the Indians, a beloved retreat long before that. Anterior to the advent of Peter Lassen, to whom it owes its name and much of its original fame, it was shown on the earlier maps of California as Mount St. Joseph.

Lassen, a Dane, had come west in 1839 to settle at Oregon City. Inoculated with the virus of wanderlust or dissatisfied with Oregon, the record is not clear, he stayed less than a year, voyaging south to San Francisco in 1840. Here he occupied himself variously, as a smithy much of the time, until 1843 when he secured an allocation of a portion of the Bosquejo grant on Deer Creek, Tehama County, near the present town of Vina.

He became friendly with the Indians, built a small community with their labor and in 1847 accompanied Commodore Robert F. Stockton to the east to enroll settlers for the colony he planned to build about his ranch. The call of the west was hot upon the Atlantic seaboard and he had little difficulty in persuading a large company of emigrants to follow him to the Pacific.

Instead of following the established emigrant trail down the Humboldt and up the Truckee Rivers to Sacramento, and then proceeding northward through the Sacramento Valley to his project, he essayed a cut-off—another of those tragic follies that brought suffering, privation and death to so many pioneer parties. His company took to the new

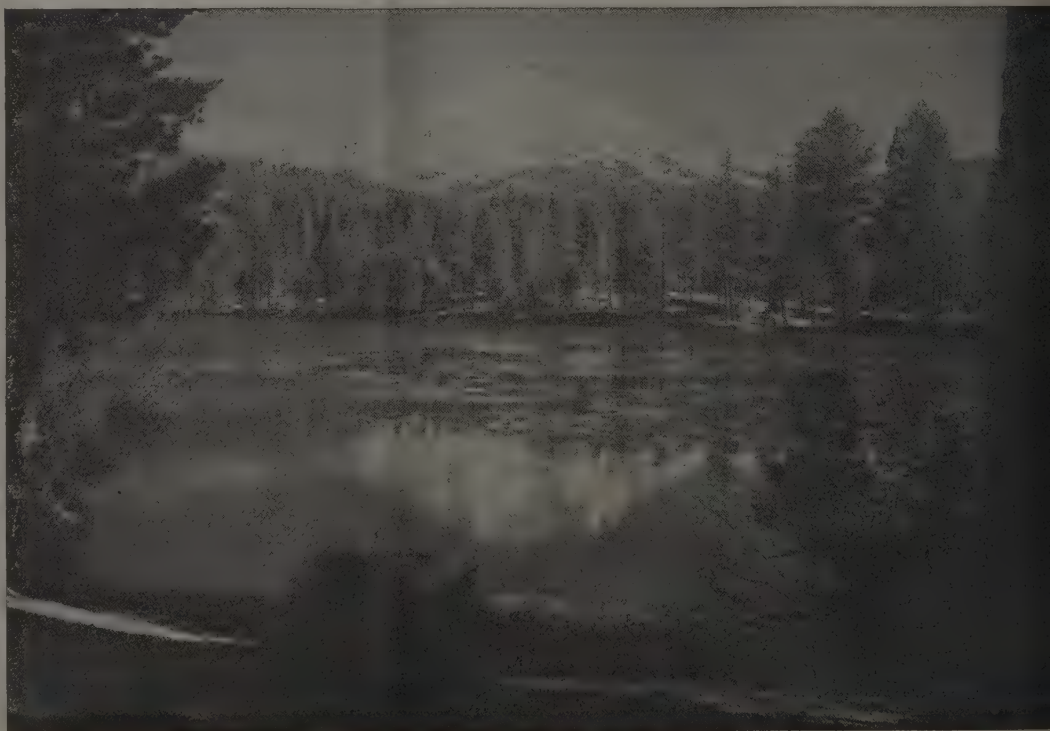
way at what was known as the "big bend" of the Humboldt, a short distance west of Winnemucca, proceeded northwesterly and entered the present State of California through Surprise Valley, in its northeasternmost corner. Along the west side of Upper Lake, the party swung to round the northern end of the Warner Range, then turned south near the present town of Alturas. Thence they took a southwesterly course to Bieber, Poison Lake, Feather Lakes and down Deer Creek to Lassen's Ranch.

The route was a most unfortunate one. Lassen wasn't entirely familiar with it himself and became lost more than once. The party was starving and in an unfortunate condition. On one occasion they became so incensed at Lassen for the plight he had brought them to that they threatened to

hang him. Only a combination of fortuitous circumstances saved him.

Emigrants who started in 1849 caught up with the travelers of the first company and shared their suffering. Conditions became so bad that the government appropriated \$100,000 and sent out a relief party to aid those struggling along this impossible trail. All were brought to Lassen's Ranch and many settled in the Sacramento Valley or worked the Trinity Mines. It is estimated that 9000 emigrants came over this route before the news of its impassibility could be communicated and the emigrant stream diverted to a more favorable channel.

Success frowned on Lassen's colony. In 1850 he disposed of the majority of his ranch property and purchased a half interest in a steamer which he proposed to op-



Lassen's Peak as it appears across the quiet waters of Reflection Lake

erate on the upper Sacramento. Success turned her back completely on this venture. Lassen abandoned his maritime occupation, realized all that he could on the remnants of his ranch property and settled in Honey Lake Valley.

While prospecting on the Black Rock Desert in northern Nevada in 1859 he was shot and killed by Piute Indians. A county and a crucible of living fire remain as monuments to his memory.

II

Regardless of its engaging history, Lassen's Peak might have remained through the endless procession of years a pleasing mountain to look upon but unworthy of especial note had it not been for the succession of upwards of 300 eruptions that started without warning on May 30, 1914, and continued intermittently until February 7, 1921.

This was not, however, the first time that Vulcan had been busy in this particular



Chaos Crag, impressive volcanic peaks, border Lassen on the north. Here they are viewed from Manzanita Lake



Looking toward the seething cauldrons of the Devil's Kitchen. The River Styx, a cold water stream, is in the foreground

workshop. Something like 200 years previously, and for much of the time prior thereto, this dominating peak, 10,460 feet high, had been active, for the Cascade Mountains of which it is the southernmost outpost are volcanic products of relatively recent times. Geologists place their formation in the Eocene Period, with the greatest lava flow about Lassen's Peak coming in the Miocene and Pliocene.

Our concepts of the origin and action of volcanoes has changed a lot since the days of Saint Francis Xavier, who informed a Messina pagan that they were "hell from which the souls of those who had worshipped idols were being thrown out." Even the last quarter century has brought a radical revision of our notions. The "internal fluidity theory" has joined the nebular hypothesis in the Valhalla of long-cherished but now discredited ideas. Science has washed its hands of the belief that the earth's interior is a seething, liquid mass, ready to break forth through vents and fissures at weak spots in the crust whenever the contraction of the latter creates the necessary pressure.

The current theory is a complicated one—equally as complex as the process by which it accounts for volcanic phenomena. In substance, it is something like this:

The magma, or liquid rock of the earth's interior, part of which subsequently is transmitted into the lava of volcanic eruptions, is formed relatively near the earth's surface, probably not more than

frothy magma erupts and spreads itself about the mouth of the vent, building up the huge cones that have made volcanos so characteristically familiar.

Frequency of eruption is directly dependent upon the degree of activity within the fissure. The lava extrusions solidify rapidly and unless the activity within the fissure is brisk enough to keep up a continual discharge of gases, eruptions occur intermittently and only when a rapid rate of heat exchange through the magma is effected. They may become quiescent through a complete subsidence of activity, or through the formation of a particularly tough plug of cold lava. If the fissural activity still continues at a rapid pace and the plug resists tenaciously, new vents may be formed. Not always does the eruption consist of liquid lava. Often it may be no more than gas or small bits of solid material. Many of Lassen's eruptions have been of the latter type.

III

The manifestations of Lassen's thermal energy are many, diversified and spread over an extensive area. Shortly after the volcano's renaissance the Federal government, recognizing its importance and significance, created Lassen National Park. This occurred in 1916 when 124 square miles, including the peak, boiling springs, geysers, mud volcanos, the devastated area and similar phenomena, were set aside by Congress.

An inexplicable apathy has marked the course of the park's development. Much private land and two of its most amazing attractions still remain in private hands. No first rate resort is available for the accommodation of visitors. Existing roads, in the main, are abominable, although work now is proceeding on a loop highway about the peak, linking all the major points of interest. With all these discouraging conditions, the park still is worthy of a penetrating scrutiny. The petty annoyances, and

forty miles. It is converted from a solid to a liquid state by the absorption of gases emanating from a much greater depth through extensive abysmal fissures. These fissures may be several hundreds of miles in length and provide the genesis for a long chain of volcanos.

Along the Pacific Slope, for instance, the volcanos of Rainier, Hood and Shasta, though extinct, undoubtedly are located on the same abysmal fissure as active Lassen. Within this fissure then is contained the liquid magma. That part of it in direct contact with the fissure walls cools somewhat and becomes solidified, though remaining incandescent. It thus acts as a non-conductor of heat and prevents the magma from cooling. In favorable localities the fissures find vents and a reduction of pressure. This permits the magma to effervesce, just as the bubbles from soda water in an opened bottle effervesce, and the throat of the fissure is charged with gas. The higher these bubbles rise, the more buoyant they and the surface magma with which they are mixed become. Subsequently a time comes when a great volume of this



Lake Tartarus or Boiling Lake, jade-green and ominous, lies in a hollow depression in the hills near Drakesbad, strangely enough, by brilliant green trees and shrubbery. It is seen at its best at dawn and dusk when great clouds of steam arise from its surface

they are many as this is written, are not an unleavened evil for they accentuate by contrast the appeal of the natural curiosities.

The attractions roughly group themselves into two divisions. The area of Hat Creek and Lost Creek devastated by the peak's late eruptions; scenic Manzanita and Reflection lakes, Chaos Crags, and intimate contact with the mountain for those who prefer not to climb it, and the recently opened Loomis Museum are to be seen from the north side. Lake Tartarus or Boiling Lake, the Devil's Kitchen, the Geyser, Bumpass' Inferno, and numerous other mud pots and hot springs are accessible only from the south.

The story of Lassen's latest outbreak is a dramatic one. The first eruption was observed at 5 p. m. on May 30, 1914. It consisted, as did the frequent ones that followed throughout the year 1914, of steam, small rocks, dust and ash, warm but not hot. During this period there were no lava flows. The eruptions averaged four to five hours in duration and sent up clouds of steam and ash for from 400 to 11,000 feet above the summit of the peak. During the seven-year course of the volcano's explosive activity, including the horizontal blast that singed and denuded the valleys of Lost and Hot creeks, no fatalities occurred. One of the first parties to visit the summit after it became active was caught in an eruption. A member of this expedition, one Lance Graham, was hurled several hundred feet down the mountain, was badly bruised and suffered a broken collar-bone. He seems to have been the volcano's only victim, but he is, by the same token, its chief hero. His story is a vivid one. B. F. Loomis, in his *Pictorial History of the Lassen Volcano*, thus records it:

"As we stood on the rim of the crater

looking into the great irregular cavity, the three of us became nervous. I climbed a higher point than the others. Perched on a high rock, I was seized with a premonition of the impending danger, and my one impulse was to get away. Somebody suggested that we 'beat it.' I was entirely agreeable to this, but for some unknown reason, though the others started down the mountain at once, I remained behind for about three minutes.

"Just as I turned to leave the crater's rim there was a puff of blue smoke, followed by a tongue of red flame that resembled the discharge of an old-fashioned cannon. My impression is that there was a dull rumble accompanying this outbreak but of this I am not certain. I started to pick my way down the mountain, but in a trice I was enveloped in a cloud of smoke, while a perfect hail of small volcanic bombs and cinders beat down upon me. Then I was struck by a stone about twice the size of my fist that felled me to the ground.

"My senses gradually left me and I seemed to be floating out into space where all was peaceful and calm. I have no idea how long I lay on the mountainside, but I was conscious of the fact that my companions had left me for dead. I was paralyzed; at least my vocal organs refused to respond to my efforts to articulate. When the eruption was over and the atmosphere cleared, my companions made a search for me, finding me completely covered with ashes and cinders. They started to carry my

supposed dead body down the mountain.

"At this time I was fully aware of what they were doing and of the fact that they thought me dead. I cannot explain this, but it seemed to me that I was for the time being a disembodied spirit, viewing its own body from another sphere of existence."

From the initial eruption on May 30 until the end of the year 1914, there were reported 110 of these phenomena—all of the steam and ash variety, explosive in their violence, but with only slight traces of mineral gases. Intervals between eruptions varied from something like an hour to several days and frequently they endured but a few minutes, and, again, for many hours.

Loomis, who has lived about Lassen for many years, observed a vast number of the eruptions, and possesses the best photographic record of the volcano's activity, too, was involved in one eruption during the early stages of the outbreak. On one occasion, he declares in his history, he had climbed to the saddle between Chaos Crags and Lassen's summit, which is the route of approach from the north:

"On looking up we saw huge columns of smoke ascending from the crater. They ascended probably 500 feet above the mountain and then drifted away in the direction of the wind toward the east. The sight was fearfully grand. The huge clouds of black smoke ascending, while the borders were lined with innumerable curls of sunlit crests which seemed so dense that appar-



This geyser, on the shore of Lake Tartarus, emits huge quantities of pure, live steam

ently we could not see into them an inch. On the under side of the column of smoke the ashes were falling in streaks toward the ground—falling slowly like snow or hail.

"To say that we were excited is putting it mildly. We all began talking or shouting at once, and in our haste to get some pictures of it, I spoiled a plate or two by not focusing properly. Then, discovering the error, I took another view, pointing the camera up as high as the traffic would bear, then I got my first good picture of a volcano in eruption."

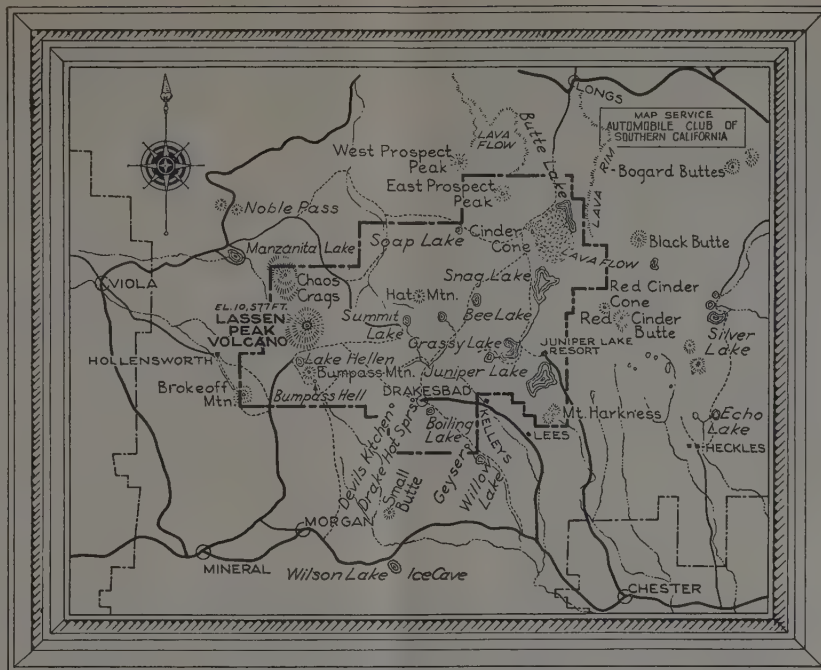
His negligence is excusable. The man who could thrust his head beneath the professional photographer's focusing cloth and nonchalantly proceed to

turn his lense upon a veritable gushing hell not much farther than beyond his reach would be a *rara avis* indeed.

As the eruptions continued through 1914 and the early months of 1915, observers agree that they appeared to increase in violence and volume of ejecta. This tumescent period reached a climax in the eruptions of May 19 and 22. In both these, for the first time, incandescent lava was noted about the summit, though little or none of this seems to have overflowed from the crater rim.

The eruption of May 19, however, produced the most amazing phenomenon of the whole recent activity. During its course an incredibly powerful blast of super-heated steam, carrying a vast quantity of volcanic ash, and rocks up to fifteen tons in weight, was loosed from a northeastern point of the crater at a low angle.

This tore down Lost and Hat creeks, leveling 5,000,000 feet of standing timber, some of the trees being as much as five feet in diameter. This blast, hot enough to char much of the timber, and powerful enough to imbed sand grains into exposed surfaces of the timber for a quarter of an inch, extended four miles! It melted a huge ice and snow field found on this slope of the peak, and a mud flow of inconceivable proportions followed. This latter carried down boulders and the trees leveled by the previous blast, wiped out several homesteads and covered meadows with mud and debris to a depth of five to six feet.



This map shows the principal points of interest in Lassen National Park, and the approach roads thereto

During these peculiar mud flows evidence shows that the volume of water and mud carried equaled that flowing in the upper Sacramento River at flood. One hot rock hurled from the peak had been surrounded with driftwood from the mud flow. It still retained enough heat to fire this timber. A resident on Hat Creek was awakened by his dog. Loomis reports him as having described the flow as a great wall twelve feet high, making "a roar something like a gale of wind in the trees, with a crash and boom of the logs and rocks as they came tumbling along." The flood carried this man's cabin fifty-three feet and lodged it against a tree. When the water receded sixteen inches of mud was left evenly distributed over the floor.

There were no casualties save a few chickens. This was because the locality

looks:

1914	110
1915	118
1916	13
1917	53
1918	None reported
1919	4
1920	2
1921	1

Although the volcano is at present quiescent, evidence of the puissancy of its latent fires is to be found in the numerous springs and geysers that fringe its southern base.

Drakesbad, a short distance north of the Red Bluff-Susanville lateral State highway, is the gateway to two of the most interesting of these thermal areas. Approximately half a mile west of the resort here located is to be found Lake Tartarus or Boiling Lake, and a mile and a half northward up

Warner Creek Valley, the Devil's Kitchen. Though this area is contained within the boundary of Lassen National Park it is privately owned. It was customary last season for the owners, who likewise operate the Drakesbad resort, to levy an admission fee of fifty cents a person on those visiting these points of interest who were not patrons of the resort. There is no entrance fee to the park, however, and this compensates in a way for this curious anomaly. One gets one's money's worth, irrespective of who profits, and these two sights are decidedly worth seeing.

Lake Tartarus occupies an oval basin some 600 feet in



Bubbling mud-pots are frequently encountered throughout the Lassen thermal area. They vary both in temperature and color

was sparsely settled. Had a town lain in the path of the great blast and mud flow it must surely have been destroyed.

A similar blast accompanied the crowning eruption of May 22, but this time nothing but water, believed to have been the condensed steam emitted from the crater, came down the slopes. This great upheaval is reported to have sent clouds of steam 25,000 feet above the peak, and to have fluxed and raised the crater's floor.

Detumescence thereupon set in and though many other heavy eruptions were subsequently recorded, the general trend of activity was toward subsidence. The total number of eruptions reported for the entire active period fol-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)

True Flies

By G. Rayson Brown

THE fly, with its fury and futility of movement, is an impressive symbol of this mechanical age. Unlike the bee and the ant, whose every movement is purposeful and directed to a productive end, the fly is something of a drone among insects. Its pointless activity is not dissimilar to that of a large slice of mankind and the idle buzzing of its wings intensifies the resemblance.

The world is infested with flying insects; some are flies in the true sense of the word, others are wrongly named flies because they flit through the air. Some of the true flies are more commonly known by other names. True flies are of the order Diptera. Wasps, bees, and ichneumon flies belong to the order Hymenoptera; the order Trichoptera includes the caddis flies; the sub-order of Heteroptera embraces the water bugs, assassin bugs, squash bugs and numerous others that may fly but for a short period at the termination of their development. Then there is the interesting order of Orthoptera, our large families of grasshoppers, katydids, crickets and walking-sticks.

The family first mentioned—Diptera (true flies)—is one that includes a vast number of species. The habitat of these animals is widespread, from the confines of



A cannibal of the fly family is *Mallophora orcina*, above. Not only does he prey upon members of his order, but he doesn't hesitate to attack—and worst—the honey-bee



Right—*Eurosta asteris*, known as the fruit or gall fly, is very small, but has a wing decoration befitting one of greater proportions



Above—A real pest is *Tephritis aequalis*, another species of fruit-fly, which does so much damage to apples and other fruits



Right—A frequenter of flowers is the drone-fly *Eristalis tenax*. It resembles a bee at a distance but, of course, is not related

Below—the snipe-fly, of the family Leptidae, are among the laziest members of the family—too lazy even to nest, the females often depositing their eggs on the egg masses of others



Above—Tormenting to animals and man alike is the gad-fly (*Chrysops fugax*), also known as the deer-fly



Below—The common green-bottle-fly (*Lucilia caesar*) is familiar to many who venture forth in the fields at dawn where they are to be found dozing on leaves and twigs

- AND OTHERS

Photos by the Author

a sugar bowl to the world at large.

True flies have external anatomical features similar to all insects, i. e., head with mouth, eyes and antenna; thorax, with legs and wings appended, and an abdomen. These various parts bear shapes characteristic of the species and some of the characteristics are general to the order. One of the distinctions that true flies possess is the presence of but one pair of wings. The second pair, found on other orders (except Aptera which is wingless) is represented in true flies by one pair of balancers known as "halteres" which consist of shield-like projections in some species and in others, a hairy protuberance with a flattened end which is appended to the top of the metathorax, the mesothorax supporting the true wings. The prothorax has no wing appendages but it, like the other two mentioned, has appended one pair of legs. The covering of flies varies from a light coat of fuzz to a coat of long, sharp seta or spines which are a protection to the animal. These aid in identification of the various species.

The activities of flies is diversified and we think of them generally as pests, but observation shows that some of the Diptera family have meritorious virtues. The larva of the bee flies, robber flies, dance flies, thick-headed flies, tachina flies, numble flies,

throphophagites, or cannibals, such as robber flies, dance flies and mydas flies; of these, the robber fly (Asilidae) is the most aggressive. These remorseless marauders are a large species often attaining the size of an inch or more in length. These cannibals fly fast and seize their prey with their front feet, which are very large and strong, and then pierce their victim with their proboscis and suck therefrom all that can be removed. The victims are not definite species of insects, but may be any insect that crosses their path. Often, too, the male

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)



Above—Stripes, bars and chevrons appropriately grace the soldier-fly (*Hermetia illucens*) and it is from these markings that the species received its name



Above—A frequent visitor about the home and the bane of housewives is the gray blow-fly (*Stomoxys calcitrans*)



Left—Another well-known and just as vigorously combated invader of the backyard is the blue-bottle-fly (*Sarcophaga carnaria*)



Often confused with the mosquito and, in England, sometimes called "Daddy-long-legs," is the crane-fly (*Pachyrhina* sp.). Although some species possess proboscis longer than those of mosquitos, they are not employed carnivorously

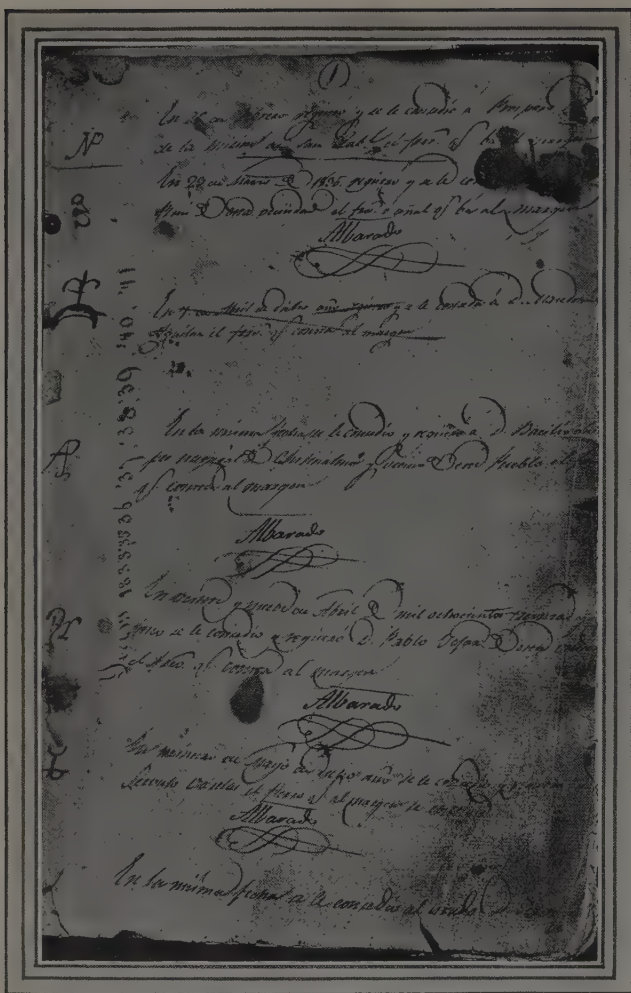
snipe flies, soldier flies, gad flies and mydas flies are predatory and prey upon insect eggs, larva, and the insect itself is often attacked and destroyed. These insects soon would become a menace to man were it not for the carnivorous army above enumerated. The flies frequenting flowers in their instinctive pursuits perform an important role in one of the intricacies of nature. This is known as pollenization which is necessary if flowers are to reproduce and mature.

The order of Diptera has in its illimitable families a few that are an-



Left—Of considerable value to man is the tachinid-fly (*Jurinia metallica*) as the larva of this species feeds entirely upon destructive insects

Heraldry on the EARLY CALIFORNIA Rancho



The first page in the old "Libro de Fierros" shows a date as early as 1835. On another page a brand appears registered in 1833

THE monarch of old who could not sign his name made use of a signet; the armored knight who went into battle with visor drawn needed an identification that his friends might know, and his foes might fear him. Seals and coats-of-arms which, in this practical age, are regarded as vain and useless trappings, filled a real need in their day.

Hernando Cortez, conqueror of the Aztec Empire, established a rancho on the Isthmus of Tehauntepec. Actuated by the necessity of identifying his cattle he devised a brand for that purpose, and although four centuries have passed, the cattle on that ranch still bear the original Cortez brand. Thus was inaugurated, albeit unwittingly, a new-world heraldry which paralleled in many respects that of the old world; for around those cabalistic signs by which ranchers have identified their cattle cluster the romance, comedy and tragedy which played a large part in the development of the West.

During the early days of California's history each of the missions controlled vast tracts of land over which ranged thousands

portions of the huge tracts that they once controlled. These in time became rich *haciendas*, rivaling in wealth the estates of Europe. As the bulk of their liquid assets consisted of cattle that were free to wander from one range to another, it behooved the landed barons of those days to set the seal of ownership on their ambulatory property.

As the *hacendados* and their cattle increased in numbers, the multiplicity of brands, which in some cases were similar, resulted in a problem at once complex and serious. It is recorded that the battle of Barnet was lost to the cause of Lancaster when Warwick attacked his ally Oxford by mistake, taking the streaming star of that warrior for the sun of York. So on the less historic fields of the western cattle ranges have sanguinary combats occurred, and the steer finally fallen to the better man rather than the rightful owner, because of close resemblances between brands.

Thus arose the necessity for an official registry of cattle brands which should give them a legal status and diminish the danger of duplication, similar indeed to a college of heralds. In time, this became so systematized that the registry and publica-

tion of a man's brand was executed in a manner similar to that used with deeds.

During the first half of the Nineteenth Century, the tiny pueblo of Los Angeles was surrounded by immense ranchos, many of which covered tens of thousands of acres. Their owners, among them former soldiers of the king of Spain, held title to their land by virtue of royal grants. These estates were ranges for unnumbered herds of cattle which, for wildness, compared favorably with the bison, and for combativeness frequently had no apologies to offer the grizzly bear. By dint of much labor which was always strenuous and often dangerous, those knights of the range, the vaqueros, placed on each of those cattle, the brand of its owner. In the pueblo of Los Angeles was the *Libro de Fierros* in which all brands were recorded.

Unparalleled perhaps in the annals of new-world settlement was the era of progress that in an incredibly short time transformed those ranges into subdivisions, then into metropolitan areas covered with buildings ranging from the bungalow to the height-limit structure. Within the memory of some yet living, land worth a few dollars an acre for cattle range has advanced to values that exceed the wildest dreams of avarice. Gone are those vast herds of wild cattle; gone their owners who were the landed barons of nearly a century ago—men who, by reason of their deeds or status, have passed either into oblivion or into history. Of the few mementoes of them that yet survive, there is perhaps none more interesting than that aged *Libro de Fierros* that reposes today in the Hall of Records in Los Angeles County. Soiled and worn by much handling, yellow and fragile with age, the leaves of that book bear inscriptions of cattle brands and the names of their owners. Among them are men whose names are inseparably connected with the

How the first settlers of the Golden State identified the livestock that was the chief product of the land—

By Philip Johnston

storied past of Southern California. The earliest date which appears is in the year 1833; the last is in 1851. It is curious to note that during the latter date—four years after the American occupation—cattle brands were recorded in Spanish. Two other volumes contain brands of later registry, to the year 1917, at which time the State assumed all control of brand records.

"On the fourth day of May, 1839, I register and grant to Dn. Sr. Abel Stearns the brand which appears in the margin.

Tiburcio Tapia."

This laconic statement concerns a well-known pioneer who owned Rancho Alamitos, embracing six leagues of land which provided range for 30,000 cattle, 10,000 sheep, and 2000 horses and mares! Small wonder, then, that a brand appearing on such a large number of livestock should attain a significance comparable with the seal or the coat-of-arms of a mediæval lord.

A translation of a later record, one of the last to be written in Spanish, is as follows:

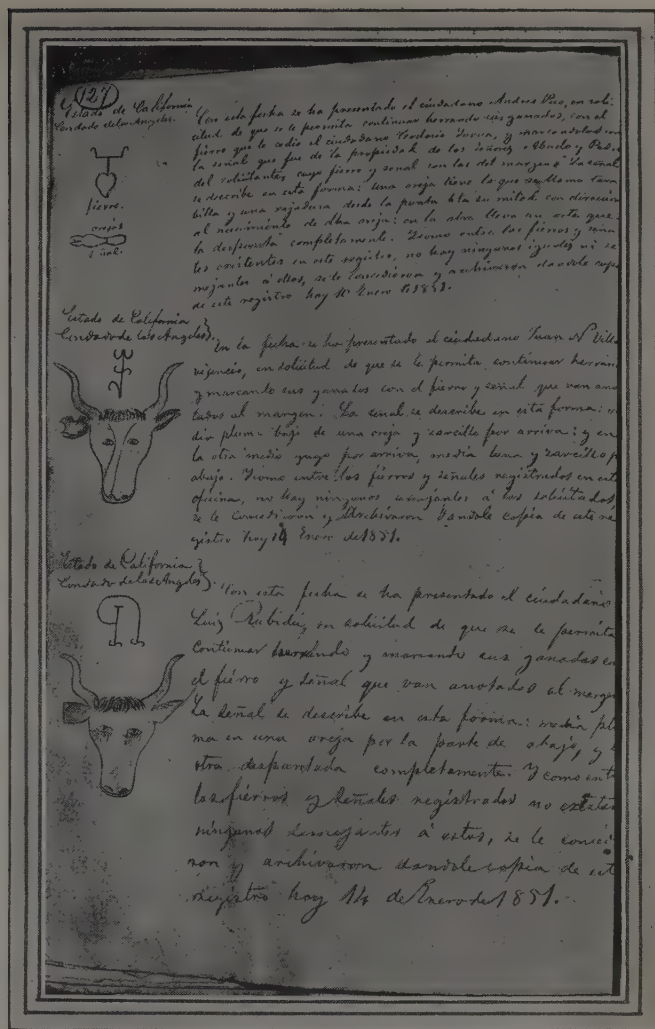
"On this date the citizen Andreas Pico has presented himself, petitioning that he be permitted to continue branding his cattle with the brand which the citizen Teodoro Yorba ceded to him, and marking them with the ear marks which were the property of the grandfather of the petitioner, whose brand and sign are those in the margin. Since among the brands and signs in this registry there are none like these nor similar to them, you are prayed to grant and record a copy in this registry today, the 10th of January, 1851."

It will be remembered that Don Andreas Pico was the leader of the Californians who handled General Kearney's little army so roughly at San Pasqual, inflicting on it a loss of thirty-two killed and wounded. In addition to being distinguished as an outstanding military figure among the Californians, Don Andreas was a great sportsman who took a keen interest in horse-racing, and who made substantial wagers on his own horses. This sport was taken very seriously three-quarters of a century ago, and had a legal standing that seems very strange today. In fact, one of the most famous lawsuits of the early days was the outgrowth of a horse-race. In the words of Bancroft:

"Suit was brought in Los Angeles against Fernando Sepulveda to pay Andreas Pico

100 calves and one horse lost at a race—conditions having been legally arranged. Sepulveda had promised to pay but afterwards refused, although the judge had decided against him with costs, in accord with Article 91 of the law of congress 1837. Sepulveda, on being threatened with execution, pleaded that his property belonged to his father; he was merely an *hijo de familia*. The bondsman was now called upon, but he showed that young Sepulveda had won bets before, and had received stakes with his father's knowledge. The judge seized the stock representing stake and costs, but was ordered by the government to return it, Sepulveda's assertions regarding the majority of his son being recognized. The judge delayed obeying the order, and the documents and a copy of Sepulveda's statement was sent to the supreme tribunal of Mexico.

"On June 7, 1841, the governor writes the prefect of Angeles desiring that some persons of the city shall propose regulations for horse-races so that the municipal funds may receive some benefit from a tax thereon. The cause of this order was a dispute between two men arising from a horse-race. July 7, 1841, the prefect and five *vecinos* met to propose rules for horse-racing which were submitted to government approval. Every race should be arranged by a legal obligation wherein amounts of bets, conditions and rules were to be specified, and no appeal was allowed. Those who bet without subjecting themselves to the law were nevertheless bound by it. The winner paid a tax of twenty reals for every twenty-five dollars bet, five dollars for fifty dollars bet, six dollars for one hundred dollars bet, and 6 per cent beyond this, payable to the mu-



The first brand appearing on this page of the old register is that of Andreas Pico

nicipal fund at the racing place. If effects were staked, they were to be valued in the presence of the judge of the place in order that the tax be collected."

"Effects" were usually cattle, and as considerable property of that nature changed hands at the conclusion of a horse-race, it behooved the winner to set his iron on the newly acquired stock. Usually, all of these bore the brand of the loser, hence it was necessary for that person to void his own brand, accomplished by placing a duplicate beside the original, after which the new owner marked the cattle with his own brand. The latter then proceeded to have the brand recorded in his own name on the pages of the *Libro de Fierros*.

Behind the quaint Spanish legal phraseology appearing in the lines of archaic chi-rography in that ancient volume, lurk the shades of all-but-forgotten comedies and tragedies of nearly a century ago. The final arbiter in all disputes involving the ownership of cattle or horses, this book figured prominently in many historic law suits. Among these the most famous, albeit the most ludicrous, occurred in 1852.

The plaintiff, Juan Largo, was a man of

great wealth whose holdings comprised vast tracts of land, and thousands of cattle and horses. The defendant, Juan Chapo, was a poverty-stricken gambler whose lack of skill in that profession frequently made him solicit charity from his more fortunate brethren. The subject of the action was a lean lank old mustang.

"To me the value of the horse is chaff," said Senor Largo, "but there are family traditions connected with that horse that makes him dear to my heart. He has been stolen and bears my brand, and I am bound to have him."

The chief difficulty in the suit consisted of finding the plaintiff's brand; for that old mustang was literally covered with imprints of irons, many of which overlapped and were difficult, if not impossible to trace.

The first jury failed to agree and was discharged. The second jury insisted in having the horse shaved in order to facilitate the discovery of the brand in question. Accordingly, the services of a barber were requisitioned, and the unfortunate mustang was denuded of hair from head to tail, leaving him as sleek and smooth as a hairless Mexican dog. Upon beholding the multiplicity of lines and scars on the naked animal's shin, the jury was more mystified than the first one had been, and likewise failed to agree.

A member of a third jury knew a man who was an expert on brands, one Don José who dwelt beyond Santa Ana. While a courier was en route with the request that the don appear at the trial, another member of the jury conceived a brilliant idea. The services of a draughtsman were sought, who laid transparent tracing paper on the side of the broncho, and traced thereon all visible brands. When the expert arrived, the traced brands were spread out before him. Describing this phase of the suit, Major Horace Bell wrote:

"He examined it in many ways; he viewed it from a front position; took an oblique squint at it; closed one eye and saw it; he examined it first one side up, then the other side. One irreverent juror was about to suggest that he had better stand on his head and look at it. An outsider said that he had better put a wet blanket over his head and see it that way.

"The court finally addressed itself to the great expert and said:

"Well, Don José, what do you make of that?"

"'Quien sabe' was the reply. 'It greatly resembles the map of Sonora.'"

When the third jury was discharged after fail-

ing to reach a verdict, it became evident to all concerned that settlement in court would be very slow and difficult, if not utterly impossible; hence it was agreed that a game of billiards, played by Largo himself and Chapo's counsel, should decide the case. But the former refused to abide by the result when he was worsted, and the matter was brought before a fourth jury, who found for the opulent Largo.

Juan Chapo consoled himself with the knowledge that the costs of the case, which was a suit in replevin, would have to be paid by his opponent. That worthy received the surprise of his life when the price of his victory was disclosed, an amount in excess of \$3,000!

Diverse indeed were the men whose names appear on the pages of that ancient *Libro de Fierros*; good and bad, famous and obscure. Some there were who led in politics and industry; others led the representatives of the law many a merry chase. Of the latter there was none more notorious than Manuel Garcia, the blood-thirsty Three-fingered Jack of Joaquin Murieta's band, who recorded his brand in 1849. Bancroft gives him the dubious distinction of being the most inhuman monster among all the contemporary members of his profession. It will be remembered by students of California's history that Jack's hand with its missing finger, together with Joaquin's head, were pickled in a barrel of whisky after the band had been wiped out by a posse under Captain Love. These greswome trophies were exhibited throughout the country, to be identified by those who had suffered from the depredations of

the outlaws.

Conspicuous among the names appearing in the old register is that of Augustin Machado, owner of *Rancho la Ballona*, which covered about 14,000 acres south and west of the present site of Hollywood. Don Augustin was a man of sterling character, but he could neither read nor write. It is related that on one occasion he went on board the ship *Joven Guipuzcuana* lying at San Pedro to purchase supplies. The ship and its cargo were the property of Don José Antonio Aguirre, who had gone ashore, leaving in charge a young supercargo who was unfamiliar with the customs in California. After his goods had been selected, and he was about to have them lightered ashore, the supercargo asked Machado for payment or some guaranty. The purchaser stared at him in great astonishment; at first he could not comprehend what the man meant. Such a demand had never been made from him, nor in fact from any *ranchero*. After a while the idea struck him that he was distrusted. Plucking one hair from his beard, he handed it to the supercargo, saying:

"Here, deliver this to Señor Aguirre and tell him it is a hair from the beard of Augustin Machado. It will cover your responsibility; it is sufficient guaranty."

The young man felt much abashed, but took the hair and placed it inside his book. Aguirre was chagrined on learning that the supercargo had demanded a security from Machado, a man whose word was as good as his best bond, even for the entire ship's cargo.

Northeast of *Rancho la Ballona*, located in what is now the most exclusive portion of Beverly Hills, was a tract of land called *Rodeo de las Aguas*. Because of its central location with respect to a large number of ranchos lying west of Los Angeles, and also by reason of the fact that a large spring supplied abundant water, it was the scene of many rodeos in the old days. Exciting events these, when thousands of wild cattle were separated and branded with the old brands that are registered on the yellow pages of the *Libro de Fierros*. To the knights of the spur and the riata this was a pleasant though strenuous interlude in the more monotonous task of riding range. Here was an opportunity for social intercourse, enlivened with games and sports. Long before fires had been kindled to heat branding irons, scores of men would be seated on the ground playing monte; others would be trying their skill

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)

RANCHERO	RANCHO	BRAND	DATE
JUAN AVILA	<i>El Niguel</i>		1833
MARIA YGNACIO VERDUGO	<i>Los Verdugos</i>		1836
JOHN ROLAND	<i>La Puente</i>		1852
JOSE SEPULVEDA	<i>San Joaquin</i>		1839
DIEGO SEPULVEDA	<i>Palos Verdes</i>		1839
ABEL STEARNS	<i>Alamitos</i>		1839
TOMAS SANCHES	<i>La Cienega</i>		1842
JOHN TEMPLE	<i>Los Cerritos</i>		1844
BERNARDO YORBA	<i>Santiago de Santa Ana</i>		1844
RAMON YORBA	<i>Santiago de Santa Ana</i>		1844
TEODOCIO YORBA	<i>Santiago de Santa Ana</i>		1844
YGNACIO DEL VALLE	<i>Camulos</i>		1850
AUGUSTIN MACHADO	<i>La Ballona</i>		1844
ANDRES PICO	<i>Ex-Mission San Fernando</i>		1851
FRANCISCO OCAMPO	<i>San Bartolo</i>		1847

A group of early Southern California ranchos and rancheros and the facsimiles of the brands under which they registered their stock

The Lost Woman of San Nicolas

By Gordon Wolfe

THE afternoon breeze had fallen off to a whisper and the sea was like glass as we landed in the little cove. We busied ourselves about the camp fire and made everything snug for the night. The sun sank back of the island hills and supper was finished by the time full darkness had come. Afterward, we sat in the ruddy circle of the firelight, each thinking his own thoughts. There was almost no sound by then, for the wind had died entirely away, only the faintest lapp-lapping of tiny waves on the beach telling us how close we were to the Pacific.

That morning we had left Santa Barbara, Tomás and I, for a cruise of a day or two among the closer islands in the channel. Tomás is an old Mexican boatman and knows all these islands well. More than that, he is something of a philosopher, having seen much of the world and talked to many people. He has a small but seaworthy launch, and for years has plied his trade up and down that rocky coast, whenever he can charter. That evening we had run into such a calm that he had concluded it was safe to anchor close-in in the cove in the lee of Santa Cruz, and spend the night ashore, where we might have the comfort and companionship of an open fire.

"Tomás," I broke the long silence, "I wouldn't mind being shipwrecked on these islands for a month or so, if I were sure of being rescued then. A fellow could have a fine time of it for a while. There are fish in the tide pools and many kinds of shellfish on the rocks, plenty of firewood on the mountain side and good water in the canyons. Why, it'd be great."

The old Mexican looked up, his weather-seamed face a powerful etching against the blackness beyond the firelight. He nodded.

"Sí, you are right. It would be far from bad on these islands that have trees and water

and are sheltered from the winds. But there are others not so favored, such as parts of San Miguel, the next island west but one, and San Clemente. But worst of all is San Nicolás."

"Why is it the worst?"

"Sometime, when you are not so hurried, I shall take you there and you shall see for yourself. That San Nicolás is many miles further out than the other islands, so that there is no protection from the winds that blow from the ends of the earth. It is barren, for if there were trees, the wind would soon uproot them. There is perhaps short brush and cactus hiding in the depths of the arroyos where the wind cannot get at them so well, and scant patches of grass here and there. That is all.

"That island is no more than a mountain peak sticking a little way above the waves.

It is perhaps eight miles long, of lava rock, and there is much sand. Where that sand comes from, I do not know. Though the wind forever blows it into the sea, there is always much left. *Señor*, I have been anchored back of that island when the wind came up with a puff and howled through the rigging, and I have seen that sand hanging in the air to the lee of the hills, so thick that it was like a cloak that hangs from a woman's shoulders. Then down it comes, tons and tons of it, like fine rain, and it stings so that you cannot face it and sizzles into the sea on every side. And the surf booms high on the black reefs.

"But that island is dying. The winds have carved into its heart and the waves gnaw forever at its feet and some day the two of them will eat it quite away. It is doomed. And the winds that never cease

are always uncovering the grave-things of the ancient people that lived there in the dim time of long ago. Here a skull, there a stone knife or mortar or ornament. Uncovered today and tomorrow buried deep under the shifting sands, while that devil-wind has gone over the next dune and begins digging all over again.

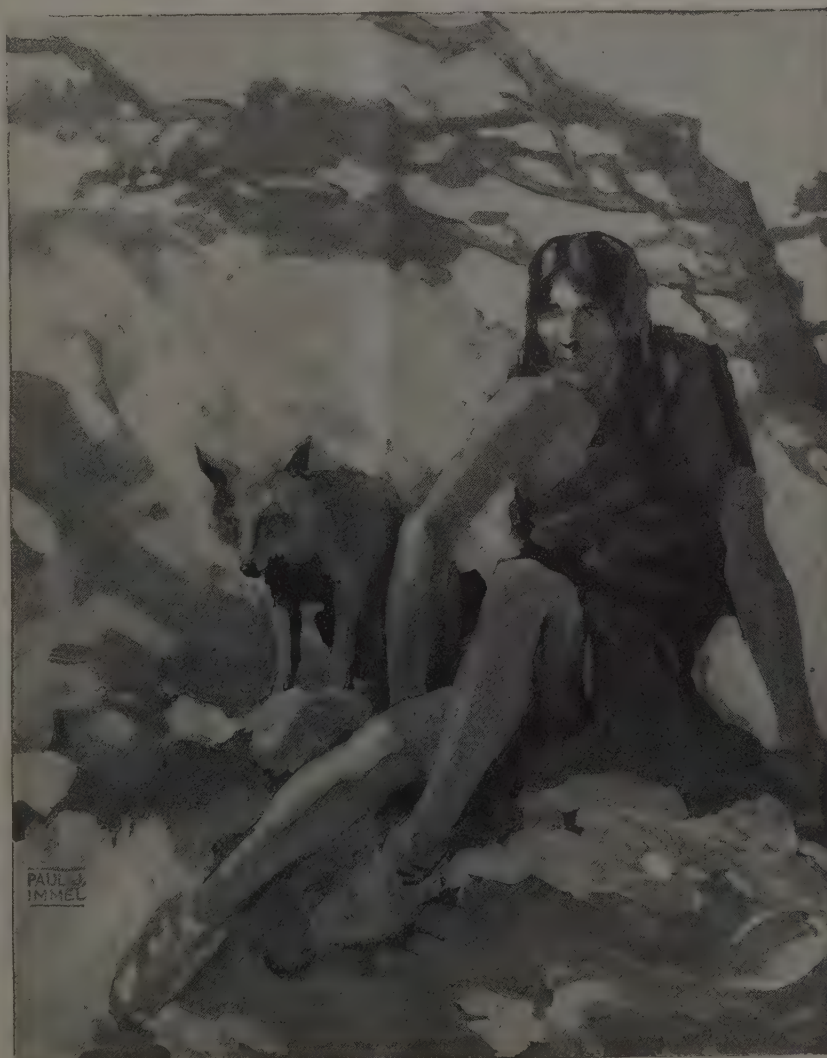
"Then perhaps that wind will bring with it the fog, and its cold fingers coil close to the slopes and shut off the rest of the world. That fog is so thick that you can see no further than your own length and you are lost. The sand no longer dances, but crawls, with a low moaning sound, the voice of those murdered ones whose bones dot the dunes. Their ghosts still haunt the lonely arroyos and you can almost feel them as they creep by in the mist. It is a dying land and a land of the dead."

"You don't paint a pretty picture. If it's like you say, I wouldn't want to be cast away there."

"Yes, it is bad. Ev-

(CONTINUED ON
PAGE 48)

"She was sitting there with a half wild dog at her side"



Have You Heard This One?—



Poor man, it must be terrible to be lame, but still it is better than being blind.
Yes, sir, when I was blind I always got counterfeit money.



A. There are at least a hundred ways to make money.
B. Yes, but only one honest one.
A. Which one is it?
B. That's the one I thought you didn't know.



Gee, I was lucky that they didn't catch me yesterday, driving sixty miles an hour without lights and running over a policeman in a stolen car.



Guest (after telling terrible jokes all night): My watch has stopped. I wonder what time it is.
Host: We have a calendar in the other room.

WHAT CAUSED THE Accident?

An analysis of the nature of motor vehicle casualties in Southern California—

By Chester N. Hess

ON THE evening of March 15, 1927, Mr. A was driving alone in his automobile along the county highway ten miles south of Bakersfield. Dusk had settled over the valley. Mr. A's car was performing perfectly. It was traveling at a moderate speed. The twilight sky, stained at the horizon with the last, faint blush of sunset, was clear. Hesper, the evening star, was emerging to take its celestial station as the first beacon of the night.

Ahead appeared a curve in the broad ribbon of highway. Here the pavement bridged an irrigation ditch. There was a wooden fence on both sides of the road at this point. The highway was dry; no obstruction, no repair scars marred its polished surface.

Mr. A's automobile rolled steadily along the highway. But at the curve it did not turn. It plunged through the fence with a rending of timbers and metal, overturning into the ditch. The frantic racing of the motor disturbed the quiet peace of the dusk. Then the carburetor flooded and the engine, with a few spasmodic coughs, died.

With it died Mr. A. Passing motorists found his body pinned under the shattered automobile that had been running so smoothly when Hesper, the evening star, had appeared.

Why did Mr. A's car crash through the fence, instead of turning as it should have? Was he dozing as the machine approached the curve? Was he perhaps gazing at the distant hills, or at the evening star? Did he suddenly see his danger and in some way lose control of the car because of nervousness or fright? What was the actual cause?

Safe to say, it never will be known. For there were no witnesses; and Mr. A, who would have been the key witness, has been relieved of all his earthly duties.

Thus, the known facts of Mr. A's abrupt end reach the transcript of the coroner's inquest. Cold, laconic, the record of how he died is preserved for whomsoever may wish to peruse it. It stands forever, with none to refute it. And the cause is recorded: "Incompetent handling."

Unfortunately for the purpose of analysis, "incompetent handling" was responsible for more motor vehicle fatalities dur-

ing the four-year period of 1923-26 in the thirteen Southern California counties, than was any other one cause. This fact precludes any indisputable assignment of cause for this high fatality figure. There are only the coroners' records.

And it was from the transcripts of coroners' inquests that the Public Safety Department of the Automobile Club of Southern California obtained the data which form the basis for these paragraphs—transcripts of thirteen counties of Southern California for the years 1923, 1924, 1925 and 1926. Perhaps the most incontrovertible sources that could be secured.

There were 6578 accidental fatalities of all classes during that 4-year period. Of this number, 3076 were motor vehicle fatalities, or within a few hundred of half the total. Industrial fatalities were second highest, with 1028; fatalities resulting from drowning, third, with 422.

Comparing the motor vehicle fatality totals by years, it is found that they show a steady increase. There were 153 more deaths in 1926 than in 1923. For the four years the totals were, respectively, 702, 721, 798 and 855.

As noted, "incompetent handling" claimed the largest number of victims. The total for the four years was 371. There were nearly twice as many fatalities under this heading in the first year of the period under discussion, than in any other one year. Are drivers becoming more proficient? Or are they exercising more care? The solution may lie in either answer, in both, or in neither. Again the intangible nature of the evidence in this class of accidents presents a baffling obstacle.

Much more concrete is the heading for the cause representing the second highest number of deaths: "Motorist's negligence at railway crossing." Little doubt about that. This cause resulted in 301 fatalities. The individual year totals are about equal, with the exception of 1924, when there were less than half the number of deaths shown for the other years taken singly.

"Crossing not at an intersection." Two hundred and seventy-one tragic stories in the coroners' files will tell you how as many

persons were killed because they "jayed-walked." This cause takes third place in the race for Death Peak.

And those afoot did not learn, apparently, as the four years passed. With time, they became even more careless.

Of what type were these fatal accidents? How did their deadliness compare? "Collision"—that is the crux of most of the accidents in these cases. The reports give it seventeen classifications.

"Collision between auto and pedestrian" exacted a toll of 960 lives. Totals by years are virtually the same, some increase appearing in 1926.

"Motor vehicle overturned." Pinned beneath the dreadful weight of this terse heading is what is represented by the number 617. Mr. A is there. Mr. A was in a motor vehicle that overturned, bringing his life to an end after forty-four years. This group in the tabulation stands second. And motor vehicles are still overturning. Increasing every year, of course, because there are more cars to overturn.

The third classification is "collision between auto and auto." Three hundred and sixty-four fatalities are shown for this group, giving it third place. One would expect this type of accident to be steadily increasing. Such is the case.

The fourth highest figure belongs to "collision between electric railway and auto." One hundred and eighty-eight deaths, as compared with 155 fatalities resulting from "collision between steam railway and auto," which assumed fifth position in the ranking.

There is this significance in the fact that there were more fatalities in the case of the electric railway: This group, it is pointed out, includes both urban and interurban electric railways, bringing into the reckoning a great deal more trackage, more crossings. The service of interurban electric lines is more frequent. The speed of such trains between a metropolitan area and served points in close proximity is necessarily faster, it is said, because of the close schedules to be maintained for commuters.

Then, in their order, come collision between auto and truck, 152; truck and pedestrian, 146; falls from motor vehicle, 118; collision between motor vehicles and stationary objects, 105; motor vehicles and

other vehicles, 97; motorcycle and motor vehicle, 75; truck and truck, 27; electric railway and truck, 26; steam railway and truck, 25; motorcycle and pedestrian, 12; electric railway and motorcycle, 6, and steam railway and motorcycle, 3.

Looking to the comparative ages of those who died as the result of motor vehicle accidents during those years, it is established that of the total of 3076 of these, 44.47 per cent—1368—were between the ages of 16 and 44 years.

The foregoing figures briefly summarize the important facts revealed by the 4-year report.

Four years ago an important conference on motor vehicle traffic was held under the joint auspices of Yale University and the State of Connecticut, in New Haven. Reference is made to the proceedings of this meeting for the reason that its findings are of unusual significance in our present discussion.

Robbins B. Stoeckel, commissioner of motor vehicles of the State of Connecticut, and one of the most quoted authorities on motor vehicle traffic in the United States, thus epitomized the causes of accidents:

"A wrong action of the mind, a mistake, is at the root of every motor vehicle accident where a person is involved."

Commissioner Stoeckel's brief recital, introductory to his above conclusion, of the process of evolution that brought today's traffic situation, is highly pertinent to this analysis:

"Up to about twenty years ago," he said, "some time after the invention of the automobile, during its early development and until its appearance on highways in considerable numbers, there was no traffic safety problem. Such complications as confronted the traveler on the highway were comparatively simple. Even on the most crowded thoroughfares of those days man had leisure to determine his courses and go his ways in peace and safety. Each traveler moved along at a not greatly divergent speed from that of every other. Traffic movement was leisurely, slow and safe.

"Then the automobile, largely on account of the injection of a new factor of greatly increased speed, brought about an entire change. With speed came increasing complication and danger. Speed brought forth innumerable traffic emergencies. No normal evolution of any single machine of civilization has ever affected all the people in so sudden and unexpected a manner.

"The automobile is a free agent for the expression of its operator's character and desires. It can be made to go fast or slow, straight or crooked, forward or backward at will. The automobile injected temperament into traffic. Participants found quite suddenly that the experiences and practices of the past were no longer applicable as accurate guides for safety, but had forthwith to be amended. In order to survive, each individual, whether on foot or in a vehicle, had quickly to develop more self-confidence and foresight for the effects of his own actions and for those of every other individual.

"Most important of all, each individual had to learn anew to concentrate on, and to solve every traffic problem as he met it. He was and is called upon for increased alertness, for instantaneous mind-grasp of each traffic situation and its solution. A wrong mind action or mistake in traffic creates an unexpected emergency for some one and, if the time is too short to amend and correct, an accident results."

Some additional light is thrown on the nature of accidents caused by "incompetent handling" by a separate report covering the counties before referred to, for the period April 16, 1926, to June 30, 1927. This summary included all motor vehicle accidents, which amounted to a total of 41,839 for the period.

There were fifty-two cause classifications. "Incompetent handling," with a total of 7897 accidents resulting, had the highest percentage rating—18.9 per cent.

Accidents listed as "incompetent handling" included: "Driving to or pulling away from curb and colliding with curb or automobile; going around curve and colliding with post, bank, etc.; rear-end collision in traffic; backing from drive and colliding with tree, post, car; driving in or out of garage and colliding with garage; driving with door open, striking tree, post, parked car, etc."

Another example of a fatality, the cause of which was given the cryptic classification, "incompetent handling":

At 2:00 p. m. on October 11, 1927, the automobile driven by Mr. B, who was thirty-four years of age, deviated from its course on South Alameda street near One Hundred and Sixteenth street, Los Angeles, and crashed headlong into a truck parked on the right-hand side of the street and headed in the same direction as was Mr. B's car.

Mr. B's injuries resulted in his death. His automobile was badly smashed. Examination of the wrecked car disclosed that the steering apparatus had not failed in any respect, nor had the brakes been at fault, so far as could be determined. The mistake, whatever it may have been, seemed to have rested exclusively with the operator of the automobile.

But what was the mistake? Might Mr. B, like Mr. A, his predecessor in death, have been suspected of dozing just before the crash? Had he been giving attention to other than the way ahead? Or did he lose control of his machine? Again the real cause remains a mystery. Mr. B. was not able to tell what happened just before his car hit the parked truck; he never regained consciousness.



Reverting to the report based on information gleaned from coroners' transcripts, we come to the matter of speed as a cause of fatal accidents. "Speeding over 20-mile zone," was fourth highest in number of fatalities, causing 194 deaths in those four years taken. "Speeding in a 15-mile zone" resulted in 119 deaths, giving it eleventh place. "Speeding in a 20-mile zone" was fifteenth in the order.

Fifth, sixth and seventh places belong to causes where the pedestrian was blamed—"running or playing in street; confused by traffic; crossing street carelessly."

In the order of their importance in the list of causes then come: Intoxication, 171; right of way violated, 153; skidding, 143; cutting in ahead, 107; falls from vehicle, 99; driving wrong side of road, 89; improper riding on vehicle, 48; no head or no tail light, 44; falls in front of vehicle, 41; failure to stop and render aid, 38; failure to signal, 34; glaring lights, 25; defective highway, 25; weather conditions, 19; tire blow-out, 18; passing standing street car, 16; driver asleep, 14; cutting corner, 8; passing on wrong side, 5; backing, 3, and driving through safety zone, 2.

"Motorists' negligence at railway crossing—"

Consider the case of Mr. C, thirty years old, who approached the steam railroad tracks at the crossing in Glendale, about 5:15 p. m. on September 1, 1926, driving his automobile.

It was yet light, and the weather was perfect. As Mr. C drew near the railroad crossing the warning blast of a locomotive whistle sounded out imperatively. It was the signal of the train nearing the crossing. Witnesses testified that the whistle was blown at the proper time.

No wig-wag at the crossing gestured danger to Mr. C, it was brought out in the testimony at the inquest, but there was an unobstructed view from where Mr. C was, of the approaching train. And there was the commanding note of the steam whistle.

Directly upon tracks singing with the energy of the segmented monster of steel drove Mr. C. Too late for the locomotive engineer to stop his charge! He threw his lever over, setting the brakes full on. The heavy string of cars came to a screeching halt a few hundred feet down the track. But it was all over for Mr. C.

Why did Mr. C drive his automobile upon the tracks when he did?

Mr. D was killed at approximately 6:00 o'clock on the evening of October 25, 1927, when the automobile which he was driving was struck by a railroad train at the Bonita crossing, San Dimas.

The weather was clear, and darkness had fallen. It was testified that the wig-wag was operating as Mr. D came to the crossing, and that the warning bell there was ringing. And yet the train struck Mr. D's car.

Why did this man drive in the path of the locomotive?

Further examination of the thirteen counties' report on the ages of the victims of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47)

TRAVEL TOPICS

ADULTERATURE
SECTION

for July, 1928



A SOUTHLAND HARBOR AT DAWN

The glow of early morning and the placid waters of Balboa Bay combine to make this pleasing scene at one of Southern California's favorite watering places.—Photo by Howard C. Cloyes

The
CALIFORNIA
COUNTRYSIDE

ETCHINGS

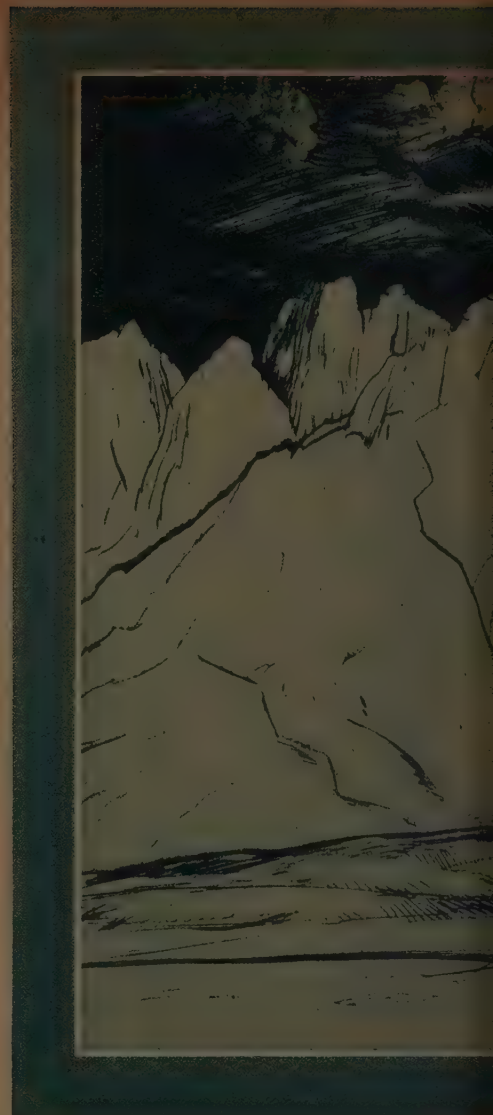
by
ARTHUR MILLIER



EVENING, SILVER LAKE



SPRING, BALDWIN RANCH



FROM OWENS VALLEY



TEJON MOUNTAINS

OLD ADOBE, SAN FERNANDO





THE ARROYO
SECO AT
FLINTRIDGE

A picturesque view of
the arroyo above
Devil's Gate Dam at
the foot of San Ga-
briel Mountains
—Photo by E. M.
Pratt



THE STROLLERS

Along the Southland's
sunny shores where
yellow strands hold
sway between moun-
tains and restless
waves.—Photo by
Marjorie Bentley

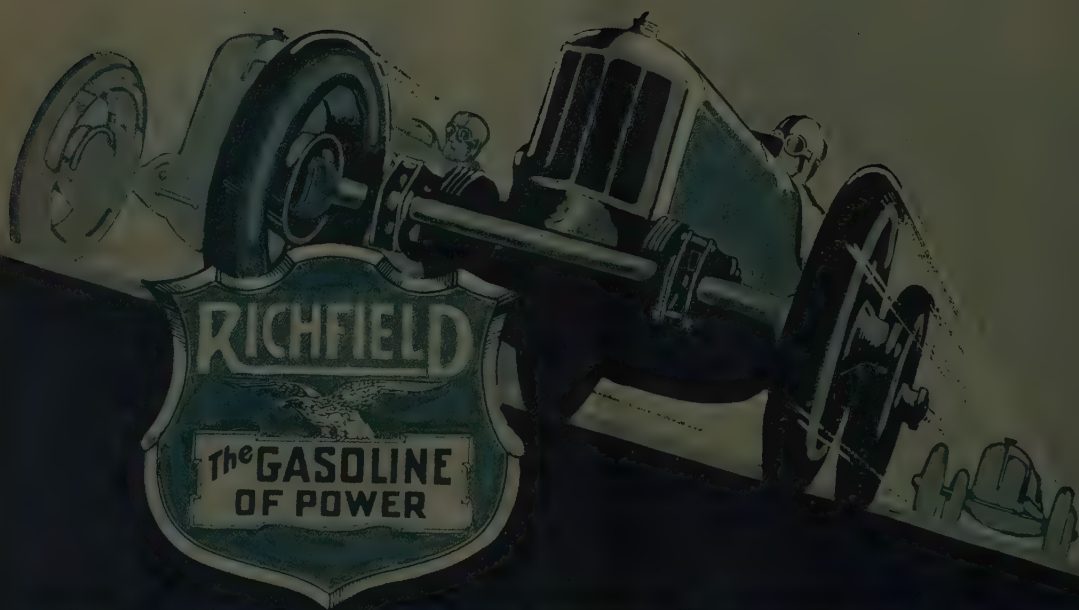




DAWN AT LAKE ARROWHEAD

The miracle of Aurora at this picturesque sylvan tarn provides a superb subject for the camera of Karl Struss

Speed-Power and Mileage Combined



RICHFIELD

Your Club's Activities

More Ways Than One

By way of proving that the Club helps the motorists in many different ways we note that the Official Car Forwarding Department has just completed the handling of an unusually large consignment of cars shipped from Akron, Ohio. Fifty-three automobiles were wanted by employees of two tire manufacturing concerns in Los Angeles. Negotiations were made with the shippers and the desired vehicles were ordered. The forwarding department of the Club was then enlisted to supervise the details of the business.

The department's agent in Akron was immediately notified and the autos were soon on their way in consolidated carloads, and in due time were received by the owners.

In this manner many eastern motorists coming to California, as well as members of the Club, are saved a considerable sum of money and relieved of the details of shipping their cars to all parts of this and foreign countries.

* * *

The Seasonal Deluge

WHEN the great open spaces begin to call the motor vacationists, California is ever among the most favored of recreational retreats. The advent of this holiday tendency is usually associated with the first twittering of the birds and the springtime blooming of flowers and trees. More or less perfectly synchronized with this annual phenomenon, literally myriads of requests for reliable data on everything (including certain questions which even by a most generous stretching of one's imagination cannot be associated with the pursuit of vacationing) are glibly asked of the Touring and Outing Bureaus.

During the month of May inquiries by mail from the provinces of the East and Middle West were so numerous that the Touring Bureau had the semblance of a post diluvian period. Mail inquiries, personal calls, and telephone requests for information, required the undivided attention of ten stenographers working continuously.

The Touring Bureau found time, however, to re-chart the Arrowhead Trail from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles. As a result the latest data on this highway is now in the hands of the Map Department and in the near future a new booklet dealing with this route will be available.

Speaking of the Map Department, it is gratifying to learn that this branch of the Club's service recently came into its own. A display was arranged and installed in several bank windows in the Metropolitan district by the Touring Bureau. It is called

"The Evolution of the Strip Map," and is a graphic story of the various phases in the making of a strip map, from chart notes to the finished product.

* * *

To Expedite Traffic

IF YOU happen to be one of the motorists who were stopped in the City of Ventura during May, do not feel too harshly against the Club or Ventura officials, as their inquiries were in behalf of a very worthy movement.

At the request of the city officials and the chamber of commerce of Ventura a comprehensive traffic survey of the city was made preparatory to the consummation of plans for the betterment of the street conditions. As a part of this survey all vehicles entering or leaving the city were stopped

Reward Offered for Sign Mutilators

THE Automobile Club of Southern California offers a reward of \$25 for information resulting in the arrest and conviction, in Southern California, of any person who violates that portion of Section 602 of the Penal Code which makes it a misdemeanor to maliciously tear down, damage, mutilate or destroy a sign, signboard or notice erected by any automobile club. Such information should be supplied to the district attorney of the county in which the offense is committed and notice of such action sent to the Legal Department of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

and information as to the origin and destination of the cars and the number of passengers was obtained. The driver also was asked whether or not he intended to stop in Ventura and if so for what purpose.

The information thus gained will be utilized in planning future street work and will govern, to a large extent, regulations for traffic movement.

* * *

Better to Serve

IN ORDER that the branch offices of the Club will be able to dispense information regarding hotel and resort accommodations with greater accuracy and alacrity, the Hotel Department has installed a ready reference system by which the tourists will be given a complete description of and will be informed about the accommodations and rates of practically every hotel and vacation resort in the West.

The Owl

BECAUSE of its night traveling propensities one of the Club patrol cars has been appropriately dubbed "The Owl." This particular emergency service dispensatory has been assigned to the Owens Valley for the summer and will make regular nightly trips over the Mojave-to-Bishop route in order to be of service to the many motorists who take advantage of the cool nights to travel the desert roads. This service began in June.

* * *

Safety Always

A CONTINUAL and intensive campaign is being waged by the Public Safety Department against the distressingly large number of accidents. Realizing that one of the primary objectives to be achieved is the education of pedestrians and especially school children, the department held a vast number of conferences with school officials, delivered fifty-four safety talks and secured the appointment of Safety Committee organizations and the teaching of safety measures in parochial schools throughout Southern California during the month of May.

The Public Safety Department was also accorded the honor of having one of its representatives selected to act as judge on a national committee of awards in a Traffic Plan Contest, sponsored by a national magazine devoted to traffic problems.

* * *

Money Back

THE Club's Legal Department calls attention to the repeal of Section 600 of the Revenue Act of 1926. This section levied a tax on the sale of automobile chassis and bodies and motorcycles, etc., amounting to three per cent of the selling price. The tax was paid in the first instance by the manufacturer, producer or importer, but was passed on eventually to the ultimate purchaser. This repeal is effective May 29, 1928.

In addition to the repeal of Section 600, Congress has made provision for certain refunds. These refunds will be available on contracts of sale made prior to May 29, 1928, but consummated subsequent to that date. Payment of the refund is due when the last instalment of the contract price is made. The law requires dealers to reimburse purchasers and provides, in turn, for the reimbursement of the dealer either by the manufacturer or by the government. Refunds are likewise available to dealers on new cars unsold before May 29, 1928.

Members who wish information and assistance in connection with such refunds may consult the Legal Department.

So You Call That STOPPING!

Looking ahead at the future automobile braking system—

By Frederick C. Russell

WE ARE skimming over the super-highway at a rate of seventy miles per hour, the moderate speed of the day in which we momentarily picture ourselves. Suddenly a car traveling fifty miles an hour darts up the ramp from an underpassing highway and virtually blocks our way. Traffic is pretty heavy and there is little opportunity for us to pass in safety by swerving to the left. But that is no particular problem, for we merely touch the toe of our right foot on the safety button. Our car stops. And how!

From seventy to a standstill without a tremor or the suspicion of a skid. We rise involuntarily from the deep seat cushion but settle back again when the momentum has been dissipated. We would experience a little rush of blood to the head but we have become conditioned to such stresses and besides it isn't half so disturbing as doing stunts in the family airplane. When we stop in this day and age of high speed motoring we make a first class job of it, for we know that so long as we are going to continue to travel faster and faster our safety is largely a matter of the efficiency of our stopping.

And so, out of our picture of the near future and back to today. Here we are making thirty-five to fifty, an average speed, and yet when we have urgent need of stopping we still entertain the age-old fear that possibly our brakes will not be equal to the occasion. We are "brake shy" without half appreciating it.

"So you call that stopping!" laughed the engineer who had been working on new and better ways of killing momentum. "My good friend, the brakes on your car are ten years behind the power in your engine. Your engine does its stuff when you merely change the position of the throttle, but your brakes are powerless unless you expend actual physical energy to set them into action. You step on the accelerator almost automatically when you feel the urge to burst into speed, but it takes you a measurable amount of time even to start stopping. Your car carries a set of gears to assist the engine in overcoming the inertia of the body and chassis, but do you have a set of gears to give the brakes additional mechanical advantage when you have stored up an excess of momentum in the car and need to dis-

sipate it immediately?"

The engineer is thinking along new and vitally important lines. We have made a big fuss over four-wheel brakes, he points out, when as a matter of fact this development simply represented the brakes trying to catch up with the rest of the automobile. Four-wheel brakes were needed twenty years ago.

Today, when the average driver is faced with the necessity of bringing his car to a stop in an effort to avoid a collision, he may be thankful that his car is equipped with a set of four-wheel brakes, but he cries out for four more brakes. He knows he is not carrying adequate power to stop.

It is only a few years ago that a manufacturer pioneered with the thought "Power to Start—Power to Stop." Perhaps you carried one of the tire covers with this statement written on it. The move was an important one, and rapidly a group of thinking motorists commenced to ponder the

to stop.

This applies to the design of cars as well as to our physical ability. Recently it became known that a foreign company was offering a new type of rubber bumper so effective in cushioning shock that a car could be driven straight into a tree without any damage to the machine whatsoever. But what of the driver and the passengers? Does this sort of stopping necessitate special practice in physical control or are we able to remain cool, calm and collected when the vehicle in which we are riding suddenly changes from a speed of a half a mile a minute to nil?

Obviously we are going to have to learn how to behave when our cars stop more suddenly. The process is nothing new, for we have been learning new tricks in this connection right along. The lady who used to slip off the back seat and give a little cry of alarm when we stepped on the brakes of our first four-wheel brake job now braces her feet against the foot rail and gives the matter no further thought.

We are learning how to behave during sudden deceleration just as we have learned not to become excited when the car leaps from a standstill to thirty miles an hour in a traffic race. As a matter of fact these form-fitting seat cushions which are found in many of the newer cars are more than a matter of comfort for ordinary riding. Reclining in them as we do it is obvious that more force is required to lift us off such seats or slide us forward to the floor.

I remember when some of the four-wheel brake jobs first came on the American market. "It was just like hitting a load of brick," said one motorist, describing the sensation upon using these brakes to their very limit. "We stopped suddenly enough, but it gave me a very unpleasant feeling. I felt as though something in my head were going to burst."

Then came more velvety brakes. The art of stopping was improving. The same motorist took a ride in a car with these better brakes and described the sensation as being "just like hitting a load of hay."

But we have become so accustomed to sudden stopping today that we scarcely give it a thought. Nor can we afford to linger over our impressions, for we have a new and more important task to face.



The modern brake shoe is the acorn from which the mighty oak of "speed with safety" is to grow

question as to why stopping power is constantly an afterthought.

With each new model the typical car maker announces more powerful braking systems, but simultaneously he announces a marked increase in power and speed. This is the stuff yesterday and today's motoring has been made of; tomorrow it will be different. For we are only just learning *how*

Designers of cars have made a number of radical changes in chassis and body construction in order to take care of the newer strains imposed by the increased rate of deceleration. Front axles have been strengthened and numerous features have been adopted to prevent twisting of the axles when the brakes are applied. Naturally there is a tendency for the brake bands or shoes, depending upon the construction, to follow the brake drums. This torque created by the application of the brakes has to be taken into account and methods must be employed to dissipate it or at least keep it within bounds.

Without proper construction the bodies of the modern cars would soon loosen from their frames and give no end of trouble. These, too, are built to withstand the newer stresses created by the newer deceleration.

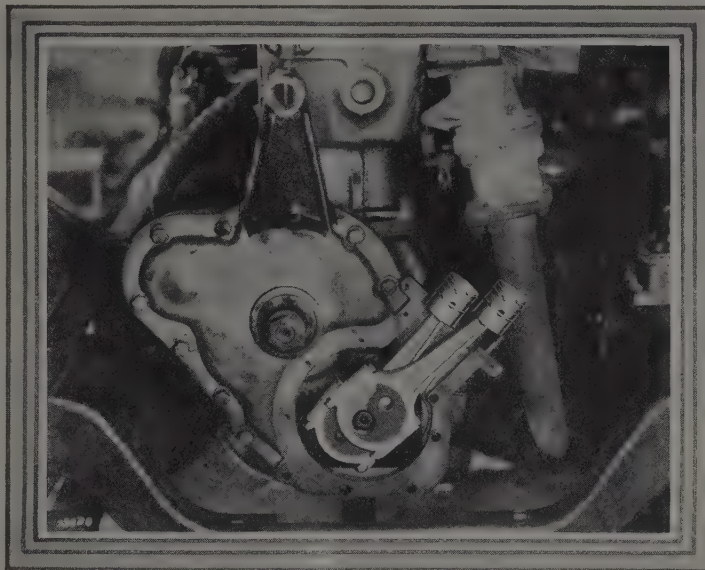
With cars designed to withstand these newer strains and motorists conditioned to more sudden stopping, the problem now facing motor-dom is how to increase braking power and how to make more sudden deceleration more practical. There have been numerous cases where cars have upset or have otherwise got beyond control when their drivers used brakes to the fullest extent while traveling at a fast clip. The brakes of tomorrow must obviate any such possibility, which means that they must be much more scientifically designed.

From all indications they will carry some new features. The most important of these will be the change in the brake control. It will not be necessary for the driver to lift his foot and transfer it to a brake pedal. Nor will he be obliged to press the pedal through a few inches of slack before the brakes start to take hold. The new type of control, whatever its form, will shorten the period during which the motorist of today now starts to stop. This alone is expected to result in much more effective stopping without making the stop any more sudden or placing any more strain on car and driver.

It takes approximately half a second for the average person to start to press the right foot on the brake pedal when given a definite order to stop and where there is no indication regarding the advisability of stopping. If you are traveling a mile a minute, in other words, you are apt to waste forty-four feet of space just making up your mind to stop, even though you think you know exactly what you want to do. The new brakes—the ones our cars will be equipped with tomorrow—probably will eliminate this waste automatically.

There is a strong likelihood that the future brake control will be the accelerator pedal. This may seem like a paradox, but the explanation of it is simple enough. The

arrangement would provide for instantaneous application of the brakes as the foot is lifted from the accelerator. The more suddenly you lifted your foot from the gas control the more suddenly the brakes would be applied. This capitalizes, for safety's sake, the natural tendency to let off on the gas the instant danger is observed.



The engine of the future will provide more and more of the power to stop. In the Christensen air brakes the compressor pistons work from the front end of the engine. Like installations are now in use on some large buses

Such an arrangement is easily accomplished, especially if the braking system is of the compressed air or electrical type. The accelerator pedal, on its return to normal, therefore becomes a brake control. Through eliminating all the waste motion in applying the brakes, as well as the mental tardiness in getting at the job, a great improvement in deceleration would be achieved.

Motorists who have considered such an arrangement seem to fear that it would upset the process of gear shifting and coasting. Suppose the brakes were applied every time you let off on the gas between gear combinations? Wouldn't that defeat the purpose of running through the gears?

Yes, if gears are used. There will be no transmission in the cars of tomorrow, except an overdrive or fourth speed, which will be brought into engagement by another method.

And about coasting. If the brakes started to take hold when the accelerator pedal is brought back to normal wouldn't this make coasting impossible?

Yes, but who is going to coast tomorrow? Isn't it true that the automobile is trending toward a steadier form of control with coasting, gear shifting and the intermediate processes heading for the discard?

A friend of mine is experimenting with a new device which he thinks presages a revolution in motor car construction but which, in reality, is merely the swan song of an idea that will have no place in the future. In the transmission of his car there

has been built a device which makes his car automatically coast the minute the machine's momentum exceeds the power demands. The machine is coasting a large portion of the time in traffic, while on downgrades it literally runs away with itself. He uses very good brakes, of course, and he manages to keep the car under reasonably good control. But the arrangement places an extra burden on the brakes and requires a keener driver at the wheel than in the usual arrangement.

The new engines with higher compression are partial brakes in themselves, so that when you lift your foot from the accelerator the car starts to stop even though you do not press the brake pedal. You would appreciate this if you could drive my friend's car, for when he stops feeding gas the car starts free coasting that sends his foot to the brake pedal post haste.

In tomorrow's car we will be doing at any one time any one of three things. We will be maintaining a constant speed with the engine pulling and the brakes "off." Or we will be accelerating. Or we will be decelerating. One control for all three functions will be sufficient.

This control will be the combined accelerator and decelerator. There will be no opportunity for coasting. You will drive as fast as you can until it is necessary to stop and then you will want to stop as fast as you can. It's American. It's modern. It's the one thing needed in aviation, and the one thing we are achieving in motoring.

The fact that we are starting to use the engine again for assistance in decelerating is significant. It demonstrates that one of the vital points in the coming era of better stopping is the decelerating of the car from the engine straight through to the wheels instead of starting at the wheels and working backwards. These modern engines constitute high speed flywheels. They require brakes, and their own compression meets this demand to a certain extent. Before long there will be flywheel brakes to check the momentum of the engine simultaneously with the checking of the momentum of the other rotating parts and the car itself.

The propeller shaft service brake may be out of the picture for the time being, but it is likely to come back. One reason why more points of brake application are seen in the picture of the future automobile is because of the growing interest in hydraulic, compressed air and electrical braking control.

And so, while we are boasting of our wonderful brakes today, let us not forget that we have much to learn and experience in this line. We may call this stopping, but in reality it is merely starting.

For we are only just starting to stop!

The Navy Flies

SCOUT planes roar down the carrier decks into the wind. They disappear beyond the horizon, searching for the enemy. The fleet deploys strategically, awaiting the word of contact. Suddenly the radio buzzes: "We have found the enemy."

The commander-in-chief further disposes his ships, forms them into lines which shall be ready for attack or defense. Another report arrives. From some outlying ship or airplane comes word that enemy planes have launched a bombing or torpedo attack.

A second series of airplanes takes the air, this time speedy little fighters, ready to battle to the death those visiting wasps of the sky. Forming into squadrons, these armed craft of the air speed away in the enemy's direction, meet his planes high above the sea and shoot them down, tangled wreckage that falls into the awaiting waters of the Pacific.

Not yet is the battle done. It develops,



takes on a new intensity as all the skill of airplane builders and expert pilots is thrown into conflict. The air fills with screaming, diving airplanes, all the fliers intent on bringing mastery of the air to their forces. While the death struggle proceeds high above the grizzled dreadnaughts, a third series takes flight. These are the bombers, in whose bellies

are carried cargoes of death, ready to be dropped to the decks of the enemy battleships and cruisers.

But why aircraft in a modern war of the sea? Can not expert gunners find their range and beat down by superior fire enemy ships? One explanation may be noted in the fact that warships now fire at greater ranges than men placed in the masts-heads can see even with telescopes. Science has made possible conflicts which must be controlled from the air, and a commander-in-chief predicates this control upon a superior air force.

The matter of airplane support in a fleet engagement is not a casual thing. It bears a definite relationship

Top—A speedy navy fighter flying through the clouds above the Pacific. Official Photograph, Aircraft Squadrons, Battle Fleet

Center — The navy's latest fighting plane. This fleet craft, a Boeing biplane, is capable of 200 miles an hour

Bottom — This queer looking craft with its snub nose and misplaced smokestack is the U. S. S. Saratoga, airplane carrier



First "all-air unit" for sea fighters is assembled in Southern California waters—

By Andrew R. Boone

to the fleet's actions. The airplane has come to be a component part of the fleet, and upon it the fleet depends for some of its major functions. Recognition of the airplane's place in naval warfare has been granted it by the Navy Department for several years. Not until this year, however, has the navy placed the airplane upon its pedestal of importance where all may look on and admire.

The navy has selected the San Pedro-San Diego area to demonstrate its trust in the airplane as a major combat weapon. Here it has sent to join the battle fleet the aircraft carrier *Saratoga*, that mighty machine from whose flight deck a hundred airplanes will fly that the fleet may be protected and the "enemy" harassed. Already the carrier *Langley* (formerly the collier *Jupiter*) serves the battle fleet in that capacity. Relatively these two carriers are symbols of

adopted certain plans looking toward rapid aircraft development. The secretary of the navy approved the plan in 1922, and since 1921 Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the Navy Department's bureau of aeronautics, has devoted all his waking energies toward the culmination of that plan. But what was the plan?

This policy, conceived by Captain H. C. Mustin, called for the development of aircraft capable of operating as component parts of the fighting strength of all vessels of the navy. Airplanes were to be put on battleships, light cruisers, destroyers and submarines and carriers. There would be fighting airplanes for combat, observation planes for reconnaissance and control of

gunfire, combined scout-torpedo-bombing planes for offensive work, coastal patrol planes for patrolling the sea lanes, scouting against enemy surface vessels and anti-submarine work. Finally, the navy wanted a training plane. Essentially, the policy has been followed as first stated by Captain Mustin.

Manifestly the development of such new planes was a gigantic task. There were no airplanes then in existence which could be handled aboard combatant ships and there were no means of handling them. Since space aboard ship necessarily was limited, and the weights which could be hoisted in and out likewise were restricted, it became necessary to design entirely new types. As navy designers pointed out, low landing speeds required for use on the carriers, as well as for work on rough water, offered complications. But the air-cooled engine solved the problem from an engineering point of view, and at Admiral Moffett's direction development went ahead rapidly.

In review, the navy had virtually no aircraft at the end of the war. It did not want to divorce aviation from the line in the sense of having a separate department. Yet there were those who clamored for a separate air force, for aviation development in this direction, for development in that direction, for something, for nothing.

But Admiral Moffett and his aides stuck to their guns, or to the flying boats, for that was all the navy had in the way of aircraft in 1920. The United States came out of the war with nothing in the naval aviation line except some large patrol seaplanes and some training planes. In the meantime England had developed her airplane carriers, had developed specialized types of airplanes for naval use—fighters, bombers, scout planes, observation planes. France was encouraging aircraft manufacture for

The "eyes of the navy" see but are not seen. An observation plane effectually concealed from land by a smoke screen at San Diego. Official photograph, Aircraft Squadrons, Battle Fleet



A Navy seaplane being catapulted from the deck of the U. S. S. California. Perfect synchronization of the projector and the motor of the plane is necessary for this unique method of "taking off"

what the navy is undertaking. To join them soon will be sent the carrier *Lexington*, sister ship to the *Saratoga*. Below their flight decks will be stored nearly 200 fighting, bombing, torpedo and observation planes. And to this "all-air unit"—the first in the history of any navy—will be attached six destroyers to guard the carriers against torpedo attacks.

For the first time surface craft serve as complement to air craft!

Note the significance of that. Not only does the American navy recognize the importance of airplanes to its purposes, but places them above destroyers in importance for certain functions. Certainly the navy has taken wing!

The new all-air unit is not exactly new. It comes as the culmination of navy efforts begun in 1921, when the navy general board



military and naval use.

As late as 1921 navy heads recognized they must develop aircraft to fleet uses. The beginning was made only seven years ago. And the result?

In that period, the United States Navy has advanced its aviation to a leading position among world navies. The 200 planes now part of the aircraft squadrons, battle fleet (commanded by Rear Admiral J. Mason Reeves), for instance, are powered with air-cooled engines and all have been delivered to the Navy Department since January 15, *this year*. Where France virtually subsidized her aircraft industries and accepted from her manufacturers large quantities of war production and early post-war production machines, American manufacturers scratched and scratched hard. As a result, only the vigorous and intelligent have survived—and the navy has up-to-the-minute airplanes, the best in the world.

But back to that period immediately following the war. Prior to that time, as a matter of expediency, the navy had accepted the inter-allied policy of confining United States naval aviation largely to coast patrol and anti-submarine work. Where our navy was at a standstill in aviation development, the British navy's aviation was expanding and developing rapidly as a natural consequence of war conditions. Consequently the American navy was faced with the task, both of discharging most of its personnel, and, at the same time, beginning at the ground to develop those new types of aircraft which would capably operate from the decks of carriers and battleships; to develop apparatus which would propel efficiently fairly heavy planes into the air from a 40-foot runway, to develop carriers and tenders. And above all, the navy was faced with the problem of developing aircraft which would be small enough to operate from battleships, sturdy enough to withstand the terrific punishment of catapulting—or being "shot" into the air by gunpowder or compressed air—fast enough to compete with the best land fighters, and with a landing speed sufficiently slow to permit landing on the surface of the sea. (Planes used for catapulting are equipped with pontoons, those attached to the carriers are land planes with wheels.)

While aircraft were undergoing steady development, navy experts gave much attention to carriers and devices for handling the planes. The *Langley* became the experimental laboratory on which was gleaned the information which led to the recent completion of the *Saratoga* and *Lexington*. Continuous operation of the *Langley* with the fleet aided in developing new naval tactics for employment of aircraft.

The *Lexington* and *Saratoga* today are the largest naval vessels in the world. The *Saratoga* was first to reach Southern California waters. These ships are the "remnant," so-called, of six authorized in 1917 when Congress planned to build six super-ships—the *Constellation*, *Constitution*, *Lexington*, *Ranger*, *Saratoga* and *United States*. The world must have drawn an extra breath at the sheer immensity of the navy's dream. Each ship was to be nearly 900

feet long, 106 feet wide and to carry an armament of eight 16-inch and sixteen 6-inch guns, and eight 21-inch torpedo tubes. Each was to be the "last word" in naval construction, with a complement of 1500 men and a speed of thirty-four knots an hour.

Now, however, only the *Lexington* and *Saratoga* remain, converted from super-fighting ships to super-carriers. From what once appeared to be treaty salvage material these have emerged, and so popular are they that many officers and men have sought berths thereon. Both ships represent the ultimate in carrier construction.

Only a few of the interesting details can be revealed. New designs, naturally, are highly secret and cannot be written of in a popular article. Others apparent to any visitor may be related. First, of course, comes the peculiar construction above the water line. A carrier must have adequate space for landings and take-offs. The *Langley* prepared her deck by tearing away the coaling gear top hamper which she employed while a collier. Then a flat deck was laid, covering the entire ship. The *Langley's* smoke stacks fold out of the way. The ship has no masts. As compared with this construction, the *Saratoga* and *Lexington* have the regulation superstructure on the starboard side of the top deck, known as the "flight deck." Sailors call this grouping the "island" because of its appearance. This grouping in itself is sufficient to identify the vessels as a type.

These ships literally "loom up" ahead. The bow, for instance, instead of coming to a point, starts from the water like a clipper and is cut off to facilitate landings, leaving no sharp point against which planes may strike. Nearly 900 feet from the bow the deck stretches, ending at the stern in another novelty. Here a ramp overhangs to permit the easier landing of planes from that direction.

In order to preserve the integrity of the flight deck, all openings, with the exception of those providing means to bring planes up from their storage places below, are on the starboard side and in a line with the superstructure. The flight deck does carry launching devices and devices for slowing the planes down before they run off the forward end. But these are most secret.

Viewed from the side, the new carriers present another odd appearance. Along the sides in special galleries, they carry their small boats. These are so arranged because of the necessity of removing every non-essential from the flight deck in order that the ships may perform their primary function. They are literally sea-going airports with many facilities not provided at the ordinary airport.

So the navy really flies. The U. S. S. *Texas*, flagship of the United States fleet,

aboard which Admiral H. A. Wiley, commander-in-chief of the fleet, makes his headquarters, carries three airplanes. The *California*, battle fleet flagship, carries four. Each of the twelve battleships in the battle fleet carries three observation planes. The *Omaha*, flagship of the destroyer squadron, carries two. The carriers provide bases for thirty-six fighting planes each and thirty-six bombing and torpedo planes. And so on.

The navy did not permit its aviation to stray away. Now it controls its aerial forces; employs them as component parts of the fleet. The fleet commanders carry with them aviation aides. These are commanders and lieutenant commanders. They act as technical advisors.

Basically, those high in command feel that the air force should be a seagoing air force and mobile, not shore-based and immobile. This, fundamentally, is their whole conception of the air force of naval aviation. Aircraft in the navy, therefore, have two functions:

(1) The air service—that proportion of aviation which is auxiliary to the navy, such as reconnaissance, scouting and control of gun fire.

(2) The air force—that part of naval aviation used offensively as a striking force, but fully coordinated with the other forces.

Again the navy point of view embraces three general aspects of the employment of aviation in the national defense:

(1) Strategic—the dispositions and movements of aircraft prior to the time of actual contact with the enemy.

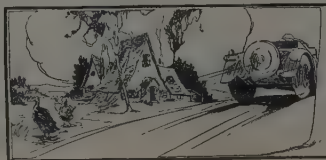
(2) Tactical—the same in contact and during action.

(3) Economic.

In event of an attempted invasion of Southern California by an enemy, manifestly the navy would require aircraft bases comparatively near the shores. But with the fleet at sea fully equipped with surface ships, submarines and aircraft, manifestly no enemy can approach the shore lines. "On the other hand," remarked Admiral Moffett several months ago, "with the fleet at sea with its own aircraft, we can establish our own bases and carry out our own offensive, but this aircraft offensive must be based on the decks of the carriers, that is, on the back of the fleet."

The fundamental policy of the government contemplates a navy maintained at a comparatively high percentage of its wartime strength and in a very high state of readiness. Because isolation simplifies the nation's defensive program, the military establishment (as distinguished from the naval) is maintained at a lower degree of wartime strength readiness. Yet that simplification of defense complicates the offensive problem. In carrying war to the enemy, the navy must proceed over vast areas. Manifestly aviation becomes a vital part in such a procedure.

Accordingly the fleet now has a powerful aerial striking force consisting of 567 fighting and bombing planes, with a complementary air service of 665 observation and other airplanes. Who can say the navy has not taken wing?



The Show Case

Presenting the new and novel in things

for the motor car—

By Gilland Mason

THE owner of a scarlet red roadster stepped up to the proprietor of the Show Case on Accessory Row and started looking things over. "I want," said he with emphasis that left no doubt as to his sincerity, "something swank for the new car—something that will make the old guard sit up and take notice, not to mention the youngsters who think their bleary eyes have beheld everything worth looking at. This something must have a touch of tomorrow. It must typify the new and nifty. Most important of all, it must be something which I can sport with the assurance that by possessing it I am ten miles ahead of the other fellow."

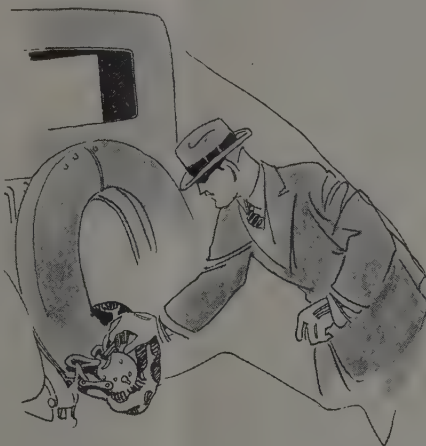
"I have just the thing for you," retorted the man on the other side of the counter. There was a lull as he leaned over to take from the show case an article that looked more like a curled up snake than anything the owner of the racy roadster could think of. But the lull was of surprisingly short duration. When the gentleman in search of the new and novel became aware that he was being offered a towline he went into fourth speed with both feet on the gas.

"I said I wanted something futuristic

and you are simply trying to pawn off something that is ancient and unholy!" he stammered, his face nearly matching the scarlet of his roaring roadster.

"But—"

"Preposterous!" he bellowed. "I never carry a towline anyway. I don't need one. There couldn't be anything new about a towline



When you unlock this spare tire lock, it remains fastened to the chain so it can't be lost

to warrant even thinking about one." The proprietor of the show case started to put the article away. As he lifted the towline, however, it started to unroll and the disturbed shopper caught sight of one or two things that interested him.

"Wait a minute," he ordered. "What kind of a towline is that—without a hook to attach it to the car?"

"A patented buckle," the other explained. "Easiest thing in the world to attach, and it won't slip. You see, the trick of this is it's light and easy to handle, yet it's strong enough to tow a truck. It's made of webbing like brake lining."

"I'll admit it looks like a good article, but where's there anything smart about it?"

"Well, this business of being exclusive is funny," the other returned. "It used to be the Hallmark of progressiveness to own and operate an automobile, but now you have to ride a horse to cut a dash. That's why carrying a towline has its touch of smartness: the masses don't do it."

Here the proprietor digressed to speak of an official of an advertising agency who purchased one of these towlines for his car. One day this party got a little gay with the car while parking it along the edge of a pri-



Here is the smartest thing in towlines—an article that rolls up like an inner tube and fastens to the cars by means of patented buckles

vate golf course. The rear wheels went hub deep into a patch of mud and when three friends offered assistance the owner took special pride in springing something new and better in the way of towing equipment. It attracted more attention than the "French tam" radiator cap which he figured would have made an everlasting impression on the rank and file whose horsepower is still under one hundred.

A valuable feature of this new towline is the fact that being constructed the way it is it does not rattle like a metal contraption. It rolls up like an inner tube and tucks away conveniently. Besides, when you use it there is no danger of scratching the car.

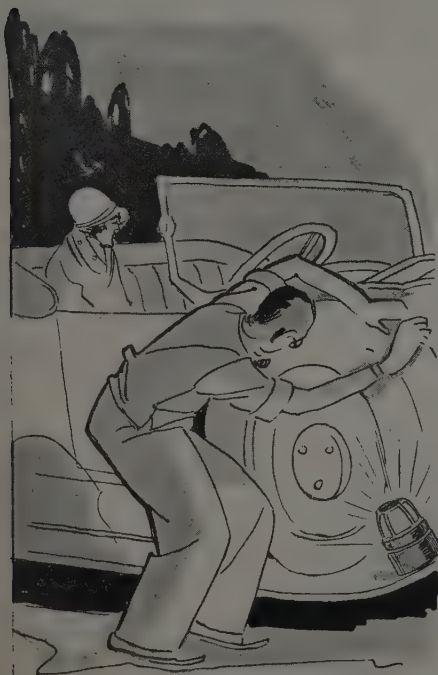
It was beginning to look as if the boss of the show case knew his accessories, for the next thing he offered was a tire lock and chain which revealed a feature that was unexpectedly new. How there could be anything new about an article of this sort certainly seemed beyond the most seasoned of automotive minds, but it carried an innovation nevertheless.

"Remember that padlock you once lost because you didn't take the trouble to close its jaw after changing a tire?" he reminded the shopper. "Well, that can't happen with this article because the lock is attached to one end of the chain."

Pointing to a short rod which served to keep the lock and chain together he revealed the secret of this detailed but welcome feature, suggesting the while the pleasure that might be derived from springing this on friends and relations.

It did not dampen the ardor of the proprietor when the shopper explained that he used a keyless lock for the spare tire. The show case this month just happens to hold something brand new in the form of the keyless ignition lock. Here it is on top of the counter ready for inspection. It is the latest version of the padlock which has caused such a stir because of its working

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50)



A motorist is tempted to manufacture a little trouble for himself when he sees this new trouble lamp which sticks wherever it is put

"Close Ups" of Our High Sierra

Part IV: *The 12,000-13,000-foot peaks*

By Norman Clyde

COMPARED with the great number of peaks in the Southern Sierra ranging from 13,000 to 14,501 feet in elevation—upwards of a hundred and fifty—those that do not attain an altitude of 13,000 feet appear to be relatively low and sometimes almost insignificant, yet scattered along this portion of the range there are many fine peaks between 12,000 and 13,000 feet in height—peaks striking in appearance, difficult to scale and affording excellent views from their summits. On account of the great average elevation of the Kern region they are perhaps fewest in this portion of the Sierra, yet even there are found some worthy of mention.

In the more southerly portion of the Great Western Divide are many peaks that offer interesting climbs and good views, especially of the Kaweahs, a beautiful cluster of peaks that dominates the Kern region

to the west of the Kern River. Perhaps the best of these is Sawtooth Peak (12,340 feet). Its sharp pyramidal summit can be seen far down the western slope of the range and in clear winter weather can be identified from the San Joaquin Valley and perhaps even from the summit of the Coast Range. It forms a worthy introduction to the High Sierra for those entering the Sierra by way of Cliff Creek and over Black Rock Pass. Farther north on the same divide, northwest of the Kaweahs, is Triple Divide Peak (12,651 feet), one that affords some rock-climbing, is a rather impressive pyramidal-like peak and commands a fine panorama.

From its summit the view of the precipitous north face of the Kaweahs is superb, as is also the one along the jagged line of the Kern-Kaweah divide; of the sheer cliffs on the western front of some of them and of the cirques, often adorned with Alpine tarns that appear far below. Very pleasing also is the sight of the dark, undulating conifer forest, in which one can descry in the distance the Giant Forest, and far beyond it the hazy San Joaquin Valley.

On the opposite side of the range overlooking Owens Valley is Lone Pine Peak, slightly under 13,000 feet in height. From the valley, on account of its standing well out in the great eastern scarp, it is one of the most striking peaks in the vicinity, vying with considerably higher neighbors. It has prob-



Mt. Morrison (12,245 feet), towering above Convict Lake, stands a memorial to Robert Morrison, a Benton merchant who was killed by an escaped convict



Mt. Gardiner (12,903 feet), in center, its height disguised by its lofty neighbors, was named for James Terry Gardiner, a member of Whitney's California State Geological Survey

ably not been ascended more than two or three times, although it can be scaled with comparative ease from the headwaters of the south fork of Lone Pine Creek. The view from its summit is very fine, especially of Mt. Whitney and of the eastern scarp of the Sierra, of which this peak possesses an unobstructed view northward for some fifty miles of the highest portion of the range.

In the Kings watershed noteworthy 12,000-foot peaks are more numerous. Perhaps the most beautiful of them is the East Vidette (12,742 feet). Seen from the north, especially from

Vidette Meadow and the vicinity of Bullfrog Lake, there is perhaps no peak in the Sierra possessing more pleasing lines that converge from a rather broad base to a narrow summit, forming a symmetrical pyramid with beautifully furrowed front. Its sober gray color is set off by a mantle of dark foxtail and tamarack pine that sweeps up from the meadow at its base to its precipitous walls. The ascent is a rock-climb of some difficulty that has been made about a dozen times. On account of its central position, the summit commands a magnificent view of the great jagged peaks that extend around the amphitheatre in an almost complete circle.

On the divide between the Kings-Kern amphitheatre and the Rae Lake basin are several peaks deserving of mention, notably Mt. Rixford (12,856 feet) and Mt. Gardiner (12,903 feet). The ascent of the former entails some rock-work of a not very difficult nature, and the summit has an impressive view of the great amphitheatre to the south and of Rae Lake basin to the north, with its chain of beautiful lakes. Farther west along the same ridge, jutting out northward from it is Mt. Gardiner. Possessing sheer cliffs to the west and north, it is an impressive peak from those directions. It can be ascended only from the south, and then by crossing a saddle from a slightly lower peak, working up a broken rock face for about a hundred feet and thence along a ragged knife-edge to the highest point about fifty yards distant. It is regarded as a difficult peak and has been scaled but few times.

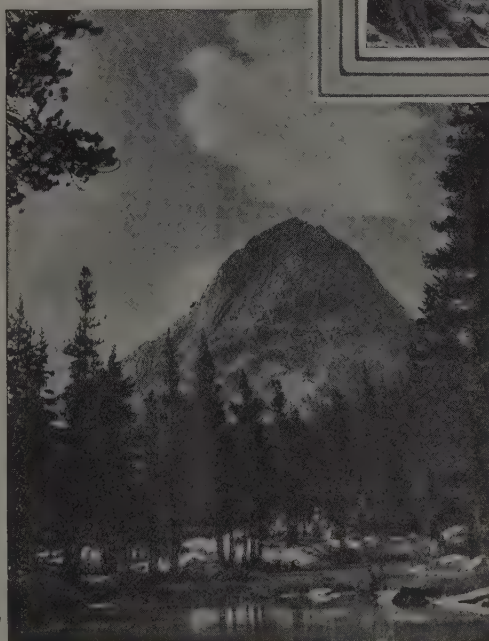
One of the most sequestered basins of the High Sierra is Rae Lake Basin. It contains a chain of lakes of which Rae Lake, the largest, is also the finest, being indeed one of the most beautiful and picturesque in all the range. Ensnconed in a deep bowl, rugged mountains rising on all sides, those to the south and southeast richly colored red, orange and black, bands of which run in a most bizarre fashion; varied by rocky islets and promontories sparsely clad with tamarack pines, it has become one of the favorites of those who frequent the Sierra. One of the most fantastically banded of these mountains is Dragon Peak (12,955 feet), along the main crest of the range, to the northeast of the lake. It terminates in a sharp pinnacle which offers an interesting rock scramble that probably only two parties have made, and overlooks an extremely ragged and broken portion of the eastern escarpment of the Sierra.

A few miles to the northwest of the lake, from a basin dotted with Alpine tarns called Sixty Lake Basin, rises a rather solitary mountain of the Matterhorn type, a beautiful pyramid from whatever angle it may be viewed and generally conceded to be one of the difficult ascents of the Sierra. This is Mt. King, 12,909 feet in elevation. All of the ascents made, except one, have been accomplished by following a narrow shelf that runs diagonally up the almost vertical eastern face of the mountain to a point a few rods below the summit. From

there the climber hoists himself over large rocks to a little alcove above a sheer precipice and perhaps fifteen feet below the summit. Here he is confronted by a vertical "pitch." After groping around he finds a crack that affords a fingerhold and a cup-like depression that forms a tolerably safe foothold. Swinging himself up he grasps the top of the rock above, conscious that the precipice awaits him should he let go. Reaching the former safely he encounters a weather-polished rounded granite boulder over which he can reach a short distance. Up this he scrambles and finds himself on the summit only a few feet in diameter. In three directions ragged knife-edges drop away; in two there are almost vertical precipices, while in the third it



Mt. McGee (12,966 feet) as viewed from the south. This picturesque mass of rock presents a rather forbidding aspect to those who would attempt its ascent



The Hermit (12,352 feet), named for its isolated appearance when seen from Colby Meadow. In reality it forms the termination of several peaks invisible from below

slopes down at a very steep angle. As it stands comparatively alone it possesses a much finer view than would be expected from its height. To the west it looks down into Paradise Valley, one of the most beautiful gorges in the Sierra; to the northeast Mt. Pinchot and other nearby highly colored peaks are conspicuous, as are also the Palisades farther to the north and Mt. Goddard to the northwest; to the south the serrated line of the Kings-Kern Divide looms high across the intervening ridge. In the descent one can drop from shelf

to shelf down the eastern face of the mountain for twenty or thirty feet until he strikes the other route. Mt. King is what mountaineers sometimes term a "two-men" mountain—one which contains pitches that are difficult for a single mountaineer to surmount but may sometimes be negotiated without great trouble by a party of two or more by reason of mutual assistance. About ten have stood on the summit of Mt. King.

From Woods Lakes, a delightful group near Sawmill Pass, one can climb Colosseum Mountain (12,417 feet), an easy ascent that possesses a good view. A short distance northward along the crest is Mt. Perkins (12,557 feet), which has some rock-climbing and has probably been climbed but once. A charming camping place a few miles to the northwest is Bench Lake. As its name implies, it is situated on a bench overlooking the south fork of the Kings River only a few miles from its source. The rocky terrain to the north and the long promontories that jut out into the usually placid water of the lake and several rocky islets are clothed with a scattered growth of tamarack pines, while to the southwest rises a beautiful peak called Arrow Mountain, with symmetrical pyramidal form. From the lake it can be ascended with comparative ease and the climber is rewarded with a magnificent view.

Passing northwestward to the Evolution
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)



Left—The steam geysers of Sulphur Creek, near Healdsburg, Sonoma County, California, seen in the early morning when their feathery plumes and deafening roar are most impressive

Bridling the Earth's Hidden Fires

By Martin Walsh

EVER SINCE he began to reason man has striven incessantly to utilize the elemental forces of Nature for his many purposes. Successes have been less frequent than failures. For every successful scheme devised to put the wind to work, there has been a dismal failure in attempting to harness the waves. The conversion of the energy of swiftly flowing streams into more tractable electrical power has been one of the miracles of the modern engineering age. The earth has yielded a seemingly unlimited supply of combustible gases which have, long since, been put to work. But many idealistic and promising enterprises have proven foolish and futile ventures.

A project contrived to make useful the volcanic fires of the earth, on the face of it, appears of dubious merit and of a piece with the ubiquitous perpetual motion devices. But, of questionable validity though it may seem in the abstract, it has been accomplished, none the less, in fact.

The enterprise outlined here which will, when completed, utilize steam from natural geysers to generate electric power is located in Sonoma County, California. Along Sulphur Creek, eighteen miles east of Cloverdale and not far from the summit of the Coast Range, is located a long chain of hot springs and fumaroles. Lake and Napa County Indians bathed in their waters before the whites came. So highly were they esteemed for their curative properties that they became a source of sanguinary conten-

tion between the many tribes.

This remarkable thermal phenomenon first came to the attention of Caucasian invaders in 1847 when one William B. Elliott, trailing a grizzly bear into the remote reaches of the mountains, came upon them unexpectedly. Several years thereafter a resort was established and the area christened "The Geysers." It proved extremely popular with the *crème de la crème* of San Francisco for more than half a century. As a fashionable watering place it became *de rigueur*, and its waters, noteworthy for their therapeutic properties, were bottled and marketed for several decades.

The geysers occupy a slope of the canyon approximately eight miles long and a mile wide, lying along what appears to be an old fault line, the main group being concentrated in an area about 300 yards long. In an air-line they are only a matter of twenty miles or thereabouts from Mount St. Helena, an extinct volcano. The theory prevails that the geysers came into action during St. Helena's eruptive period.

The geysers are not true geysers of water, intermittently erupting, but rather continuously discharging steam vents. When John D. Grant of Healdsburg took possession of the resort property, the vents, or fumaroles, dotted the canyon side. They were delivering exceedingly hot water and steam at an unbelievable pressure. The sight of this tremendous aggregate of wasted energy clutched his imagination and he conceived the notion of excavating deep-

ly into the geyser area, installing a boiler and the necessary pipes and running the resulting steam to a turbine. On more mature consideration this plan was abandoned for the more comprehensive one now in operation. J. D. Galloway of San Francisco was retained as engineer, a small corporation was organized and it was decided that a group of wells must be sunk.

The fumaroles wound by devious paths to the intensely hot magma or interior rock of the earth. It was thought that by sinking these wells sufficiently deep a vast number of the fumaroles would be intercepted and the steam they carried brought to the surface through one main hole, under even pressure.

A Los Angeles drilling company thereupon was employed and operations started. The well casings were reinforced with cement concrete for much of their length and excepting the extreme lower end. Drilling was performed under difficulties. The holes became so hot it was necessary to pump cold water in to cool the bits. This ushered in the complication of more steam to contend with. Finally, however, eight wells were sunk and fitted with valves at the surface to regulate the flow of steam. The wells varied in depth from 203 to 600 feet. On completion each was put under test and the amazing discovery was made that the surface pressure ran from 65 to 275 pounds to the square inch and the surface temperature from 340° to 360° F! With valves released the whole canyon actually shook with the force of the even-flowing steam. For many feet above the mouth of the well

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)



A close-up of one of the geysers, showing the casing and valve by which they are controlled. Ordinary conversation is inaudible within half a mile of any of these strange freaks of nature

Steamboating on the Colorado

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

head of tidewater, was the site of the largest ship yards. At one time there were more than 150 laborers employed there. Port Ysabel was also the bone, or rather graveyard, of most of the later steamers. The *Colorado No. 1* was overhauled there in 1868 and then chartered by the United States government for three months at \$500 a day. It is said that for two of the three months her engines were not started once. When condemned, her hull was left at Port Ysabel and her powerful engines were put into the *Colorado No. II*. The huge boiler now lies just south of the old quartermaster buildings, which are the United States Reclamation Service Bureau's headquarters.

The *Colorado No. I*, which was built at Port Ysabel, was the fifth steamer on the river. She was owned by the Colorado Steam Navigation Company as were all except the *Uncle Sam*. After several years she was sunk and her hull, hauled out at Port Isabel, served as the foundation of a large warehouse which later burned in a fire which nearly destroyed the whole of the port. Her machinery was shipped back to San Francisco and put into the *Hattie Fickett*, a famous Sacramento steamer.

When the Colorado River country had its great gold excitement in 1860 and the years following, steam transportation was given a decided impetus. Ehrenberg and La Paz, both up the river from Yuma, were scenes of great activity. At this time an opposition line was started. Captain C. C. Overman navigated the steamer *Esmeralda* from San Francisco around Cape San Lucas and up to Port Ysabel. A new company was started by Captain T. E. Trueworthy, owner of the *Esmeralda*, and was called the Union Line. Trueworthy had been owner of a steamboat line in Sacramento for several years and was quick to see the possibilities of a profitable business on the river. Consequently, the next year he left the *Esmeralda* at Eldorado Canyon and went overland to San Francisco, where he bought the steamer *Nina Tilden* and organized the Pacific and Colorado Navigation Company. The *Nina Tilden*, heavily laden, was soon afterward sailed to Yuma via the Gulf of California. Forty-two tons of her freight were loaded on the barge *Black Crook* and towed by the *Esmeralda*, Captain Bob Rogers, to Eldorado Canyon, and from there were taken by teams to Callville, Nevada, a Mormon settlement. The trip took five months to complete, two and a half of which were used in the passage to Eldorado Canyon.

The old Colorado Steam Navigation Company was too powerful for the opposition line, and in 1867 the steamers *Esmeralda* and *Nina Tilden*, and the barges *Black Crook* and *White Fawn*, were bought by Hartshorn, Wilcox and Johnson. The *Nina Tilden* ran in the river trade for ten years when, leaking badly, she was taken to Port Ysabel for repairs. While under repairs

there she was struck by an unusually heavy tide, her mooring ropes were broken and she was turned bottom-side up by an incoming swell. Her boiler, which sank in the channel, was removed and was the only part salvaged from the wreck.

Captain Trueworthy, in the meantime, had converted a large and well-shaped barge into a steam schooner. She was named the *Victoria* and was sailed, by Captain C. E. Qualm, from San Francisco to the river with 4,000,000 feet of lumber, 50 tons of groceries, and 800 barrels of whiskey. J. A. Mellen, later an important river boat captain, had sailed before the mast in her. Twenty-five miles up the river she anchored at Horse-Shoe bend. By a peculiar turn of Fate, on an incoming tide she drifted onto her own anchor and the protruding fluke stove a large hole in her bottom. The large cargo of lumber prevented her from sinking and she was towed to Starvation Point. Here the tules were extremely thick and quite high. The Indians, for no apparent reason, set fire to the dry reeds and started a conflagration which swept over the *Victoria* and demolished her rigging and hull. The lumber was set free and drifted out to sea. The groceries were saved, but the whiskey is reported to be on the river bottom to this day, since the salt water would have but little corrosive effect upon the wooden hooped barrels. Captain Trueworthy had staked a small fortune on the vessel and its contents and was practically ruined by the disaster.

The steamers *Cocopah No. II*, the *Mohave No. I* and *No. II*, and the *Gila* followed in rapid succession. The Colorado company prospered exceedingly and built many boats and barges in their yards at Port Ysabel and Yuma. As the steamers were worn out or met with disaster, they were taken to Port Ysabel and beached on the sand; dismantled, their skeletons were left to the ravages of time and tide. At one time there were as many as twelve steamers and twelve barges operating in the river trade. Freight was shipped up the river to Yuma on the boats and from there to all parts of the Arizona territory by mule teams. Yuma was the scene of great activity and Main Street would be lined with teams for more than a mile when a steamer was due. Saloons and dance halls occupied nearly the whole of the business section of the town. Brawls were frequent and many men "died with their boots on" while wild orgies continued day and night.

The freight was brought to the river at first in schooners of from 400 to 600 tons register. Later the steamers *Centennial*, *Newbern*, *Montana* and others did the freighting business chiefly from San Francisco. The *Newbern* as late as 1893 was plying between San Francisco and Mazatlan. When the Southern Pacific Railroad opened its line to Yuma in 1877 and built

the bridge across the Colorado, the *Mohave* and the *Gila* were the oldest boats, having been running for more than twenty years. To prevent the possibility of competition the Southern Pacific bought out the Colorado Steam Navigation Company and all their boats and barges. The clanging of the bell of the first locomotive sounded a death knell for the picturesque river steamers.

Captain Isaac Polhames was the most famous of the river boat captains. In the steamer *Gila* he ran from Yuma to Needles and return, a distance of 250 miles, in ten hours, excluding unloading time at Needles. Polhames was made captain of all the captains by the Colorado Steam Navigation Company and was respected and admired by all. He is said to have been a large man with a good-natured, bewhiskered face and besides being extremely likeable was a very capable navigator.

Captain Jack Mellen, starting as a pilot under Captain Polhames, became one of the company's captains. There was great rivalry among the townspeople in regard to the driving of sharp bargains. It is told that Mellen's wife was ill and a Dr. Taggart, the only medical man in town, was called to attend her. When Mrs. Mellen had recovered Dr. Taggart presented her husband with an exorbitant bill for \$500. Captain Mellen paid it and said nothing. Some little time later Dr. Taggart was called to Ehrenberg on a serious case and Captain Mellen took him up the river in the steamer *Mohave*. When they returned and Dr. Taggart offered to pay his fare, Captain Mellen took a ruler and measured the doctor, then, after long calculations and deliberation, informed him that his bill was \$500. When Dr. Taggart protested, Mellen reminded him that the physician's bill had been paid without a murmur and, with a drawn pistol, quietly informed him that he rather expected that he would have to pay the \$500. The money was not long in changing hands.

Although there were several merchants in the town, nearly everyone procured supplies and clothing from the quartermaster of the barracks at a lower price. So much was consumed through the quartermaster at Fort Yuma that the government sent an inspector to investigate. Finding nothing out of the way, the inspector boarded the steamer *Mohave* to go to Ehrenberg on another mission. When he asked Captain Mellen what he supposed could be the cause of the abnormal consumption of supplies at the fort, Mellen asked him if he saw the fence around the general's quarters, which was on the left bank of the river. Mellen then told him that the picket fence had once been a solid wall, but that the intense heat had shrunk the boards so that it gave the appearance of being a picket fence, and the heat must be the cause of the enormous consumption of commodities. The inspector said nothing more about

the matter and the graft continued.

In 1870 an appropriation was made by Congress for a large steam barge which was to be used for the dredging of the river. The unwieldy craft, called the *Silas Lewis*, was brought to Yuma, and there it created quite a bit of excitement. Someone started the rumor that it was a Mexican gunboat, falsely flying the American flag. Although the crowd, which gathered at first, quickly saw the joke, the rumor had spread and several days later an armed band of miners came to see the belligerent war vessel. It was used for several years above Needles and greatly aided navigation on the river. Later it was bought by a man named Whitcombe and used as a pleasure barge.

Although there have been several steamers built since the opening of the railroad, the river trade has been practically negligible since 1877. The *Searchlight*, the *Cochan*, and the *St. Valier* are the most important of the later steamers. The *Searchlight* was above the Laguna Dam when the dam was built in 1908, but was lifted over it, by the government, when her owners protested.

When the county seat was moved from La Paz to Yuma, furniture, archives and fixtures were loaded on the *Nina Tilden* and taken to Yuma by Captain Polhames. The event was an occasion for a great deal of celebration at Yuma and many honors were conferred upon the captain.

The steamers carried a crew of from eight to twelve Indians as laborers and stvedores besides the captain, a pilot, an engineer, and a Chinese cook. They burned wood entirely. Whenever in need of fuel they would stop at appointed places, blow their whistle, and the Indians would come running with arms full of wood. The boats were always kept in good repair, and the sight of one of them churning upstream with smokestack belching must have been an impressive one.

The only means of communication between Port Ysabel and Yuma, besides the steamers, was by Indian runners. These natives proved quite faithful as long as they were well paid for their services and made the 100-mile trip in the unbelievably short time of from sun-up to sun-down. Today one sees the descendants of the Indians and wonders that it is possible that such a marvelous race could have degenerated so much by contact with civilization.

In 1885 Yuma had about 750 residents with only seven or eight American women. Consequently, there was a great deal of intermarrying. Now Yuma, with a population of more than ten times that number, has a large percentage of Indian citizens.

Like so many other towns of the Southwest, Yuma has been the scene of many interesting enterprises. Steamboat days on the Colorado are gone and only a few survive who remember its colorful past.

Heraldry on the Early California Rancho

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

with lasso and broncho. An excellent contemporary account of one of these events is given by Major Bell:

"In May, '53, I was invited to attend a grand rodeo (which means a grand gathering of cattle) which was to take place on the San Joaquin Rancho, forty-two miles east of Los Angeles; so in company with a fellow gringo I betook myself thither, arriving late in the afternoon. Reaching the ranch-house, I was surprised at the number present. Rancheros from all parts of the country and from San Diego, either in person followed by a group of retainers, or by their representatives, the major domos. The Machados of La Picos from San Fernando and San Diego, the Dominguez, the Sepulvedas of Palos Verdes, the Lugos from everywhere, the Avilas of Tahauta, Cintinela and Aliso, the Sanchez, the Ocampo, and the Cotas, the Stearns, Roland, Reids and Williams, the Yorbos of Santa Ana and the Temples of Cerritos and Puente, all were there—a larger army than that with which Andreas Pico so roughly handled General Kearney at San Pasqual, and placed thirty-two of his troopers hors du combat. All were there with their trains to separate and drive to their respective ranchos whatever cattle may have strayed to the confines of San Joaquin. When I unsaddled I could see groups of dozens here and there, seated upon and surrounding a blanket spread upon the ground engaged in the national game of monte. These were the vaquero servants. At the house I found Don José Sepulveda, the owner of San Joaquin, with dignified courtesy receiving visitors to the rodeo, Don José's residence, however, being in the city. The ranchmen are busy dealing out beef and other comestibles to the vaqueros, and the house emits the odors of cookery, for the patrons and major

domos must be entertained as becomes their quality. Full a hundred persons sup at the ranch table, after which conversation commences and is kept up long after the writer has passed the boundary of dreamland. Before daylight however, the whole camp is astir, and before I take my coffee scarce a man is to be seen, all having gone to the field to form the rodeo for the day's work. By nine o'clock 30,000 head of horned cattle are brought into herd, and surrounded by vaqueros armed with the terrible riata, and now the work of separation and marking begins.

"The cattle of these many owners have not only to be separated, but the calves must be marked on the ear and branded. All this work must be done inside of two days, as during this time this great herd have no food and may become maddened and unmanageable from hunger and thirst. To penetrate this formidable body, to a gringo is a most delicate and dangerous operation, but to see how the vaqueros do it, their perfect horsemanship, the adroitness with which they ply their riata, the cleverness with which they extricate a cow and her calf from the horny labyrinth, excites one's admiration to the highest degree. As they are extricated each owner receives his own, marks and brands the calf and drives them to his separate herd. So by the time the rodeo is over, the grand herd of 30,000 is broken into many small herds, and the vaqueros drive them to their respective ranchos. These rodeos were grand affairs, and the young men of the ranchos vied with each other in feats of horsemanship and throwing the lasso. The one of which I write was disposed of in two days."

The rancho which was the scene of the rodeo just described was one of the largest in Southern California, comprising eleven leagues of land which furnished range for

14,000 cattle, and 3000 horses and mares. Other important ranchos in the vicinity of Los Angeles whose owners registered brands in the old *Libro de Fierros* are as follows:

Rancho Santiago de Santa Ana, owned by Ramon, Bernardo and Teodocio Yorba, was a strip of land about six miles wide and twenty miles long, extending from the ocean front at the present site of Balboa to a point ten miles northeast of the present site of Santa Ana, and provided range for 22,000 cattle, 2300 horses and 12,000 sheep.

Rancho Los Cerritos, property of John Temple, included five leagues of land extending northward from Long Beach, with 14,000 cattle, 5000 sheep and 1000 horses and mares.

Ex-Mission San Fernando consisted of eleven leagues of land, with 5000 cattle and 500 horses and mares, of which Andreas Pico was owner.

Rancho La Cienega, situated just east of the present Culver City, was owned by Thomas A. Sanches who was sheriff of Los Angeles County from 1860 to 1868.

Rancho Camulos covered twenty-two leagues of land with 5000 cattle, 1000 horses and mares, and 5000 sheep. It was the property of Ygnacio del Valle.

Rancho San Pedro, owned by Manuel Dominguez, included ten leagues of land with 8000 cattle, 1500 horses and mares, and 5000 sheep.

Rancho Los Verdugos, north of Glendale, was owned by Maria Ygnacio Verdugo, and covered eight leagues of land with 5000 cattle, and 500 horses and mares.

Rancho Alamitos was the property of Abel Stearns. It comprised six leagues of land extending inland from Alamitos Bay, which, together with several other ranchos made this well-known pioneer one of the largest landowners in

Southern California. His wealth in livestock was enormous, consisting of 30,000 cattle, 2000 horses and mares, and 10,000 sheep.

Rancho Los Coyotes lay west of Anaheim and south of Norwalk, and was owned by Pio Pico and Andreas Pico. Its extent was 56,980 acres, which furnished range for 10,000 cattle, 1500 horses and mares, and 5000 sheep.

The acquisition of California was the beginning of the end of those vast holdings of land, comparable to the feudal estates of Europe. And with the passing of those great ranchos went also the vital significance of the brands which marked their cattle and horses, which were in fact the cognizances of the men who owned them, comparable to the coats of arms of the old world; for it is said that many vaqueros who could not name the owner of a certain rancho were well acquainted with the brand that appeared on his stock. That the transition was rapid is shown by a description written by Major Bell in 1881:

"The reader who now journeys over the nine miles of intervening hill and dale between Los Angeles and San Gabriel has to draw very forcibly on his imagination to take in the landscape as it was. At the time referred to (1853) the writer saw at least 10,000 horses pasturing on the rich and verdant plain, their number seeming without limit, while here and there could be seen the picturesque figure of the *lasador* in the same unique costume worn 500 years ago in the Vega of Granada or the plains of Morocco. The landscape was romantic and lively in those early days as now it is gloomy and monotonous. The lazy sheep herder with his dusty flock has driven out the snorting mustang and his dashing rider."

Thus has the life of the old rancho passed into tradition; but the record of its heraldry still lives.

Where Vulcan Works in California

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

length and probably two-thirds as wide. It is filled with hot water, oily in appearance, and tinging toward drab in color. Its temperature varies from 46° to 52° Centigrade, according to Arthur L. Day and E. T. Allen of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution whose *Volcanic Activity and Hot Springs of Lassen Peak* is recognized as the most extensive and authoritative treatise on the Lassen region.

The waters of the lake are charged with gas which comes to the surface in bubbles at many points. Fringing the lake are a group of mud pots and on the south side one or two active geysers, spouting two or three feet in the air, and several steam vents or

fumaroles are located. The lake, strangely, is surrounded by a heavy growth of conifers and the contrast between the cool, green flora and the boiling inland sea and its springs is amazing.

The Devil's Kitchen occupies a physically similar basin, the south slope of which resembles the rift produced by an earthquake. Here innumerable fumaroles and mud pots spout from the canyon floor, throwing clouds of steam high in the air. In one place several fumaroles issue from the bed of Warner Creek, forming miniature hot water fountains in the flowing cold stream. The mineral content of the mud pots, consisting chiefly of aluminum, silica and sulphate, but containing, too, sodium, potassium,

calcium, magnesium, sulphur, iron, etc., has stained earth and rocks in varied colors. And over all hang the fumes of a dozen gases.

Bumpass' Hell, which will be made more easily attainable when the road now under construction is completed, at present can be reached only by horse trail. It is located approximately two miles due south of Lassen's summit. In many respects it is the most fascinating of all these hot spring or solfataric areas. Within a depression 500 feet by 1400 feet in size are concentrated a vast number of fumaroles, sulphur cauldrons, boiling fountains and hot springs. One of its mud pots is twenty feet in diameter!

Supan's Springs, the Geyser and

Cinder Cone are other points of interest in the park accessible only by foot or by animals. Supan's Springs are notable for the presence of free sulphur. The Geyser, an intermittent fountain, spouts water to a height of from five to eight feet. Several alluring fresh water lakes are scattered through the region. Manzanita and Reflection lakes, from which the most scenic view of Lassen is to be obtained, are easily reached by motor from the north, as well as Lake Helen, on the Mineral entrance road, and Juniper, out of Chester on the south. Grassy, Bee and Snag lakes, like the points set forth above, are trail trips. The Loomis Museum at Manzanita Lake contains interesting material gathered

through the volcano's eruptive period, including specimens of old and new lava, bread-crust bombs, etc., together with a valuable collection of photographs of the mountain during its many outbreaks.

Two things are to be remembered about visits to the hot springs of the Lassen region. They are best seen in the cool hours of early morning or late evening when steam emanating therefrom condenses more rapidly, and thus more accurately testifies to their fiery origin. Caution, too, must be exercised in tramping about among the fumaroles. Steam from these, more often than not, is superheated and a mis-step may mean a bad burn. Often there is but a

thin crust of earth about these vents which, carelessly trod upon, may give way and plunge one several feet into a merrily boiling hot spring or mud pot.

Motorists traversing the Pacific Highway and wishing to see the entire region may turn eastward at Red Bluff through Mineral to a point 6.5 miles west of Chester, thence leaving the lateral highway, turn northward for 11 miles to Drakesbad. From this little resort short hikes will take one to the Boiling Lake, Devil's Kitchen, or a horseback ascent of the mountain may be made. Retracing to Kelley's resort one may hike or take to the saddle to visit the Geyser or Bumpass' Inferno to the west.

Retracing to the Rud Bluff-Susanville lateral and turning westward again, an excellent Forest Service road will be found leading northward .8 mile west of Mineral. Following this for 18.2 miles will bring the motorist to Viola, the gateway to the wonders of the northern side of the peak. To the east 8 miles are Manzanita and Reflection lakes and the Loomis Museum, and a mile farther the very base of the peak. This road forks at Manzanita Lake. The turn to the right takes one to the points enumerated; the main highway continues on about the mountain for 8 miles to the devastated area of Hat and Lost creeks. Back at Viola, a tie-in to the Pacific Highway

may be made via Manton and Red Bluff. The park likewise is accessible from the east through Susanville, Westwood and Chester and from the northeast through Alturas.

Lassen's Peak again is dormant. Volcanologists are disposed to believe that it will stay so. Its latest capers appear to have been its last mad and feeble fling. Vulcan seems to have departed for other forges and abandoned this splendid workshop in its setting of verdant forests and cerulean lakes. But his card still hangs beside the door in the form of various hot springs which are here described, and which are worthy of the attention of every Californian.

What Caused the Accident?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

motor vehicle fatalities reveals that, next to the age-period of 16-44 years, that of 45-64 years proved the most dangerous; this latter group comprised 24.38 per cent of the total number of persons dying as the result of accidents. The third highest percentage was identified with the group of sixty-five years or more, and the lowest percentage was shown in the case of children five years of age or less.

Obviously, persons between the ages of sixteen and forty-four years are in their times of greatest activity. Another reason why this group carries the highest mortality percentage is that it includes twenty-eight years, whereas, the period of 45-64 years is only a 19-year span.

There is close connection between the age consideration and the causes having the highest mortality figures. To illustrate:

"Incompetent handling" and "motorist's negligence at railway crossing," we have seen, are the two causes responsible for the greatest number of fatalities. A glance at the tables listing the number of fatalities in each age group, for each cause, discloses that the highest total was for "incompetent handling," and it fell under the 16-44 years heading. The second highest total was for "motorist's negligence at railway crossing," and was charged to the same age period.

Which facts also are significant. Incompetence, and negligence, it would appear, are present at the very ages when they might least be expected, in one way of thinking.

Those who have made a study of traffic accident causes are unanimous in agreeing that the "human element" behind the wheel is the underlying cause of all accidents to motor vehicles. Such a conclusion would seem to be obvious.

On this particular, Thomas W. Salmon, professor of psychiatry at Columbia University, speaking before the Yale traffic conference, said:

"It has been said that, as behind every mechanical device there must be a human intelligence, the imperfections of the human mind make an absolutely perfect mechanical device a practical as well as a theoretical impossibility. The

same is true of the best planned legal and social mechanisms for checking the great causes of death and disease. The natural laws that govern the life of the minute organism that causes typhoid fever are well known and there exist precise and apparently infallible methods by which human beings can protect themselves from infection by that organism.

"Nevertheless, just as the machine fails to perform its allotted task with perfect success because of the imperfections of its human control, so does this exact knowledge regarding the germ of typhoid fever fail to lead to uniformly successful results. In both cases the cause of failure lies not in the amount or quality of our knowledge, but in the frailties of the human beings by which and for which this knowledge is applied. Therefore, no campaign which aims merely to reduce accidents can reach the highest degree of success possible unless the so-called 'human factor' is taken into account."

Careful scrutiny of the data on which fatality figures for the thirteen Southern California counties were based brings one to the conclusion that, while excessive speed does not bulk very large as a cause of fatal accidents, it should properly be regarded as one of the primary causes.

The element of speed rarely gets into the testimony at a coroner's inquest. Why? Because most witnesses are unwilling to testify that the car in question was speeding. In many instances, excessive speed is involved; but the witness honestly feels that it is not. To illustrate:

A pedestrian darts across the street in the middle of a block. An automobile, traveling in a "procession" of other cars, and at the same rate, strikes him. The pedestrian dies of his injuries.

A witness, testifying before the coroner's jury, says that the automobile involved was not speeding. And he sincerely believes that it was not. However, as is often the case, that stream of cars probably was traveling about thirty miles an hour. Because the machine which struck the pedestrian was moving with the rest of the cars, and at

the same pace, it did not seem to the witness that it was speeding.

Although this accident probably was entirely avoidable by the careless pedestrian, it very likely might not have happened—or at least might not have proved fatal—if the motorist had been driving his car at a "safe and prudent speed."

Despite the fact that excessive speed is known to be a large contributing factor to motor vehicle fatalities, one still hears the cry, "Speed up traffic!" Answer to this slogan of no doubt well-meaning individuals comes from E. B. Lefferts, safety engineer of the Automobile Club of Southern California:

"The theory," Mr. Lefferts declared, "that city traffic can be 'speeded up,' is fallacy. This is the reason:

"At a speed of fifteen miles an hour, the ordinary automobile requires twenty feet in which to stop. At thirty miles it requires eighty feet. Ordinarily, it takes one-half second for the average operator's foot to move from the accelerator to the brake pedal. This appreciably lengthens the time required to stop, figured in terms of feet per second.

"For these reasons, if traffic were 'speeded up' to thirty miles an hour instead of moving at approximately fifteen miles an hour, the cars would have to travel more than four times as far apart, to insure safety. In other words, if a great body of automobiles were started from a given point in the city to be moved to another given point some miles distant, Car No. 1, traveling at thirty or more miles an hour, might arrive at its destination in a very short time; but every other car behind it would be slowed down for the reason outlined.

"Twenty-two miles an hour is the rate of speed at which the largest mass of motor vehicles can be moved past a given point in the shortest time."

A test conducted a number of months ago in Los Angeles proved conclusively that speed in heavy traffic districts does not save enough time to justify even a small property damage mishap.

Two cars were started simultaneously from a certain location on

one side of the city. Their course was to take them through various degrees of traffic, including the densely congested downtown district. Their ultimate goal was the same. One driver was instructed to drive as if he were in a desperate hurry, observing intersection control signals but otherwise violating the courtesies of the road and traveling at times thirty-five miles an hour. The other driver was told to observe all speed regulations, other traffic ordinances and driving courtesies. In short, to drive as a careful motorist would, taking his own safety and the safety and rights of others into consideration.

In the thirty-one miles traversed, the car "in a hurry" saved just ten minutes, or scarcely more than nineteen seconds per mile! There were no figures to show how much damage such a car, in the hands of other than an expert driver, might have wrought in the path of those thirty-one miles.

The intent of the law with regard to speed is the same in practically all regulations governing motor vehicles. Essentially, it has to do with the consideration of whether a speed is dangerous to the "life, limb or property of any person." Not solely whether an automobile is going a certain number of miles an hour beyond the "limit."

In a discussion of causes of motor vehicle fatalities, another element must perforce be considered: that of fatigue.

Statistics show that the majority of traffic accidents occur between the hours of 4 and 6 p. m. At that time, it is maintained, the average person is at his lowest ebb of energy and alertness. He is more fatigued during those hours. Another peak is that which comes just before noon.

Fatigue, then, causes accidents. City traffic is extraordinarily heavy between the hours mentioned. Such traffic congestion, it follows, makes unusual demands on a driver at a time when he is perhaps least fit to meet emergencies. The result is a high fatality rate for those hours.

It has been said, and it's probably true, that practically every accident is one hundred per cent avoidable by someone.

The Lost Woman of San Nicolás

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

erytime I go there, I say I shall never return, but there is something about it, the sadness and the loneliness, that pulls me back. It is bad, but San Nicolás had one castaway who lived alone there, not a month, but years and years, more than a score. Have you heard of the lost woman of San Nicolás?"

I had not and I told him so.

"It is a sad story, *señor*, and pitiful. You know, when the Spaniards first sailed up this coast, all these islands were thick with people. There are piles of abalone shells that must have taken many people many centuries to gather. I have taken *profesores* and others interested in such things out to these heaps and we have dug up many skeletons and stone tools and weapons from the black dirt.

"Then the Spaniards came and took many of these island people to the mainland, so that their souls might be the better watched over by the good padres at the missions. Many sickened and died for their homes and others married into the larger tribes of the coast and forgot the tongue of their fathers. Then came the seal and sea-otter hunters, Americans and Russians and Indians of the warring tribes far to the north. These were far more cruel than the Spaniards. They shot the island men just for sport and carried away the women. So in time it came about that all the people were gone from every island save San Nicolás, far out

from the coast and seldom visited.

"The Mexican government of California thought it best to bring to shore what remained of the San Nicolás. A small schooner was chartered and sent out for them. They were at last rounded up in the badlands and taken down to the vessel. Then a young woman cried out that she had left her baby behind her in all the confusion, and must go back for him. But the captain and the Mexicans could not understand her, since she spoke a different language than the Indians of the mainland. Also, the wind had started to blow with a fury and he feared to lie-to any longer, lest the ship be capsized. So he ordered the anchor to be lifted. The poor woman saw that, and ran and leaped into the sea before they could prevent her, and the last they saw, as the vessel heeled back before that wind, she was swimming straight toward the landing on the sand spit where the wild currents meet and struggle.

"The schooner put about and after a stormy passage, made Santa Barbara and landed its passengers. Perhaps that captain meant to go back after the woman in a few days; perhaps he thought she had drowned in the surf. No one knows now. Anyway, before he did go back, he headed for a trip to the north and his vessel was never heard from again. So the woman became lost and forgotten.

"Months came and went and

turned into years and the only ones who ever visited that lonely island were the hunters. They saw only the seals and otters that they killed, so they thought San Nicolás deserted.

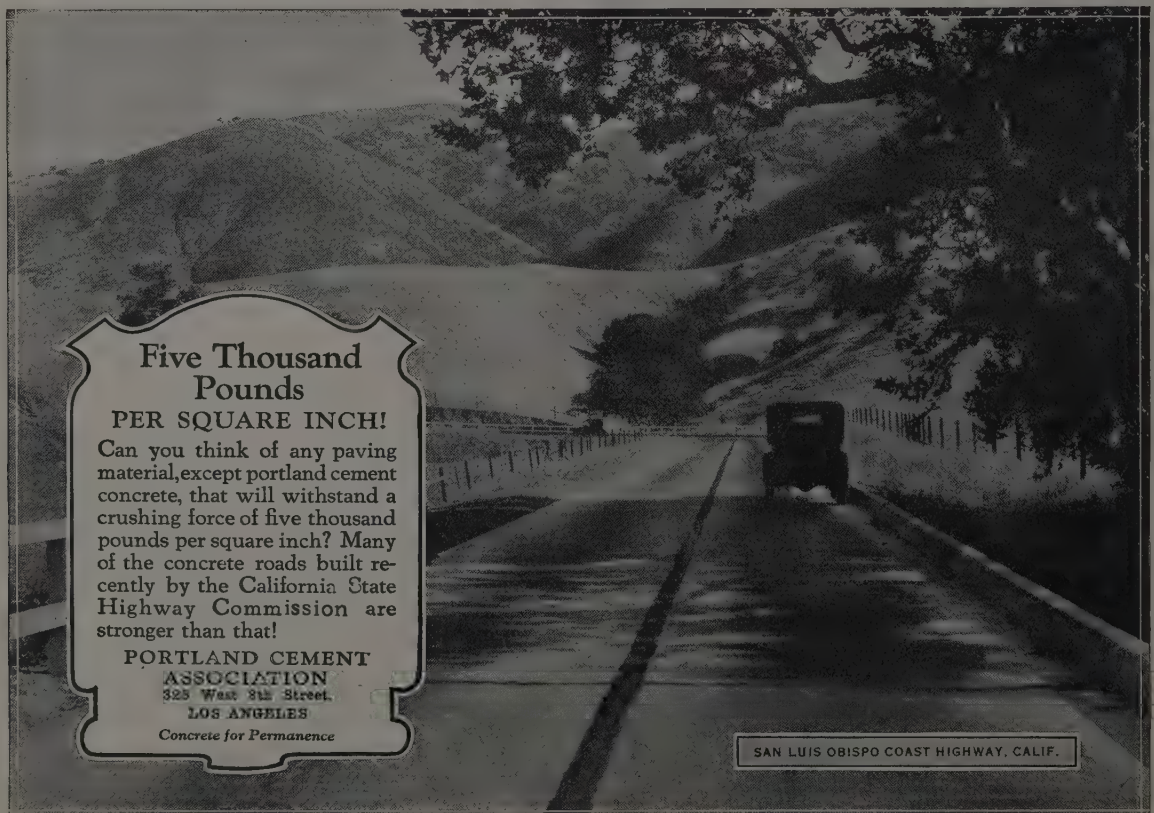
"Then one day, twenty years later, a party went inland further than usual and found traces where some one had lived not long before. Their story finally reached the ear of the padre at the mission in Santa Barbara and then he remembered hearing of the woman who had leaped from the boat there, a generation before. So he persuaded a sea captain who lived nearby, to take him out and they searched, but found nothing. Then they went back again and found traces that brought them back for a third time. This time they took a good many others to help them search.

"They stretched out in a line, close enough to cover every foot of the ground and went forward. They searched the sand dunes, with no luck, and then came to the rough lava hills. Here they must be careful, on account of the danger and also on account of the many caves and holes dug out by the wind, in which she might be hiding. After much time they came to the highest of the hills and when they had toiled part way up, one of the Indians came upon her suddenly. The poor creature had built a low fence to break the wind and inside it she had made a hut of whalebones found on the beach. She was sit-

ting there at the door of the hut with a half wild dog at her side. When she saw that the man was the same color as herself, she bowed as though she knew him.

"She appeared to have forgotten most of the words of her own language. Perhaps you and I would forget, too, with never a soul to talk with for twenty long years. The Indians could no more understand her than the whites, since she spoke a different tongue. The party stayed there till bad weather drove them away, seeking to learn of her life there by signs and guesses. As near as they could understand, the baby had died or been killed long before. A dog or two had been left behind; they were her only company. There was water in one of the rugged arroyos and many abalones and mussels along the shores. Sometimes at night she would sneak up and kill the young seals with stones. She caught the sea birds and made dresses of their skins. Several times she had seen seal hunters, but knowing their cruelty she had hidden away till they had gone. Thus had she lived.

"They took her aboard the vessel and returned to Santa Barbara. She marveled at the size of the houses and when she saw horses and cattle, fell down to her knees in fright. Because of her tragic history, she was quite a curiosity. She seemed childish—perhaps her



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brain had turned a little from the loneliness. But she appeared to enjoy herself and went every night with the Mexicans to their dances and fiestas. Especially, she liked to see them dance. The padre tried to find her people, who had been taken away so long before. They had been sent to a mission in the south and when he got word, it was only that they were dead, having pined away for their native island. Twenty years, with no one to talk to; then, people all around her once more, but unable to understand or be understood—that was her life. But the new food

she had to eat did not agree with her and within the second month she sickened and died, carrying her story to the grave with her.

"And so San Nicolás was left lonelier than ever, with only the seals and the gulls to face the sand laden winds and the roaring surf."

Tomás stopped speaking and the two of us sat looking into the bed of coals, saying nothing. But in my mind's eye I was looking back through the years of half a century and more, seeing clearly that 'lost woman' keeping her lonely vigil on the windswept, dying island of San Nicolás.

The Show Case

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

like a combination on a safe. One of the leading manufacturers has adopted it as standard equipment, but any motorist can have one for his car. A simple operation to install it, too. Just a hole cut through the dash, and the conventional ignition switch and lock are cast into the discard along with the hand crank, the linen duster and the oil lamp. As with the keyless padlock

you select your own combination and change it if other members of the family catch on to it. You can unlock the ignition in the dark as well as in daylight since the wheels of the combination lock are notched. You can hear and feel them *click* and thus are able to count them until you have reached your secret setting.

Apparently all is not swagger that glistens; or rather, glitter is not the basis of smartness in car fittings. Sometimes we get to thinking that the only way to cut a dash is to attach a fire siren or sky searchlight to the car, but the show case reveals an opportunity for swank along quite different lines. Even a shock absorber can have a bit of the theatrical about it if it does its work along some new lines.

We have, for instance, that inertia shock absorber which fits under the spring leaves and which doesn't seem to be at all capable of doing the remarkable things claimed for it. Here is a device which makes



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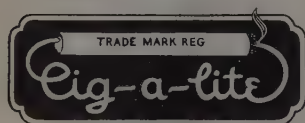
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the springs do their own recoil checking and which can be adapted to almost any situation. Usually it is attached near the ends of the springs but different effects can be had by changing its position. Practically no mechanical skill is required either in attaching these devices or in changing their positions. Because they fit under the springs they do not interfere with the spring covers, many of which now do not have an underside.

The operation of these devices is interesting and makes a good story to tell at the club. When the car strikes a bump the inertia of the balancing weight brings an opposite force into play. The spring leaves are pressed tighter together and the recoil is dissipated in friction. Naturally the device becomes more positive as it is placed nearer the axle, for that means taking in additional leaves.

There is an interesting story in connection with these devices and the proprietor of the show case took an opportunity to tell it. Several years ago, it seems, these inertia shock absorbers were rather widely marketed. Many motorists tried them, and much grief followed because the devices worked loose, fell off, were lost and left the driver to bounce around as though his car had suddenly gone wild. But that was only the start of a good idea. Later a large manufacturing concern took hold of the idea and studied it. The only objection they could find was the tendency of the devices to come loose. It wasn't long before that troublesome detail was eliminated. Some of the competitors of this device will tell the same story; in fact, they make a point of doing so. But they invariably stop just before the salient point: namely, that the devices now stay put.

While on the subject of springs it was natural for the man behind the counter to bring out one of the new things in spring covers—a metal sleeve which not only protects the spring but which serves as a continual reservoir for the lubricant. These odd covers come in sections which are joined with moveable joints through which water and dirt cannot pass. They look for all the world like the separate pieces of metal we used to clamp over the spring leaves, except that they are joined together and form a complete cover.

"Do you ever do any work on your car?" the guardian of the accessory display asked abruptly. "If so, I think you ought to take a look at this new trouble-light."

"You've got me thinking trouble and all I came in here for was to look over some fancy whatnots," the motorist confessed. "However, even trouble can have a bright side."

"That's why I suggest a new light. This one certainly ought to fill the bill because it has a new feature not found on the garden variety of trouble lamps. Would you believe it, this lamp sticks tight to any metal thing you place it against? That leaves both hands free to work on the car."

This, as he explained, is done magnetically. The base of the lamp becomes a magnet when it is con-

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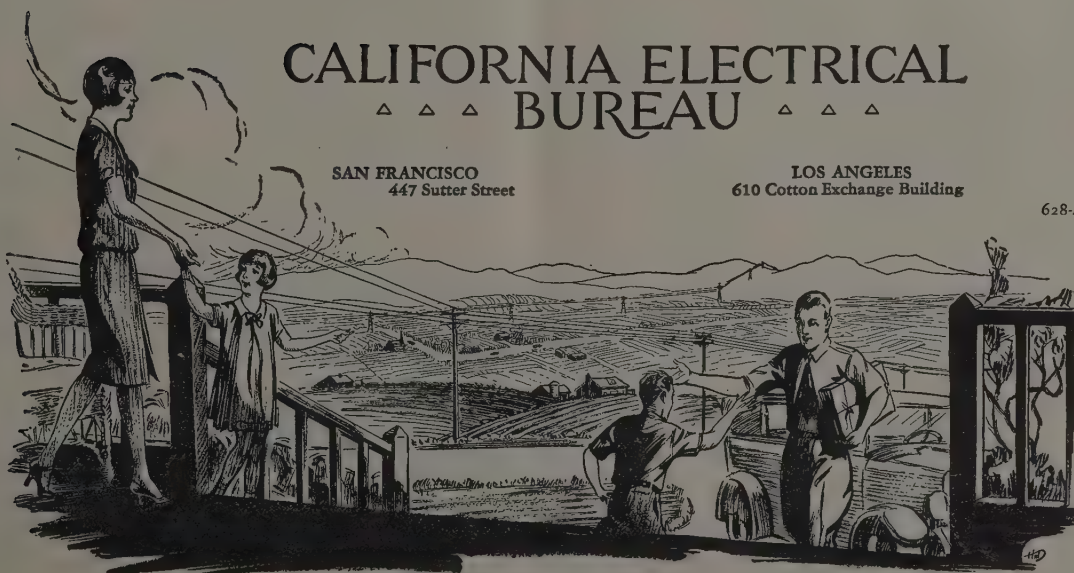
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It was not surprising that the proprietor next took from the show case his order book!

Bridling the Earth's Hidden Fires

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

the steam is invisible, then condensation occurs and the vapor rushes skyward for several hundred feet to roll away and disappear.

The steam was there—much hotter and under a much greater pressure than had been anticipated. A similar project, known as the Larderello in Tuscany, Italy, was operating successfully at a pressure of some fifteen pounds. Were there any "bugs" in this scheme? Finally it was decided to hook up an experimental turbine. The presence of traces of mineral matter within the super-heated steam was suspected. Analysis confirmed the suspicion, so each blade of the turbine was built from a different alloy of metals, all designed to resist corrosion and deterioration through long contact with the steam. After

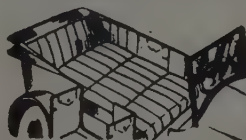


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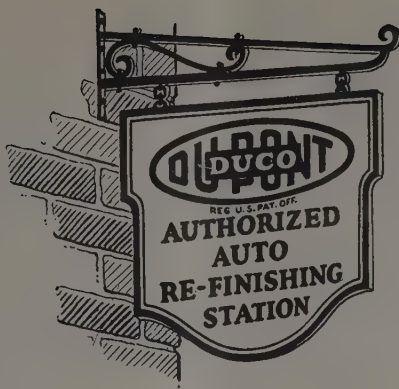


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SAN PEDRO

Central Garage,
521 S. Pacific Blvd.

E. C. Richards,
526 W. 5th St.

COMPTON

Ferrell & Wood, 431 W. Main St.

LA JOLLA

La Jolla Garage, 7922 Herschell Ave.

RIVERSIDE

E. E. Gruhn,
1344 Market St.

Riverside Duco Works,
282 W. 8th St.

Riverside Auto Top & Body Works, 6th & Fairmount Sts.

SAN DIEGO

D. E. Lewis,
State and Ash Sts.

Raymond V. Morris Co.,
836 Columbia St.

SANTA ANA

Duco Auto Paint Shop,
Fifth & Ross Sts.

O. H. Egge & Co.,
426 W. 5th St.

POMONA

Sterling Auto Paint Co., 172 E. 5th St.

SANTA MONICA

Harrison Brush, 1428 2nd St.

SANTA MARIA

W. S. Edwards Co., Mill and Smith Sts.

BAKERSFIELD

C. N. Johnston,
18th & O Sts.

H. E. Jaynes & Son,
23rd & Chester Sts.

SAN LUIS OBISPO

C. H. Kamm & Co., 1009 Monterey

VISALIA

The Main Garage,
415 Main St.

Visalia Auto Top & Paint Shop,
511 E. Main St.

PORTERVILLE

Porterville Auto Paint Shop, Mill and B Sts.

TULARE

Tulare Radiator Works, 105 E. King St.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.



569 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

DUCO Authorized Auto Refinishers

a lengthy test run one alloy was found to be particularly resistant, and when the power plants finally are installed at the geysers all the turbine blades doubtless will be built from this alloy.

Development for the present has ceased. Certain details regarding the disposal of power have not been worked out as yet, and construction of plants, transmission lines, etc., awaits conclusion of these arrangements.

In the meantime hundreds of horsepower of energy are being dissipated into the air night and

day. The canyon reverberates with the roar of the wells hurtling steam into the heavens. One may walk to within six or eight feet of their orifices in perfect safety but the noise is deafening. A stick thrust just above the mouth of the pipe will be carried a hundred feet upward with the rushing steam.

With the construction of facilities to convert this energy into electrical energy, the hidden fires of the earth will be added to the increasing chain of natural forces that man is mastering for his own welfare.

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Body, Fender and Top Repairing

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DUCO
AUTO
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STATION

SEATS CUT FOR SLEEPING

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Cameo porcelain enamel signs have adapted themselves profitably to almost every type of business and industry.

They can be manufactured in any size, quantity, designs or color combinations. Each "Cameo Sign" is guaranteed not to fade or tarnish for ten years.

*All road signs used by the Auto Club of
Southern California are Cameo Signs*

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LOS ANGELES

Let Us Replace That Broken Windshield

AUTOMOBILE GLASS REPLACEMENTS

STEP PLATES WIND WINGS ENAMEL EMBLEMS

E. D. HOFELLER CO.

1242 So. Flower St.

WE 6309

"Close Ups" of Our High Sierra

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

group, one finds there also several interesting 12,000-foot peaks. North from Mt. Goddard is a dark, picturesque but somewhat forbidding peak—Mt. McGee, 12,966 feet in height; a rather difficult climb commanding an excellent view, especially of the peaks around Evolution Basin. To the west it looks down into Goddard Canyon, a beautiful tributary to the south fork of the San Joaquin River. Probably it has been climbed but twice. Northward several miles from it is The Hermit (12,352 feet). Viewed from Colby Meadow to the northwest, it ranks among the most beautiful mountains in the Sierra. Its slender, gray cone rises from a verdant meadow and grove of tamarack pines and is especially striking when clouds hang about its narrow summit. The ascent is a rock-climb of some difficulty near the summit, as the latter consists of a rounded monolith which is troublesome for a single mountaineer to surmount, as it is without holds and is higher than one can reach. It has been climbed several times. Entering Evolution Basin from the north, one's attention is attracted by two striking peaks that rise picturesquely to the south beyond the curving expanse of Evolution Lake. They are Mts. Spencer (12,438 feet) and Huxley. The former is easily climbed and is a very good vantage-point from which to view the mountains around the Evolution Basin.

As one follows the trail up Piute Creek, a sharp pinnacle appears to block the way. It is very striking, especially in evening when sunset colors gild its granite shaft. It is called Pilot Knob (12,227 feet) and although sheer to the west, can easily be climbed from the east, and is an excellent point from which to survey the surrounding higher mountains, especially Mt. Humphreys, towering to the east across an undulating, timberless basin.

One of the most beautiful of the lakes to the east of the Sierra crest is Convict Lake. On three sides of it rise picturesque mountains, the most imposing of which is Mt. Morrison, whose bold, sheer summit, 12,245 feet in elevation, rises to the south of the lake. Although ob-

TOURING TOPICS

viously unscalable from the east, it probably can be ascended from the opposite direction. Along with most of the peaks of this group, it is remarkable for its richness of coloring—the red of slate predominating amid the gray of quartzite and the black of schist. A few miles to the west is Red and White Mountain, reported to be rather difficult of ascent. The majority found in this area are easy to climb, except that sometimes one encounters wearisome slopes of disintegrated slate. They form the northern terminus of the Southern Sierra. From them one looks northward and northwestward to the dark cluster consisting of Mts. Ritter, Banner and the Minarets; to the snowy summits of the Lyell group and the undulating skyline of those to the south and east of the headwaters of the Merced River.

True Flies— and Others

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

meets his Waterloo by advancing to the female when his presence is resented.

On the trail, through the pass, over the hill, beside the stream or along the side of a mountain, if it is a warm day, the loud sporadic buzzing of short duration frequently heard indicates the fact that one of the assassins is near and is changing his lookout, due possibly to one's passing too close to where he has perched. After flying away a short distance he resumes his vigil from another point. Thus our choice of a nice quiet spot for an outing may be an insect battlefield and carnage may be proceeding regardless of our presence and unobserved by many.

The sun, departing, hides from us some of the nocturnal families of the Diptera order but often their traits will announce their arrival in our midst, and what is more annoying than to have the mosquito—one of the Diptera order (Culicidae)—probing our body at almost any point from our ankles to our ears while we are endeavoring to enjoy an evening out of doors? This family, together with other families of flies, are justly condemned and thus we are again reminded that good and bad exist in this order as in all others.



A Worthy Mate

FOR YOUR MOTOR CAR

The trunk that is to complete your car must be correct in line, color and design. Regardless of the make or model of your car, there's a Fey & Krause trunk and rack for it. It will add to your car beyond your belief and the usefulness needs no repeating.

High grade trunks and racks to fulfill all necessities.

Be SURE it's built by

FEY & KRAUSE, INC.

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The Martin takes the "buck" out of the hardest-riding cars, and prevents "galloping" with its resulting dangers. Utilizes the multiple disc clutch principle—the most practical method ever devised for shock control.

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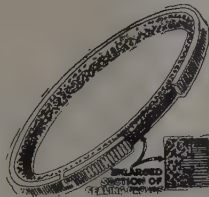
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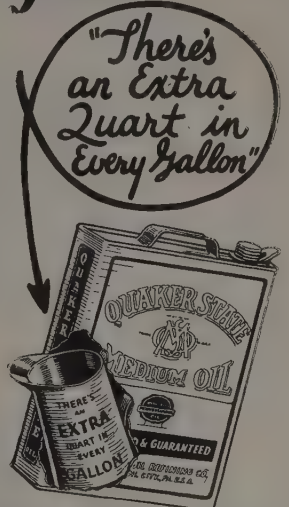
Quaker State is Super Refined. It forms a perfect film which the heat of your engine cannot break down. Quaker State Oil is more efficient than ordinary motor oil. It is Super Refined and all deleterious elements are removed. Therefore when you purchase Quaker State you get 100% lubrication.

By using Quaker State constantly, any car or truck will run better, last longer and net you more money when you sell or trade for a new one.

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Quaker State Heavy - 40c



Quaker State Oil Refining Co. of Calif
654 East Sixtieth St. - 1240 Seventeenth St
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Ends the Squeaks—Eases the Bumps



Lessen the danger of broken springs—this new—easy way

Oronite Spring Oil lessens the danger of broken springs. This new rapidly penetrating oil dissolves rust—cleans the springs—and leaves a protecting film of oil. Thus reduces shocks and strains—and improves your car's riding qualities.

Also eliminates chassis squeaks. And frees valves stuck with carbon or gummed oil. Oronite Spring Oil is quick and easy to apply from its long-spout can that reaches the underneath places—no soiled clothes or hands.

New
**ORONITE
SPRING OIL**

Sold in pint and quart cans, with convenient 14" spout—also 1- and 5-gallon cans. At Standard Oil Service Stations; at garages, hardware and auto-accessories stores, and other dealers.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Routes and Rules for the Highway Patrol



THE HIGHWAY PATROL SERVICE CARS are not subject to call—they patrol daily the main thoroughfares of Southern California and service is rendered to Club members in distress on the highways when encountered.

☐ Mechanical first aid available for members consists of the following:

☐ Emergency repairs to a car disabled on the highways when it is possible to start same within a reasonable length of time. Patrolmen will not go into garages, private or public, to render service.

☐ Towing a disabled car (without dollies) free of charge to the nearest Official Garage, preferably on the particular route in the direction the patrol car is traveling, if it cannot be started on the road.

☐ In the event that the disabled car must be floated on dollies, patrolmen will arrange with the Club's nearest Official Emergency Road Service Station to tow same without expense to the member. (Refer to regulations printed elsewhere herein for Emergency Road Service.)

☐ Changing spare tires from rack to rim when car is operated by a woman driver unaccompanied by male companion. This service will not be rendered a man physically fit.

☐ Gasoline and oil will be carried by patrol cars and sold without profit to members.

☐ Patrol cars will not be permitted to deviate from their designated routes.

☐ Only competent mechanics, qualified to render mechanical aid, are employed on these cars.

☐ Medical first aid to injured persons consists of applying splints and bandages, and arranging for removal of injured persons from the scene of accident to the nearest hospital. Complete medical kits for emergency use are part of the equipment of each car. The patrol drivers have all undergone special training in Medical First Aid Work.

☐ Members are requested not to tip patrolmen for services rendered. Members are kindly requested to show their Club membership card when service is rendered, and to sign service report.

Where the Patrol Cars Operate

Patrol Car No. 72

This car patrols the highway between El Centro and San Diego daily—and covers the important roads in the Imperial Valley.

Saugus and Santa Paula to Ventura, returning to Los Angeles via Moorpark and Santa Susana Pass.

Patrol Car No. 64

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the route via Glendale, San Fernando,

Patrol Car No. 71

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. via Alvarado Street and Glendale Blvd. to Glendale; Verdugo Canyon to La Canada, Flint-

ridge, Devil's Gate Dam, thence to Pasadena and via Colorado Street to the San Gabriel Blvd., thence south to Downey, Norwalk, Buena Park and Garden Grove into Santa Ana; thence to Balboa and north over the Coast Highway through Huntington Beach, Seal Beach and Long Beach to Los Angeles, returning to Los Angeles via Wilmington and the Harbor Blvd.

Patrol Car No. 63

Leaves Visalia daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Inland Route south via Tulare and Delano to Bakersfield, retraces to Delano, then patrols the highway via Ducor, Porter ville, Lindsay and Exeter to Visalia.

Patrol Cars Nos. 61 & 69

These two cars patrol the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. One car leaves Los Angeles and the second leaves San Diego daily at 8 a.m.

Patrol Car No. 73

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Valley Blvd. through El Monte, Puente, Pomona and Ontario to Riverside, then to Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, returning to Los Angeles via Foothill Blvd and Pasadena.

Patrol Car No. 68

This car patrols the Highway between Los Angeles and Bakersfield—(off each Monday).

Patrol Car No. 70

Leaves San Luis Obispo daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Coast Highway north through Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel to the Monterey County line. Retraces to San Luis Obispo, then patrols south to Santa Maria and returns to San Luis Obispo

Patrol Car No. 66

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the highway via South Figueroa Street, Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park and Long Beach Blvd. to Long Beach; thence to San Pedro, Wilmington and Redondo; returning to Los Angeles via Western Avenue, thence to Venice via West Adams Street, Washington Blvd. and Culver City, thence to Santa Monica, returning to Club Headquarters via Wilshire Blvd., Vermont Avenue and West Adams Street.

Patrol Car No. 67

This car operates on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Maria—(off each Monday).

OFFICIAL CAR FORWARDERS



The following forwarders have been carefully selected and have agreed to receive and distribute automobiles shipped from the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to them and to receive automobiles for shipment in consolidated consignment to the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN

CALIFORNIA at the lowest costs obtainable. Members and motorists contemplating shipment of automobiles to or from Southern California are

advised to communicate with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA or the appropriate forwarder.

Alabama

MOBILE
Walker Storage Warehouse Co.,
926 Conti Street.

Arizona

PHOENIX
Automobile Club of Arizona,
217 East Adams Street.

TUCSON
Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Co.

California

LOS ANGELES
Automobile Club of So. California,
Adams and Figueroa Sts.

Colorado

DENVER
Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.,
1700 15th St., (and Denver Motor Club, 1448 Tremont St., for information only).

Florida

JACKSONVILLE
Laney & Delcher Storage Co., Inc.,
657 East Bay Street.

MIAMI
John E. Withers' Transfer & Storage Co.,
1000-1012 N. East First Avenue.

Hawaii, T. H.

HONOLULU
Honolulu Automobile Club

Illinois

CHICAGO
Currier Lee Warehouse Co.,
427 West Erie Street.

PEORIA
Federal Warehouse Co.

Iowa

CEDAR RAPIDS
Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.

DAVENPORT
Ewert & Richter Exp. & Storage Co.

DES MOINES
Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.

FORT DODGE
Brady Transfer & Storage Co.,
Central at Sixteenth Sts.

SIOUX CITY
Dougherty Storage & Van Co.,
409 Douglas Street.

WATERLOO
Iowa Warehouse Co.

Additional forwarders are being constantly added.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS
Indiana Terminal Warehouse Co.,
230 So. Pennsylvania St.

Kansas

WICHITA
Bryan Transfer & Storage Co.

Kentucky

LOUISVILLE
O. K. Storage & Transfer Co.,
801 West Main Street.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS
Importers' Bonded Warehouse Co.,
340 Bienville Street.

Massachusetts

BOSTON
Quincy Market Cold Storage Warehouse Co.,
178 Atlantic Avenue.

Michigan

DETROIT
Michigan Terminal Warehouse Co.,
Brandt Ave. and Wyoming Road.

Minnesota

DULUTH
Duluth Van & Storage Co.

MINNEAPOLIS
Great Northern Warehouse Co.,
714 Washington Ave., North.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY
Southwest Warehouse Corporation,
Nineteenth and Campbell Streets.

ST. LOUIS
Automobile Club of Missouri,
4228 Lindell Boulevard.

Nebraska

OMAHA
Terminal Warehouse Co.,
702 South Tenth Street.

New York

BUFFALO
Larkin Co., Inc.,
680 Seneca Avenue.

NEW YORK CITY
Tooker Storage & Forwarding Co.,
281 Eleventh Avenue.

SYRACUSE
Great Northern Warehouse, Inc.,
350-360 West Fayette Street.

Ohio

AKRON
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

CINCINNATI
E. J. Robben, 954 West Fifth St. (and Cincinnati Automobile Club, 8th and Race Sts., for information only).

CLEVELAND
Interstate Terminal Warehouse, Inc.,
1200 West Ninth Street.

COLUMBUS
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA CITY
O. K. Transfer & Storage Co.

TULSA
Tulsa Transfer & Storage Co.

Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA
Union Shipping & Forwarding Co.,
356 Drexel Bldg. (and Keystone Automobile Club, 250 S. Broad St., Keystone-Shubert Bldg., for information only).

PITTSBURGH
Keystone Storage & Warehouse Co.,
600 Second Avenue.

Texas

DALLAS
Dallas Transfer & Terminal Warehouse Co.

EL PASO
El Paso Fireproof Storage Co.

FT. WORTH
Binyon O'Keefe Fireproof Storage Co.,
Eighth and Calhoun.

HOUSTON
Westheimer Transfer Co.

SAN ANTONIO
Scobey Fireproof Warehouse Co.
(Receiving only).

Utah

SALT LAKE CITY
Jennings Cornwall Warehouse Co.,
337 West Second South St.

Washington

SEATTLE
Automobile Club of Washington,
1109 Pine Street.

OFFICIAL

The Hotels listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices. Members are advised



HOTELS

to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show cards. (A) American Plan. (E) European Plan.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LOS ANGELES			
Alexandria Hotel (E)	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Chelsea Hotel (E)	(E)	1.50 to 4.00	
Coliseum Hotel (E)	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	
Hotel Figueroa (E)	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
Westlake Olympic Hotel (E)	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel Rosslyn (E)	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel St. Paul (E)	(E)	Single 3.00 up	Double 4.00 up
(All Rooms with Bath and Shower)			
Hotel Savoy (E)	(E)	2.00 up	2.00 up
Outside Room with Bath, 1 person		\$3.00	
Outside Room with Bath, 2 persons		\$4 to \$5	
Stillwell Hotel (E)	(E)	2.00 up	1.50
Hotel Stowell (E)	(E)	2.00	
(Fireproof)			
Ambassador (E)	(E)	2.00	
Outside room with bath 1 person		\$5.00 up	
Outside room with bath 2 persons		\$6.00 up	
Hotel Trinity (E)	(E)	2.50 & 3.00	1.50
Van Nuys Hotel (E)	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00 to 2.50
HOLLYWOOD			
Hotel Christie (E)	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Gilbert (E)	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	
Hollywood Plaza Hotel (E)	(E)	3.00 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Village Inn (E)	(E)	2.00 to 4.00 per day	
(All rooms with bath)			
HUNTINGTON PARK			
La Fonda Hotel (E)	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50
PASADENA			
Hotel Constance (E)	(E)	3.00 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
MT. WILSON			
Mt. Wilson Hotel (E)	(E)	4.00	1.50 up
(A)	(A)	7.50	5.00 up
GLENDALE			
Hotel Brand (E)	(E)	1.50	1.00
SANTA MONICA			
Hotel Windermere (A)	(A)	7.50	6.00
(E)	(E)	4.50 up	3.00 up
Miramar Hotel (E)	(E)	4.00 up	
Inland Route, Los Angeles			
—San Francisco			
BAKERSFIELD			
Hotel El Tejon (E)	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Euclid (E)	(E)	2.00	1.00 up
Hotel Moronet (E)	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Tegeler Hotel (E)	(E)	2.50	1.50
Hotel Biltford (E)	(E)	2.00 up	1.25 up
Hotel Willis (E)	(E)	1.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
DELANO			
Hotel Kern (E)	(E)	2.50	1.50
LEBEC			
Hotel Lebec (E)	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00
(Elev. 3850 ft.)			
LINDSAY			
Hotel Lindsay (E)	(E)	1.75 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50
PORTERVILLE			
Hotel Porterville (E)	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
Free garage in connection			
SAN FERNANDO			
Porter Hotel (E)	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
TAFT			
Savoy Hotel (E)	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.75 to 2.50 up
Hotel Fox (E)	(E)	2.50	1.75

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
TULARE			
Fox Hotel (E)	(E)	2.50	1.75
Hotel Tulare		2.50	1.50
GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK			
Giant Forest Lodge		1 person (A) 8.50	6.00 to 6.50
2 persons		15.00	10.00 to 11.00
(Open until October 1st)			
VISALIA			
Hotel Johnson (E)	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	2.00 to 2.50

Coast Route, Los Angeles —San Francisco

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
ATASCADERO			
New Atascadero Inn (A)	(A)	6.00 up	2.50 up
(All rooms with bath)			
BUELLTON			
Buell Tavern (A)	(A)	3.50 per day up	1.50 per day up
Hotel Bueltmore (E)	(E)	2.50	
LOMPOC			
Hotel Arthur (E)	(E)	1.00 to 2.00	
LOS ALAMOS			
Hotel Los Alamos (E)	(E)	3.00	2.00
LOS OLIVOS			
Mattel's Tavern (A)	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up
OJAI			
El Roblar Hotel (A)	(A)	6.00 per day up	6.50 up
Pierpont Cottages (A)	(A)	6.50 up	
PASO ROBLES			
Hotel Taylor (E)	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel (E)	(E)	6.50 up	5.00 up
(E)	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
PISMO			
Hotel Butler (E)	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Olsen (E)	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN LUIS OBISPO			
Anderson Hotel (E)	(E)	2.50 per day up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Hotel Andrews (E)	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Blackstone (E)	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Hotel Inn (E)	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Free private garages in connection			
SANTA BARBARA			
The Samarkand (A)	(A)	10.00 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Hotel Barbara (E)	(E)	3.00 to 6.00	2.00 to 4.00
Upham Hotel (E)	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00 to 4.50
(A)	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 to 4.50
Hotel Virginia (E)	(E)	2.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA MARIA			
Santa Maria Inn (A)	(A)	7.00 to 8.00	
Hotel Massy (E)	(E)	1.75 to 2.00	
Hotel Bradley (E)	(E)	2.50 up	1.25 to 1.50
Grill in connection			
Hotel California (E)	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 up
SANTA PAULA			
Glen Tavern (A)	(A)	4.00 to 6.00	
(E)	(E)	3.00	2.00
VENTURA			
Hotel Baldwin (E)	(E)	2.50	1.50 and 2.00
Hotel Fosnaugh (E)	(E)	2.50	
(All rooms with bath)			

Los Angeles—San Diego, Coast Route

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
CARDIFF-BY-THE-SEA			
Beacon Inn (A)	(A)	8.50	5.50
(E)	(E)	4.50	2.50
DEL MAR			
Hotel Del Mar (A)	(A)	7.00 up	6.00 up
FULLERTON			
California Hotel		2 to 2.50	1.50 to 2
LA JOLLA			
Hotel Cabrillo (E)	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Casa De Manana (A)	(A)	10.00 up	

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
OCEANSIDE			
Hotel Keisker (E)	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
ORANGE			
Sunshine Hotel (E)	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA ANA			
St. Ann's Inn (E)	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	2.00
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO			
Hotel Capistrano (E)	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
SAN DIEGO			
Albany Hotel (E)	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
El Cortez Hotel (E)	(E)	5.00 up	
U. S. Grant Hotel (E)	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	
(E)	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	
Hotel Churchill (E)	(E)	3.00 to 4.00	2.00 to 3.00
Hotel Knickerbocker (E)	(E)	1.50 to 3.00 per day	3.50 to 8
(E)	(E)	3.50 to 8	2 to 3.50
Hotel Sanford (A)	(A)	4.50 up	3.00 up
(E)	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up
Hotel St. James (E)	(E)	2.00 to 6.00	
San Diego Hotel (E)	(E)	1.00 to 3.00 per day	
Maryland Hotel (E)	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	1.50 up
(All rooms with Private Toilet and Lavatory)			
Hotel Cecil (E)	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	
(All rooms with bath)			
Admiral Hotel (E)	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
King George Hotel (E)	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up
CORONADO			
Hotel Del Coronado (A)	(A)	10.00 up	8.00 up
Los Angeles—San Diego, Inland Route			
EL SINORE			
Amsbury Hotel (E)	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50 to 4.50
(E)	(E)	5.50 to 6.50	4.50
GLEN IVY			
Glen Ivy Mineral Hot Springs (A)	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
Free garage in connection			
ONTARIO			
Ontario Hotel (E)	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.50 to 3.00
RIVERSIDE			
Mission Inn (A)	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
Hotel Reynolds (E)	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
HEMET			
Palomar Hotel (E)	(E)	2.50 up	1.50
VISTA			
Vista Inn (A)	(A)	6.00	5.00
(E)	(E)	3.00	2.00
Foothill and Valley Boulevards			
CLAREMONT			
Ye Claremont Inn (A)	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
(E)	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
FONTANA			
Fontana Farms Inn (A)	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up
(E)	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
GLENN RANCH, CAL.			
Glenn Ranch Resort (E)	(E)	2.50	1.25 up
Housekeeping Camping			1.50 up
MONROVIA			
Leven Oaks Hotel (A)	(A)	5.50 to 7.50	4.50 to 5.50
SAN ANTONIO CANYON			
Camp Baldy (E)	(E)		1.50 up
SAN BERNARDINO			
Antlers Hotel (E)	(E)	2.50	1.50
San Bernardino Mountain Resorts			
(Rins of the World)			
LAKE ARROWHEAD			
Lake Arrowhead Lodge			Closed for Season

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Pine Knot Lodge	(Closed for Season)		
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Big Bear Lake	(A)	6.00 up	5.00 up
Tavern	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Highlander Hotel	(A)	6.50	6.00
SAN BERNARDINO P. O.			
Pinecrest Mountain Resort Hotel	(E)	5.00 up	3.00 up
		Housekeeping 5.00 up	
FOREST HOME P. O.			
Big Falls Lodge	(E)	3.00 up	

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO			
Monkbridge Manor	(A)	5.00	4.50
AMBOY			
Amboy Hotel	(E)	1.50 up	
BARSTOW			
Hotel Melrose and Annex	(E)	2.50	1.50 up
KINGMAN, ARIZ.			
Hotel Beale	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 to 2.00
Commercial Hotel	(E)	2.00	1 to 1.50
LUDLOW			
Hotel Oasis	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
SOCORRO, N. M.			
Hotel Val Verde	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
VICTORVILLE			
Hotel Stewart	(E)	2.50	1.00 up
Hotel Smith	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

BRIDGEPORT			
Bridgeport Hotel	(E)		1.50
	(A)		4.50
BISHOP			
Kittie Lee Inn	(E)	3.00	2.50
INDEPENDENCE			
Winnemumah Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
JUNE LAKE (BISHOP P. O.)			
June Lodge	(E)	5.00	3.00
Housekeeping			2.00
Gull Lake Lodge	(A)		5.00

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LANCASTER			
Lancaster Inn	(E)	2.00	1.50
LONE PINE			
Dow Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
MONO LAKE			
Tioga Lodge	(A)		6.25
MOJAVE			
Hotel Alton	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley

(Salton Sea Route)
Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix.

BANNING			
San Geronio Inn	(A)	6 to 7.50	5 to 6.00
	(E)	3 to 4.00	2 to 2.50
BRAWLEY			
Planters Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Dunlack	(E)	2.50 up	
		(Air cooled and fireproof)	
COLTON			
Anderson Hotel	(A)	5.00	3.50
	(E)	2.00	1.50
INDIO			
Hotel Indio	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
The La Quinta	(A)	15.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	
PALM SPRINGS			
Desert Inn	(A)	10.00 up	
		(Closed for Season)	
El Mirador	(A)	10.00 up	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	
RIVERSIDE			
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
REDLANDS			
Casa Loma Hotel	(A)	4.50 up	4.00 up
	(E)	2.00 up	1.50

San Jacinto Mountain Resorts

IDYLLWILD			
Idyllwild Inn	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 up

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway

(Borderland Route)
San Diego—El Paso and Points East.

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
THE WILLOWS, SAN DIEGO CO.			
The Willows		5.00 up	4.00 up
DESCANSO			
Hulburt Grove Inn	(A)	5.50	4.50
Housekeeping Cottages	(E)	2.50	1.50
		15.00 per week up	
PINE VALLEY, SAN DIEGO CO.			
Pine Valley Cabin	(A)	6.00 up	5.50
	(E)	4.00 up	3.00
		(All modern conveniences)	
EL CENTRO			
Hotel Barbara Worth	(E)	2.50 to 5	2 to 3.50
CALEXICO			
Hotel Reeder	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
EL PASO, TEXAS			
Hotel Sheldon	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
YUMA, ARIZ.			
Hotel Del Ming	(E)	3.50 up	2.00 up

Miscellaneous Hotels and Resorts

TEHACHAPI			
Juanita Hotel	(E)	1.50 per day up	
HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS			
Alexander Young Hotel	(E)	3.50 up	2.50 up
RAMONA			
Kenilworth Inn	(A)		3.50
RYAN			
Death Valley View Hotel	(A)		5.00 to 7.00
	(E)		2.50 to 4.00
			(Closed for Season)
DEATH VALLEY			
Furnace Creek Inn	(A)	10.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	

District Offices of the California State Automobile Association

AUBURN—934 Lincoln Way, Nevada, Placer and Sierra counties.

CHICO—Second and Salem Sts., Butte County.

EUREKA—608 Fourth St., Humboldt and Del Norte counties.

FRESNO—660 Van Ness Ave., Fresno County.

HANFORD—316 N. Irwin St., Kings County.

HOLLISTER—379 Fourth St., San Benito County.

MADERA—114 North F St., Madera County.

MARTINEZ—407 Ferry St., Contra Costa County.

MARYSVILLE—1015 Fifth St., Yuba and Sutter counties.

MERCED—El Capitan Hotel Bldg., Merced and Mariposa counties.

MODESTO—Ninth and "Eye" St., Stanislaus County.

NAPA—1017 Third St., Napa County.

OAKLAND—399 Grand Ave., Alameda County.

PLACERVILLE—Main St., El Dorado County.

RED BLUFF—608 Main St., Tehama County.

REDDING—313 Yuba St., Shasta, Trinity and Modoc counties.

SACRAMENTO—1416 K St., Sacramento County.

SALINAS—334 Main St., Monterey County.

SAN JOSE—1034 The Alameda, Santa Clara County.

SAN MATEO—100 El Camino Real, San Mateo County.

SAN RAFAEL—401 Fourth St., Marin County.

SANTA CRUZ—21 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz County.

SANTA ROSA—544 Mendocino Ave., Sonoma County.

STOCKTON—929 El Dorado St., San Joaquin, Amador, Calaveras, Alpine and Tuolumne counties.

SUSANVILLE—Mt. Lassen Hotel Bldg., Plumas and Lassen counties.

UKIAH—415 S. State St., Mendocino and Lake counties.

VALLEJO—501 Georgia St., Solano County.

WILLOWS—249 Tehama St., Glenn and Colusa counties.

WOODLAND—818 Main St., Yolo County.

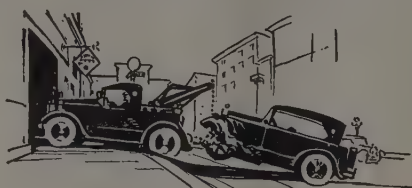
YOSEMITE VALLEY—Park Supt. Office.

YREKA—Main near Miner St., Siskiyou County.

Official Garages and State-wide Emergency Road Service

for Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Automobile Association

The Garages listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices.



Members are advised to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show their cards

How to Obtain Free Emergency Road Service

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Southern California are designated by star and phone number

MEMBERS with their disabled cars on the road outside of Los Angeles are requested to call the nearest Emergency Road Service Station—listed here and in each issue of TOURING TOPICS. In or near Los Angeles City call Club headquarters, BEacon 8600—always open.

☐ Give your name, address, membership card number, make of car, license number, location, and nature of trouble.

☐ The mechanics on arrival will either start your car in 30 minutes mechanical labor or tow car to the Official Garage. (Elsewhere at your expense.)

☐ This is an emergency service only for members whose cars are disabled on the highways. Calls cannot be answered at the Club's expense to start cars in garages.

☐ Service cannot apply to employees or friends of members who do not belong—even when such employees or friends are operating the member's cars, as Club service follows the member and not the car.

☐ Be sure to carry your membership card. No free service will be extended to persons who fail to carry paid-up membership cards.

☐ The service will be extended to owners of firm or commercial cars only when the drivers thereof can produce a Club member-

ship card in their own names. This service does not apply to trucks of any make.

☐ This service is for emergencies when disabled while actually on the road, and does not apply on mechanical or repair work at garages, nor include supplies or parts.

☐ Tire service—changing spare tires from rack to rim—will be extended when car is operated by a woman member unaccompanied by male companion, or a man physically unable to change tires.

☐ Carry the current issue of the Club magazine, TOURING TOPICS, containing list of appointed garages in your car.

☐ *The Club's Emergency Road Service, as above outlined, applies only to the territory embraced by the thirteen Southern Counties of California. As a member of our organization, however, you are entitled to Emergency Road Service in Central and Northern California through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association (Northern Club) in accordance with rules and regulations established by them for their own members.*

☐ *Members cannot be reimbursed for services secured from garages not under contract with the Club as Emergency Road Service Stations.*

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NOTE: This list is complete to date of publication. A revised list will be published monthly in Touring Topics. Carry the latest list in your car so it may always be available.)

Los Angeles

*A-1 Auto Sheet Metal Works, 3701 Monica Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Arrow Garage, 1016 W. Vernon Ave.
Auto Centre Garage, 746 South Hope Street
Bernard & Johnson Garage, 1317 Wilshire Blvd.
*Beverly Drive Garage, 430 Beverly Drive, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Biltmore Garage, 525 West 5th St.
Blue Ribbon Garage, 4251 South Broadway
Bozzani Motor Car Co., Cor. Sunset Blvd. and Broadway
Buick Garage, 1000 West Washington St.
Burlington Garage, 517 South Burlington St.

Clark-Wall Garage, 634 Wall St.
Clinton L. Clark Garage, 2219 West Pico St.
Clippinger Garage, 708 Merchant St.
Eddy's Fireproof Garage, 816 So. Grand Ave.
Ellsworth Cadillac Service, 1105 West Pico St.
Fifth Street Garage, 221 East 5th St.
Penn-Shelton Super Service Station, 1832-50 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.
*Gagen's Motor Service, 218 North Virgil, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
C. W. Giles' Garage, 2828 Whittier Blvd.
*Gold Arrow Auto Works, 2714 South Figueroa St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Granada Garage, 526 S. Western Ave.
*Grand-Adams Garage, 2525 S. Grand Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Harris-Davenport Super Service Station, 1600 So. Western Ave.
 Heller's Garage, 4105 Beverly Blvd.
 Hotel Clark Garage, 4th and Olive Sts.
 H. & S. Garage, 2415 South Vermont Ave.
 *Herdina Garage, 12518 South Main St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Jack McArlay's Garage, 4421 South Western Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Kreutzer Garage, 1801 South Hope St.
 *Lloy's Garage, 3412 West Pico St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 L. A. Motor Service Garage, 2524 South Hill St.
 *Lincoln Park Garage, 3319 Mission Road, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Larchmont Garage, 241-243 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Love & Love Garage, No. 2, 232 So. Figueroa St.
 Manhattan Wiltshire Garage, 606 S. Manhattan Place
 Master Service Co., 811 So. Whittier St.
 The May Co.'s Patrons Garage, 9th & Hill Streets
 *Montclair Garage, 4321 W. Adams, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Ready-Go Service Garage, 2701 South Figueroa St.
 *Reliable Mechanical Works, 320 Venice Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Schuler Auto Service Garage, 4708 W. Washington St.
 Schuler Co. Garage, 3241 South Figueroa St.
 Security Garage, 430 South Los Angeles St.
 *Snayder's Garage, 2459 Brooklyn Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Sonoma Motor Sales Co., 636 Maple Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Speer-Dodge Works, 1827 South Hope St.
 *Stewart's Garage, 4917 Whittier Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 260 So. Vermont Super Service Station, 260 South Vermont Ave.
 Washington Park Garage, 18th and Grand Ave.
 *Welcome Garage, 329 Glendale Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Western Avenue Garage, 226 South Western Ave.
 Witmer Garage, 528 Columbia Avenue
 *Woodward Garage, Pico and Alvarado Sts., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Wilmont Garage, 344 Wilshire Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Wiltshire Garage, 6th and Kenmore
 Wolfe & Allen Super Service Station, 7726 S. Vermont Ave.

Los Angeles—San Diego Coast Route

*ANAHEIM—Frahm's Garage. Phone: 799 (Day) 703-R (Night)
 *CORONADO—Guarantee Garage. Phone: Coronado 518
 *CORONADO—Pioneer Garage. Phone: Coronado 36
 *CORONADO—Hotel Del Coronado Garage
 *CARLSBAD—Standard Garage. Phone: 12-J-1
 *CYPRESS—Cypress Garage. Phone: Anaheim 8711-R-4 (Day) 941-W (Night)
 *DEL MAR—Hotel Del Mar Garage. Phone: Del Mar 88
 *DOWNNEY—Faulkner's Garage, Mach. Shop. Phone: Downey 432-50
 *FULLERTON—Bill's Garage. Phone: 697
 *FULLERTON—Lillian Yaeger Garage. Phone: Fullerton 115 or 114
 *LAGUNA BEACH—Coast Garage. Phone: Laguna Beach 52
 *LA HABRA—Missouri Garage. Phone: La Habra 8-176
 *LA JOLLA—Pacific Garage. Phone: La Jolla 768
 *MONTEBELLO—B. & H. Garage. Phone: Montebello 345
 *NATIONAL CITY—Tutwiler's Garage. Phone: National 528 (Day) Randolph 3922 (Night)
 *NORWALK—Central Garage. Phone: 5582 (Day) 5361 (Night)
 *OCEANSIDE—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 27-J
 *OCEANSIDE—Herb Schwarz Garage. Phone: 123
 *ORANGE—Acme Garage & Machine Shop. Phone: Orange 80
 SAN DIEGO—Savoy Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Sixth Street Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Adair's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Elite Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Dupree's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Hi-Ho Garage.
 *SAN DIEGO—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5101
 *SAN DIEGO—Price Motor Car Co.
 *SAN DIEGO—White Front Garage. Phone: Hillcrest 2562
 *SAN DIEGO—San Diego Garage. Phone: 3-1622
 *SAN DIEGO—Crescent Garage.
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Congdon Motor Car Co. Phone: 131
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—White Garage. Phone: 4
 *SANTA ANA—Grand Central Garage. Phone: 2457
 *SOLANO BEACH—Cochran & Weiss Garage. Phone: Del Mar 93-J
 *TUSTIN—Tustin Garage. Phone: Tustin 11-J (Day) Tustin 155-R or 155-M (Night)
 WHITTIER—J. W. Cox Motor Sales Co.
 WHITTIER—Ferguist & Olson. Phone: Whittier 423-249
 WHITTIER—L. G. Kinderknecht Garage.
 *YORBA LINDA—Liberty Garage. Phone: Placentia 8705-R-1

Los Angeles—San Diego Inland Route

*BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage. Phone: Covina 64853
 *CORONA—Cohen Motor Co.
 *EL MONTE—Commercial Garage. Phone: 216
 *ELSINORE—Graham & Graham Garage. Phone: 72 (Day) 162 (Night)
 *ESCONDIDO—Escondido Garage. Phone: 406 and 157
 *ESCONDIDO—Guarantee Garage. Phone: 68
 *FALLBROOK—Fallbrook Garage. Phone: Fallbrook 11-W
 *ONTARIO—Dietz Garage. Phone: 818 (Day) 1052 (Night)
 *ONTARIO—McGready Bros. Garage.
 *POMONA—Opera Garage.
 *POMONA—Elbery-Reynolds, Jr. Inc.
 *POMONA—Wells Garage. Phone: 1424
 *PUENTE—Puente Garage. Phone: 532-21 (Garage) 554-91 (Residence)
 *PUENTE—Service Garage. Phone: 532-33
 *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
 *VISTA—Vista Garage. Phone: Vista 10W

Los Angeles—San Francisco Coast Route

*ARROYO GRANDE—Barcellos & Morgan Garage. Phone: 15
 *ATASCADERO—Atascadero Garage. Phone: 74
 *BUELLTON—Buellton Garage. Phone: 31-F-13
 *CALABASAS—Calabasas Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 115-R-11 (Day) 115-J2 (Night)
 *CAMARILLO—Knob Hill Garage. Phone: 956-M-2
 *CAMBRIA—Service Garage. Phone: Cambria 11-F-2
 *CARPINTERIA—Rincon Garage. Phone: 20-W
 *CAYUCOS—Cayucos Garage. Phone: Cayucos Garage.
 *CHATSWORTH—Alamo Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)
 *ENCINO—Encino Garage. Phone: Van Nuys 428-J
 *HOLLYWOOD—East Hollywood Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Classic Garage, 1262 No. Western Ave.

*HOLLYWOOD—Mission Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Sierra Vista Garage.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Southern Garage, 5731 Sunset Blvd.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Standard Motor Service. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Fred R. Winnett Garage.
 *LOMPOC—Ruffner & Ruffner Garage. Phone: 74 (Day) 41-R or 169-W (Night)
 *LOS ALAMOS—Los Alamos Garage. Phone: 37
 *LOS ALAMOS—T. & T. Garage. Phone: 27
 *MOORPARK—Mission Garage. Phone: 20
 *NORTH HOLLYWOOD—Huffaker Garage. Phone: Lankershim 290
 *PALM—City Garage. Phone: 4
 *OCCUTT—Occutt Garage. Phone: 593-J-2
 *OKNARD—Carter's Garage. Phone: 73 or 285
 *OKNARD—Buick Garage.
 *PASO ROBLES—Pioneer Garage. Phone: 247
 *PISMO BEACH—Pismo Garage & Mach. Shop. Phone: 6-W
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Berkemeyer Garage. Phone: 3
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Studebaker Service Garage. Phone: 601
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Kamm's San Luis Garage. Phone: 162
 *SAN MIGUEL—Tucker's Super Service, Phone: San Miguel 6-W
 *SANTA BARBARA—Arlington Garage.
 *SANTA BARBARA—Huff's Garage. Phone: 701
 *SANTA BARBARA—Johnson's Garage. Phone: 3054
 *SANTA BARBARA—Carrillo Hotel Garage. Phone: 3530
 *SANTA MARIA—California Garage.
 *SANTA MARIA—Automotive Garage. Phone: 3
 *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage. Phone: 233
 *SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage. Phone: 85
 *SATICOY—Satcoy Garage. Phone: 41
 *VAN NUYS—J. R. Wardlaw Super Service Station. Phone: Van Nuys 150
 *VENTURA—Neiderhauer Garage. Phone: 620-W
 *VENTURA—Ventura Garage. Phone: 1142
 *VENTURA—Reid's Garage. Phone: 176 (Day) 642 (Night)
 *VENTURA—Union Garage.

Los Angeles—San Francisco Inland Route

*BAKERSFIELD—Class A Motor Company. Phone: 133
 *BAKERSFIELD—Bakersfield Motors Co. Phone: 3322
 *BAKERSFIELD—Chester Avenue Garage.
 *BAKERSFIELD—East Side Garage. Phone: 990
 *BAKERSFIELD—Geo. Habersfelde, Inc. Phone: 702 or 703
 *BAKERSFIELD—California Garage. Phone: 621
 *BURBANK—Patterson's Garage. Phone: Burbank 268
 *DELANO—Geo. Habersfelde, Inc. Phone: Delano 1
 *DINUBA—Biswell, McDonald & Biswell. Phone: 12 (Day) 307 (Night & Sun.)
 *EXETER—Square Deal Garage. Phone: Exeter 46-R (Day) Exeter 27-W (Night)
 *FELLOWS—Fellows Garage. Phone: Black 362
 *FILLMORE—Rudkin Motor Service. Phone: 42 or 15
 *GLENDALE—Pellegrini Garage. Phone: Glendale 5080
 *GLENDALE—Dotson's Super Service Station.
 *LEMON COVE—Lemon Cove Garage. Phone: Lemon Cove Garage
 *LINDSAY—Cate & Woollomes Garage. Phone: Lindsay 60
 *MARICOPA—Maricopa Garage. Phone: B-463
 *MCFARLAND—King Garage. Phone: McFarland 13 (Day) 4-F-3 (Night)
 *MCKITTRICK—McKittrick Auto Supply Co. Phone: Main 61
 *MONTROSE—Evans Garage.
 *NEWHALL—White Star Garage.
 *PITKEY—Swanson-Howard Motor Co., Phone: 17-J (Day) 17-W (Night)
 *PORTERVILLE—Dick's Automotive Service. Phone: 574 (Day) 414-R & 574 (Night)
 *RIDGE ROUTE—Ridge Road Garage, 15 miles from Saugus on Ridge. (Castaic P.O.)
 *SANDBERG—Sandberg's Garage. Phone: Sandberg Toll Station.
 *SAN FERNANDO—Cascade Garage. Phone: Main 184
 *SAN FERNANDO—Willis A. Rowe Auto Supply House. Phone: Main 41
 *SAUGUS—Midway Garage. Phone: Newhall 28-J-2. After 10:00 p.m. call Sheriff's Office at Newhall
 *SHAFTER—Miller Bros. Garage. Phone: 4-W
 *TAFT—H. R. Kanode Garage. Phone: 220-J (Day) 109-W (Night)
 *TULARE—Central Garage. Phone: Tulare 102
 *TULARE—Graham's Department Store Garage.
 *TIPTON—Rainbow Garage. Phone: Tipton 10
 *VISALIA—Main Garage. Phone: Visalia 980
 *WASCO—Wasco Garage. Phone: 12

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

ALHAMBRA—Eagle Garage.
 *ALHAMBRA—Harry T. Moore Garage. Phone: Alhambra 242 (Day) 3027-J (Night) and 4195-J
 *ALHAMBRA—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 4386 (Night)
 *CLAREMONT—Foothill Garage. Phone: Claremont 4961
 *COLTON—Taylor's Electric Service Garage. Phone: 90
 *COVINA—Webber Garage. Phone: Covina 12111
 *FONTANA—Fontana Garage. Phone: Fontana 257
 *GLENDALE—Rowe Motor Service Garage. Phone: Covina 42004
 *HIGHLAND—Coy Garage. Phone: 35
 *MONROVIA—Ruechel Garage. Phone: Green 70 (Day) Black 389 (Nights, Sun. and Holidays)
 *RIALTO—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 7 (Day) 170 (Night)
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 *EAST SAN GABRIEL—Barlow's Automotor Service.
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Central Garage. Phone: 271-82
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Draper's Garage. Phone: 271-63
 *SAN BERNARDINO—California Garage.
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Tonneson's Super Service Station.
 *UPLANDS—Waterman Garage. Phone: 116-J

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Central Garage & Machine Works.
 ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Oden Buick Co.
 *AMBOY—Amboy Garage. No Phone.
 *BARSTOW—Barstow Garage. Phone: 26-M.
 *FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—Babbitt Brothers Garage.
 *KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Ford Garage.
 *KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Farrow Stackpole Auto. Co.
 *LUDLOW—Murphy Bros. Tourist Garage.
 *MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO—Stendel's Garage.
 *NEEDLES—Old Trails Garage. Phone: Main 28
 *SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Becker's Transcontinental Garage.
 *VICTORVILLE—Victorville Garage. Phone: 8-J
 *WINSLOW, ARIZ.—Bazel Motor Co.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway (Borderland Route)

- *ALPINE—Alpine Garage. Phone: El Cajon 342-3
 *BOSTONIA—Bostonia Garage
 *EL CAJON—J. R. Dall Motor Co. Phone: 101 (Day) 691 (Night)
 *EL CENTRO—C. E. Coggins Garage. Phone: El Centro 166
 *EL CENTRO—Barbara Worth Garage
 *JACUMBA—J. R. Fowble Garage. Phone: Fowble Garage, Jacumba.
 *LA MESA—La Mesa Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 145 (Night)
 *YUMA, ARIZ.—Super Service Garage.

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

- *BISHOP—Smith Auto. Co. Phone: Bishop 81 (Day) Bishop 91-J (Night)
 *BISHOP—Crescent Garage. Phone: 48-R (Day) 69-W (Night)
 *BISHOP—Watterson's Garage
 *BIG PINE—Glacier Garage. Phone: 121
 *BRIDGEPORT—Bridgeport Garage. Phone: Bridgeport Store
 *INDEPENDENCE—Independence Garage. Phone: Bishop 25-4
 *LANCASTER—Inn Garage. Phone: 1001
 *LOVE PINE—Mt. Whitney Garage & Livery Co. Phone: Bishop 21-1
 *LOVE PINE—Square Deal Garage
 *MINT CANYON—Balestier's Garage. No phone.
 *MOJAVE—Andy Smith's Garage. Phone: 221
 *MOJAVE—Paul's Garage
 *MONO LAKE—Tioga Lodge Garage. Phone: Tioga Lodge
 *OLANCHIA—Romero Garage
 *PALMDALE—Mission Garage. Phone: 17-W

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix

- *BANNING—Dickinson Motor Car Co. Phone: 96 (Day) Main 82 (Night)
 *BLYTHE—Valley Garage. Phone: 26
 *BEAUMONT—Brown & Sons Garage. Phone: 774
 *BEAUMONT—Beaumont Garage. Phone: Beaumont 782
 *BLOOMINGTON—Bloomington Garage. Phone: 8715-R-2
 *BRAWLEY—Plaza Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 709 (Night)
 *BRAWLEY—White Garage
 *COACHELLA—Union Garage. Phone: 138
 *INDIO—MacKenzie Motor Co. Phone: Indio 531
 *PALM SPRINGS—Bunker's Garage. Phone: Bunker's Garage.
 *PALM SPRINGS—Garage El Mirador
 *REDLANDS—Eddie Meyer's Garage. Phone: 102
 *REDLANDS—T. N. Gibson Garage. Phone: Main 909
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars.

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Northern California

CALIFORNIA STATE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

(NOTE: Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California when touring in Northern California are advised to get in touch with the nearest office of the California State Automobile Association for their rules and regulations pertaining to this service.)

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ADIN	Adin Garage	Adin Exchange	BURLINGAME	Pattison's Garage, San Mateo	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 895 or 673-W
ALAMEDA	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, or Park St. Garage	Glencourt 4400	BURLINGAME	El Camino Garage	Burlingame 4480
ALBANY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Alameda 386	BURLEY	Tourist Garage	Tourist Garage
ALBION	Johnson & Larion	Glencourt 4400	BYRON	Byron Garage	Byron 1
ALDER POINT	Alder Point Garage	Albion 1-F-3 or 10-F-32	CALISTOGA	Wilber R. Snow Elec. Garage	Calistoga 50
ALTA MONT PASS	Mountain House Garage (nine miles west of Tracy)	Send Word	CAMPTONVILLE	C. O. D. Garage & Machine Co.	Camptonville 8
ALTURAS	Modoc Machine Shop	Mountain House	CAMPTONVILLE	Lang Garage	Carl Inn
ALVARADO	Alvarado Garage	Livermore Exchange	CARMEL	Carl Inn Garage	(Day) Carmel 112
ANGELS CAMP	Central Garage	(Day) Red 272	CASCADA	Carmel Garage	(Night) 353-568-370
ANGWIN	College Garage	(Night) Black 622	CASTROVILLE	Solomon Garage	Rangers Station at Big Creek
ANTIOCH	W. A. Christensen	Alvarado 28-W	CASTROVILLE	Kings Garage	Castroville 4-J
ARBUCKLE	Airan Garage	(Day) Angels Camp Exc.	CEARVILLE	Western Garage	Cedarville Exchange
ARCATA	Sacchi Service Station	St. Helena 79-F-5	CHESTER	Juniper Service Corp.	Mt. Lassen Stage Office
AUBERRY	Auberry Garage	(Day) Arbuckle 4-K	CHICO	Service Garage	Chico 311-W
AUBURN	R. & D. Service Shop	(Night) 28-W	CHINESE CAMP	Chinese Camp Garage	(Day) Chinese Camp Exch.
AUBURN	White's Garage, Newcastle	(Day) Arcata 109-W or 245-J or 363	CHOWCHILLA	Chowchilla Garage	(Night) 5
BASS LAKE	The Pines Garage	Auberry Hotel	CLEMENTS	Service Garage	Day & Night Chowchilla 4
BAY POINT	Bay Point Garage	(Day) Auburn 220	CLOVERDALE	Tire Shop Garage	Clements Exchange
BECKWITH	Sierra Valley Garage	(Night) 296	CLOVIS	H. B. Owens Garage	(Day) Cloverdale 41
BEEGUM	Beegum Garage	(Night) Newcastle 110	COALINGA	V. J. Oyster Auto & Mach. Shop	(Night) Cloverdale 118-J
BELMONT	Belmont Garage	(Night) 118	COLFAX	McCleary Garage	Day & Night Clovis 4
BELVEDERE	Belvedere Garage	Shaw line, one long ring	COLMA	Bill's Garage, Daly City	(Day) Coalinga 165
BENICIA	Enterprise Garage	Bay Point 22	COLUSA	Universal Garage	(Night) 326-J
BEN LOMOND	Ben Lomond Garage	10-W	CONCORD	Concord Auto Service Co.	Main 20
BERKELEY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Beegum Garage	CORCORAN	Corcoran Garage	Randolph 940
BIEBER	Oak's Garage	Belmont 6	CORNING	The Corning Garage	Colusa 53-W
BIG CREEK	Solomon Garage	Belvedere 37-J	CORTE MADERA	Community Garage	Concord 87; after 9 p.m. call 519
BIGGS	Biggs Garage	Benicia 214-W	COTATI	Fox Garage	Corcoran 441
BLAIRSDEN	Mohawk Valley Garage	Ben Lomond 23; after 9 p.m. Ben Lomond 4-W	COTTONWOOD	Cottonwood Garage	Corning 75
BLUE LAKE	Blue Lake Garage	Glencourt 4400	COURTLAND	Thomsen Auto Repair Shop	(Day) Corte Madera 305
BLUFF CREEK	Gephart Bros. (Via Weitchpec)	Rangers station at Big Creek	COVELO	Conelo Garage	(Night) 147 or 395
BODEGA	Bodega Coast Garage	Biggs 34	COYOTE	Kruse's Garage	Cotati 20-F-11
BOLINAS	Bolinas Garage	Blairsdan 4	CRESCENT CITY	Crescent City Garage & Mach. Works	Cotati Cottonwood 7-J
BOONVILLE	Live Oak Garage	13-J (Day only)	CRESSENT MILLS	Crescent Mills Garage	After 8 p.m. send word
BRIDGEPORT	Bridgeport Garage	1 long, 2 short & 1 longring	CROCKETT	Community Garage	(Day) 67; (Night) 66
BUCK MEADOWS	Buck Meadows Garage	Bolinas 3-W. If no answer, call Bolinas 12.	CUMMINGS	Redwood Empire Garage (2 miles south of Cummings)	Covel 8-F-21
BURLINGAME	Hillebrand and Caldwell San Mateo	Phone 8; after 8 p.m. send word	DALY CITY	Bill's Garage	San Jose 119-J-1
		Bridgeport, Mariposa Exch	DANVILLE	Olson's Garage	Crescent City 441
		Buck Meadows			Crescent Mills Exchange
		(Day) Sun Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031			Crockett 326, 206-W or 206-J
					Laytonville 3-F-4
					Randolph 940
					Danville 10-J

- *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
 *WESTMORELAND—W. E. Gullett's Garage. Phone: Brawley 1099 F-3

Miscellaneous

- *ARLINGTON—Arlington Garage. Phone: 9008-W (Day) 9315-W (Night)
 *BELFLOWER—Bellflower Garage
 *BIG BEAR LAKE—McCroskey Garage. Phone: Pine Knot P.O. 36
 *BIG BEAR LAKE—Jack Preston's Garage, Pine Knot P. O. Phone: Bear Valley 41
 *CHULA VISTA—C. V. Brown's Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 35 (Day) 34-W & 79 (Night)
 *CHULA VISTA—Helm Bros. Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 319-J (Day) 231-J (Night)
 *CULVER CITY—Waite's Complete Auto Works. Phone: Empire 2072 (Day)
 *Culver City 2555 (Night)
 *COMPTON—National Garage. Phone: 491
 *CORONA—Mission Garage. Phone: 2024 (Day) 1312-R-2 (Night)
 *CRESTLINE P. O. (Crest of Waterman Canyon) Crest Garage. Phone 3 or San Bernardino 29200
 *EAGLE ROCK—Dahlia Motor Service Co. Phone: Garfield 5291; (Night) Albany 2948
 *HEMER—Monte Vista Garage. Phone: 1030 (Day) 497 (Night)
 *HIGHLAND PARK—Highland Auto Works. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HUNTINGTON BEACH—Security Garage. Phone: 2391
 *HUNTINGTON PARK—Owl Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HYNES—Schillings Garage. Phone: 332 (Day) 333 (Night)
 *INGLEWOOD—Honaker-Nash Motor Co. Phone: 339
 *JULIAN—Julian Garage. Phone: Julian 1-J
 *LONG BEACH—Park Garage. Phone: 322-62
 *LONG BEACH—K. & S. Garage
 *LONG BEACH—El Camino Garage
 *LONG BEACH—Loynes Garage. Phone: 652-76
 *LONG BEACH—California Garage
 *LONG BEACH—Long Beach Motor Sales
 *LONG BEACH—Forbes-Curtis & Warren Garage. Phone: 664-45
 *LYNNWOOD—Lynnwood Garage. Phone: Compton 1131
 *PASADENA—Eddie Motor Works. Phone: Terrace 1745
 *PASADENA—Paramount Garage. Phone: Terrace 8787
 *RAMONA—Ramona Garage. Phone: 35
 *REDONDO BEACH—Redondo Auto Works & Garage
 *REDONDO BEACH—Pacific Garage. Phone: Redondo 1521
 *SAN JACINTO—Record Garage. Phone: 120
 *SOUTH PASADENA—Mission Garage. Phone: Elliott 2661 (Day) Sterling 7618 (Night)
 *SAN PEDRO—Goodrich Service Station
 *SAN PEDRO—William Lever Garage. Phone: 478 (Day) 946-W or 1648-J (Night)
 *SANTA MONICA—Santa Monica Garage. Phone: 21523
 *SAWTELLE—Slater's Garage. Phone: Sawtelle 31452 (Day) 31222 (Night)
 *SIERRA MADRE—Sierra Madre Garage. Phone: Main 110
 *TEHACHAPI—Bartlett's Garage. Phone: 55-W
 *TORRANCE—Ed's Service Garage. Phone: Torrance 161
 *WILMINGTON—Wilmington Garage
 *WILMINGTON—Rex Garage. Phone: 567-M
 *YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK—Call Yosemite Park & Curry Co. Garage; pay for service; ask for member's service receipt; send receipt to Auto Club of Southern California, Los Angeles, for reimbursement.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

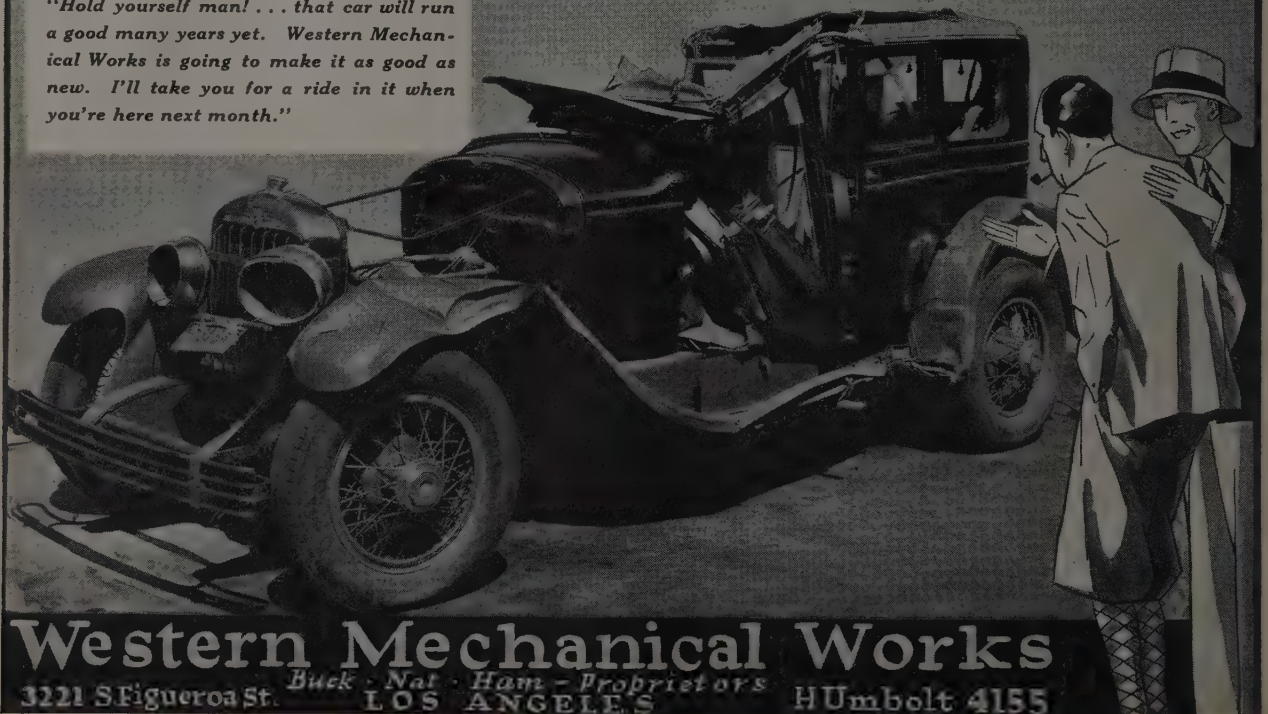
Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
DAVIS	Davis Garage	(Day) Davis 50 (Night) 50-W	LUCERNE	Country Club Garage	Send Word
DELTA	Vollmer's Garage	Vollmer's Ranch	MACDOEL	Macdoel Garage	1 long ring
DIAMOND SPRINGS	Diamond Springs Garage	332-F-4	MADERA	Standard Garage	Madera 240
DIXON	Rossi Bros.	(Day) Dixon 115 (Night) 141-R	MANTECA	Main Highway Garage	(Day) Manteca 64 (Night) 194-R
DORRIS	Dorris Garage	(Day) Dorris Exchange (Night) send word	MARIPOSA	Fort Sumpter Garage	Mariposa Exchange
DOS PALOS	Ford Garage	(Day) Dos Palos 63 (Night) 4405	MARTINEZ	Allen's Garage	(Day) Martinez 395 (Night) 748-W
DOWNIEVILLE	Downieville Garage	Downieville J	MARYSVILLE	M. & K. Garage	Marysville 468
DUBLIN	Hansen Bros.	Pleasanton 82-F-2	MARYSVILLE	Sutter Garage, Yuba City	(Day) Yuba City 1165 (Night) Yuba City 891-W and 628-J
DUNSMUIR	Dunsmuir Service Station	(Night) Dunsmuir 54 Durham 811-J-4	McARTHUR	Highway Garage	McArthur Exchange
DURHAM	Highway Garage	(Day & Night)	McCloud	McCloud Garage	McCloud Garage
ELK	Matson & Dearing	Elk 5-F-2	MENDOCINO CITY	S. & E. Garage	Mendocino City 14-J
ELK GROVE	Macks Garage	Elk Grove 62-F-3	MENDOTA	Mendota Garage & Mach. Shop	Mendota 5-J
EMERYVILLE	C. S. A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	MERCED	Lounsbury's Garage	Merced 107
ESCALON	Jess A. Seaman Garage	(Day) Escalon 44 (Night) 49	MERCED FALLS	Barretts Garage	6
ESPARTO	Central Garage	Esparto 5-W	MERCED	River Garage	Kent Exchange (Day only)
EUREKA	Eureka Garage and Service Sta.	Eureka 2300	MERCED	Meyers Garage	Tallac 2-F-11
FAIRFIELD	Solano Garage	(Day) Fairfield 227 (Night) 147-W, 147-J	MERCED	Herrick Garage	(Day) Middletown 8 (None after 10 p.m.)
FAIR OAKS	Fair Oaks Garage	(Day) Fair Oaks 15 (Night) 21-R	MIDDLETOWN	Camp Midpines Garage	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4 (Night) Mill Valley 407
FALL RIVER MILLS	Pioneer Garage	Pioneer Garage	CAMP MIDPINES	Eveready Garage & Elec. Co.	(Night) 155-J
FERNDALE	Peterson's Service Station	(Day) Ferndale 102-W (Night) 72-R	MILL VALLEY		Central at Millville
FIREBAUGH	Valley Garage	Firebaugh 1-J (Night) send word	MILLVILLE	Fawcett & Bartell	Mineral
FOLSOM	People's Garage	(Day) Main 49 (Night) Main 1187	MINERAL	Mineral Garage	(Day) 12-F-13 (Night) Sanger 155-W
FORESTVILLE	Forestville Garage	Forestville 8-F-2	MINKLER	Minkler Garage	Modesto 1130
FORT BIDWELL	Fort Bidwell Garage	No Phone	MODESTO	Silva Motor Car Co.	(Day) 10-W; (Night) 3-W
FORT BRAGG	Pacific Garage	(Day) and (Night) 174 122	MOCKELUMNE HILL	Mokelumne Hill Garage	Monterey 224 and 225
FORT JONES	Scott Valley Garage	Fortuna 22-W	MONTEREY	Monterey Garage	Bass Telephone Line
FORTUNA	Fortuna Garage	Day and Night 711	MONTGOMERY CREEK	Young's Garage	Morgan Hill 291. If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South.
FOWLER	Baxter Bros. Garage	Call 21-J	MORGAN HILL	Jos. J. Verge Garage	(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W (Night) 4-F-3
FRESNO	Auditorium Garage	Redwood Inn	MOSSDALE	Moore Bros. Garage	Morgan Hill 291
GALT	Service Garage	(Day) Gazelle 18 (Night) Call Res.	NAPA	Hugo A. Zeller	Stockton 27-R-1 (Day) Napa 202 (Night) 683-R, 950-W and 362-R
GARBERVILLE	Redwood Garage	Gerber 24	NAVARRO	Navarro Garage	No phone
GAZELLE	Gazelle Garage	(Day) Geyserville 25-W (Night) 12	NAVATO	Cheda's Garage	Point Reyes Station 4-J; after 8 p.m. send word
GERBER	Chapman's Garage	Gilroy 32	NEVADA CITY	Nevada City Garage	Nevada City 133
GEYSERVILLE	Lampson's Garage	Paystation, Gold Run	NEVADA CITY	Knebone Motor Sales Co., Grass Valley	Grass Valley 119
GILROY	Pacheco Pass Garage & Super Service Station	Gonzales 41-W	NEWARK	Newark Garage	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
GOLD RUN	Pine Grove Service Station	Grass Valley 119	NEWCASTLE	White's Garage	(Day) Newcastle 110 (Night) 118
GONZALES	Johnson's Garage	Nevada City 133	NEWCASTLE	R. & D. Service Shop, Auburn	(Day) Auburn 220 (Night) Auburn 296
GRASS VALLEY	Knebone Motor Sales Co.	Greenfield 8	NEWMAN	Patchetts & Carstensen, Inc.	Newman 6 and 7 (No Night Phone)
GRASS VALLEY	Nevada City Garage, Nevada City	Elk 5-F-2	NEWMAN	Jensen Bros. Garage, Gustine	(Day) Gustine 60-J (Night) Gustine 60-J
GREENFIELD	Greenfield Garage	Grenada 18	NILES	American Garage	Niles 67
GREENWOOD	Mason and Dearing	(Day) Gridley 211 (Night) 223	NORTH FORK	Brownie's Auto Repair Shop	10x3
GRENADA	Grenada Garage	Guerneville 15-J	NORTH SACRAMENTO	Carlson's Garage	(Day) Main 3240 (Night) Main 5350-W
GRIDLEY	Vance's Garage	Brooks Exchange	NOVATO	Peoples Motor Sales Company	(Day) Novato 77 (Night) " 72 & 433 194
GROVELAND	Sierra Garage & Service Station	(Day) Gustine 6	OAKDALE	Pedersons Garage	Call Oakhurst Garage
GUERNEVILLE	Guerneville Garage	(Night) Gustine 60-J	OAKHURST	Oakhurst Garage	Glencourt 4400
GUINDA	Guinda Garage	(Day) Newman 6 & 7 (No Night Phone)	OAKLAND	C. S. A. District Office	6
GUSTINE	Jensen Bros. Garage	Half Moon Bay 9-W	OCCIDENTAL	Occidental Garage	(Day) Orange Cove 8 (Night) 28 & 44-J-4
GUSTINE	Patchetts & Carstensen, Inc.	Hanford 400	ORANGE COVE	Orange Cove Motor Company	Call Orick Operator
HALF MOON BAY	Newman	Hayward 725	ORICK	Pickwick Garage	C. S. A. Dist. Office
HANFORD	Ladine Garage	(Day) 41; (Night) 112- 294-J	ORINDA	Orinda Parke Garage	Oakland 688
HAYFORK	Erwin Motor Co.	Fresno 2-J-3	ORLAND	Nock Auto Company	(Day) Orland 89 (Night) 194-A
HAYWARD	Hayfork Garage	15-W and 15-J	OROVILLE	Bradley Auto Works	(Day) Oroville 9 (Night) 104
HEADSBURG	Moon Garage	Hollister 143	PACIFIC GROVE	Pacific Grove Garage	Pacific Grove 6
HELM	Standard Machine Works	Hopland 21	PALO ALTO	Davison Sales	Palo Alto 2820
HILM	Helm Garage	(5 miles west of El Portal)	PARADISE	Paradise Super Station	Paradise 9F-12
HOLLISTER	Tiffany Motor Co.	Indian Flat via Merced)	PATTERSON	Patterson Garage	(Day) Patterson 45 (Night) 133
HOLLAND	Central Garage	(Day) Ione 41 (Night) 7	PESCADERO	Pescadero Garage	Pescadero 7-J
INDIAN FLAT	Indian Flat Service Station	Irvington 5-J	PETALUMA	Hill Plaza Garage	Petaluma 55
IONE	Tonax's Garage	(Night) Send Word	PETROLIA	Shell Service Station and Garage	
IRVINGTON	Corey's Garage	Isleton 258	PIEDMONT	C. S. A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400
ISLETON	Owl Garage	Jackson 104-W	PITTSBURG	W. & W. Garage	Pittsburg 150
JACKSON	Davies Garage	(Night) Sonora 16-W 1223	PLACERVILLE	Placerville Garage	(Day) Placerville 153 (Night) 250
JAMESTOWN	J. L. O'Neil's Garage	Kelseyville Exchange	PLEASANTON	Hanson Bros. Garage	(Day) Pleasanton 108 (Night) 203 or 82-F-2
JANESVILLE	Janesville Garage	Kenwood 2-F-3	PLYMOUTH	Alpine Garage and Mach. Shop	(Day) Plymouth 21 (Night) 18-J
KELSEYVILLE	Waite & Voss	(Day) Kerman 263 (Night) 25	POINT ARENA	Point Arena Garage	Point Arena 41-W
KENWOOD	Meads Garage	King City 31	POINT REYES STA.	Silacci & Cheda	Point Reyes Sta. 4-J
KERMAN	Service Garage	(Day) Kingsburg 71 (Night) 249	POPE VALLEY	Pope Valley Garage	St. Helena 4-F-3
KING CITY	El Camino Garage	Laytonville 10-J	PORTOLA	Portola Garage	Portola 7-W
KINGSBURG	Wilson & Sherling	Lemoore 223	QUINCY	Erwin's Garage	(Day) Quincy 99 (Night) 77
KNIGHT'S LANDING	Knight's Landing Garage	Litchfield 502	RAVENDALE	Ravendale Garage	Ravendale
LAKEPORT	Dunbar Chevrolet Co.	(Day) Livermore 106 (Night) 197	RED BLUFF	Paul's Garage	(Day) Red Bluff 186 (Night) 128-A and 245-M
LATON	Laton Garage	(Day) 25 or 33 (Night) 91 & 21-R	REDDING	Hersey's Garage	Redding 45
LAYTONVILLE	Tilford's Garage	(Day) 13-J (Night) Send Word	REDDING	Service Garage	Redwood 516
LEMOORE	Sillano Motor Co.	Lodi 155	REEDLEY	Osborn Bros. Garage	(Day) Reedley 1681 (Night) 732 or 523
LINCOLN	Saugstad Garage	(Day) Loomis 32 (Night) 61-F-4	REQUA	Ocean View Garage	Requa
LITCHFIELD	R. Q. Deal Garage	(Day) Los Altos 12 (Night) 175	RICHMOND	(1 Mi. So. of New Klamath River Bridge)	Richmond 841
LIVERMORE	Valley Garage	Los Banos 85	RIO VISTA	Seventh Street Garage	(Day) Rio Vista 45 (Night) 51-J
LIVINGSTON	Shaffer Motor Co.	Los Gatos 271	RIPON	Madson's Garage	(Day) San Joaquin 28-W (Night) 49-W
LOCKFORD	Central Garage	Los Molinos 30	RIVERDALE	L. H. Byron's Garage	(Day) Riverdale 7 (Night) 42
LODI	Tourist Garage	Morrell Garage	RODEO	Rodeo Garage	Crockett 801-F-2
LOOMIS	Loomis Motor Co.	(Day) Main 1-J (Night) 1-W	ROSEVILLE	Saugstad Bros.	Roseville 203
LOS ALTOS	Depot Garage				
LOS BANOS	Kaljian Garage				
LOS GATOS	Gateway Garage				
LOS MOLINOS	Los Molinos Garage				
LOWER LAKE	Morrell Garage				
LOYALTON	White Garage				

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
SACRAMENTO	<i>Central Garage</i>	(Day) Main 9290 (Night) Capitol 765-R	TAHOE CITY	<i>Sierra Garage & Machine Shop</i>	Tahoe City 11-W
SACRAMENTO	<i>Union Garage</i>	(Night) Capitol 765-R	TAHOMA	<i>Tahoma Garage</i>	Tahoma Garage
ST. HELENA	<i>Wheeler's Garage</i>	(Day) St. Helena 13 (Night) 185 or 14-W	TOMALES	<i>Tomales Garage & Mach. Wks.</i>	Tomales 3-W
SALINAS	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Salinas 490	THORNTON	<i>New Hope Garage</i>	Thornton 9-J
SAN ANDREAS	<i>Mother Lode Garage</i>	(Day) San Andreas 40-W (Night) Sheriff's Office	TRACY	<i>Central Garage</i>	Tracy 11
SAN ANSELMO	<i>Durham Garage</i>	(Day) San Anselmo 3133 or San Rafael 944	TRANQUILLITY	<i>Benkert Garage</i>	Tranquillity 147
SAN BRUNO	<i>Cabin Garage</i>	(Day) San Bruno 160 (Night) 650-R	TRINIDAD	<i>McConnaha and Spinas Garage</i>	Trinidad 1
SAN FRANCISCO	<i>C.S.A.A. General Office</i>	Hemlock 3400	TRUCKEE	<i>Truckee Garage</i>	(Day) Placer 123 (Night) 122-W
SANGER	<i>William Epps</i>	Sanger 163	TUDOR	<i>Brander Bros.</i>	38-J-31
SAN JOSE	<i>San Jose Buick Co.</i>	Ballard 6600	TUOLUMNE	<i>Blair Garage</i>	(Day) 13R; Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Closed Sundays, holi- days and nights; for service call Kimball Hotel.
SAN JOAQUIN	<i>Chevrolet Garage</i>	(Day) Fresno 63 (Night) 118	TURLOCK	<i>Simon's Garage</i>	Turlock 132
SAN JUAN	<i>San Juan Garage</i>	San Juan 52-J	UKIAH	<i>E. Neuhaus Garage</i>	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 126
SAN LEANDRO	<i>Palaca Garage, San Leandro</i>	San Leandro 930 or C. S. A. A. Office, Glencourt 4400	UKIAH	<i>Scales Garage</i>	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 407
SAN LEANDRO	<i>C.S.A.A. Oakland Office</i>	Glencourt 4400	UPPER LAKE	<i>Upper Lake Garage</i>	Upper Lake Exchange
SAN MARTIN	<i>Hall's Garage</i>	Main 1	VACAVILLE	<i>Vaca Auto Supply Co.</i>	(Day & Night) Vacaville 2
SAN MATEO	<i>Pattison's Garage</i>	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p. m. 895-M or 673-W	VALLEJO	<i>Lewis Garage</i>	Vallejo 232
SAN MATEO	<i>Hildebrand and Caldwell</i>	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6-30 p. m. 457-W or 2031	VALLEY SPRINGS	<i>Valley Springs Garage</i>	Valley Springs 8
SAN RAFAEL	<i>Cebalo Garage</i>	(Day) San Rafael 268 (Night) San Anselmo 2851	VINA	<i>Wood Brothers Garage</i>	Vina Long Distance
SANTA CLARA	<i>San Jose Buick Co., San Jose</i>	San Jose 6600	VOLLMER'S	<i>Vollmer's Garage</i>	Vollmer's Ranch
SANTA CRUZ	<i>Marks & Leonard</i>	Santa Cruz 357	WAWONA	<i>Wawona Garage</i>	Wawona Exchange
SANTA ROSA	<i>Central Garage</i>	Santa Rosa 518	WALNUT CREEK	<i>L. & Lawrence Garage and Service Station</i>	(Day) Walnut Creek 19 (Night) 146
SARATOGA	<i>G. E. Tarlton</i>	(Day) Saratoga 133 (Night) 136-R	WATERIORD	<i>Kammeyer & Crowell</i>	Courtland 272
SATTLEY	<i>Yuba Pass Garage</i>	Sattley Pay Station	WATSONVILLE	<i>Appleton Garage</i>	1-W
SAUSALITO	<i>Rosa's Auto Repair Shop</i>	(Day) Sausalito 408 (Night) 368-R	WEED	<i>Inside Garage</i>	Watsonville 82
SCOTIA	<i>Scotia Garage</i>	Scotia Operator	WEED	<i>Day's Garage</i>	Black 43
SEBASTOPOL	<i>Tough Bros. Garage</i>	Sebastopol 188	WEED	<i>Mountain Service Station</i>	(Day) Weed 9 (Night) 129
SELMA	<i>Eugene H. Mayes Garage</i>	(Day) 20-W (Night) 20-R or 432	WEOTT	<i>Wm. Fraser Service Station</i>	Weott Exchange
SIERRA CITY	<i>Service Garage</i>	3-Y	WESTWOOD	<i>Westwood Garage</i>	Westwood 212
SMITH'S RIVER	<i>Buckner's Garage</i>	Smith's River 171	WHEATLAND	<i>P. M. Reedy</i>	Wheatland 31-J
SOLEDAD	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	Soledad 17-W	WILLIAMS	<i>Central Garage</i>	Williams 8
SONOMA	<i>Gary Garage</i>	(Day) Sonoma 30-J (Night) 142	WILLITS	<i>Steel's Machine Works</i>	(Day) Willits 71-J (Night) 167
SONORA	<i>J. L. O'Neil Garage</i>	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) 16-W or 397	WILLOWS	<i>Willows Motor Sales Co.</i>	Willows 96
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO	<i>Service Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	(Day) So. City 118-W (Night) 765-W	WINTERS	<i>Winters Garage</i>	Main 2
STIRLING CITY	<i>C. G. Wolohan Garage</i>	Toll Station	WOODLAND	<i>Electric Garage Co.</i>	Woodland 123
STOCKTON	<i>Oranges Bros. Garage</i>	Stockton 398 and 7121	WOODSIDE	<i>Woodside Garage</i>	Redwood 1378-W (Day and Night)
STOCKTON	<i>Tourist Garage</i>	Stockton 124	YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK	—Call Yosemite Park & Curry Co. Garage; pay for serv- ice; ask for member's service receipt; send receipt to C. A. S. A. general office, San Francisco, for reimbursement.	
SUNNYVALE	<i>Sunnyvale Garage</i>	Sunnyvale 150	YOSEMITE ALL-YEAR	<i>See listings under Merced, Bridgport and Mariposa</i>	
SUSANVILLE	<i>Smith Auto Co.</i>	332-B	HIGHWAY	<i>Traveler's Garage</i>	Yreka 89
SUTTER CREEK	<i>Oneto Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Sutter Creek 59 (Night) 52	YREKA	<i>Sutter Garage</i>	Yuba City 1165 (Day and Night)
			YUBA CITY	<i>M. & K. Garage, Marysville</i>	Marysville 468

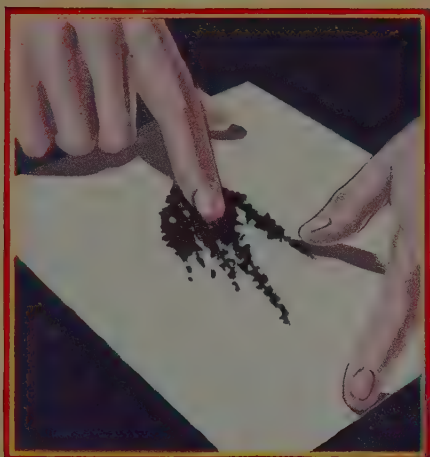
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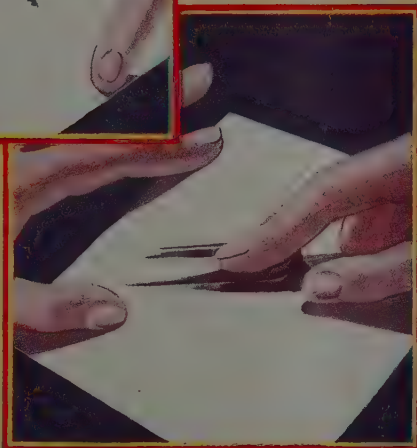
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In the kind of carbon they form *you see a vital difference in oils*



Carbon deposited by ordinary oil is hard, flinty. It will tear paper; it will scratch brass—wear away steel.

The carbon that Shell Motor Oil forms—1/3 to 1/5 as much as even the most expensive oils—is soft, soot-like. Most of it blows away through the exhaust.



Motors that miss, knock, lose power. Clogged with carbon from burned lubricating oils—oils that would be satisfactory lubricants except for this tendency to form hard carbon.

In fact, the vital difference in oils today is in the carbon they form.

How much? What kind?

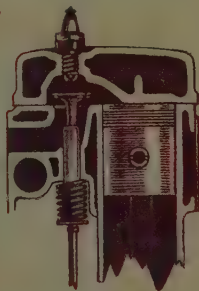
Carbon is deposited by ordinary oils in flint-like layers. Abrasive bits chip off and grind through bearings. Larger particles hold valves open, the stems burn, power is wasted.

Shell Motor Oil forms only 1/3 to 1/5 as much carbon as *even the costliest oil you can buy!* And that little is soft, sooty—blows away through the exhaust.

The secret is in new Shell methods. So carefully is this oil refined that none of its sturdy lubricant body is lost. It will withstand heat that would ruin ordinary oil.

And while Shell Motor Oil is giving you finer lubrication it is saving the destructive damage of carbon—actually *adding thousands of miles to the life of your car!*

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Today's high compression motors have as little as 1/32 inch "clearance." Even a thin layer of hard carbon causes trouble. Shell Motor Oil, forming less carbon, soft carbon, is almost an essential to proper performance of such motors.

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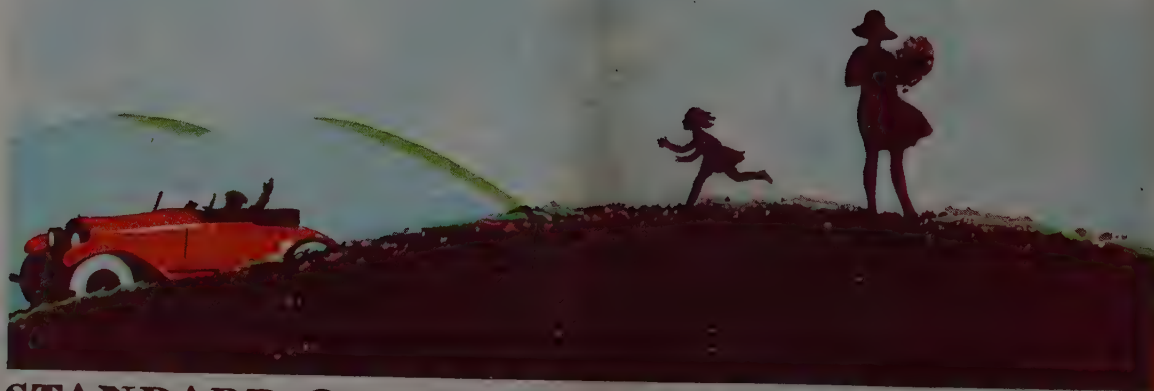
Shell 400, the new "dry" gas that explodes cleanly and keeps out of the crankcase, is the ideal running mate for Shell Motor Oil. Even Shell Motor Oil can be ruined by "thinning" with a "wet" gas



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MORRO BAY

Jean Mannheim

TOURING TOPICS

AUGUST 1928



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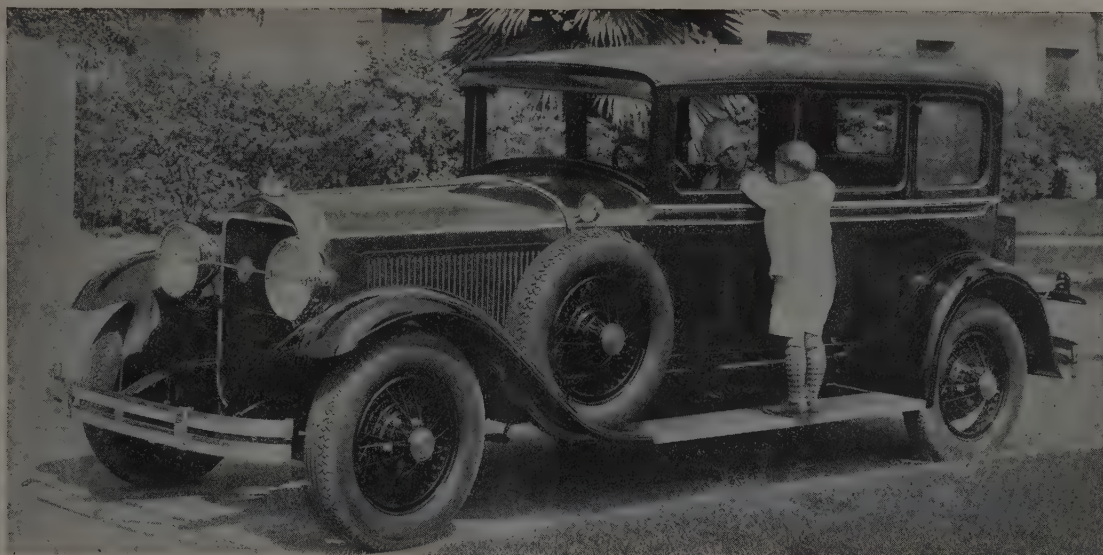
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Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
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Network of the National
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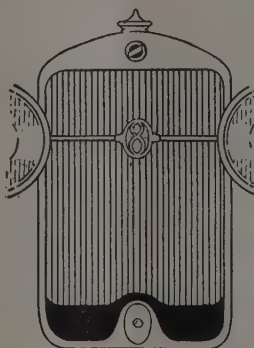


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Rancho Santa Fe

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—L. G. SINNARD.

RANCHO SANTA FE is a tremendous success today because it followed a definite plan, backed by ample capital. That plan blazed a new trail. There was no model to follow. An entirely new type of community was created, combining the best in urban and in rural life. The plan was conceived by L. G. Sinnard, development specialist, and W. E. Hodges, moving spirit behind Hodges Dam. How strikingly the plan has worked out is shown by the following parallel between Mr. Sinnard's preliminary report and today's present facts:

From a Pre-Development Report, Oct. 12, 1921, by L. G. Sinnard

Climate represents the predominant value of this property. The distinct, though slight, difference between the pleasant elevations (of Rancho Santa Fe) and the heavier air of the seashore affords an invigorating variety in temperature which greatly enhances the comfort and charm of living here.

The restrictions suggested governing cost and design of buildings, proper maintenance of orchards and improvements, make for rapid and substantial growth, and insure a desirable measure of exclusiveness and protection of values.

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Facts Today, Six Years After Development Actually Began

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Rancho Santa Fe

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T.T.8-28

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TOURING TOPICS

Volume 20
Number 8



August
1928

Published monthly by
The Automobile Club of Southern California

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
1646 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California
EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES
2601 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California

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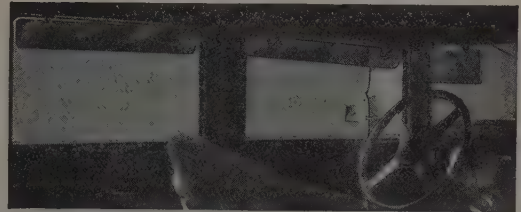
Klink, Bean and Company, and Lybrand Koss Brothers and
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Entered as second-class matter February 27, 1928, at the post office at Beverly Hills, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Formerly entered March 8, 1913, at the post office at Los Angeles. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscription rates: Members, first year, \$1.00; renewals, 25 cents for six months; non-members, \$1.00 per year.

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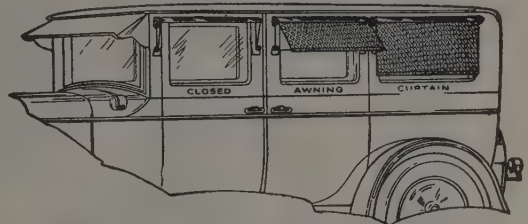
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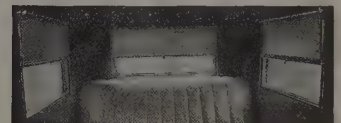


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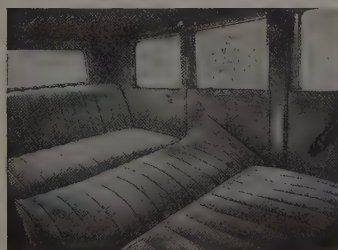
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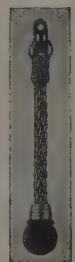


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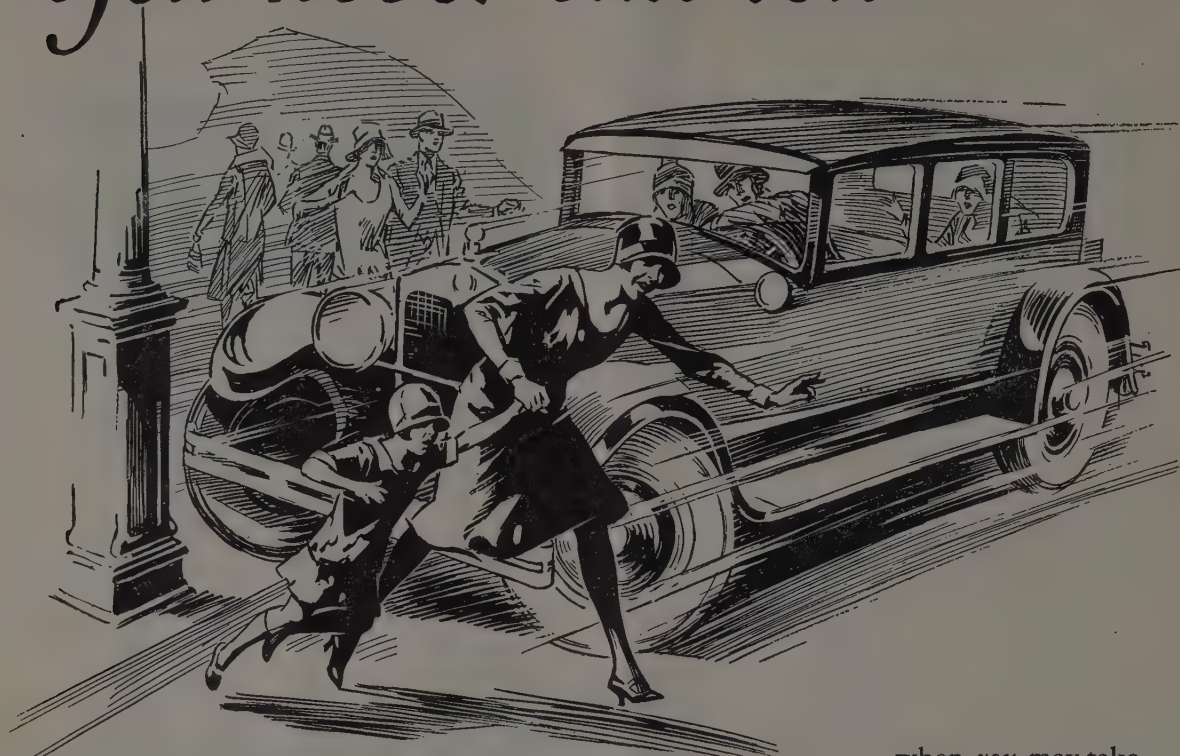
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LOS ANGELES

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8-28

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TOURING TOPICS

VOLUME XX *A Magazine for Motorists* NUMBER 8

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1928

	PAGE
COVER DESIGN— <i>Morro Bay. Painted by Jean Mannheim</i>	
THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE— <i>An intimate discussion of TOURING TOPICS contributors and contributions.....</i>	9
THE CONTAGION OF IDEALS— <i>An editorial</i>	13
✓ THE RAINBOW CAST IN STONE— <i>Great Natural Bridge of Northern Arizona is one of America's many scenic wonders. By Henry H. Cawthorne. Drawings by Charles Hamilton Owens</i>	14
✓ WHERE THE ROARING RIVER ROARS— <i>The story of a trip by trail to one of the remotest and most fascinating places in the High Sierra. By C. L. Bowman.....</i>	19
✓ "AIN'T TIOGA GRAND?"— <i>You may have traversed the Golden State from Yreka to Ysidro, but if you haven't crossed Tioga you haven't begun to see California. By Martin Walsh</i>	22
✓ BEYOND THE GRAY MOUNTAINS— <i>Some tranquil spots in the Piute Mountains which have known the glamour of prosperous mining-camps. By Philip Johnston.....</i>	24
THE IDEA KIT— <i>New kinks in the sport and science of caring for the automobile. By Gilland Mason.....</i>	27
WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED '49ER SHOULD WEAR— <i>An amusing caricature of an "independent miner" on his way to the gold fields</i>	28
✓ A DECALOGUE OF '49— <i>Miners' version of Ten Commandments both amusing and salutary. By Chester Newton Hess</i>	29
YOUR CLUB'S ACTIVITIES— <i>What the various service agencies of the Automobile Club of Southern California are doing</i>	31
✓ "WE HAD A LOVELY RIDE!"— <i>A day's jaunt through the California countryside with some minor drawbacks. By Margaret McCreery. Block print illustrations by Paul Landacre</i>	32
✓ A PILGRIMAGE TO SILVERADO— <i>A motoring bibliophile visits one of the California haunts of Robert Louis Stevenson. By Phil Townsend Hanna.....</i>	34
✓ "CLOSE UPS" OF OUR HIGH SIERRA— <i>Part V: Mountains of the Yosemite Region. By Norman Clyde.....</i>	36
✓ A FORECAST OF MEN'S AUTUMN STYLES— <i>By Jack Worthington. Drawings by Victor Mall.....</i>	39
FEMININE FASHIONS FOR FALL— <i>By Opal Haynes. Drawings by Victor Mall</i>	40
THE SOUTHWEST IN ILLUMINATED VERSE.....	Rotogravure Section
THE HILLTOP TREE— <i>By Francis Weirman. Photograph by Robert Surtees</i>	
BLUE LAKE— <i>By Byron M. Jones. Block print by Franz Geritz</i>	
OFF THE MONTEREY COAST— <i>By Peter A. Lea. Photograph by Otis Williams</i>	
THE ROAD OF DREAMS— <i>By Arthur Truman Merrill</i>	
MOODS— <i>By Richard Thompson Ledger. Photograph by Ernest M. Pratt</i>	
THE SIERRAN MEADOWS— <i>By Mabel W. Philips. Photograph by George Maslen</i>	

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SINCE the introduction of the Nash "400" Series on June 21st, the announcements of new models by other makers have only served to strengthen Nash leadership.

No other cars in or near the Nash price field offer so much in performance or in appearance.

The new Nash Salon bodies have no peer in style; they reflect honest, intelligent craftsmanship.

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And Nash leads the world in motor car value by such a tremendous margin that we urge the prospective motor car purchaser to—

***Compare! Compare!
Compare!***

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Nash Distributors for Southern California, Arizona and Southern Nevada

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The Editor's Own Page

SOMEWHAT proudly Jean Mannheim will tell one that he was born at Kreuznach, near the Rhine. The date he has forgotten, which, by the way, is a part of the fine and satisfying philosophy of this extraordinary member of the Southern California art colony.

Jean Mannheim arrived in New York when scarcely twenty-one years of age, but he was not a beginner even then. At an early age he had studied and painted at many schools on the continent and was thus fitted for better things than starving in a garret. He shortly returned to Paris, however, and remained there for many years before finally coming to California.

Abhorring alike the slashingly careless, and the squeamishly dainty, he paints with bold, free strokes and a resultant, careful attention to details, yet preserving a vigorous and faithful life in his canvases.

In every sense a master of his art he will take the mark with any of the modern school. He is particularly fervid in denunciation of the unskilled modernist, so-called, and stands ready to prove that it takes real ability to create a worthwhile painting. He can produce "Rembrandts" that defy criticism, but prefers his own personal technique.

On occasion he recently painted a very interesting picture, one that had the power of the balanced verbal thrusts of the "Toad of Twickenham" but employed more the humorous than the caustic. The chief subject of this picture was that animal of doubtful patience and intelligence, the jackass. This animal has been endowed with remarkable ability and aided by two artists is shown painting a picture; one holds the canvas to be painted, the other a bucket of paint. A swish here and there does the trick. The title is "The Modern School of Painting."

But with a twinkling smile he will tell how he, too, was once young and painted an exotic, though gruesome, array of skeletons with terrifying effect and, thus, in excusing himself, grants much to the modern school.

Jean Mannheim's painting of Morro Bay appears on the cover of this issue of *TOURING TOPICS* and is a splendid example of his style. Strong, wide strokes done with the facility born of long experience present a faithful representation of the picturesque little settlement in the shadow of awe-inspiring Morro Rock, ever protecting the spot from



Jean Mannheim, whose painting of Morro Bay appears on the cover of this issue of *TOURING TOPICS*

the ceaseless pounding of the Pacific. —J.G.

THE morbid fear known to psychologists as "acrophobia" obsesses many people. It is a fear that manifests itself when its victim achieves a high place—the top of a tall building, an elevated mountain road; it seizes some when they embark in sky-riding airplanes, or mount the old family stepladder to hang a picture in the best parlor. They shake as with the palsy, they may want to jump, they experience acute emotional dis-

turbances although, actually, they may be safe and secure.

Fortunately this quite common abnormality may be remedied. Psychologists employ the method of treatment known as "conditioning." The "acrophobic" is gradually brought into contact with the object of his fears—the high places—until he becomes habituated to them and the fears vanish.

For many "acrophobiacs" the Tioga Pass road leading across the Sierra from Yosemite to Mono Lake has been a veritable Coventry where they suffered untold tor-

tures; especially is this true of that section of the road that dips down from Ellery Lake along the precipitous wall of Leevining Canyon. Tioga Pass, as a consequence, has gained a notorious reputation as a "scary" road.

As a matter of fact, it is one of the safest in all California. The motorist who traverses it recognizes the fact that he is in a hazardous area and he exercises a proper caution every mile of the way. Disaster is quite as boon a companion on the boulevard, but many drivers fail to observe the fact and taunt him with a nonchalance that not infrequently brings casualties.

None will gainsay the fact that Tioga Pass is one of the richest motor journeys, from a scenic standpoint, in the world, and it's a trip every motorist should make.

In the present number, Martin Walsh discourses on "Ain't Tioga Grand?" The monologue form which the author employs affords a singularly impressive method of presenting the many appealing features of this truly magnificent road.

THE first white man to arrive in California overland was a trapper, Jedediah Strong Smith, who appeared at San Gabriel Mission in 1826. California's debt to him and the fellows of his fraternity is enormous. Yet, sad to relate, the trappers have been given little credit for their pathfinding and pioneering activities.

Joseph J. Hill of the Bancroft Library, University of California, noting the failure of self-constituted authorities to adequately detail the lives and achievements of the trappers in the Far Southwest, recently wrote an extensive book on the subject, which now is awaiting publication.

I read the manuscript when I was in Berkeley some little time ago and was so impressed with the accomplishments of this hardy brotherhood and their significance in the development of this region that I asked Mr. Hill to contribute an outline history of the trapper days to *TOURING TOPICS*. He acquiesced and we now are preparing for publication under the generic title *Mountain Men*, two articles, the first dealing with *The Fur Trade in the Far Southwest*, and the second with *The Economic and Social Aspects of Trapper Life*. Both contributions will be illustrated with a group of those engaging and faithful drawings for which Raymond P. Winters is especially noted.

—P.T.H.



Joseph J. Hill of the Bancroft Library, University of California, who will contribute two illuminating articles on the fur trade of the Far Southwest to subsequent issues of *TOURING TOPICS*. Mr. Hill is shown here with a small section of the invaluable manuscript collection of material on Western American history possessed by the Bancroft Library

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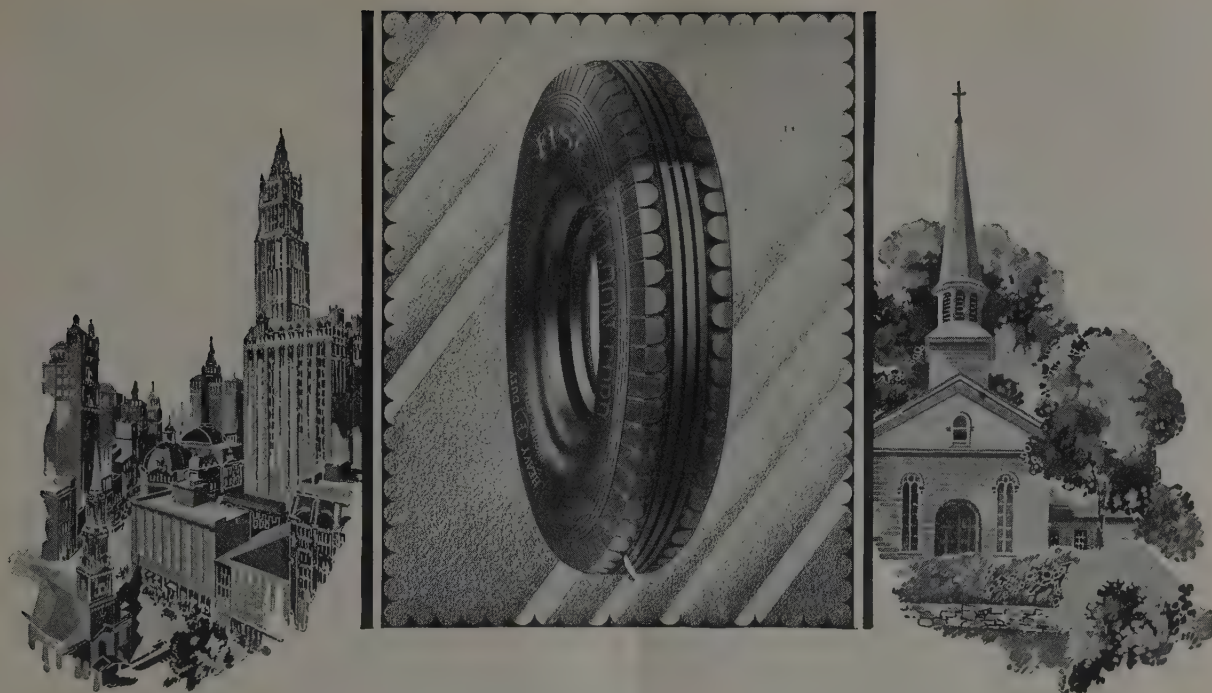
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TOURING TOPICS

AUGUST, 1928



THE CONTAGION OF IDEALS

IN a world taunted by cynics, gentle and otherwise, smugly gloating over the power of evil and the frailty of good, it is comforting to witness, now and then, the negation of their pessimistic doctrines. Despite their dour philosophy one discovers, if one observes closely, that virtue triumphs with a surprising frequency. Evil may be infectious, but good, on the other hand, is contagious.

There is the matter of ideals which seem to be the essence of the substantial growth of stable individuals and institutions alike—the ideals, for instance, of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

Nearly thirty years ago this Club came into being with but two assets. These were the *idea* of performing certain definite functions for the then modest and venturesome coterie of motorists in Southern California, and the *ideal* of performing these functions honestly, efficiently, courteously and economically.

The wisdom of the idea and the potency of the ideals have proven themselves through the years. As it gradually reached pre-eminence as America's largest automobile club, it furnished the model for numerous similar organizations. Its sane and sound attitude toward road building, insurance for motorists, public safety, the posting of highways, have inspired emulation in communities remote from its normal field of operation.

The contagion of the Club's ideals has spread with an incredible rapidity across miraculous distances. Its influence is manifested over gradually increasing concentric circles every year.

Two recent occurrences point these remarks. In March a party of Club officials

inspected a proposed highway from Nogales to Guaymas, Mexico. A report on the relative merits of various locations, suggested methods of construction and allied problems, was presented to Governor Fausto Topete, of Sonora, early in April. As this is written, less than ninety days thereafter, work is proceeding on the project along the lines that Club officials recommended. Incidentally, the alacrity with which this task was undertaken refutes the common conception of Mexicans as a procrastinating people, lacking both enterprise and diligence.

A year ago another group of Club officials inspected certain roads of Southwestern Colorado at the behest of public-spirited citizens. Recommendations were made for the improvement of several routes. In a recent issue of *Colorado Highways*, the official publication of the Colorado State Highway Department, is contained a notice of the awarding of a contract for the construction of one of the roads examined. The following significant comment accompanies the notice:

"The contract calls for the gravel surfacing of sixteen miles of roadway south of Cortez. . . . Back of a connection with this road is the Automobile Club of Southern California, and marks the real beginning of Colorado and Southern California joining in the movement to attract motorists."

Here are two noteworthy achievements born of the influence of this Club. But they are, in fact, no more than symbols—symbols of the communicability of that intangible but much more powerful factor, the high ideals of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

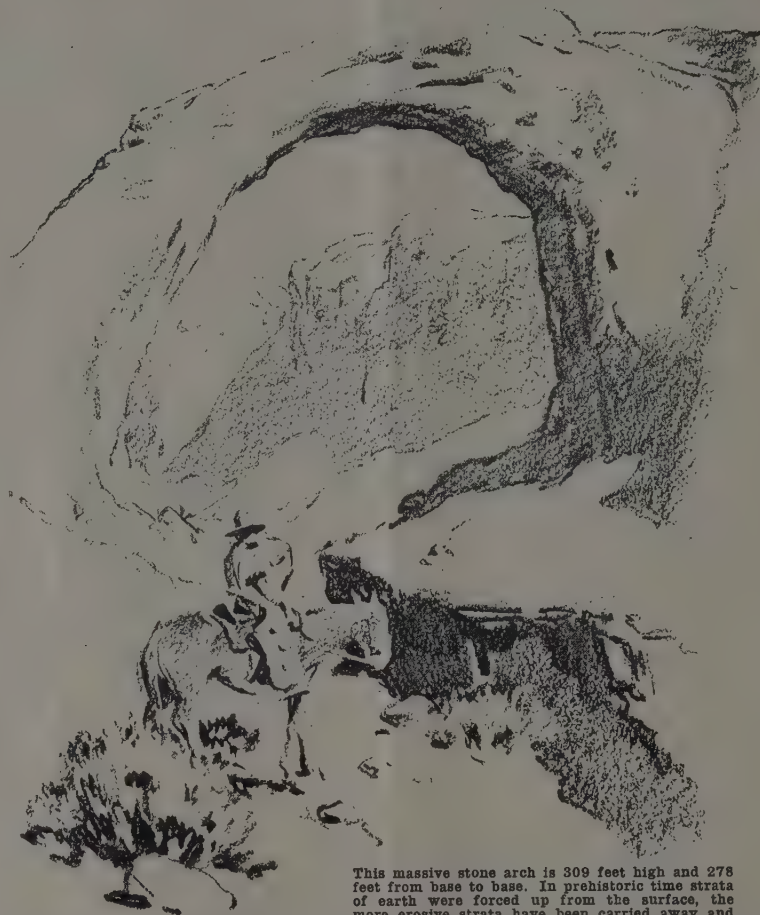
The Rainbow

CAST IN STONE

FOR US, the Rainbow Trail began at Beverly Hills of a noon last summer. That night we slept at Needles, by the yellow flood of the mighty Colorado. Next evening we watched the golden Arizona sun sink through the purple gulf of the vast, mysterious, awe-inspiring Grand Canyon. Eastward we drove at sun-up, along the Little Colorado's lofty rim, through Melgosa Petrified Forest, among dinosaur tracks, across the Painted Desert and past Hopi Indian villages to Inscription House Lodge, in the long evening shadow of Navajo Mountain. Away again at sunrise, we arrived at Rainbow Lodge in mid-morning.

We had left our automobile at Inscription House Lodge and proceeded in Stanton Borum's lighter car. Borum, be it explained, is part owner of a chain of five trading posts on the Navajo Reservation, those at Cameron on the Little Colorado, Kaibito, Leupp, Inscription House Lodge and Rainbow Lodge.

The Hualpi, Havalapai, Navajo and Ute Indian Reservations; Grand Canyon, Zion and Bryce Canyon National Parks; together with Kaibab and San Francisco Peaks National Forests are scattered over an area as large as New York State or Illinois, an undeveloped country without a mile of railroad, few highways and almost no white population. This territory, with Navajo Mountain toward the center, lies partially in Arizona—two-thirds



This massive stone arch is 309 feet high and 278 feet from base to base. In prehistoric time strata of earth were forced up from the surface, the more erosive strata have been carried away and today a natural bridge remains

Great natural bridge of Northern Arizona is one of America's many scenic wonders—

By Henry H. Cawthorne

Drawings by Charles Hamilton Owens

of which great State is still public domain—and partially in Utah.

To people who live in settled communities the map of this section of the West is deceiving in that it shows what seem to be good sized towns, such as Cameron, Tuba City and Red Lake, within the area. But

Cameron consists of a store where the Indians barter, called a trading post, an Indian hogan, placed there solely to please the infrequent tourist, and half a dozen neat little empty bungalows for the accommodation of chance travelers, too civilized to sleep outdoors under the stars. The total population, white and Indian, man, woman and child may be counted on one's fingers. Tuba City is an Indian School with a white population no larger than that at Cameron.

Red Lake is a waterhole on the desert where the Indians water their flocks of sheep. Its entire white population eats and sleeps in one big, circular, open room, the second floor of the trading post. On our way in, we stopped at the waterhole to drink and did not climb the hill to the post. Later, we found that we had committed a grave social error in passing a trading post without visiting an hour or two at least with the traders. On our way back we atoned for our *faux pas* and enjoyed a most delightful visit. This upstairs, circular living room is as round as a dollar and about fifty feet across. One segment is the kitchen, with a sink which has running water, pumped

up the hill by a gasoline motor; cook-stove and big iceless refrigerator; iceless, because it is cooled through a system of constantly dripping water that is carried all over the outside of the huge cooler by the canvas covering.

Another segment is the bedroom. An-

other is the library; that is, it has a table and wall-shelves, numerous magazines and books of travel. In the middle of the room is the dining-table, and what a feast was spread there for us! The rafters and wall spaces between windows are hung with beautiful Navajo rugs and baskets.

Below is the store, where the stock is made up mostly of the things Indians need. A general store in the Old South has a sign, "Cheese, Axe-Helves and Inks." None of these lines of merchandise are leaders in a trading-post stock, but the merchandise they do carry seemed as strange to our eyes—sombrosos, saddle-bags and canteens.

This is a country of vast distances. Coconino County, Arizona, is the largest county in the United States, larger than the States of Vermont and New Hampshire combined. A section of land, 640 acres, which is a square mile, is no bigger than a pocket handkerchief, in the Navajo country. Nobody seems to know, within twenty-five miles or so, where the boundary line between Arizona and Utah runs, or whether Rainbow Lodge and the great bridge are in one State or the other. What few roads there are are not signed as are the roads in California, where the two great auto clubs have done such remarkable work.

At Rainbow Lodge we had penetrated to the heart of a country more primitive than we had dreamed still existed in the United States, a sky-high, arid, multi-colored land, where the Indians speak no English. Using the soft, musical tongue of the Navajos, the few scattered traders barter silver dollars and gaudy beads for skins, wool and Navajo rugs from the crude looms of the natives. It is a virgin country, untouched by modern commercialism, steeped in the romance and tradition of ancient cliff-dwellers, the Spanish conquistadores, redmen, pioneers and cowboys of the open range.

The peaceful Hopi Indians claim to be descendants of the cliff-dwellers. The cliff-dwellers were driven into the canyons, they explain, by war-like tribes, such as the Piutes and Apaches. Certainly the present day houses of the Hopis built of flat stones, with adobe for mortar, tied and braced with slender tree-trunks, are much like the ruins that abound in the canyons. The nomadic, gypsy-like Navajos build no such houses. Each Navajo family lives by itself in a hogan, a mud and wicker hut, with its low doorway always facing the rising sun. Even these barbarous huts are too civilized for the Navajo in summer. When spring comes he moves his family into a hogan made of a few twisted sticks stuck in a circle and bent to a point at the top like an Eskimo igloo, or camps out under a low, spreading cedar or piñon, which,

hung with rugs and skins, becomes a breezy, openwork hogan, protection enough for a Navajo from the hot mid-day sun and cold night air of the mile-high Arizona mesa.

The traders say the Navajo squaws do most of the work and own the flocks of sheep, goats and sheep-goats which are their sole source of subsistence. The men own the wiry little Indian ponies, ten or twenty or more apiece, that range half-wild among the canyons. Man, woman or child is seldom seen on foot away from the hogan; they live on horseback.

The Hopis are a people of short, squat stature. The Navajos are taller, but still a small people compared with the whites. Doing little work and seldom walking afoot, their hands and feet are tiny. All wear close-fitting moccasins of soft skins, closing about the ankle with buttons made of ten-cent pieces. The women swathe their shins and ankles in bulky wrappings, so that their feet seem no larger than the bound feet of Chinese women. Most of the men wear blue denim overalls, home-made black velveteen blouses and gay sashes and headbands, while the women delight in gaudy, gypsy-like flowing skirts, nondescript bodices and shawls, red and yellow kerchiefs and necklaces of showy beads.

As recently as 1923 the only route to Rainbow Bridge was by pack-train from Kayenta, a round trip of 180 miles on mule-back, requiring at least two weeks' time. John Wetherill, discoverer of Rainbow Bridge, continues to take parties in that way and for outdoor, saddle-broken folks with plenty of time on their hands it is an ideal trip. A few hardy, or foolhardy, souls even hike in, but a distressingly large proportion of these adventurers have to be rescued and brought out by Rainbow Lodge guides.

The road we took, from the Kayenta turn-off five miles east of Red Lake, to Rainbow Lodge, a distance of fifty-six desert miles, was built by Indians paid by Mr. Borum and his partners, in 1924. Although privately built at considerable expense, no toll is charged. For a long time no route could be found between Navajo and Piute Canyons for this roadway, but finally the Indians showed Mr. Borum an ancient trail, the only way in.

Road building consists mostly of grub-

bing out the brush and small trees. A few boulders are rolled aside and occasionally the top of a sand dune is shoveled through or the bottom of an arroyo filled in a little. Where the trail winds and twists over miles of bare, wind-swept ledges, Mr. Borum has painted arrows on the rock, so that the wayfarer, overtaken by night or storm, will not plunge off into the depths of the canyon. The famous Ridge Route in the mountains between Los Angeles and Bak-ersfield in its roughest, earlier days, never had the hairpin turns, sand-traps, precipitous grades, hair-raising heights and breath-taking depths of this ridge route that toils its tortured way along a knife-edge hog-back; this thin, high ribbon of rock that separates the head of Piute Canyon from the head of Navajo Canyon and alone offers a precarious foothold to the traveler.

As we banged along in the swaying rear seat, Mr. Borum driving, we had to admire the skill with which he negotiated the difficulties of the road, skimmed the high centers and skidded the car around the switchbacks, much of the time in intermediate or low gear on twenty to thirty per cent grades. Balloon tires with almost no air in them (he said none at all!) buoyed the light car over the drifts of flour-like sand that bury all tracks after each frequent windstorm. And where the Navajos' flocks had fed along the way, their small, sharp hoofs pitting the dusty ruts, the road disappeared and our bumpy progress slowed down to a snail's pace.

Our arrival at Rainbow Lodge, perched 6400 feet above sea-level on the western slope of Navajo Mountain, was spectacular. The snow-capped peaks of the San Francisco mountains had sunk, hour by hour, down to the horizon level behind us in the south, while dark, solitary, forbidding Navajo Mountain towered higher and higher above us. A sort of noise-symphony of auto-horns (one car and one truck), cowboy yells, the "hee-haw" of mules spurred into vocal complaint, and our own excited greetings filled our ears while our eyes were filled with flying sand from suddenly braked auto wheels and mules' heels as guides threw their mounts back on their haunches. Only the stoical Indians kept silent, watching shyly.

The truck we found at the Lodge had brought in mail, as well as merchandise, the day before, so we asked where the nearest post-office was located.

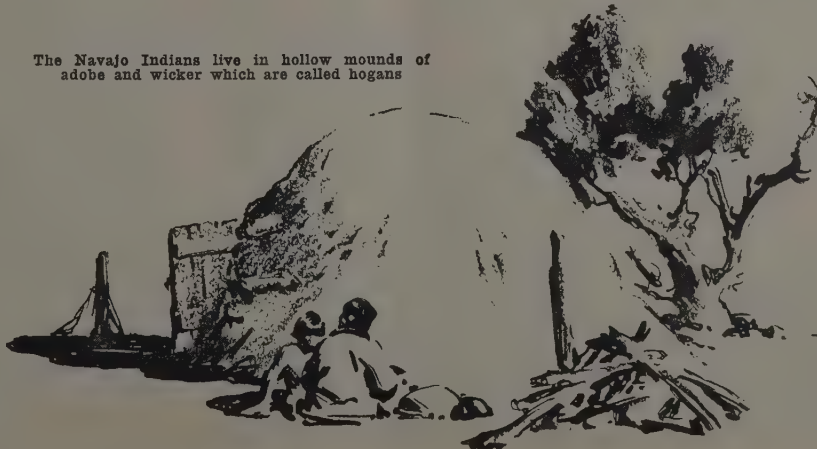
"Kayenta, only a hundred miles away, has a postoffice, but our mail address is Tonalia, which is the Indian name for Red Lake," we were informed.

"But Tonalia has no postoffice."

"Oh, no indeed, but anyone coming up from Flagstaff brings the mail for the trading posts."

The mail contained

The Navajo Indians live in hollow mounds of adobe and wicker which are called hogans



Los Angeles and Flagstaff papers, a month old, and a few letters, one bringing an order for a very fine Navajo ring, from a Boston lady who had been at the Lodge. The people at the Lodge were curiously unconcerned about the mail, late as it was. Their's is so satisfactory a life, little matters, such as a month's delay in the arrival of the mail, do not weigh heavily with them.

The trucking is done by a Hopi Indian, Walter Lewis, who, according to Indian custom, has been to the government Indian school for at least one day and there acquired a Christian name; of which the Indians are exceedingly proud.

In every trading-post there is a closet or cupboard in which the trader keeps the pledged finery of the Indians. The belts, saddle and bridle ornaments, necklaces, rings, ear-rings and other jewelry, made chiefly of cunningly hammered Mexican silver dollars, belonging to a single seemingly impoverished Navajo, sometimes run into hundreds of dollars in value. The custom is for the Indian to leave most of his finery with the trader as security for loans. At times, the borrower may come riding in from his hogan, perhaps a hundred miles distant, with a few hides, a beautiful Navajo rug or a few pounds of wool rolled in a blanket, to make a payment against his indebtedness. Interest is unheard of, as no Indian understands it.

At other times, an Indian and his family,

bringing all their possessions on their ponies, will quietly appear at the trading-post, make camp, enter the post and sit down on the floor without a word being said. Hours later, the trader may slowly reach out his hand and gently take the Indian's in the Navajo greeting, which is hardly a handshake, merely a slow touching of outstretched hands. Then the trader will quite likely give the Indian a single cigarette—only one, because the unwritten law forbids giving the Indian more since, in their credulous way Indians think one gift simply calls for another, to the entire cessation of what little effort they now put forth to live.

The Indian will produce his own match from within his blouse, strike it on the trader's new showcase, or the spotless paint-job of your car, take a few slow puffs and finally speak in the soft, murmuring, musical Navajo language. He may spend several days at the trading-post, most of the time sitting on the floor where he can enjoy the sight of his pledged ornaments in the open closet where they hang and then quietly go his way without selling or buying anything or making a payment on his loan or trying to borrow further. He may disappear for years and a tourist may finally

inveigle the trader into selling to him the Indian's jewelry, as the white man's law allows, after a certain length of time. And then the day may come when a gun-barrel slides through the window of the trading post, touches the trader's side and explodes. No trader is ever wounded; death cannot miss at such close range. What justifies the Navajo in the eyes of the Great Spirit when he takes such extreme vengeance for the loss of his cherished panoply of silver and wampum and bright beads no white man's mind can understand.

Yet the Navajo is very gentle with children and slow to anger. A Ute from farther north (there are a few Utes around the Navajo reservation), a quarrelsome fellow, as many Utes are, suddenly pounced on a Navajo and beat him unmercifully. White men pulled him off and asked the Navajo why he did not strike back.

"I was not angry with him, I have no quarrel with him," was the answer, and they let it go at that, since the white man's mind cannot fathom that of the Indian.

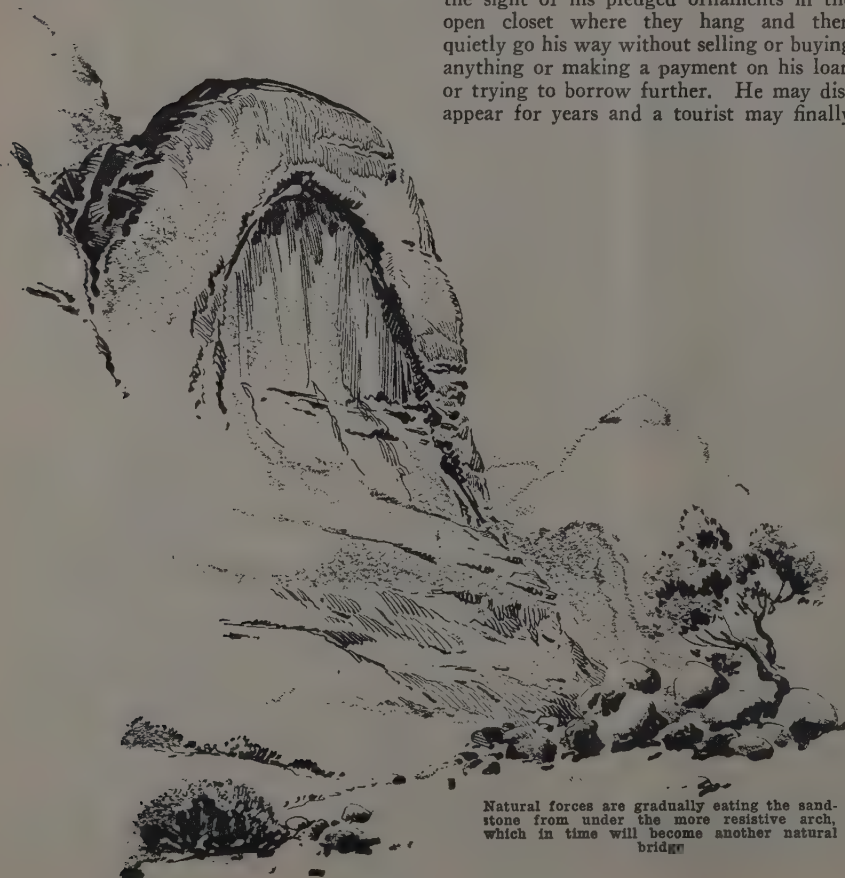
We saw a Navajo purchase a little seedling orange, the kind we buy for twenty-five cents a bucketful in Los Angeles to make our morning and evening glass of orange juice, for five cents, and divide it up among his two wives and several children so that each had a tiny piece, while he went without. Another was paid six silver dollars for a bundle of wool and his first purchase was a string of beads, four dollars, for his daughter. Silver dollars are the only form of money these Indians recognize, and they invariably spend all they receive before leaving the trading-post.

Life is ordered along somewhat feudal lines at Rainbow Lodge. Mrs. Borum, queen of the demesne, cannot lift her hand to do a stroke of work, not even to stoop to pick up her handkerchief, should she drop it, since her husband, or a cowboy guide, is always at her side to serve her and protect her in all ways.

Rough work, such as building the post and making trail is done by Indians, who



The Canyon of the Little Colorado River appears as a large fissure in the barren sand- and lime-stone wastelands



Natural forces are gradually eating the sandstone from under the more resistive arch, which in time will become another natural bridge



work a few days, take their pay, always in silver dollars, spend it, and depart. Sometimes they will drop in, arrange to do some little task, then disappear instead of going to work and they may not show up again for a year. Work is very distasteful to a Navajo buck.

The Lodge has a plentiful supply of pure spring water, brought down the mountain side in a stone-lined conduit built by the prehistoric race whose houses are found not only in the crevices of the canyons but also scattered on the flat tops of every butte that rises above the level of the mesa, and there are hundreds of such buttes around the Lodge. The terraced corn and pumpkin fields of the mysterious vanished people can still be traced in front of the trading-post.

Navajo girls are taught rug-weaving from the time they can walk. Their first lessons are on little weaving frames the size of a schoolboy's slate and the crude, pathetic little wisps of rug they first produce are seen hanging around hogans and trading-posts. After some practice, the child can weave a piece perhaps six inches wide and twenty long, that makes an excellent saddle-girth. As they grow older, they make good looking little rugs, and as many years bring skill, full-size rugs of varying quality and beauty, according to their liking for the art of weaving.

No two Navajo rugs are ever alike, as the patterns are carried only in the weaver's mind. Patterns are varied by every passing whim and by the quantities of various colored wools on hand. Even the expert weavers differ greatly in skill, but the choice large rugs we saw among the bales and on the walls in these remote trading-posts were alone worth coming to see. Every one of these choice pieces had, in a corner, the Devil Thread—a strand of the body color, perhaps gray or white, running out through the black or red border to the very edge of the rug, so the devil can get out. Since the younger squaws are not always particular to put in the Devil Thread, it is to be

feared that the Evil One may extend his influence through their neglect.

Rainbow Lodge has no wash-day. The laundry is sent to Flagstaff, 167 miles over the desert! Your cowboy does not patronize the laundry extensively, however. When anything washable finally wears out, he buys and dons a new article and nonchalantly casts the old aside. Clothes cost the cowboy quite a sum. Boots, four-gallon hats, chaps and other articles of clothing are expensive and do not last long under the rough usage they are subjected to.

Henry Smith, our guide, a Texas cowpuncher since he was six years old, never darkened a schoolhouse door after reaching that age. He told us—in one of his bursts of embarrassed loquacity indulged in by cowboys between long spells of silence—that the only article in his possession at present that had been his for as long as a year was his saddle and the only problem bothering him was how to find someone who would relieve him, through purchase or exchange, of an article he had loved at first but had completely tired of through keeping it too long.

Jigo (pronounced Jaygo, why, no one knows) Caraway, also a six-footer, Henry's elder by about six months, just up from the Texas ranges where cowpunching is too hard work, looking for an easy job as a dude wrangler, was picked up by Mr. Borum at Flagstaff just before our arrival. Flagstaff is affectionately referred to as "Flag" by Jigo and the Flagstaffians. Jigo was to go into the Bridge with us on his maiden voyage, to learn the ropes as a guide in this extraordinary network of canyons. He still had \$2.40 in cash with him when he hired out to Mr. Borum, which fact seemed to count heavily against him in his own mind since, as he explained in his delightful Texas drawl, he always spent *all* his money between jobs. His caution in accepting employment before his capital was near exhaustion seemed to be due to his having drifted into a strange land, away

from his native Texas, where he wouldn't be guilty of going to work with money still in his pocket.

Both Henry and Jigo have worked months on end as cooks in the chuck-wagons of one Texan cow outfit after another and Henry, with his Dutch oven, is the champion of all biscuit makers, as witness various entries in the great register that lies securely in its iron box under the north buttress of Rainbow Bridge, and sundry laudatory paragraphs in the writings and printed reminiscences of dudes he has wrangled in to the Bridge and safely out again, but while you love him for his hot biscuits his regard for you will be established on a gift of chocolates in the sort of a box you win throwing balls at the trigger that shoots the little pigs down the slide at your nearest amusement resort.

Luncheon over, we mounted our mules, Topsy and Judy, for the journey to the Bridge—Henry ahead, Jigo bringing up the rear. Jigo said he once trailed a party down Bright Angel Trail at Grand Canyon where the head guide led one of the mules with a halter. A timid lady in the party asked the guide to let her ride that mule, so she would feel safer, with him leading it, so the guide obligingly helped her up. It is a cardinal principle among guides to let the dudes do as they please, since they are paying customers, as long as they do not exactly put their lives in jeopardy with their foolishness and so bring discredit to the dude-ranch.

The timid lady enjoyed her trip down Bright Angel Trail, even when her mule stretched his neck, as all mules do, out over the edge at the sharpest turns where the chasm is deepest to nibble at a blade of grass or a twig. At the bottom she thanked the guide profusely and asked him why he always led the first mule.

"I don't, madam," he drawled, "but that mule's stone-blind!"

The timid lady rimmed out on another mount.

The guides take turns making the trip to the Bridge with guests and it was Henry's trip to go in. Jigo went as a supernumerary, although he claimed he would be useful to pick up the saddle-horns as we pulled them off at the steeper places.

This recently made trail zig-zags up and down the craggy buttresses of Navajo Mountain, whose peak rises 10,416 feet above sea-level, circling slowly around from the southern towards the westerly slopes.

Reaching the summit of the trail overlooking Cliff Canyon, the half-way point, after noon, we stopped for a cold lunch and then plunged down 2500 feet into the abyss of the canyon. Saddle weary and with stabbing, racking pains in our knees, backs and other vulnerable spots, from the pitching and wrenching of the laboring mules as they snorted and struggled up and down, up and down, we welcomed the short level stretch of the valley floor and drank heartily, followed by the mules, in the first pools of water on the trail.

Then a turn into a narrow chasm under beetling cliffs thousands of feet high and we were climbing a mountain of debris in the

dark defile of Red Bud Pass. When first discovered this pass was so constricted by the encroaching cliffs that at one place a loaded mule could not get in and riders had to dismount and remove saddlebags to squeeze the mules through. Only by dint of considerable blasting has the way been widened to a scant three or four feet at this "Fat man's misery." Just past the narrowest point Henry suddenly dismounted, picked up something and threw it ahead where the pass widened.

"What was that?" came a call from the rear of the cavalcade.

"Nothing but a stick of dynamite," drawled the Texan, breaking into one of the cowboy spirituals he sings so well.

Red Bud Pass opens into Bridge Canyon, wide and level, with clumps of trees, acres of wildflowers, running water, alternate sunshine and shade, a succession of Yosemite, through which we leisurely enjoyed the easy going after toiling up and down the mountain sides. In the sheltered recess under a great overhanging wall Henry showed us prehistoric colored drawings and rock pictures which he said were hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, old. Some of the figures were readily seen to represent men, deer, mountain sheep and goats. Our guide deciphered other markings for us, such as zig-zags for water, the sun-disk, the four-armed sign for the four points of the compass or the four corners of the earth and so on. But other of the vari-colored inscriptions were beyond Henry's knowledge and, so he said, beyond the ken of several learned professors who had studied them under his guidance.

El Capitan appeared around every turn of the broad, deep canyon. Thousands of years of water and wind erosion have carved some of the cliffs into gigantic architectural and even animal-like formations, one of them being a startling likeness of a charging elephant, a thousand feet tall and of a deep red color.

One more sharp climb, a sudden twist in the trail around an out-thrust buttress of the rock wall and the great bridge reared its sweeping arch of pink sandstone against the early evening sky, a miracle in stone, curving from one massive pier up and over and down against the opposite canyon wall—Sublime, eternal, a rainbow turned to stone.

It was growing dark. The thin crescent moon swam under the arch with Venus close by and through the interlacing boughs of an old cottonwood tree we saw the bridge, framed between sheer cliffs reaching into the starry sky, a Japanese print, magnified a thousandfold without losing anything of its exquisite proportions and coloring.

In what remained of the short western twilight we started to make camp, ate dinner by the camp-fire and slept under the stars in a natural amphitheatre of Babylonian proportions, upstream from the Bridge.

Next morning we were up with the sun and ate heartily of Henry's biscuits with bacon and eggs. Thus fortified, we hiked down to the bridge and once under its

spell we forgot lunch and did not leave until the crescent moon again sank under the arch, that night.

It is easy to appreciate the beauty of the bridge, but almost impossible to get a true idea of its vast size, either from photographs or in its presence. The reason seems to be that everything around the bridge is also built on the tremendous scale of Navajo Mountain and the lofty canyon walls that rise at least 3000 feet straight up around Rainbow Bridge.

Thrown squarely across the chasm of Bridge Canyon, at a point 4000 feet above sea-level, seven miles up from the Colorado River, the Bridge is 309 feet high under the arch and spans 278 feet between the abutments. The stone arch is only twenty-seven feet thick at the top and of a true rainbow curve on both the upper and under sides, not flat topped, as are most natural



The Hopi Indian is of a short, squat stature and claims to be descendant of the cliff dwellers, whose ancient abodes are similar to the stone and adobe communal houses of the Hopis

bridges. It also lies in the natural position of the rainbow, against the western sky, if the observer is upstream and against the eastern sky if one sees it from downstream. The Department of the Interior publishes a booklet about our national monuments, of which Rainbow Bridge has been one since May 30, 1910, that says: "If it could be arched over the dome of the Capitol at Washington there would still be room to spare." Two Los Angeles limit-height buildings could be piled, one on top of the other, and placed under the Bridge.

John Wetherill of Kayenta was the first white man to report seeing the Bridge, in 1909, although the Indians say that a party of three white men saw it many years ago. They may have been Spanish explorers or pioneer traders, looking for a way to cross the Colorado River.

On a stone bench under the Bridge the government has placed a large, flat metal box, to protect the official register containing the names of all who have visited the Bridge. We registered on lines numbered from 738 to 741. Henry's name appears on previous pages; other guides, explorers and authors have registered on from two to half a dozen trips and John Wetherill has been in and signed ten or more times. Counting each visitor but once, it is apparent that not more than five hundred white persons and hardly more than half that number from outside Coconino County have

as yet seen this largest and most beautiful of all natural bridges.

After each signature and address the great register allows space for remarks and many of the visitors' claims to fame are interesting and amusing, as "The first white man to pass under the Bridge," "First woman to see it," "First man on top of the Bridge," "First white woman to drink black coffee under the Bridge," "First woman to stand on her head on top of the Bridge," and others no less unique, some quaintly illustrated with thumb-nail sketches. The register also contains a short history of all that is known about the Bridge.

Reading the register, taking photographs and studying the Bridge and its harmonious setting from all angles and vantage spots consumed several hours of our time. We then started to climb to the top and discovered that to be the only way to get an adequate conception of its tremendous bulk.

The Bridge can be climbed from one point only, starting about a mile downstream. Creeping up cracks in the cliffs on hands and knees, clawing up vertical rock wall by the aid of hand-holds chiseled out by the guides, after two hours of strenuous effort we finally reached the top. Henry had brought a thirty-foot rope and pulled us up over the worst places. It is doubtful if we could have made it without his help. Henry is an extraordinary cowpuncher; he has put rubber soles and iron heel-plates on his regulation cowboy boots, something we had never heard or read of before, and he is a born Alpinist. At times we felt that those trick boots were all that stood between us and eternity.

John, however, is pure Texas cowboy with no trace of the mountaineer in his makeup. He made the climb without complaint, but on arriving at the bottom he threw his four-gallon hat on the ground and swore vehemently that there wasn't enough money in the whole dude-wrangling business ever to tempt him to climb it again.

In the still, light air of the long afternoon under the Bridge the cold, crystal-clear water lying in rock-bound pools of the riverbed invited us, so we all went in bathing. The dry air of Arizona makes one want to drink all the time and we were always thirsty when we were not submerged in the pool or in slumber. But the thirst of the high altitudes is delectable; water tastes better than wine was ever said to taste by the best of bon vivants and poets.

Sun-up found us on the homeward trail. Our hearts fell with our last look at the majestic Bridge as we turned the corner of the canyon. The best we can do now is plan to return, stay a week under the arch, explore Navajo Canyon, where Indians say there is another bridge never yet visited by white men, and hundreds of unknown cliff-dwellings with utensils and ornaments lying untouched just as they were left when their ancient makers departed. We shall see that deep groove the Indians tell of finding in the sandstone ledge, looking as if a great plow had turned a single furrow there, thousands of years ago, a groove that marks the trail of a giant dinosaur as he roamed the shore, dragging his monstrous tail.



Left—Roaring River Canyon as seen from the north end of Moraine Ridge. Dead-man's and Cloudy canyons lie hidden among the distant peaks

back full of pep to tackle another year. Those who essay the latter course, in the writer's opinion, derive the greatest profit from their vacation. They go where they please, do what they please, and are responsible to nobody, and yet their vacation lacks one thing to make it a *complete holiday*.

By way of explanation, every man, whether a worker or an idler, spends about fifty out of the fifty-two weeks associating with other people, whether friends of his own choosing, business acquaintances, or merely the countless thousands who pass to and fro on the city streets. At work, at home, on the street,

WHERE THE *Roaring River* ROARS

By C. L. Bowman

NEARLY every one whose year's labor is rewarded with an annual vacation looks forward to this delightful period with great expectancy, and joyfully lays plans on how it shall be spent. I once heard an office manager state that his employees were "six months getting ready for the coveted two weeks, and it took them six months more to recover from the effects." Perhaps it is not as bad as that, but at any rate, most of us spend considerable time pouring over resort guides and folders, road maps, hotel directories, our bank accounts, and the like.

The great variety of ways and means adopted to spend this time of "rest" attests the diversity of man's taste in pleasure seeking. Many people stay at home to engage in various domestic occupations. As these

tasks provide a change from the usual line of work, they doubtless afford as much of a vacation as any. Then there are the lakes and rivers, the woods, ocean trips, the well-known seashore and mountain resorts, Uncle Sam's parks and forests, and countless other recreation centers. The most popular means of reaching such long anticipated pleasure spots is, of course, the automobile.

Some motorists drive to a chosen resort and "stay put" until their allotted time is up; however, the desire of the true automobile tourist seems to be to take in as much territory as he can possibly cover in two weeks, whether he follows a premeditated route, or just "goes", without any particular objective. In either case his short-lived holiday is refreshing and he comes



A snow field covering the rocks near the summit of Miner's Pass on July 1

he is never alone, yet in most cases he purposely chooses a vacation resort where more people await him. He seems not to realize that Uncle Sam has set aside large tracts of mountainous country and beautiful forest land, to be kept in its natural state for his particular benefit. Not more than one in twenty takes advantage of the national parks and forests which have been provided in such profusion and protected so ably. Perhaps the so-called rigors of trail life do not appeal to the other nineteen, but there are those who are tempted, and stick to the

roads because, having never been in the mountains, they hesitate to invade strange territory. They fail to realize the simplicity of something which story book reading has led them to believe difficult. They fail to consider that the mountains are full of trails nearly as easy to follow as city sidewalks. Whoever has the desire needs only to "pack in" to the High Sierra once to discover the simplicity of the undertaking, and to become thereafter a frequent visitor through sheer love of this magnificent range so conveniently located for Californians, and so worth while to visitors from all parts of the country.



The Whaleback, a mammoth monolith that provides a study in precipitous symmetry in Cloudy Canyon, photographed at sunrise

While the greatest valley in California is broiling in the heat of the summer sun, a heavy bank of haze hangs to the eastward, obscuring the distance like dull gray fog. Beyond this stifling curtain the cool moist breath of early spring caresses the majestic peaks of the High Sierra. Myriads of multi-colored alpine flowers nod in the fresh breeze which fitfully ripples the luxuriant grass of the damp green meadows.

Laughing creeks of icy water dance merrily through the silent forests. The true mountain enthusiast itches to feel the soft earth of the trail beneath his hobnailed boots, for the Sierra is at its best, and who, having once seen the high country, is not a mountain enthusiast?

Seventy-five miles east of Dinuba, near the edge of the San Joaquin Valley, lies a cool refreshing mountain district known as the Roaring River country. Fifty miles of the distance can be covered by automobile over a good dirt road which takes one through the rolling barren foothills into the

heavy timber, and on up to Big Meadows at the 7600-foot level. Pack animals and saddle stock can be obtained at Big Meadows at a nominal cost, and the balance of the journey is an easy two-day trip by horse or afoot. Excellent trails are easily followed through typical Sierra scenery of this altitude (7,500 to 9,000 feet), beautiful beyond description. Rowell Meadow, 11 miles; Comanche Meadow, 15 miles, or Sugarloaf Meadow, about 17 miles, offer convenient stop-over places for the first night, with an abundance of feed for one's horses.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, the weary traveler comes out on the north end of Moraine Ridge after a short climb and looks down on the valley of the Roaring River. The rumbling waters dash white and turbulent, far below, filling the forest with their roar. The lacy pines in the foreground frame a distant vista of rocky snow-clad peaks, dimly disclosing the mysterious entrance to Cloudy Canyon, and perhaps Deadman's Canyon,

where the forks of the river collide in their mad dash from the snow and ice above.

Turning to the right, the trail descends sharply to the floor of the valley, and after two or three miles in the cool afternoon shadow of the ridge above, one comes suddenly upon the green sward of Scaffold Meadow nestling shyly on the banks of the foaming cataract, deep in the mute solitude of the forest. Excellent camp sites abound on every side, and the clean white waters of the river blend their ceaseless thunder with the peaceful solitude of the canyon.

Above Scaffold Meadow a mile or so, a rounded mountain shoulder marks the forking of the river, where two gushing creeks emerge from diverging canyons like a huge "V". These streams make the leaping streak of froth and foam that booms and echoes from cliff to cliff in its mad race from the snow fields above. Tearing through the meadow, the river continues its turbulent course for several miles until at last it drops through an impassable box canyon, and falls with a deafening roar to the canyon of the Kings River, 5,000 feet below its source a few miles distant.

In following the river to its source, the commoner route is up the western fork through Deadman's Canyon, which, with one exception, outdoes its rival somewhat in spectacular beauty and wild bleak grandeur. This exceptional gem of beauty is the "Whaleback," the most magnificent peak in Cloudy Canyon.

When visiting this section, the author and his party were anxious to get into



A view of the Great Western Divide from Miner's Pass. The Kaweah River may be faintly discerned in the lower center; Lion Lake and Glacier Lake on the left; Lion Rock in the center; and the Kaweah peaks on the extreme right

Deadman's Canyon, and as our time was somewhat limited we determined to see the Whaleback in half a day, returning to camp at Scaffold Meadow for lunch and moving up Deadman's Canyon during the afternoon. Accordingly we left camp about 4:00 o'clock in the morning and followed the east fork of the river into Cloudy Canyon by moonlight. It was bitterly cold. The trail was poor at the start, and the lower end of the canyon was overgrown with aspen thickets, making it difficult to pick the best route in the darkness. After the first mile or so the brush thinned out, however, and we were able to follow the trail to our destination without further difficulty.

Sunrise found us at the edge of a large frost-covered, boggy meadow through which the icy waters of the now shrunken creek followed a lazy winding course. On a snowy ridge far ahead, we made out the probable location of Miner's Pass to upper Deadman's Canyon where it crossed a saddle 12,000 feet above the sea. Perhaps two miles ahead, on the east side of the canyon, loomed the precipitous bulk of the Whaleback, its granite crest bathed in the warm glow of the rising sun, and its symmetrical image reflected in a quiet shaded pool at our feet. Across the meadow, beneath the frosty shadow of towering cliffs, a distant tinkle faintly broke the morning stillness, whispering of unseen mountain cattle. Viewed under such conditions the Whaleback remains a thing of beauty forever in the memory of the beholder.

Deadman's, a magnificent canyon eight or nine miles long, is inexpressibly bleak and grand. Ascending southward by a series of huge terraces, its sheer wind-polished granite walls rise almost unbroken from 1500 to 2000 feet. Great juniper trees clinging to the lofty ledges, appear from the trail as stunted shrubs. The waters of the creek dance



A near view of the cirque that walls in the south end of Deadman's Canyon. Roaring River pours over the rock in the center of the picture. Miner's Pass saddle is seen on the skyline

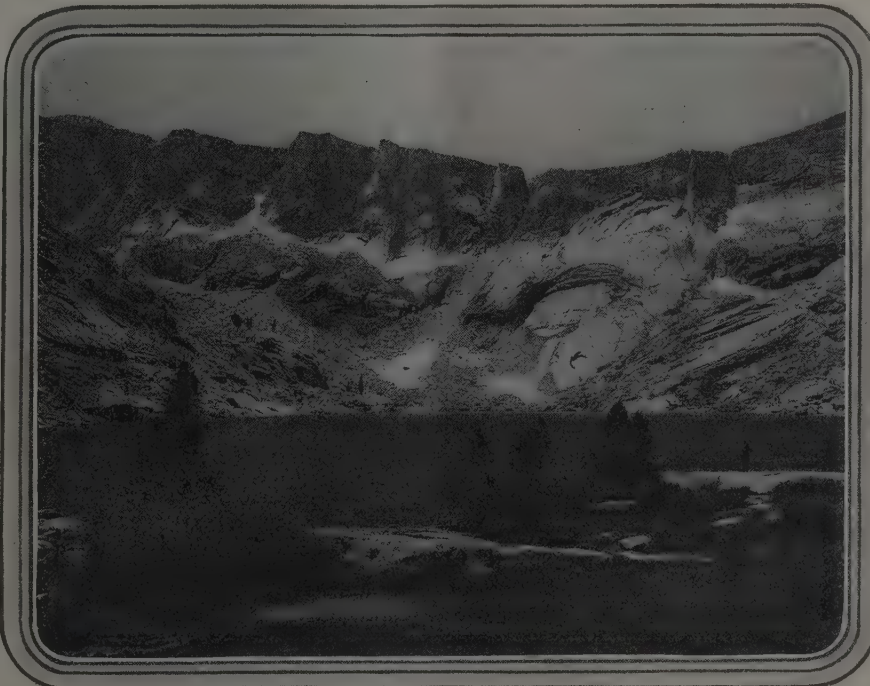
merrily over the terraces, or wind easily through the trees and grasses of the green meadows between. Golden trout, those sparkling beauties that exist only in the icy snow waters of the High Sierra, begin to make their appearance at the 9000-foot-level, and become very numerous as the floor of the canyon reaches 10,000 feet. Still the polished cliffs go up and up, and the dazzling peaks waver in the brilliant sun light.

Three miles from the south end of the canyon a large grove of pines lift their

than 1000 feet into Deadman's Canyon. Two smaller lakes located here are a rendezvous for hundreds of deer at certain seasons.

The last grove, on the floor of the canyon, offers many convenient spots for a base camp from which to explore the wonders round about. Without much trouble, one can construct a good pine needle bed, a small table, seats, fire place, and some of the comforts a semi-permanent camp should have. The elfin outlet of Dollar Lake supplies clear cold water in sufficient quantity, and a meadow above the terrace provides food for the horses.

The south end of Deadman's Canyon is walled in by a cirque which flings itself across from Moraine Ridge to Glacier Ridge in a huge semi-circle. Its summit rises about 1500 feet above the base camp and the snow banks on its slope are the source of the west fork of the Roaring River. Tiny trickles leaving the snow gather to form small rivulets in their rippling course down the slope. Below, these miniature creeks unite to form a sizable stream which gathers force until at last it leaps over a gigantic rock and



Dollar Lake under the brilliant High Sierra sun. As the crow flies it is a full mile from the camera to the top of the cliffs in the background

(CONTINUED ON
PAGE 42)



Tuolumne Meadows, on the Tioga Pass road, which John Muir characterized as one of the most beautiful regions in the entire Sierra

erra. She hadn't cared much about visiting there but "Dad 'lowed if 'twas good 'nough fer the Pres'dent, we'd oughta see it. An' then we thought it'd be kind o' nice to be able to tell Eloise May all about it. Eloise May," she explained to the younger woman, "is my great granddaughter—Effie's Marcella's young 'un. Only five an' pretty's a magazine cover."

Yellowstone was more like something, but "where in tarnation d' yuh s'pose all that water came from?" An obliging ranger had tried to outline to her the fundamentals of geyser action but she freely confessed that it hadn't

"AIN'T Tioga Grand?"

Q You may have traversed the Golden State from Yreka to Ysidro but if you haven't crossed Tioga, you haven't begun to see California—

By Martin Walsh

SHE was one of those ample old souls who would mother the world if she could. She rocked with the scherzo tempo of a perky carousel horse on the apron of pine needles before Carl Inn. A timorous dove, not long a wife, blotted up her monologue with all the deference beauty is admonished to pay to age. A middle-aged woman, who completed the group, bore the brunt of the well-timed verbal barrage.

They had traversed Tioga Pass that very day—the middle-aged one and she who was in her twilight years. And they were reviewing the amazing experiences of that perfect voyage as much for the edification

of the attentive bride who was to make it herself on the morrow, as for the sheer delight of recounting an event fecund with alluring interest.

"Ain't Tioga grand?"

For the fourth or fifth time during the progress of her random discourse, the elderly one thus fervently reverted to her theme. Not since she left Sheboygan, at a time the casual auditor would have inferred was at least half a century past, but which presently developed to have been something like six weeks, had she seen anything to compare with Tioga's scenic elegance. The Black Hills were nice, she'd have to admit, but they "wasn't no shucks" beside the Si-



Mt. Dana, seen across a cove of Tioga Lake

registered, although she'd "seen the Mondays when I c'd ha' used all Ol' Faithful's water. When you raise a family o' nine the weekly wash ain't no joke."

She had stood in no little confusion before regal Rainier, and reflected that "it looked like, oh, a great big scoop o' homemade v'nilla ice-cream like Mis' Jansen used t' make fer the aid sociables." And, "Heavens t' Betsy but wasn't Crater Lake blue?" Reminded her of some of the pictures Frank had painted when he took up that correspondence course in painting he read about in the Fireside Companion.

Yes, there were lots of strange things out

here in this land so far from home. She had collected picture postal cards and when she got home she'd have a lot of things to tell about. Mrs. Rodney needn't carry her nose so high now, just because she'd been down the St. Lawrence River and seen Niagara. But "law, none of 'em can hold a candle t' Tioga."

When they left Mono Lake, Dad had planned to come straight through to Yosemite the same day, but he had no idea they'd stop so often and so long to admire the scenery. Why, it was four o'clock when they reached Tuolumne Meadows and they had made an early start. Funny place, that Mono Lake. She'd read about it in a book by Mark Twain that her oldest daughter Janice had loaned her ten years ago. "Course yuh couldn't b'lieve everything he wrote 'cause he was given t' stretchin' things a little." But she would like to know if the story about the dog falling into the lake and coming out without any hair on account of the soda in the water was true or not. Mono Lake might be beautiful, but she was a little doubtful. But one had to admit that it was awesome. It was just her idea of what the Red Sea must look like and every minute she

had expected to see the waters part and Moses and the children of Israel come marching through.

The names certainly were twisters way out here in the West. Most of them were Indian in origin, she knew, but so, too, were many of those back home. But the Wisconsin names didn't seem half as hard to pronounce as those in California, though she guessed that was because she'd heard

them ever since she was "knee high to a toad." Mono wasn't so bad. Somebody had tired of saying Monache which she understood meant "monkey" and had cut it short. But "Yosemite" and "Tuolumne" were almost more than she could handle.

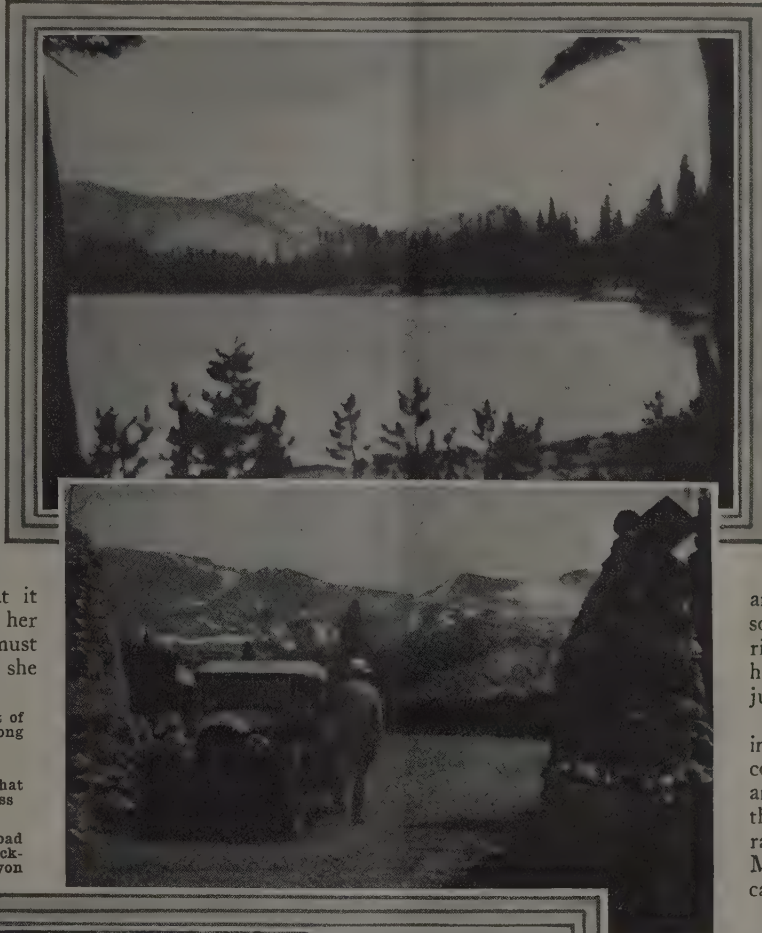
Was she scared coming over the mountains? "Not a mite!" There were a few miles up that canyon—what was it?—oh, yes, Leevining Canyon, where if the automobile had left the road there wouldn't have been anything left of it by the time it reached the bottom. But Dad drove cautiously. He generally did. Once in a while he felt "sort o' skittish like an old horse will" and wasn't as careful as he might be. Not when he was in the mountains, though. And she had noticed that every one else was driving just as cautiously. It was hard to understand why that fellow at the filling station at Mono Lake had been so frightened. You could kill yourself just as easy by falling fifteen feet as fifteen hundred. The Morton boy back home had done it. Driving too fast over Castle Mound, car turned over a bank and killed him before Mr. Hobson, the laundryman, who was right behind him, could get to him. And "Castle Mount was just an anthill."

No, she didn't think Leevining Canyon a bit scary. You could see folks coming for miles and stop in a wide place where they could pass. She'd much rather ride over it than down Michigan Boulevard in Chicago.

And what a sight it was when you got to the top of the canyon and looked on Ellery Lake! The mountains had sort of caved in, it seemed, and it looked just like a blueberry cobbler with the top off, only it was a different blue—more like the blue of a turquoise ring Cousin Ambrose had brought her from the Grand Canyon five years ago. She never had worn it, not being given much to the wearing of jewelry. It was in a safe place, though, and she'd leave it to one of the children.

Dad had stopped at the summit of the pass and made her climb out to have her picture taken. Perhaps it would be good but she doubted it. Fifteen years ago Dad bought a little square camera and the pictures he made were fine. Just as good as you could get in a studio. But a year ago someone had sold him one of those folding affairs with all sorts of gee-gaws on it and he hadn't made a good picture since. They were either blurry or he'd cut someone's head off or all the folks looked like niggers.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41)



Above—Lake Tenaya, the largest of the group of brilliant lakes along the Tioga road

Right—The two stone pylons that mark the summit of Tioga Pass

Below—Where the Tioga road clings to the precipitous, rock-strewn slope of Leevining Canyon



Beyond the Gray Mountains

Some tranquil spots in the Piute Mountains which have known the glamor of prosperous mining-camps—

By Philip Johnston

MANY travelers who urge their motored steeds to a furious pace over desert highways pay little attention to the seemingly desolate, forbidding and barren mountains that cast a serrated silhouette against the distant horizon



Above—The site of Claraville is marked by the dilapidated ruin of a single building, and little else remains to bear witness to the former glory of that old mining camp

Left—Brown's Camp, on the northwest corner of Piute Mountain, now quiet and restful, was once the scene of many exciting happenings incident to a prosperous mining camp

—pearl gray, or brown under the glare of a sun high in the heavens, they appear bleak and lifeless, even repellent to those unversed in the lore of the wasteland. But there is one of the most amazing paradoxes of a region which, save for those parts bordering the trunk lines of travel, is *terra incognita* to all save a few wayfarers to whom the dim road, leading off through the greasewood and sage, is an invitation and a challenge. Drab and sere under the noon-day sun, those mountains glow with fiery, opalescent colors in the waning light of sunset or the first rays of dawn. Appearing like the landscape of a dead planet, their hidden canyons often teem with wild life and exquisite flowers. And beyond those ragged mountains, frequently lie regions



abounding with surprises for the exploring motorist.

Bound for Owens Valley and points in the Sierra Nevada, automobiles in great numbers traverse the highway leading northward from Mojave. Most of their occupants seem bent on reeling off as many dusty miles per hour as tires and mechanism will permit, little heeding the gray landscape swiftly flowing by. Red Hill, with its vivid colors, and Red Rock Canyon with its spectacular Buried City and its beautifully sculptured temples of stone, come in for a fair share of attention; but the little known regions beyond the gray, saw-toothed ranges are practically virgin territory for the motorist with a penchant for exploration.

Eighteen miles from Mojave a road branches to the left, leading through Jawbone Canyon. Three miles above this junction, the road crosses the Los Angeles Aqueduct,—the jugular vein of a great metropolis. Four miles beyond, following the road to Weldon and Kernville, the motorist comes suddenly upon a vista of gorgeous color, transcending anything of its kind in this section of the great Mojave Desert. Contrasting sharply with the monotonous gray of the canyon walls, a hill of vivid blue green appears suddenly, as if brought into being by the wave of a magician's wand. Indeed, so gaudy is the color, that the beholder may suspect his eyes



a stream of water, splashing into limpid pools below. A profusion of flowers of many colors grow on every hand. Feathered songsters warble their lays, and quail rise from the bushes on thundering wings. Here indeed is a little bit of paradise hidden in the desert mountains.

The Kernville road leaves Jawbone Canyon by a series of switchbacks, and continues over bald, undulating mountains, toward a distant horizon. Pausing at the summit to gaze back into the canyon he has just left, the traveler beholds an amazing panorama of gorgeous color. Naked rocks in spectacular formations are decked in all the gala hues of a national holiday; olive green, pink, brown, red, black and white are mingled in a crazy quilt pattern that defies explanation. Here indeed is the work of titanic forces, exposed by ages of erosion—bones of a continent laid bare!

The wild, unleashed power of

A serrated skyline is marked by the gorgeously colored mountains that bound Jawbone Canyon on the south

terbread Peak, and on the west by the pine-clad heights of Piute Mountain. In its isolation, this valley with its small cattle ranches, constitutes one of the few remaining frontier sections in southern California. Though all but forgotten by the outside world of today, this region played an important part in the great gold rush that took place in Kern County in the sixties. Sageland, a mining town that flourished during that time, was located eight miles north of the center of this valley; today, nothing but the cemetery remains to mark its site.

A dense forest of yucca clothes the northern half of the valley, extending to the eastern base of Piute Mountain, where a few pine trees mark the outpost of a domain held by coniferous growth.

In the days when gold fever sent hundreds of adventurers into the wilds of Kern County, the summit of Piute Mountain was gained by a road that ascended straight up the east side. Patient, slow moving oxen furnished the motive power for drawing heavy wagons laden with supplies and mining machinery to the forest covered plateau. Fifteen or twenty animals were attached to a single wagon, a fact which prevented the

road being laid out in switchbacks to modify the grade.

"Hitch enough of those oxen to a wagon," said an old timer, "and they'd snake a wagon up any grade where they could get a foothold. But they had to travel in a bee line. Take 'em around a curve with the leaders pulling for all they were worth, and the wheelers would be dragged right off the road. Oh no, it wasn't hard to take a wagon up the mountain with

Leading northward from Brown's Camp to the floor of the Kern River Valley, is an old pack trail which was an important thoroughfare during the mining boom sixty years ago

of deceiving him; but as the vision persists, he believes at last in its reality. Underlying the bizarre green formation, is a stratum of dark red breccia, in which appears smaller strata of a white formation. Large quantities of the green rock have been transported to Los Angeles, where it has been crushed and sprinkled on felt roofs, imparting to them a color exotic as well as ornamental. Blue Point is the appellation given to this amazing geologic phenomenon.

The opposite side of the canyon is bounded by a range of lofty mountains with slopes that ascend in long, sweeping lines to meet rugged crowns of massive boulders silhouetted against the sky. The slopes are streaked with myriads of yellow flowers, having the appearance of an avalanche of raw gold that has descended from the rocky crest above. Smaller canyons branch from Jawbone, and lead into the heart of these mountains, ascending by tortuous routes to juniper-clad meadows far above.

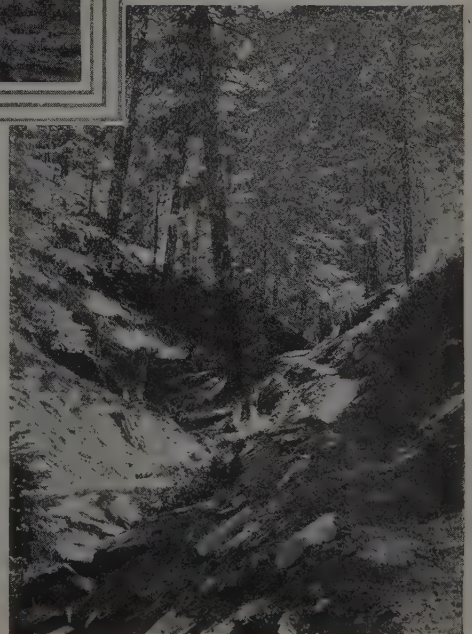
The depths of some of these canyons harbor surprises which one would hardly expect to find in the desert. Five miles above the aqueduct, a blind road leads to a small cabin at the portal of a gorge. Continuing on foot, a person finds a series of cliffs where ladders have been placed by miners having claims above. Over these cliffs flows

the elements that have for ages been gnawing the desert mountains away was graphically shown in this region four years ago, when in the middle of the night a tremendous cloudburst sent a wall of water roaring down a gorge tributary to Jawbone Canyon. A prospector, camped at Butterbread Spring, was swept away with his outfit. Several days later, his body, bruised and battered beyond recognition, was found twelve miles below the spring in a clump of greasewood.

From the summit of a divide, six miles from the point at which the road emerges from Jawbone Canyon, the traveler sees below the expanse of Kelso Valley, bounded on the east by a high range of desert mountains, culminating at But-



A strange labyrinthine pattern is described by vegetation growing from cracks in the clay, on the floor of Jawbone Canyon

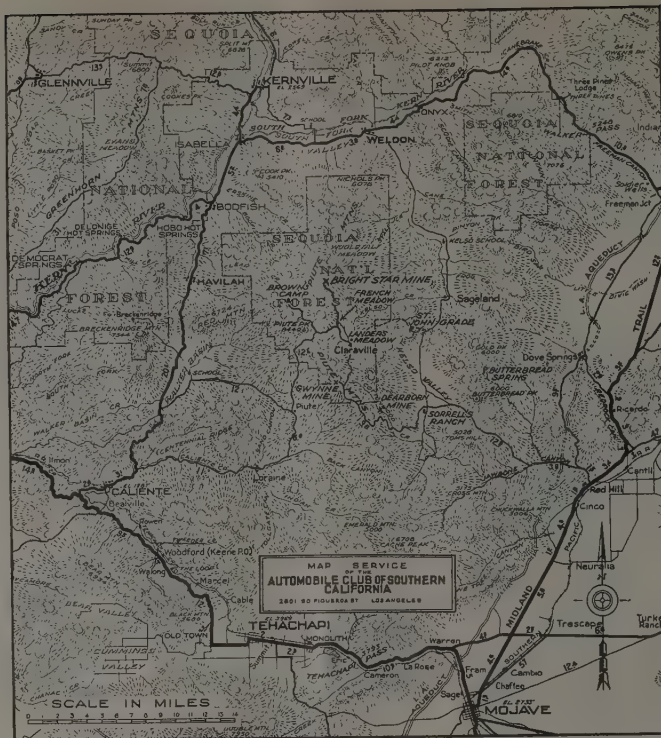


plenty of bull teams; but coming down was where the fun started. We'd lash the wheels and tie a tree on behind and then wonder if the wagon was going to get a start and go crashing down the mountainside, dragging the critters with it."

A relic of those old days, that road on the St. John Grade still remains and has successfully defied the onslaughts of the high-powered automobiles that have sought to conquer it.

Private enterprise has constructed a road up the east side of Piute Mountain, passing through Sorrell's ranch, five miles south of the St. John road. It is a narrow thoroughfare of steep grades and many hairpin turns, but offers no difficulty for a good driver with a short-coupled car. From the floor of Kelso Valley, it ascends to an altitude of more than three thousand feet in six miles, passing the Dearborn mine, and terminating at the Gwynne mine. On the summit of the mountain, another road leads to Landers Meadow, the site of historic Claraville, a famous mining town in the sixties, thence to French Meadow, where a ranger station is located, and on in a southwesterly direction to the county road that descends to Walker Basin. Brown's Camp, in a delightful meadow surrounded with a forest of stately fir, is located seven miles west of French Flat at the end of a road that branches from the Walker Basin route.

The votary of outdoor recreation who yearns for a place remote from the stress of modern life will find on the plateau of Piute Mountain the land of his heart's desire. For here is a region seldom penetrated by even the most venturesome motorists; yet it can be reached in less than one day's travel from Los Angeles. Covered with a forest primeval — pine and fir trees festooned with brilliant green moss, it is a sanctuary for wild life that shows but little fear for the biped intruder which it seldom sees. Vistas of desert and mountains stretch away, league upon league, to a distant horizon, rivaling many of the better known scenic attractions for which the



The above map shows the location of the various places mentioned by the author, and the roads from Mojave by which they may be reached

southland has become famous. Bathed in the golden rays of a sinking sun, the wilderness lying to the eastward glows with strange, opalescent colors, which would delight, yet defy the most ardent devotee of brush and palette.

Little known though it is today, Piute Mountain was once the scene of feverish mining activity which has become classic lore in the annals of Kern County. Claraville, the metropolis of this district, was a town that conceded only a superiority of population to Havilah and Kernville, lying in the valley far below; but in all other

matters, honors were even, for Claraville had all the concomitants of the proverbial mining camp.

Richest of all the producers was the Bright Star Mine, owned by three brothers, which yielded a vast fortune in gold, most of which was spent on Champagne dinners. When the Bright Star was in its apogee, according to local tradition, a barrel of whisky was constantly "on tap" for all miners employed by the company, and water found little favor as a beverage. Each shipment of bullion to San Francisco was accompanied by one of the brothers, who went in turn to stage a "blowout." Sufficient minted gold for the payroll would be sent back from each consignment, and the balance was quickly placed in circulation by its owner, who had a gay and riotous sojourn in the city while his windfall lasted. It is said that the children of these mine owners amused themselves by playing with twenty-dollar gold pieces, which they used in lieu of building blocks.

Misfortune finally overtook these gay musketeers of the mining fraternity. Additional machinery was required to mine the ore at the greater depth to which the shaft had been sunk, and while several fortunes had been squandered for bacchanalian pleasure, the debts for machinery already installed had been overlooked. Thus the glory of the Bright Star was dimmed at last, and its passing marked the beginning of a decline for the whole district.

Abandoned by the hordes of miners, Piute Mountain has reverted to wilderness. The site of Claraville is marked by the dilapidated ruin of one building, and little else remains to bear witness to her former glory. The sigh of a vagrant wind through the pines, the tap-tap-tap of a woodpecker, the raucous cry of a bluejay, the call of a quail—these sounds have replaced the strains of dance music with pistol shots keeping time, and the ribald songs of miners merry with drink.

Behind its barrier of desert mountains, this land of yesterday is a region of singular charm—a placid haven of rest.



The northern part of Kelso Valley is covered with a dense jungle of yucca extending to the base of Piute Mountain, where the stately pine and fir hold sway



Many owners put the headlights out of adjustment by pushing against the lamps when attempting to move the car

The Idea Kit

*A New kink in the science and sport of caring
for the automobile—*

By Gilland Mason

EVER since "red heads" have come on the market as replacement units for conventional cylinder heads, there has been unusually keen interest in raising compression. Owners of older, more sluggish engines see the new jobs trimming them on the hills as well as on the getaway in traffic. And it's largely higher compression that accounts for the difference.

High compression heads are not available for every make of car nor for many of the older models, but there are other ways of at least approximating high compression. I am not in favor of cutting down cylinder heads or blocks because this really isn't practical, but the installation of longer pistons is a plan worth considering. It has been used to good advantage by some automobile dealers who wanted to put a little more kick into their goods.

The effect of a longer piston is to leave less space in the combustion chamber when the top of the compression stroke is reached. Obviously this is the same as squeezing the gas by reducing the combustion chamber

through the use of a closer fitting head. I have heard the longer piston idea condemned because it reduced the displacement, but if you reduce the combustion chamber space through a closer fitting head, the same thing happens. The point of high compression is to reduce the combustion space at the top of the piston when the gas is fully compressed. Cutting down displacement simultaneously may be an unfortunate sacrifice but the gain in power more than offsets it.

II

By degrees car owners are getting inside dope on internal expanding brakes. Here is one explanation as to why this type of brake has a tendency to be noisy: Sometimes the brake shoes do not work against the drum with equal pressure. If, for instance, the shoes of one of the four brakes do not press as vigorously against the drum as the other three sets, they will start to vibrate. This vibration, in turn, disturbs the brake lining with the result that the driver hears one of his brakes screeching when he presses the brake pedal.

This can happen with hydraulic as well as mechanical brakes because in each type, if internal, there may be variation in the clearance between shoes and drums. In some of the mechanical variety there is a third and self-energizing shoe in each brake assembly. To a certain extent this shoe is, in a sense, floating.

When brakes start to make a noise, most owners go easy on the pedal whereas the situation calls for more positive braking. By pressing harder on the pedal even the too loosely adjusted set of brake shoes comes into tighter contact with the drum



Above—Before forcing oil or grease into the universal joints for the front brake connections see that the boots are tightly clamped, otherwise much of the lubricant will leak out.

Below—The reason why one car did not seem to ride as well as usual was that the front seat cushion was not properly in place



with the result that vibration ceases. This firmer pressure on the brakes also will serve to smooth out the rough spots in the brake lining itself—another remedy for noisy brakes which can be combined with the major scheme of compensating for un-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45)



What the Well-dressed '49er Should Wear

RESCUED from relative obscurity by TOURING TOPICS, this old lithograph, printed in New York City in 1851, represents an eastern artist's conception of what the well-dressed "independent miner on his way to the goldfields" should wear. Obviously the creator of this amusing drawing never had seen a typical '49er, but lacking fidelity though it does, the artist can, by no means, be charged with a deficiency of imagination.

The trimly tailored coat and sleek boots testify to an immaculateness quite foreign to the type and time; the

improvised headpiece indicates a genuine ingenuity; the goldpan and scales, an incredible optimism; the assortment of knives, a lack of timidity; the sausages and fish, a well-stocked larder; the vest-pocket flask, great foresight; the whole ensemble and nonchalant gait of the ambitious pedestrian, though still more than a thousand miles from his goal, a remarkable courage and an amazing hardihood.

The '49er had all these and more. The artist, therefore, has captured the spirit, if not the habiliments, of the characteristic emigrant.

A Decalogue of '49

¶ Miners' version of Ten Commandments both amusing and salutary—

By Chester Newton Hess

OLD CAMPS swarming with the Argonauts of 1849 made little attempt to curb the primitive impulses of men who sweated under the sun along a thousand California stream beds for the yellow metal. The scramble for gold following the event at Sutter's Mill was anything but a "pink tea." Men did much as they were pleased to do. Boozing kens echoed with ribaldry and tin-pan music the night through. The chinking of glasses and shrill laughter of sloe-eyed Hispano-Californian dancehall girls stung the night air far more rudely than did the lusty snores of men in their bunks. And then there was gambling. . . . faro, roulette, twenty-one, draw and stud, among other diversions in chance to charm the miner's gold dust. In fine, there was much that a man might do without answering to anything save his own conscience. And there were few answers.

Ergo, if a hard-handed sourdough wanted to get roaring drunk every night, that was his prerogative. If he desired to fritter away a "stake" at the gaming table—why, that was his own hardluck. He might pay the last pinch of dust in his poke to some olive-skinned houri who impressed a carmined cupid's-bow on his brow. Well—that was his affair.

But if he stole . . . if he cheated or swindled. . . if he killed one of his own kind without just cause—then was he in remarkably bad odor with his fellows. Simple justice, tempered with but scant mercy, was meted out to the evildoer in those bold days. There was no "law and order," either in statute or ordinance. No moral precepts. Just swift punishment by one's peers if he violated the code dictated by the law of self preservation. The penalty, more often than not, was hanging.

Yet into this picture of license and insouciant indulgence, there did come at length an influence tending to bridle the reckless and unheeding conduct of the gold-seekers. A medium admittedly didactic in purpose, naive in its moralizing and, withal, distinctly entertaining in form. It was called "THE MINERS' TEN COMMANDMENTS." This quaint, comic decalogue must, in a short space of time, have amused every gold miner in the northern diggings. The effect of the moral suasion it exercised, however, was highly problematical. The miners' commandments were written by James M. Hutchings, and first appeared in print in the Placerville

Herald in 1853. As their author explained, "an effort being then made to turn the principal business day, Sunday, into the peaceful Sabbath of eastern cities; and the enemies of such a movement assuring that the miners could not and would not do their trading on any other day, and feeling that any amount of moralizing with miners would be time and effort wasted, I wrote the old-time 'Miners' Ten Commandments'."

The text follows:

"THE MINERS' TEN COMMANDMENTS

"A man spake these words, and said: 'I am a miner, who wandered "from away down east," and came to sojourn in a strange land, and "see the elephant." And behold I saw him, and bear witness, that from the key of his trunk to the end of his tail, his whole body has passed before me; and I followed him until his huge feet stood still before a clapboard shanty; then with his trunk extended, he pointed to a candle-card tacked upon a shingle, as though he would say Read, and I read the MINERS' TEN COMMANDMENTS.'

I.

"Thou shalt have no other claim than one.

II.

"Thou shalt not make unto thyself any false claim, nor any likeness to a mean man, by jumping one; whatever thou findest on the top above or on the rock beneath, or in a crevice underneath the rock;—or I will visit the miners around to invite them on my side; and when they decide against thee, thou shalt take thy pick and thy pan, thy shovel and thy blankets, with all that thou hast, and 'go prospecting' to seek good diggings; but thou shalt find none. Then, when thou hast returned, in sorrow shalt thou find that thine old claim is worked out, and yet no pile made thee to hide in the ground, or in an old boot beneath thy bunk, or in buckskin or bottle beneath thy cabin; but hast paid all that was in thy purse away, worn out thy boots and thy garments, so that there is nothing good about them but the pockets, and thy patience is likened unto thy garments; and at last thou shalt hire thy body out to make thy board and save thy bacon.

III.

"Thou shalt not go prospecting before

thy claim gives out. Neither shalt thou take thy money, nor thy gold dust, nor thy good name, to the gaming table in vain; for monte, twenty-one, roulette, faro, lansquenet and poker, will prove to thee that the more thou puttest down the less thou shalt take up; and when thou thinkest of thy wife and children, thou shalt not hold thyself guiltless—but insane.

IV.

"Thou shalt not remember what thy friends do at home on the Sabbath day, lest the remembrance may not compare favorably with what thou doest here. Six days thou mayest pick or dig all that thy body can stand under; but the other day is Sunday; yet thou wastest all thy dirty shirts, darrest all thy stockings, tap thy boots, mend thy clothing, chop thy whole week's firewood, make up and bake thy bread, and boil thy pork and beans, that thou wait not when thou returnest from thy long-tom weary. For in six days' labor only thou canst not work enough to wear out thy body in two years; but if thou workest hard on Sunday also, thou canst do it in six months; and thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy male friend and thy female friend, thy morals and thy conscience, be none the better for it; but reproach thee, shouldst thou ever return with thy worn-out body to thy mother's fireside; and thou shalt not strive to justify thyself, because the trader and the blacksmith, the carpenter and the merchant, the tailors, Jews, and buccaneers, defy God and civilization, by keeping not the Sabbath day, nor wish for a day of rest, such as memory, youth and home made hallowed.

V.

"Thou shalt not think more of all thy gold, and how thou canst make it fastest, than how thou wilt enjoy it, after thou hast ridden rough-shod over thy good old parents' precepts and examples, that thou mayest have nothing to reproach and sting thee, when thou art left ALONE in the land where thy father's blessing and thy mother's love hath sent thee.

VI.

"Thou shalt not kill thy body by working in the rain, even though thou shalt make enough to buy physic and attendance with. Neither shalt thou kill thy neighbor's body in a duel; for by 'keeping cool,' thou canst save his life and thy conscience. Neither shalt thou destroy thyself by get-

ting 'tight,' nor 'slewed,' nor 'high,' nor 'corned,' nor 'half-seas over,' nor 'three sheets in the wind,' by drinking smoothly down—'brandy slings,' 'gin cocktails,' 'whiskey punches,' 'rum-toddies,' nor 'egg nogs.' Neither shalt thou suck 'mint-julips,' nor 'sherry-cobblers,' through a straw, nor gurgle from a bottle the 'raw material,' nor 'take it neat' from a decanter; for, while thou art swallowing down thy purse, and thy coat from off thy back, thou art burning the coat from off thy stomach; and, if thou couldst see the houses and lands, and gold dust, and home comforts already lying there—a huge pile—thou shouldst feel a choking in thy throat; and when to that thou addest thy crooked walkings and hiccuping talkings, of lodgings in the gutter, of broilings in the sun, of prospect-holes half full of water, and of shafts and ditches, from which thou hast emerged like a drowning rat, thou wilt feel disgusted with thyself, and inquire, 'Is thy servant a dog that he doeth these things?' verily I will say, 'Farewell, old bottle, I will kiss thy gurgling lips no more. And thou, slings, cocktails, punches, smashes, cobblers, nogs, toddies, sangarees, and julips, forever farewell. Thy remembrance shames me; henceforth, "I cut thy acquaintance," and headaches, tremblings, heart burnings, blue devils, and all the unholy catalogue of evils that follow in thy train. My wife's smiles and my children's merry-hearted laugh shall charm and reward me for having the manly firmness and courage to say NO. I wish thee an eternal farewell.'

VII.

"Thou shalt not grow discouraged, nor think of going home before thou hast made thy 'pile,' because thou hast not 'struck a lead,' nor found a 'rich crevice,' nor sunk a hole upon a 'pocket,' lest in going home thou shalt leave four dollars a day, and go to work, ashamed, at fifty cents, and serve thee right; for thou knowest by staying here, thou mightest strike a lead and fifty dollars a day, and keep thy manly self-respect, and then go home with enough to make thyself and others happy.

VIII.

"Thou shalt not steal a pick, or a shovel, or a pan from thy fellow miner; nor take away his tools without his leave; nor borrow those he cannot spare, nor return them broken, nor talk with him while his water rent is running on, nor remove his stake to enlarge thy claim, nor undermine his bank in following a lead, nor pan out gold from his 'riffle box,' nor wash the 'tailings' from his sluice's mouth. Neither shalt thou pick out specimens from the company's pan to put them in thy mouth, or in thy purse; nor cheat thy partner of his share; nor steal from thy cabin-mate his gold dust, to add to thine, for he will be sure to discover

what thou hast done, and will straightway call his fellow miners together, and if the law hinder them not, they will hang thee, or give thee fifty lashes, or shave thy head and brand thee, like a horse thief, with 'R' upon thy cheek, to be known and read of all men, Californians in particular.

IX.

"Thou shalt not tell any false tales about 'good diggings in the mountains,' to thy neighbor, that thou mayest benefit a friend who hath mules, and provisions, and tools and blankets, he cannot sell,—lest in deceiving thy neighbor, when he returneth through the snow, with naught save his rifle, he present thee with the contents thereof, and, like a dog, thou shalt fall down and die.

X.

"Thou shalt not commit unsuitable matrimony, nor covet 'single blessedness,' nor forget absent maidens; nor neglect thy 'first love';—but thou shalt consider how faithfully and patiently she awaiteth thy return; yea, and covereth each epistle that thou sendest with kisses of kindly welcome until she hath thyself. Neither shalt thou

lonely, despised and comfortless bachelor.

"A new commandment give I unto thee—if thou hast a wife and little ones, that thou lovest dearer than thy life,—that thou keep them continually before thee, to cheer and urge thee onward until thou canst say, 'I have enough—God bless them—I will return.' Then as thou journeyest towards thy much loved home, with open arms shall they come forth to welcome thee, and falling upon thy neck weep tears of unutterable joy that thou art come; then in the fullness of thy heart's gratitude, thou shalt kneel together before thy Heavenly Father, to thank Him for thy safe return. AMEN—So mote it be.

"FORTY-NINE."

Meeting with general acceptance among the miners, the work was frequently republished and eventually it came to the letter-sheet form shown in the accompanying reproduction. Charles Nahl, one of the earliest painters of California life, made the illustrations comprising the border. The letter-sheet was the forerunner of the picture post card, the center usually being left blank for the message. Commonly it was a double sheet, with lithographed scenes on the first page and ruled lines for writing on the remaining three pages. The miners' commandments letter-sheet is 11 by 9 inches and printed on light blue stock, with the illustrations in lithograph. Together with a later reprinting in eight-page pamphlet form, it is to be seen in the State Library at Sacramento, the gift, among other Californiana, of Joseph Sims, deceased pioneer of the State.

James M. Hutchings was later known as the Father of Yosemite. He was the author of the books, "In the Heart of the Sierras," and "Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California." Too, he published one of the earliest periodicals in the State—"Hutchings's Illustrated California Magazine," covering the period 1857-1861, inclusive.

Discussing this famous broadside, Robert Ernest Cowan, the eminent California bibliographer, in his *Bibliography of California and the Far West*, remarks:

"This famous early-day 'decatalogue' was written and first published in the *Placerville Herald*, in 1853, and subsequently was frequently printed in single-sheet form, of which nearly 200,000 copies were circulated. The commandments contain much homely sense expressed in humorous manner."

Appearing at a time when lawlessness was rampant and human life and property was held as cheap; when government was a form, to be respected or not as the individual chose, and when one's rights could be secured only by direct action, this curious broadside is credited with having exerted an extraordinarily virtuous and salutary influence.



A facsimile of an original copy of "The Miners' Ten Commandments." The text of this interesting version of the Decalogue is found in the accompanying article. Photo courtesy of California State Library

covet thy neighbor's wife, nor trifle with the affections of his daughter; yet, if thy heart be free, and thou dost love and covet each other, thou shalt 'pop the question' like a man, lest another, more manly than thou art, should step in before thee, and thou love her in vain, and in the anguish of thy heart's disappointment, thou shalt quote the language of the great, and say, 'such is life'; and thy future lot be that of a poor,

The **SOUTHWEST** in *Illuminated Verse*
TOURING
TOPICS for **AUGUST**
MCMXXVIII



OFF THE MONTEREY COAST

VERSES BY PETER A. LEA

PHOTOGRAPH BY OTIS WILLIAMS

THE SHINING BLUE WATERS of the Pacific,
 Rub and polish the multi-colored rocks
 Along this Coast until they are glowingly
 Opalescent, and 'most as smooth as the balmy air
 Or the ocean's gleaming hair of waving seaweed;

A wise grey gull with bright black eyes, mocks
 The shifting frown on the sky's face,
 With its hint of a rainy space,
 And a great brown seal, minding its manners,
 Floats atop the crest of a wave two hundred yards out;

The sun with flowing golden banners,
 Laughs at the lavender-tinted mist, and in a moment
 Has lightly kissed the frown away,
 And the warm wind plays with the flush
 Of rose, and follows where it goes—
 'Most any day there's beauty off the Coast at Monterey!

The ROAD of DREAMS

VERSES BY
ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL



THE LABEL READS: *The Wine of Dreams,*
And I have drunken deep.
The flask is dreg-drained and empty,
I have long been drunk with dreams.
Henceforth I will drink no more.
I will get me a pick
And I will build me roads with common men,
I will sweat and eat dirt
And dream no more:
We will build roads, long and wide and straight,
Good roads,—better than any,
Roads over level and roads over heights,
Through meadows with songs, lark-trilled,
Through fields where quail whistle,
Over hills symmetrical, curving and blue-rimmed,
And mountains over-vaulting the sky,
Wildflower bordered roads,
Roads from a sea to a sea,
Roads to high cities
Gleaming white in the sun,
Roads,—roads for a king.
Ah, Flask, you are empty,
But too long have I drunk my fill
And must forever be a dreamer of dreams;
Though I wield a pick
And sweat with the sweat of common men
I will build me a road of dreams.





MOODS

VERSES BY
RICHARD THOMSON LEDGER

PHOTOGRAPH BY
ERNEST M. PRATT



*S*OFTLY the night wind sighs,
And whispers through the trees,
While the moon looks down and cries
At the sight that it sees.
The brook is sad and slips
Along dejectedly.
A tear the cold star drips
For the sad earth to see.
All nature moans, and asks
If life is worth one's while.
Breathe, breeze of the night,
And sing to us a song.
Moon, with thy silver light,
Paint thou the heav'n 'til dawn.
Gurgle and laugh, oh brook,
And gloat in the soft moonlight.
Small star, you too must look
And watch this pleasant sight.
All nature smiles, and murmurs,
"Happy thou art, oh man."

BLUE LAKE

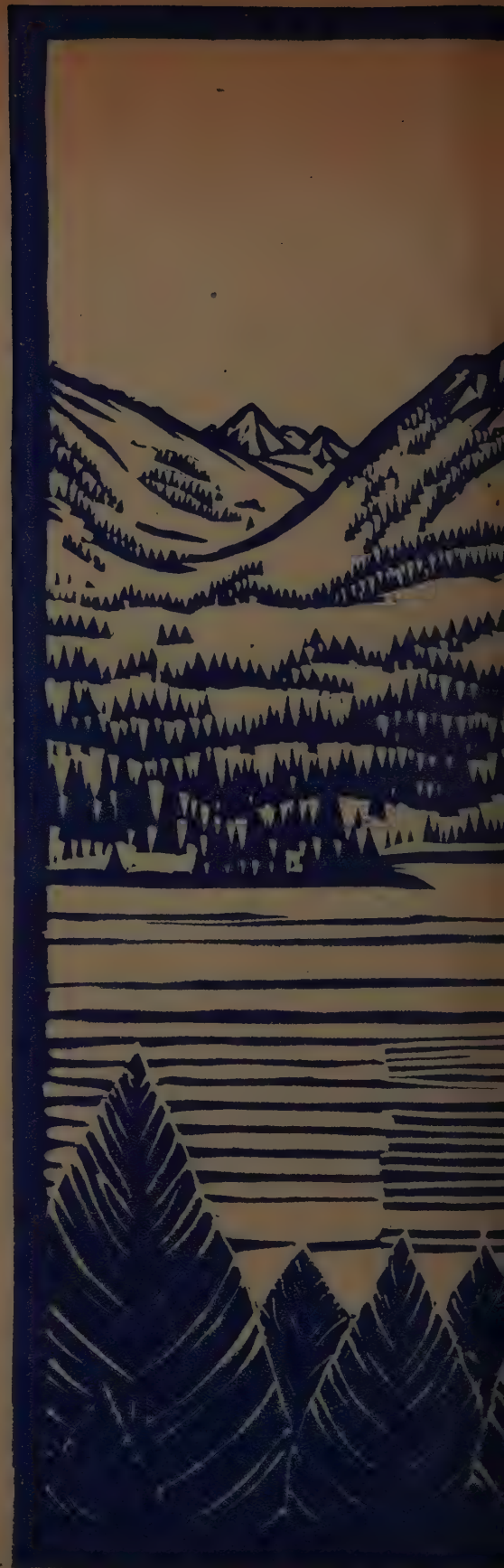
VERSES BY
BYRON M. JONES

BLOCK PRINT BY
FRANZ GERITZ

LAND of the Sky Blue Water,—plaintive air,—
Doth well that sylvan magic feel impress
Of some sequestered region,—distant, fair;
Lone-situate within some far recess
Where ever doth the mournful pine caress
The vagrant breeze, or wail with sterner blast,
Or primal slope in rustic verdure dress,
Or shadow true in fairy-water cast;
Where Nature flourisheth on Nature's pure repast.

BUT FAR, how far ashort be human lay
The beauty, the enchantment to extol
Of thee, fair Blue, thou nigh entrancing fay;
Possess thou seemest quite of living soul,
As, Placid-twinkling, dost thou here unroll
Unto my gaze thy captivating grace.
Chaliced as by this mighty mountain-bowl
And ever fed by yon eternal glaze,
Could Beauty's goddess thy fair form surpass,—or face?

YET AM I not deceived. Yon angry falls
The secret of thy ceaseless change betray.
Ere from thy breast again the wild-goose calls
Shall this each single drop on and away.
Still shalt thou brim thy shores as here today;
Thy soul remain, as vainly I endeavor
The thought upon the import to allay
And satisfy; and tho I ponder ever,
Entreat and question thee, answerest thou never.





FIERRAN MEADOWS

VERSES BY MABEL W. PHILLIPS

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE MASLEN

ALWAYS a bush hangs over them and seems
To be as tangible as something known
To sight or touch; impressive as the tone
Of echoed bell or softly whispering streams.
And though the snow on distant peak still gleams
The grass is with a thousand blossoms sown,
For southern winds across their breasts are blown

And life abundant in the sunshine teems.
A little world of life that adds a brief
Hypnotic note to all the silence there,
And makes it seem, to mortal, more profound;
Yet in the simple stirring of a leaf,
A whisper borne upon the faintest air,
The earth has 'wakened symphonies of sound.





The **HILLTOP TREE**

VERSES BY FRANCES WIERMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. SURTEES

OF ALL THE TREES that live in the world
I love one eucalyptus best;
It crowns a hill where a salt breeze breaks
And touches hands with the flaming West.
It catches mist on its highest bough,
And knows where the purple canyons lie;
It hears the first red gun of dawn
And call of moons from the midnight sky.
Of all that suckle at Earth's brown breast
I love that eucalyptus best!

RICHFIELD



**USED BY WILKINS
POLAR FLIGHT
WESTERN AIR
EXPRESS. MADDOX
AIR LINES**



Your Club's Activities

A New Insurance

THE Automobile Club of Southern California offers a new type of insurance for automobile owners. The policy is a club membership. It protects the motorist, among other things, from being stranded on the highway. The premium on these policies is nominal, and they entitle the holder to the services of an organization which serves the motorist in many ways. The Club department which settles claims against these policies is the Emergency Road Service. During the month of June, 3473 policy holders, or Club members, were served, an average of 114 a day. The mechanics from the official garages which handle this service started 1655 cars on the road, and the balance were towed into the official garages, without charge to the motorists.

* * *

Service with Safety

THE Highway Patrol service of the Club boasts an enviable record. The fleet of patrol cars has covered a total of 1,200,000 miles since this service was started in July, 1924. These cars are operated over the main traveled roads and city boulevards of Southern California, in all kinds of weather, every day of the year. During four years none of these patrol cars has been involved in a serious accident nor has their operation resulted in the death or injury of any person. Considering the conditions under which this work has been done, through the heaviest traffic and without regard to weather, this is a truly remarkable record.

During June approximately 630 motorists reported the location of broken glass on the streets and highways of Los Angeles. The Broken Glass patrol car promptly effected the removal of these hazards to motoring.

* * *

Direct Benefit

THE Engineering Department, through whose recommendation such a large number of street and highway improvements are achieved, brings more direct benefits to the motorist than is generally realized. Every month this department receives numerous requests from automobile owners to investigate unsatisfactory thoroughfare conditions. If investigation proves the complaint warranted, a recommendation is made by the department to the proper authorities and the situation is quickly remedied. The careful investigation made and engineering skill employed is such that these recommendations are rarely without results. The following improvements, accomplished during the month of June, are typical of this work: a tree was

removed on Park View Avenue near Sixth Street, a guard rail was constructed on the high embankment on Le Gray Street, a gutter was constructed on Angeles Mesa Drive opposite Sunset Fields Golf Course, and traffic buttons were installed at Lorena Boulevard, Brooklyn Avenue and Indiana Street, and also at Avenue 32 and Edwards Street.

A reconnaissance trip was made by the Engineering Department with State, County and Forest officials over a proposed recreational highway in the San Bernardino National Forest.

Reward Offered for Sign Mutilators

THE Automobile Club of Southern California offers a reward of \$25 for information resulting in the arrest and conviction, in Southern California, of any person who violates that portion of Section 602 of the Penal Code which makes it a misdemeanor to maliciously tear down, damage, mutilate or destroy a sign, signboard or notice erected by any automobile club. Such information should be supplied to the district attorney of the county in which the offense is committed and notice of such action sent to the Legal Department of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

A Point of Law

DURING June the Legal Department collected a total of \$13,422 for uninsured members, through its corps of legal counsel which is maintained for the benefit of Club members. The department also handled 2338 traffic law violation cases, appearing at trials and defending the member when such action was considered advisable. Whether the unfortunate member receives a ticket in or out of town, he is saved a trip to court by Club attorneys who appear for him.

* * *

Aid to the Tourist

WHERE is this resort and how is the best way to get there by automobile? The Touring Bureau has been exceptionally busy answering this and similar questions for prospective vacationists. During the month of May the Bureau issued 149,270 maps to members; June was marked by the distribution of 225,115 maps, this being an increase of 75,845 in thirty days. For the first six months of 1928, the headquarters office Touring Bureau issued 703,183 maps. This is extremely interesting

when it is realized that only 351,411 maps were issued during the entire year of 1917 by the Club, including the branch offices. These figures are plainly indicative of the progress of this branch of the Club's service to the motorist.

In this connection the activities of the Map Department are worthy of note. During June this department completed corrections and additions on the Arrowhead Trail strip maps between Barstow and Salt Lake City. A new regional map of the highways between Los Angeles and San Francisco, featuring the Coast and Inland routes, has just been finished. This regional map contains all of the usual detail which is shown on the strip maps. Also a set of eight strip maps is now being drawn covering the route between Chicago, Illinois, and Minneapolis, Minnesota, via Madison and La Crosse, Wisconsin. The latter work serves to show the wide scope of the Club's activities.

* * *

Far Afield

A REPRESENTATIVE of the Outing Bureau is now cruising Canadian waters, gathering first hand information regarding the yachting, fishing, hunting and other attractions of the northwest territory. The trip includes cruising in the Georgian Straits and all inland waterways from Seattle north to Queen Charlotte Sound. The Bureau in this way is able to dispense accurate and reliable information concerning the various recreational possibilities of the west coast.

* * *

Help for Cuba

HAVANA, Cuba, for some time has been greatly concerned over the highly congested traffic conditions in that city. The island and particularly the city has many more automobiles than can be adequately cared for. It is considered a distinct compliment to the Club, therefore, that the Public Safety Department should be called upon to explain the details of traffic control in this country to a Havana official, with the purpose of ameliorating conditions on the Island Republic.

This department confers constantly with numerous local officials regarding law enforcement and general traffic conditions. Student and faculty advisor representatives of junior high schools throughout Southern California were entertained by the department at a luncheon meeting recently at which various officials of the Club and of the Los Angeles City Board of Education were speakers.

The department presented Certificates of Service to 3816 retiring members of the School Safety Committee when the public schools closed for the summer vacation.



"A break in the hills at the left showed a vista of cool, awakening mountains, breath-taking in their morning beauty"

"WE HAD A LOVELY RIDE!"

By Margaret McCreery

Block print illustrations by Paul Landacre

IT WAS before dawn, an unheard-of hour for Himself and Myself to be standing at the front door of our apartment, ready to leave. But, oh, glorious! Two kindly souls with a big, luxurious car had invited us to go for a day's jaunt in the beautiful California countryside—a long, perfect day, away from the cliff dweller's stereotyped Sunday; far from the jumbled radio programs and "morning after" reflections of the too-immediate neighborhood. The prospect of escape alone was enough reward for getting up so early. We held hands over it like happy children. And to think of seeing the sun rise out in the country!

Soon the big car came purring up. The two kindly ones smiled indulgently at our "shining morning faces." We clambered breathlessly into the comfortable tonneau. As the car slid softly through the wistful, blue-violet half light of early morning, we eagerly drank in the chill sweet air. It seemed to be a pledge of the day's joyous fulfillment. Our hostess inquired solicitously about our well being. Was that one robe enough? Would we like that front window down? Did we feel too cool?

We answered, "Yes," "No," "No, indeed," assuring her we were quite gorgeously comfortable. Then it began:

"Well, as I always say to Will, people that are game enough to get up early for a ride, are game for a little fresh air, too. I knew you people were good sports when we met you the other night."

We could think of no answer to that, so we gave an embarrassed half giggle in reply. We need not have bothered, however.

"Say, wasn't that a funny party? Did

you ever see anybody play such a hand as that Cowan girl? I can't imagine why she even tried to play, can you? Where did they say she came from, Utah? Well, I guess they must have a different brand of bridge back there. Look out, Will, that was a boulevard stop!"

During this monologue, Himself and I had been taking furtive peeps at the passing scene, nudging each other to look at the now flushing sky, and alternating our nudges with attentive nods to our hostess, nods which we hoped were entirely polite. She now discovered our real interest, however.

"Oh, look, it's beginning to get light! Don't you love to see it get daylight in the morning? We'll see some lovely country today. Have you ever been down the inland route to San Diego? Well, we think it's much nicer than the coast route; more wild and interesting."

Now Will was led to take up the cause of entertaining the passengers.

"Another thing I like about it, there's not so many cars on the road and the driver can get a little pleasure. Pretty selfish, eh? Well, I guess I am, at that. That's why I like to start early in the morning, too. Don't have to keep dodging traffic all the way."

We sympathized with his point of view.

"Now, I hope you don't mind this pace we're going. You see we've just had this car three weeks. We've driven our first five hundred miles, and I've got to keep her to thirty an hour for the next two hun-

dred, and it's sure tedious business."

A purposeful silence followed this remark and we hastened to assure him that we had been admiring the beautiful new car; how deliciously smooth the engine ran; how smartly it was finished; how this and how that. For good measure we added that we did love to ride at an even thirty miles an hour; found it restful, in fact.

We had a hazy idea that this burst of enthusiasm would earn us a brief respite in which to enjoy to the full the exquisite country we were just entering, for now "came the dawn," so sweetly and promisingly, and so quietly. For, from the time we had started there had not been a moment of silence inside that car, the foregoing being a mere outline of the trend of conversation. Each topic had been exhausted, not once but several times, before it was dropped like a worn-out dish rag, into oblivion.

At the left of the road, a series of little hills was keeping up with us—very round, very green, very beautiful in their Spring attire. As the sloping rays of the early sun touched them, the occasional wild shrubs and more occasional trees cast long blue shadows back of them; not an extraordinary phenomenon, of course, but to us it was.

"You know Mrs. Green, don't you?" our hostess resumed brightly. "She lives in the apartment just below you. . . . Well, you'll have to meet her. She's one of the nicest women I've met out here."

On the right, a more rolling scene led the eye into the mysterious distance; low, sandy fields and vineyards stretched rhythmically away. Now and then a bit of a

ranch whose roadside boundary was marked by a rose hedge in bloom came along, to our great delight.

"Yes, you'll really have to meet her, won't they, Will? You have to see her in her home to appreciate her, though. Perfectly charming, really. She is one of the few old-fashioned ones left, I guess. Bakes her own cakes and pies, although they have a mint of money, Will says. He knew Mr. Green in a business way back east."

A break in the hills at the left showed a vista of cool, awakening mountains, breath-taking in their morning beauty. We could have wept in enjoyment of them—we who had been starving for glimpses like these.

"And that apartment! My sakes, you could eat off her floor, I do believe."

"Was that a meadow lark?" I managed to whisper to Himself as a ravishing song rose in the clear air.

"But the Greens have a great sorrow, though. Their only boy was killed in an accident about a year ago and she just can't seem to get over it. That's why he brought her out here."

"It wasn't an accident, Mary; he had appendicitis. Green told me so, himself." Our host seemed to take the error as a personal injury, judging from his petulant tone.

"Oh, I guess it was appendicitis." Mary was unperturbed by a mere trifle like that. "Anyway, he died about a year ago and Mrs. Green has never been herself since. Isn't it too bad?"

Although our hostess said this as she might have expressed sorrow that the car had run over a cute little lizard, we detached ourselves from the landscape to agree that it was indeed too bad. But the conversational possibilities of the Green's tragedy were not yet exhausted.

"That's the trouble with having an operation, though. I tell Will, if I ever get anything the matter with me that they want to operate for, well, nothing doing, that's all. I'll take up a raw food diet first. I'm not one of these people who have to have an operation so I can talk about it!"

At this point I stepped warily on the nearer foot of Himself to prevent uncalled-for comments. We were now rolling through a delightful town of wide, shady avenues and pleasing houses that one could tell were homes. Soon we came upon a great, rambling, jolly-looking hostelry that seemed as native to the place as its own lordly trees. It turned out that we were in Riverside. We both exclaimed. Himself averred that it looked as if it might be a place of great distinction; historical interest, perhaps, too?

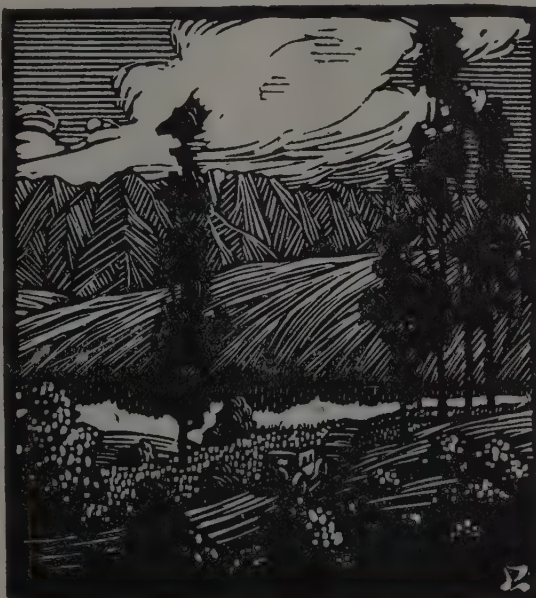
Yes, it seems so. The eldest daughter of our host and hostess was married there, with a full ring service, a matron of honor, bridesmaids in pastel dresses, a wonderful wedding supper, and honeymoon in Hawaii, if you please. The details of this event occupied many miles.



"It was before dawn—two kindly souls had invited us to go for a day's jaunt in the beautiful California countryside!"

Meantime, the day had turned out to be a masterpiece of the creator. Great, tumbling clouds of that luminous, fleecy whiteness which deepens the colors of everything else by contrast; the sky a living blue; the nearer hills and trees a deep, jewel-like green. This was the middle of Spring and all the outdoor kingdom was in tune with the "major rhythm of life." A particularly noble hillside, seen against that marvelous blue sky and white cloud background, gave us the same feeling of elation we had felt when we first saw that painting of William Wendt's. "Where Nature's God Hath Wrought."

But from these moments of inspiration we were snatched back each time by the relentless gossip on the front seat. Each time we found ourselves reduced to inward rage and wonder that any human being could be out in the wilds on such a day and amid such surroundings and not listen a little, at least, if not actually worship, at the feet of



"A long, winding lake lay spread at the foot of splendid, silent mountains!"

so much beauty.

It was our own fault. We had no right to be disgruntled, so I reasoned to myself, since we had accepted the invitation so hungrily, and since our hosts were truly kind and well meaning. If we ourselves were in the habit of riding through such gorgeous scenes as we had been passing at thirty miles an hour, perhaps we, too—. But the idea was unthinkable.

The road now seemed to be ascending, gradually but steadily. For miles we went through what seemed to be nearly virgin country. Sagebrush-dotted hills on one side, a rolling plain on the other, stretching to the feet of distant mountains. The latter seemed to be definitely arranged for a painter's palette. The nearer ones were misty, rose-flushed gray. Next came a higher range in mauve, and farther and higher still, a dark violet range. I pondered on the early California pioneers who must have seen this country very much as were we, that Sunday morning in the late Spring of 1928. Even as I pondered, our host pointed out a queer, scarred place on a lonely hill and announced that it was an old gold mine. I fairly jumped with excitement, but we found the truth of the sage's wisdom, "this, too, shall pass."

Presently a long, winding lake and naive little resort town lay spread at the feet of splendid, silent mountains, like a feast for some great dignitaries. Plummy eucalyptus trees were most artistically placed for the decorations, and a pleasant lap-lap of the lake's little waves made cool, sweet music for the honor guests.

I felt immeasurably refreshed by this delightful, sylvan scene. Even my rebellion cooled and so, in a short pause in our hostess' discourse which still had not abated, gold mines or lakes notwithstanding, I glanced at Himself, smiling resignedly. But, poor dear, he had given up. He turned listlessly from the window and looked at me sadly, and I knew he was wishing that we could have stayed in the peaceful quiet of that fanciful little lake. He perked up a bit later, however.

By the sniffs of wild spiced air, full of a new delicious tang, and by the deep little wooded canyon through which the road now twisted and wound about, first up and up, then down and around, we knew that the Landscape Designer had changed his mind when he came to this part. The sun still shone gloriously but there were ever so lovely little dells where elves or pixies or dryads could easily hide in the deep, cool shade without ever being found by so much as a single sunbeam. Presently a sign by the road announced "San Diego County" and we thought it very proper that the new arrangement of the scene should have been thus nicely observed.

A heavenly stillness reigned now in the car. Whether it was from tired vocal chords or the magic of the way-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)



Mount St. Helena squats in ponderous domination over the entire Napa Valley

A Pilgrimage to Silverado

A Motoring Bibliophile Visits One of the California Haunts of Robert Louis Stevenson

By PHIL TOWNSEND HANNA

THE morning was an auspicious one for so memorable a journey. The sun shone upon the somnolent Napa Valley with the brilliance that testified to the absence of all such atmospheric impedimenta as dust or moisture. The pupils in the eyes of the two wayfarers defensively contracted to the merest pin-points as they ministered to the needs of their motor car on Calistoga's main street. And yet it was far from uncomfortably warm. It seemed this morning as though the radiant solar energy was being filtered—the light passing freely and the heat but partially.

The air, as a result, was as heady as old wine, and as mellow. It vivified sluggish thinking, and sent flashing through the brain the implacable impulse to be up and doing. And, too, it was fraught with encouraging portent. A day like this it must have been when Miltiades and his pittance of valiant Athenians so decisively defeated the tenfold larger horde of Medes and Persians at Marathon; when Dante, quill in hand, set to the composition of the Divine Comedy; when Michelangelo conceived the scheme for the murals in the Sistine Chapel.

And to the two wayfarers it was a day



Molly Patten still tenants the old toll-house near Silverado. She knew Robert Louis Stevenson when he resided there almost half a century ago

pregnant with purpose. The one was a bibliophile, with an immitigable predilection that amounted almost to idolatry for the man Stevenson and his literary works. He had haunted many of the California habitats of his beloved R.L.S., had fraternized with Jules Simoneau and absorbed countless personal reminiscences of the Scotch genius related by his quondam chess opponent and fellow gastronome.

At the moment he was engaged in a pilgrimage to Silverado to visit the sole remaining shrine of him whom he so admired, and with which he was not intimate. The second pilgrim knew of Robert Louis Stevenson only vaguely as the author of *Treasure Island* and *Travels With a Donkey*. These he had been compelled to read as a schoolboy, and this fact alone had stimulated an apathy, if not an actual aversion, toward their author. But he was a pleasant vagabond and while the first pilgrim delved into the past of his idol, the second trained his ubiquitous camera with commendable artistry on such compositions as nature provided. The mission thus fed the diverse aesthetic appetites of the pair most satisfactorily.

The way to Silverado, where the ailing

R.L.S. sought sanctuary from the, to him, "poisonous" fogs that made Monterey and San Francisco untenable, led north from Calistoga. Squatting ponderously as some mammoth Buddha contemplating the little valley, Mount Saint Helena loomed as the general objective of the travelers. In a crevice of its great lap reposed the remnants of Silverado, their particular mecca, a sometime mining camp of promise, but even before the invasion of R.L.S. unhappily sunk into the decrepitude that eventually comes to many of these enterprises.

To Silverado, in the spring of 1880, R.L.S. had brought Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson, his bride of a few days, but one whom he had worshipped for several years, and had journeyed half way 'round the world to espouse. He had waited patiently the while she severed the bonds of a former unhappy marriage. Their days at Silverado were their honeymoon. In the abandoned bunk-house of the Silverado Mine they established their home. The facilities were pathetically crude, even though the natural surroundings were grandly inspiring. Here the doughty Scot fought to regain his waning health, under conditions that to one of his sensitivity, accustomed to the emoluments of a refined Scotch household, must have been distracting and discouraging.

Yet R.L.S. emerged from this period without complaint and with the memories that permitted him to write his engaging *Silverado Squatters*, a collection of descriptive and narrative essays about his life, the people and the ways at Silverado.

With the edition of this volume so magnificently printed by John Henry Nash and so appropriately illustrated by Howard Willard as their sole reference armament, the pilgrims left Calistoga rapidly behind.

As distance goes it is but a scant nine miles from Calistoga to the old Toll House, high up on St. Helena's flank, whence the pilgrims were to make their way afoot to Stevenson's domain. But in time it is removed a hundred years. Calistoga has paved streets, an inn with telephones and baths, confectioners' shops, a railroad, garish gasoline dispensaries, and those other usufructs of an on-rushing civilization. The crumbling paths of Silverado, on the contrary, are covered with naught but the moldy loam of centuries. If the traveler tarries he must seek such accommodations as the Toll House affords, or



The Silverado Mine, deserted still, gazes at the world from St. Helena's flank

stretch himself beneath the intertwined branches of the bays and buckeyes. For transport he must depend upon his own sturdy legs, and these need no gasoline, and for refreshment, upon the glittering stream that brusquely dashes down the canyon to keep filled the old horse trough beside the little inn.

A broad, sweeping State highway now ascends St. Helena where, during the visit of R.L.S., meandered a narrow, winding toll-road over which "the famous Foss . . .

launches his team with small regard to human life, or the doctrine of probabilities."

Along the mountain the pilgrims had seen vestiges of this famous old road. It was built in the late '60s by the father of the present occupant of the Toll House, and for years provided the only means of ingress and egress for the isolated inhabitants of Lake County. The road was steep and crooked. Grades and curves meant nothing to Foss and his ilk; the shortening of distance was the principle desideratum.

The Toll House then was the chief point of interest along the road. In a sheltered cove in the canyon it still stands. Fire has razed it once or twice since R.L.S. expatiated on its charms, but each time it has risen from its ashes. Modern highway engineers seeking a longer curvature, have taken their road away from its front door, but the intervening thicket has only served to emphasize its charms by further secluding it from the casual passer-by and, thus, reserving it for the initiated.

A dreamy, lackadaisical menage the modern pilgrims found it. The occasional visitor nowadays is as much an event as the arrival of the stages half a century ago, which R.L.S. so vividly describes:

"The first of the two stages swooped upon the Toll House with a roar and in a cloud of dust; and the shock had not yet time to subside before the second was abreast of it. Huge concerns they, well horsed and loaded, the men in their shirt-sleeves, the women swathed in veils, the long whip cracking like a pistol; and as they charged upon that slumbering hostelry, each shepherding a dust storm, the dead place blossomed into life and talk and clatter. This the Toll House?—with its city

throng, its jostling shoulders, its infinity of instant business in the bar? The mind would not receive it! The heartfelt bustle of that hour is hardly credible; the thrill of the great shower of letters from the post-bag, the childish hope and interest with which one gazed in all these strangers' eyes. They paused there but to pass; the blue-clad China boy, the San Francisco magnate, the mystery in the dust-coat, the secret memoirs in tweed, the ogling, well-shod lady with her troop of girls. They did but flash and go; they were huddled down for us behind life's ocean, and we but



Upon the spot where stood the Stevenson cabin, clubwomen of Napa County have erected this monument to the memory of the noted Britisher

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43)

"Close Ups"

of Our High Sierra

Part V: Mountains of the Yosemite Region

By Norman Clyde

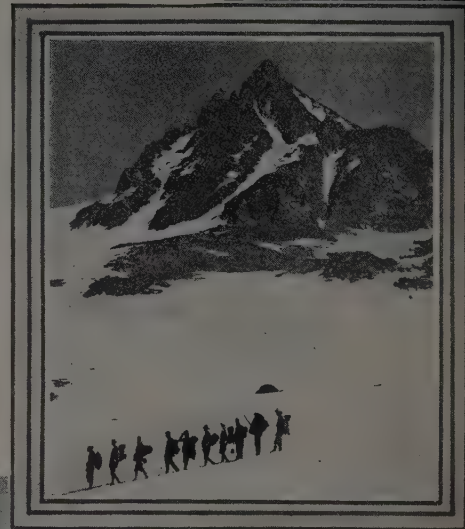
ALTHOUGH neither so high, so rugged nor so picturesque as the mountains of the southern Sierra, those of the Yosemite possess fascinating scenery and a considerable number of peaks sufficiently difficult to attract the attention of the mountaineer.

As one looks northward from almost any of the loftier eminences of the southern Sierra his attention is always focused for a time on a dark, striking group consisting of Mts. Ritter, Banner and the Minarets situated between the headwaters of the north and middle forks of the San Joaquin River, just outside the boundary of the Yosemite National Park.

With the possible exception of the Mt. Lyell group they are the most impressive group in this region and are undoubtedly the most ruggedly Alpine. Forming a somewhat isolated group, they are readily distinguished for great distances from several directions especially from the axis of the Sierra and from the crest of the desert ranges to the east, while from a large portion of Mono County they are conspicuous as they rise in a spectacular fashion beyond the undulating forested area of the Mammoth Lakes region.

Mt. Ritter attains an elevation of 13,156 feet above sea-level, is the highest mountain

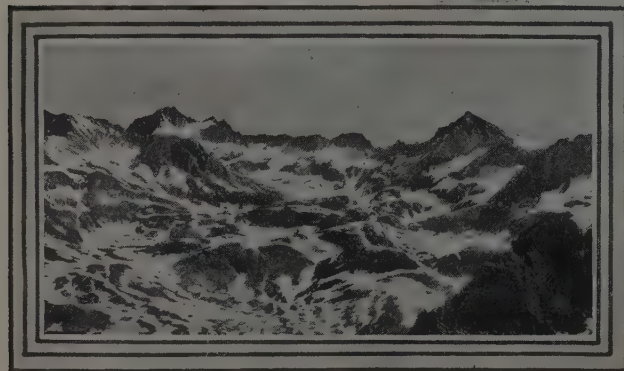
north of the southern Sierra in the Sierra Nevada proper, and is generally regarded as the most difficult of the loftier mountains of the Yosemite region and as possessing one of the finest views in this part of the range. While not an unusually difficult mountain, it requires caution on the part of the amateur and even experienced mountaineers have at times failed to reach its summit. Although it has been climbed from the east, the routes usually followed are from the west and the north. There seems, however, to be some difficulty in following the former, as several parties have unwittingly gotten off it and missed their objective. Nor is it the most accessible side of the mountain. The best route appears to be one up the north face of the peak, that can be approached from either the



Mt. Banner (12,957 feet) is a jagged rocky peak piercing through the drifted snow. This photo shows a party of Sierra Club mountaineers after an ascent



Mt. Hoffman (10,921 feet) is viewed across Cathedral Lake and Tenaya Canyon



The Lyell group from Mt. Dana (13,050 feet)

northwest or the northeast by swinging around the west or the east shoulder of Mt. Banner just to the north of Mt. Ritter.

Arriving on the saddle between the two mountains, one follows a broad chute midway up

to which he can easily walk. During summers having an unusual amount of snow some difficulty might be encountered in this route. The panorama seen from the summit extends far to the north and the south along the Sierra crest and far over desert mountains and valleys to the east. The immediate surroundings are extremely Alpine, being composed of craggy mountains and deep gorges.

Running south from Mt. Ritter is a long line of dark pinnacles called the Min-

the steep face to the point several hundred feet below the summit, where he swings to the left up a narrow shelf that reaches the crest about fifty yards east of the summit,

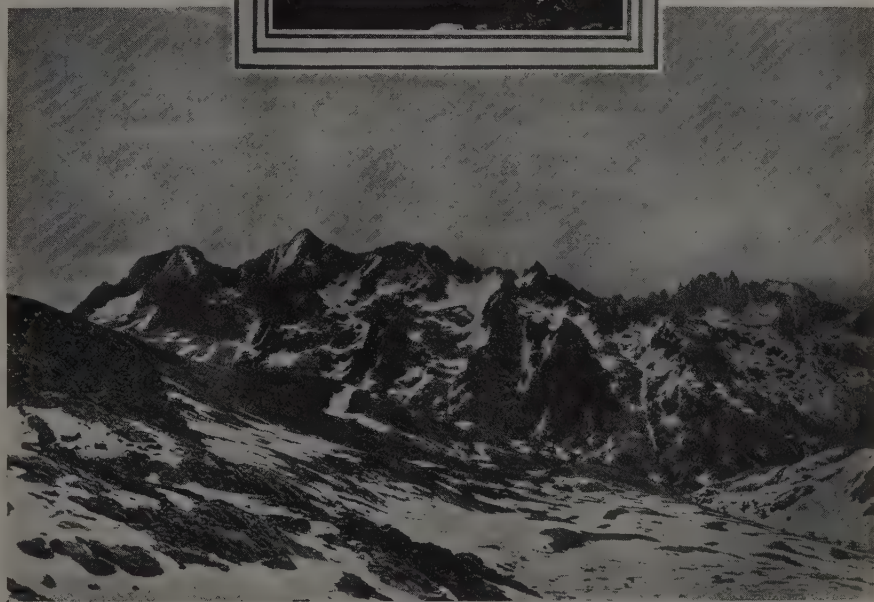
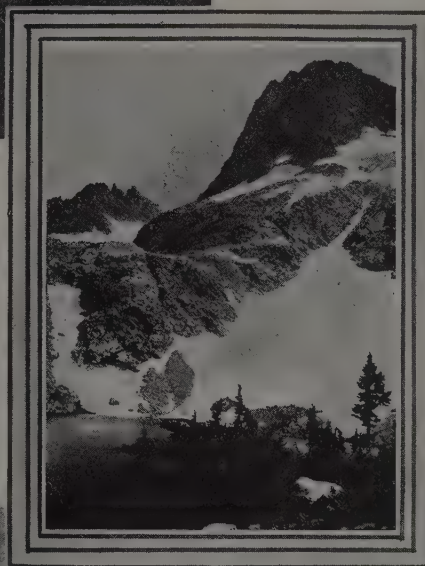


Viewed from across Lake Cathedral with its beautiful sylvan shores, the majesty of Cathedral Peak (10,933 feet) is very awe-inspiring. The topmost spire of Cathedral Peak was climbed by John Muir in the Fall of 1897

arets. The highest of these has been scaled but once and is considered one of the most difficult rock-climbs in the Sierra. To the north of Mt. Ritter—so close as to be a twin peak—is Mt. Banner, a peak with a precipitous northern face but a gentler and easily-scaled southern one. It stands out in a very spectacular fashion from Garnet and Thousand Island lakes. To the east of the group are two unusually beautiful lakes in Shadow and Iceberg lakes. The latter is an ultramarine tarn lying in the shadow of the jagged Minarets. Handsome mountain hemlocks dot the northern slopes, while from the south and west great chunks of snow and ice drop into its deep blue water where they float around for days before they eventually melt. Other nearby interesting phenomena are the Devil's Postpile, a striking mass of tall basaltic columns a few miles to the east, and Rainbow Falls, a snow-white cataract plunging over dark lava rock, several miles to the south.

Looking northwestward from the summit of Mt. Ritter one sees a group of mountains of which the most commanding is Mt. Lyell (13,090 feet). It possesses the largest glacier in the Sierra Nevada and is undoubtedly the most beautiful mountain in the Yosemite region. In composition and perspective, as one views its glacier-mantled north flank rising abruptly at the head of Lyell Creek, it has appealed to many artists. The ascent is usually effected from the north across the glacier and up a chimney or over a rocky comb to the dark, granite summit that projects above the glacier. It is usually of only ordinary difficulty except that late in the season the glacier is sometimes covered with snow hummocks several feet in height that render

progress difficult. The view from the top is one of the finest in this part of the range. To the southeast it commands the rugged Ritter group; to the south it looks down on the upper cirque and canyon and



Above—Iceberg Lake seen with a portion of the Minarets in the background, appears as a jewel in a rugged and picturesque setting. Below—This view of Mt. Ritter (13,156 feet) and the Minarets shows the majestic grandeur of the High Sierra of the Yosemite region

across them to the Merced Peaks and far beyond them to the massed peaks of the Southern Sierra; to the north and northwest, down into the wide Alpine basin of Tuolumne Meadow and across it to Mt. Conness and a score of rugged peaks in the northwestern portion of the park. Mt. McClure, to the west of Mt. Lyell, can readily be climbed from the saddle between the two mountains. To the east of Mt. Lyell, across the Merced cirque is Mt. Rodgers, another 13,000-foot-peak worthy of an ascent.

From the top of Mt. Lyell, in a northeasterly direction one sees a group of mountains, differing from the usual sharply-cut granite peaks typical of the Sierra, in their rounded outlines and warmer colors, various hues of red, touched with a shade of light green from lichens and mineral stain being the most common. The most outstanding of these is Mt. Dana, 13,050 feet in elevation. It can be readily climbed from the vicinity of Tioga Pass, the ascent being

little more than a trudge up a rather steep slope of slate occurring in low shelves, angular rocks, and, toward the summit, of loose scree. It overlooks the steep eastern scarp of the Sierra—here about 7500 feet—across the circular, gray-green expanse of Mono Lake, eastward over range after range of desert mountains; southward past the Ritter group to the southern Sierra; northwestward

along the ragged peaks along the northern border of the park. Being at the head of Tuolumne Meadow it possesses a very fine prospect down this oval basin some ten miles in length, the Tuolumne River winding sinuously through verdant meadows that rise gently to deep green belts of conifer forest which sweep up to the gray snow-splashed peaks forming the skyline on either side of it.

Somewhat more than half way down the meadow and to the south of it is a cluster of unusually sharp peaks that shoot up abruptly from the pine-clad slopes. They rise in isolated spires and ragged ridges that have been termed "coxcombs." The best known of these are Unicorn and Cathedral peaks. Both are somewhat difficult ascents, the former demanding some rather delicate rock-work along a broken knife-edge, to reach the summit, a narrow rock 10,849 feet above sea-level. The latter involves a steep scramble that terminates in a twenty-foot climb up a vertical monolith that rises from a small shelving alcove which pitches over a precipice. Two parallel cracks, several feet apart, extend up its face and into these the climber thrusts hands and feet, working up to the summit, a platform a few feet in diameter and 10,933 feet above sea-level. Persons wearing rubber-soled shoes may "spiral" around the final rock in a slightly different course. Neither of these peaks is a place for those with unsteady nerves. Both have excellent views of the northern half of the park.

North of the lower portion of Tuolumne Meadow is a handsome, light gray mountain that from many points to the south stands in fine perspective at the head of receding canyons. This is Mt. Conness, 12,556 feet in altitude. The ascent is comparatively easy, varied by several hundred feet of steep climbing just below the summit, which drops away in vertical crags to the southwest and breaks rapidly down to a small glacier on the north. It commands an extensive view, especially of the series of rough peaks that run westward from it, forming the northern boundary of the park and a large area of the lower but interesting mountains to the north of the park.

If one continues on the trail north of the Tuolumne River that in a distance of eighteen miles leaps in snowy cascades and whirling water-wheel falls until it is eventually ensconced in a great canyon with walls a mile high, he will cross a number of canyons which he can follow up to their heads at the base of the peaks along the north boundary of the park to Dunderberg Peak, a dark slate mountain with a good view, or he can wind up the Matterhorn Canyon through groves of exquisite mountain hemlock—where insects have not killed

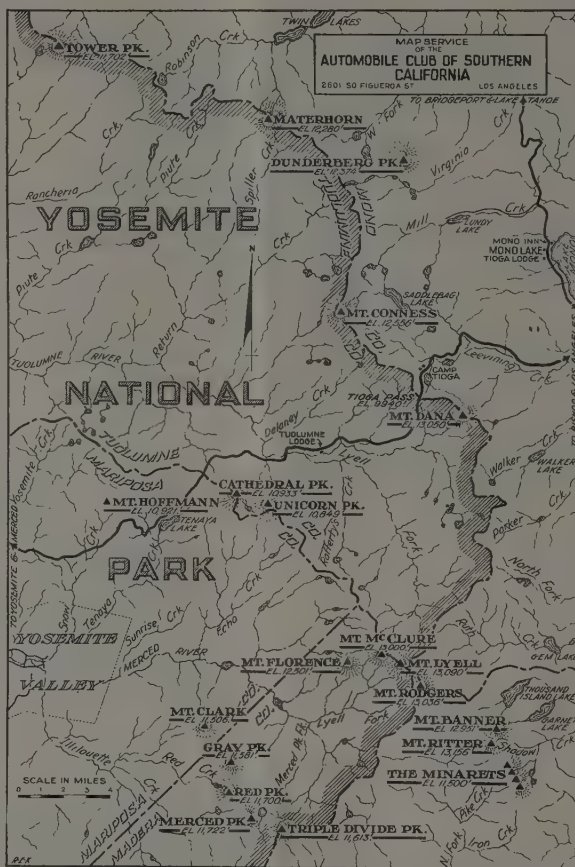
them—to the Matterhorn that offers an excellent but not very difficult rock-climb to its narrow summit which overlooks a fine panorama extending far along the axis of the range—south to the southern Sierra, north over undulating mountains that rise

a rocky terrain and overhung by groves of graceful mountain hemlocks. Nearby them to the north are several points from which one can look down into the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne River.

As one looks eastward from almost any of the numerous vantage-points that rise on either side of the Yosemite Valley he is impressed by a number of fine peaks that shut in the upper Merced Valley to the south. Striking in summer, they are still more so in winter when their craggy peaks rise from undulating plateaus and deep basins covered by a stainless robe of snow. The most imposing of these peaks is Mt. Clark. Its bold, sharp peak, of the Matterhorn type, rises so abruptly as to render it much more spectacular than would be expected from its actual height which is only 11,506 feet. Although it can be climbed up the steeply shelving western face, the usual route followed is from the north, which is an easy one except for a few rods of rather eerie knife-edge just below the top which is only a few feet in diameter. This peak, whose rock structure indicates that it was originally a dome, has been attacked on three sides by glaciers that have carved it into a typical Matterhorn with three arêtes running out from a narrow summit. It is the best example of this type of mountain to be found in the Yosemite. The panorama seen is especially fine, extending to the distant south along the higher portion of the Sierra that rises majestically in the distance across a great depression. Running eastward from Mt. Clark are Gray, Merced, Red and Triple Divide peaks, all readily scaled from the upper Merced. The views from all are excellent, that from Triple Divide Peak being perhaps the most noteworthy,

as it stands between the watersheds of the Merced, both the main and south forks, and a tributary of the San Joaquin. It is a slate mountain, as are also one or two of its neighbors to the west. Mt. Florence to the north of Merced Lake can be climbed from it as a starting point. The upper Merced Canyon and amphitheatre is a very interesting region. In addition to its beautiful mountains are the fine cascades and apron-falls of its higher reaches, and the emerald green Merced meandering through groves of tamarack pine and quaking aspen above Washburn Lake.

Although surpassed by the southern Sierra in loftiness and ruggedness of mountain scenery, the Yosemite region is superior to it in waterfalls and cascades, and, as it contains the Yosemite Valley, in canyons also. As a whole, although not so epic in grandeur as the southern portion of the range, it is a charming and fascinating region with few equals anywhere in varied interests.



This map shows the location of the various peaks of the Yosemite region which are described by Mr. Clyde in his article. Probably only a few of the many people who visit Yosemite National Park yearly could name all of the mountains and peaks

again in the mountains around Lake Tahoe. Directly to the west of the Matterhorn is a fine line of granite sawtooths. Along the main trail, a few miles farther west, around Rodgers Lake, an extremely beautiful lake, are several peaks that are worth a scramble to their summits, while along the northwestern limit of the park is Tower Peak, 11,702 feet, a rather isolated mountain that affords both a good climb and an extensive view.

Returning to the lower portion of the Tuolumne Meadow and looking southwest one sees Mt. Hoffman, an apparently flat-topped mountain not of great height but situated in a central and somewhat isolated position that causes it to command one of the best views to be had of the Yosemite Park in its length and breadth. It was one of the favorite mountains of John Muir. The ascent can easily be made from the Tioga Road that passes several miles to the south. Just north of the peak is Nine Lake Basin, containing a considerable number of beautiful tarns counter-sunk, as it were, in

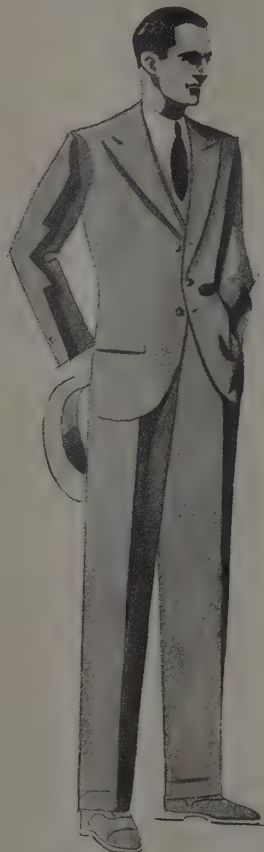
A FORECAST OF MEN'S AUTUMN STYLES

By Jack Worthington
Drawings by Victor Mall

IT KEEPS the men on the alert, all right, this remaining even with the *femmes* in the matter of aping fashions. No sooner is a new idea developed by the males, which in all truth should strike them dumb, than their consorts are considering ways and means of adapting the same to their own uses. Hence, in retaliation, the men have actually caused the waistline of lounge jackets to climb a bit higher—not much to be sure—but enough to cause a little comment.

Then there is the matter of handkerchiefs. Why cannot the fair ones abide by age-old custom and be content with a dainty bit of lace and linen? But no, being perverse, they must elect to use a man's size 'kerchief, not only for sports, which might be forgiven, but for evenings as well. Having vented our spleen in this regard, we wish to go on record as highly recommending the new handkerchief and necktie sets of linen which are worked out in small neat patterns in darker shades of self-color. When this set is worn with the new sack

coat, three-button, single-breasted with high peaked lapels and buttons set rather close together, the effect is exceedingly good. There is no objection, of course, to wearing it with the double-breasted jacket; the former being mentioned first because of its almost universal popularity. Further-

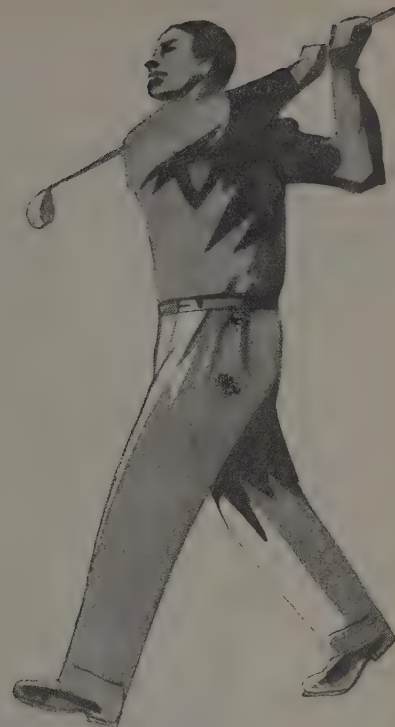


One of the most popular fall suits is shown above. The coat is single breasted with high peaked lapels, three buttons set rather close together. Trousers are about 17 inches at the cuff and 22 at the knee. The fabric is a dark green mixture with small indistinct figures

more, while we are on the subject of handkerchiefs, many of the new ones of linen have solid-color borders in rich hues with highly decorative centers.

Harking back to our first remark about imitators, who says that men can't imitate? Behold, for example, the "ensemble," known, in a man's world, as the "four-piece sack suit," a suit which features two pairs of trousers, one pair to match the jacket and an extra pair carrying stripes. It goes without saying that this idea is bound to be popular.

The fall jackets, by the way, do not appear as broad in the shoulders as formerly, tending to more natural outlines, in gen-



Flannel slacks will be seen on the golf links. White will be the most favored color, but often they will carry fine stripes in pastel shades

eral following the contour of the body. Browns and leanings toward brown will be especially good colors for suitings, while Oxford gray with faint stripes will also be seen. Green is gaining headway, it would seem—not green in the accepted sense, but grayish and bluish greens, suggestions of green, and these will probably be seen in the fabrics for fall.

Thus it follows that green will be good in shirtings and ties, for man must present himself before the world a symphony of color, if he wishes to be entirely correct. It should not be imagined that he will easily relinquish his recently acquired privilege of color exploiting. Now that he has been permitted to disport himself at beach, golf links or country club arrayed as the lilies of the field, far be it from him to renounce this color habit without a struggle.

With all outdoors calling, a word should be said concerning the trend of sport fashions. Can it be that the plus fours, plus sixes and eights, even the knickers, have already seen the handwriting on the wall? With the arrival of light-colored flannel trousers on the greens and the unusual smartness of their appearance, the aforesaid should look to their laurels. Of course, His Royal Highness is to blame, as the "P. of W." has insisted, for several seasons, on playing golf in slacks of light-colored flannel, plain or faintly striped—very smart, what? It is said, too, that they are cooler than the woolen hose and plus somethings. Nevertheless, England is England and California with its suddenly cooling evenings and soft gentle breezes is something else again. Therefore, it is likely that the favorite golf attire of knickers and hose will not pass for many moons, in the environs

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)



The plus two knicker is becoming very popular with the golfer. It is said that they are equally comfortable and far neater than their voluminous predecessors

FEMININE FASHIONS FOR FALL

By Opal Haynes

Drawings by Victor Mall

WHY, pray, is there all this hue and cry about the return to "femininity"? Boyish bobs, mannish suits, boyish frocks and square-toed walking shoes are not mere gestures in the direction of mannishness but rather are the result of a sincere desire to attain absolute comfort in clothes. Woman longs to feel free and unhampered, to arrive at a state of well-being where her emancipation can be practiced as well as preached.

It is a long way from crinolines and wasp waists, and however feminine we actually become with respect to our habiliments, it will also be "a long, long way back" to those same hoop skirts and steel armors—so far that we need lose no sleep over the possibility of such a reversion of style. Women dearly love frills and furbelows, dote upon wispy frocks of tulle and lace, and seize every opportunity to array themselves in gracious period gowns and high-heeled, jeweled slippers.

"And, *maintenant*," writes our clever

little shopper, Madeleine, "*Mademoiselle* is seen at the *soirée* with the costume de la *tête aux pieds*—all frills, *ma chérie*, and so *chic*. *Voilà*, she is from the head to the feet *exquise, comme il grand 'mere!* It is to wonder, is it not, why so much of worry? She remains so *feminin*, entirely."

And whatever Madeleine sees in Paris is surely reflected in the clothes seen at our own fashionable gatherings, so, indeed, why worry? However, the woman who plays out of doors, who takes to motoring with a zest unheard of in grandmother's day, keeps to simple boyish styles for her adventurings, however daintily exquisite she becomes after candle light.

In the realm of sport frocks, ideas are legion. One note, however, runs through the entire symphony,—that note is sleevelessness.

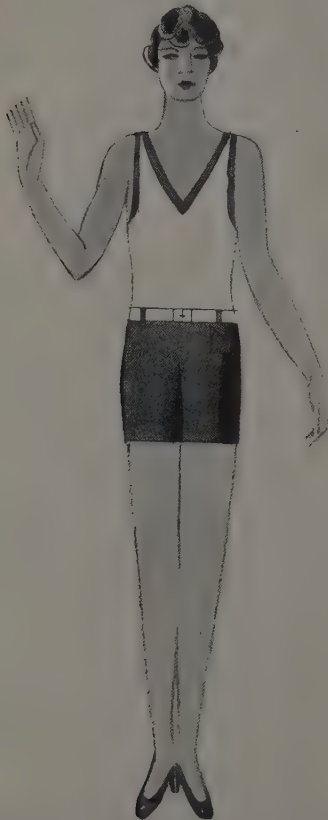
Who does not welcome back the joyous sleeveless frock of yesteryear? For tennis it is ideal, for motoring decidedly *de rigueur* as it can be worn with the motor coat, that necessary garment which must accompany the woman who takes to the open road, even in summertime. When, stopping at a wayside inn for dinner mid-lady lays aside her coat, behold, she is quite properly arrayed for any but the most formal occasion in her pastel sleeveless sport frock. The coat may be one of those deliciously colored velveteens, and if she is one who looks ahead and is of a thrifty turn of mind, she will have selected the rainproof kind which may also serve her through many an autumn rain.

There is the knitted ensemble, which happily simulates tweed. It consists of a three-quarter length coat and skirt with a jumper of some silken stuff. There is also the dressy coat of softest wool with the perkier of shoulder capes, in which her ladyship may do endless motoring and still look smart and distinguished. There is ever something new, and there is no monotony here in color combinations, fabrics or fashions. Rather it appears that a new goddess had been admitted to the confabs on Mt. Olympus, a deity whose sole duty is to create new whimsies, new style touches, unheard of colorings, unique baubles and gewgaws, all for the adornment of woman.



Right—The Basque beret has become a favorite with alarming rapidity. The one shown above accompanies a glazed chintz sport coat, of gay colors, worn over a white sleeveless frock of heavy crepe de chine

Left—The very popular ensemble shown above is of a new knitted material which simulates tweed, showing several indistinct colors. It is worn with the new light-weight sweater which has a Scotch plaid border on the body and sleeves



One of the favored swimming suits has red shorts striped with white and boasts a small, rubber-lined change pocket which will keep the swimmer's lunch money intact. The top is of white jersey

Venturing down to the beach, we behold hundreds of the fair sex, embellished with all the gayest of pigments, dotting the sands like so many exotic butterflies. Not a few are sunning themselves, a very popular fad just now; others are resting under gayly hued umbrellas and still others stroll up and down the sands garbed in beach robes of striking color and design, while some actually take to the waves in the briefest of swimming suits.

Now a swimming suit may be brief, the Life Guard model proving one of the most popular. It consists of very short "shorts" in a dark color trimmed with stripes down the side which match the light colored, sleeveless top. A feature of another suit is the change pocket with buttoned flap, which insures one's lunch money or soda water allowance against loss.

An unusually stunning ensemble is in two-piece style with a high collar of checked material fitting tightly about the neck and matching the trunks in design; the tunic is of a solid color. A novel idea is to have the name of the State or the resort in vertical array down the side of the tunic. Another new feature is the rubberized scarf, a brightly futuristic triangle. This is very effective when the bather who wears no collar wishes protection from the sun's ca-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)

"Ain't Tioga Grand?"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

She'd tried to get him to take it back, but he wouldn't. Lord, but that man was stubborn at times.

It was real thrilling to have your picture taken 9941 feet in the air, and you felt rather important like until you looked around and saw still higher points. That sort of took the conceit out of you. That Mt. Dana, for instance, My! but wasn't that a high and mighty mountain; 13,050 feet high, she'd been told. And all about those glazed and ice-filled slopes! They got plenty of snow at home, but nothing like what must fall here of a winter, she knew. She liked snow but she wouldn't want that much of it. My but wouldn't Dad's chilblains fetch him down in a hurry, there!

And Tioga Lake flashing smiles real friendly like up at Mt. Dana on one side and Tioga Peak on the other! They'd stopped to watch a fisherman drifting in his boat close by the shore. There must have been as many fishermen about as there were fish. But probably not, because everyone was hauling them in right and left. Dad had the itch to join the crowd but she took the notion out of his head before it became well formed.

The road climbed a little right then and almost before they knew it they dropped down a little canyon beside a frothy brook and out into that Tuolumne Meadow. She just didn't know how to describe it, it was that beautiful. It took her back to childhood and the old farm on Lake Winnebago. The pasture that run down to the water was something like it, with streams criss-crossing it like the lines in your palm. The tall trees and grass where the cattle used to be were much the same. And while they did have flowers—acres and acres of them—they never stayed until the middle of August. Of course, the old farm wasn't nearly as large and didn't have any mountains around it. It just took your breath away.

Dad never had much to say about such things. But it was sunset, and too much for him. The sun had seemed to just back over the mountains with an angry glow, like it was mad at having to leave this part of the world for another day. The mountains were all purple and the sky crimson. My, such colors! Dad concluded he'd heard a lot about the "fields of asphodel," but never had expected to see them. Now he knew what they were and didn't care much what happened to him hereafter.

What a dream she'd had, too, in that little inn way up among the clouds! She guessed it must have been the beans. A lady who once camped there had told her that you simply couldn't cook beans at that altitude. But she'd been hungry and she ate until she really was ashamed of herself.

No sooner had she laid her head upon the pillow, it seemed, than she woke to find things all changed around. She was seated in an open carriage that dazzled her eyes.

It was of ebony and ivory, inlaid with mother of pearl and jasper. Twenty alabaster horses in golden harness were drawing it over a familiar road—the same one she thought they'd just passed over—but it wasn't for it was paved with gold. Beside her, sure enough, sat Dad, dressed in an outlandish gown of some shimmering white stuff. And then she looked at herself and she had the same sort of rigging on. In the front seat driving were what looked like two young women . . . in white, too . . . and perched upon their shoulders were closely folded wings!

The mountains she had thought so pretty had become a row of castles, immense and brilliant, mostly white they appeared, but now and then a flash of red or blue or green or yellow had almost blinded her. As the carriage had

of the quiet little pools, throwing water a hundred feet into the air.

She wanted to call Dad's attention to the crimson snow flowers they had seen, but they weren't snow flowers any more. They had become smirking little devils—horns, tridents and all—chained to the trees. But she couldn't talk and when she went to raise her hand to poke him and point, it felt as though it were laden with a great weight.

In the center of the light toward which they were traveling she could see a mammoth throne. It sat upon a dais in a great amphitheatre, before one of the castles, larger and brighter than any other. On the right and left were large groups of people and on the throne sat a bearded figure she knew must be St. Peter. Those surrounding the throne moved from

At Lake Tenaya they spent an hour or more while Dad fooled around photographing. But she hadn't minded. She could set there a week, she thought. Named for an old chief of the Yosemite Indians, she understood. Well, she didn't know much about Indians, but he must have been a good one to have a beautiful place named for him.

And soon they crossed Porcupine Flat. She didn't see any porcupines but she guessed some one had once and that was enough to give it a name. And not long after that they came to Yosemite Creek, tripping like a young schoolgirl down a long, straight corridor of tall trees. It didn't seem possible that the water passing that very moment under the bridge on which she and Dad got out to stand would soon be plunging over one of the highest waterfalls in the world, into the heart of Yosemite. But it was a fact and you couldn't get away from facts. Her map showed it.

There weren't any more white wolves in White Wolf Valley than there were porcupines on Porcupine Flat, but it didn't matter; there was plenty else to be seen. And there were aspens in Aspen Valley. They were simply glorious with their silver bark and trembling light green leaves, but they always made her sad. Reminded her too much of Sally Lundstrum, her old girlhood friend, now shuffling about with the palsy. No, she didn't care much for the aspens. Nor for those big white flowers they'd seen a ways back. She must try and find out the name of them. They were tall—taller than your head—with big white blossoms, something like hydrangeas, only different. They had bowed and scraped in the wind and she couldn't think of anything except prissy old Deacon Smithers, who passed the collection plate on Sunday and peddled illicit whiskey to the high school boys the rest of the week. She couldn't care much for anything that reminded her of him.

Well, tomorrow they'd be in Yosemite. She knew it was wonderful, what with those high waterfalls and big rocks. She wouldn't miss it for the world now they were so close, but she wasn't as anxious as she had been. She'd always thought that if she could see Yosemite once she'd be content to settle down at home for the rest of her days. But now she was just a trifle afraid. Sort of fearful that the real Yosemite might wipe out some of the memories of beautiful Tioga. But that couldn't happen. It was too different . . . too big . . . too grand.

* * *

The dinner gong sounded from the porch of the open-air dining room. The ample old soul abruptly desisted from her hitherto ceaseless rocking; the one who was middle-aged patted a time or two at her hair; she who was not long a wife hastily dabbed her lips with rouge, and, thereupon, filed slowly in to join their consorts at the lavishly spread board.



One of the numerous granite "domes" along the Tioga road

approached closer she saw that these rainbow-hued beams had come from huge rubies and diamonds and sapphires and amethysts with which they were studded. And from the doors, windows and corridors there emerged, she thought, thousands of real angels, strumming lyres and singing hosannas. They had filed in beside and behind the carriage which apparently was headed toward the spot where they had seen the sun go down. But instead of the sun it was some other light attracting them, much brighter than the sun.

In the company about them she recognized from the Bible pictures of childhood the figures of the archangels, Michael and Gabriel, and the crowned heads of the saints. Over there were Mark and Joseph and Philip and James; here, close at hand, were John and Barnabas;

They were passing the gurgling soda springs where she and Dad had climbed before supper to make a sparkling orangeade. How it had taken her breath, that little walk. But it was the altitude. A body couldn't cut many capers at 8500 feet without noticing it. Now two great fountains had taken the place

the path of the carriage. When it drew abreast, the weight that had held her down disappeared, the angels stepped down to help her and Dad alight, and Peter held out his arms to them. And then she was falling . . .

The next thing she knew she heard Dad's voice calling gruffly to her to get up, and she had realized she was back in the little white bed in the cozy inn at Tuolumne Meadows. She had been a little riled at him. He might at least have let her sleep until she had heard what Peter had to say. But that was just like him. A body couldn't live with him of a morning until he had got his teeth in and had a cup of coffee.

They had left the inn early for they didn't want to miss a thing and it just seemed as though the wonder of it all wouldn't end. They wound in and out among great mounds of stone—domes, her map had told her they were called—Fairview Dome and Polly Dome. Well, they may have been, they were almost perfectly formed, so perfect they made her think of the little cakes her neighbor, Mrs. Finstein, made for the Jewish holidays.

Where the Roaring River Roars

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

drops some 400 feet to the green meadow below.

Studying this slope from the meadow, one will notice a saddle on the crest end of the ridge, almost directly above the falls. Through this saddle, Miner's Pass makes its laborious way over the end of Glacier Ridge and down to Cloudy Canyon. Beyond the saddle the pass is dangerous when the snow lies heavy, and it should not be attempted with horses under these conditions. However, it is well worth one's while to climb to the saddle on foot, as a magnificent view of one of the ruggedest regions in the Sierra can be enjoyed from this point. A trail leads up to the left of the falls and turns in a westerly direction, zigzagging up and up to the west end of the cirque. This is the famous Elizabeth Pass trail. It crosses another saddle in the far end of the ridge, and descends several thousand feet to the Kaweah Canyon, and thence back down to Giant Forest and eventually Big Meadows. Leaving this trail immediately above the falls, one must choose whatever route seems most suitable to reach the eastern saddle, which is always in plain view above as the climber proceeds. Due to the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere at this altitude, the climb is longer than the average hiker anticipates, and the last steep slope of the saddle, which looked more like 15 or 20 yards from the canyon floor, turns out

to be nearer the length of two or three city blocks. However, the way up is at no time particularly steep until the actual slope of the saddle is reached, and a steady climb of perhaps two hours should bring one to this point.

To the right about half way up this last steep slope is encountered a ledge on which an interesting old copper mine is located. It is said that the mine was originally opened by Indians, and though this would seem doubtful, yet it is certainly of considerable age. All work must necessarily have been done by hand, and all ore packed by burro for a distance of some thirty-odd miles to Big Meadows, or perhaps in older days as far as the San Joaquin Valley. As the shaft is located far above the timberline, any miner living near the hole would have to go down to the timber every day or so for firewood, and climb wearily back, trudging up the 1,500-foot climb with a heavy load on his back. If a burro was used to pack the wood it would probably be necessary to drive the animal back down the slope to meadow in Deadman's Canyon to prevent his wandering over the wrong side of the ridge in search of food, and becoming lost in the depths of the Kaweah. This would mean two toilsome trips daily, to say nothing of longer trips periodically to bring in supplies. In spite of these handicaps the mine has been repeatedly abandoned and reopened by enthu-

siastic prospectors or over-confident tenderfeet. In fact, it has been worked within the last two or three years, and interesting specimens of blue and green ore can be picked up on the dump.

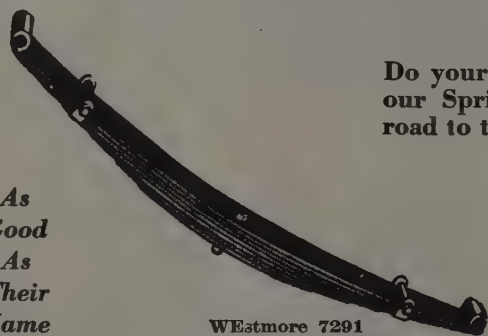
Struggling up the last 200 feet from the mine, one experiences slight difficulties in traversing the loose rock. Melting snow is all around, and the shale slides on the wet glacial silt beneath it. However, once on the summit panting breath and sweaty brow are immediately forgotten in the astounding contemplation of the wildly rugged view. Standing on a narrow knife-edged ridge with Deadman's at his back, one gazes far down into the depths of the mighty Kaweah Canyon.

A great wall of loose shale slips away abruptly from the narrow footing. A thousand feet down it narrows to a steep rocky chimney like a funnel mouth from which it apparently drops sheer another thousand feet to a round green meadow far below. Through this meadow the great Kaweah River cuts a winding course like a narrow thread of white. Leaping a 500-foot precipice it falls with a faintly audible rumble to the still placid waters of Tamarack Lake. Beyond the lake it seems to disappear in the very heart of the earth, perhaps 4,000 feet below the eyes of the awed spectator. Above the meadow the canyon floor rises rapidly 700 or 800 feet to the smooth

icy waters of Lion Lake, a huge rock-bound reservoir for the melting snow nearly a mile in length. Still above this, nesting in a cup at the end of the canyon, is a smaller glacial lake partly covered with snow and ice. From these two bodies the river pours, leaping and cascading down the steep slope to the meadow.

Across the canyon a wild tumult of glistening snowy peaks of the Great Western Divide pierce the heavens. Red and Black Kaweah, both well over 13,000 feet, dominate the skyline. Closest is Lion Rock, its precipitous slopes spattered with white snow fields wherever there is a ledge to hold them. The upper canyon of the Kaweah is truly a second Yosemite with its stupendous snowy heights towering over innumerable filmy waterfalls, and its huge dazzling white snow fields clinging perilously to sheer awful precipices, thousands of feet in height. It runs to the base of one of the highest divides in the United States, harboring many of the country's most noble peaks.

But after all, such is the typical Sierra country, where one may revel in an everchanging region of great beauty. A hundred different sections might be described as equally inviting, and were a man's active life to span a hundred years, he could never "cover" the Sierras, or become surfeited with their unending charm.



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A Pilgrimage to Silverado

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

hailed their topsails on the line. Yet, out of our solitude of four and twenty mountain hours, we thrilled to their momentary presence; gauged and divined them, loved and hated; and stood light-headed in that storm of human electricity. Yes, like Piccadilly Circus, this is also one of life's crossing places. Here I beheld one man, already famous or infamous, a centre of pistol-shots; and another who, if not yet known to rumor will fill a column of the Sunday paper when he comes to hang—a burly, thick-set, powerful Chinese desperado, six long bristles on either lip; redolent of whisky, playing-cards, and pistols; swaggering in the bar with the lowest assumption of the lowest European manners; rapping out blackguard English oaths in his canorous oriental voice; and combining in one person the depravities of two races and two civilizations. For all his lust and vigour, he seemed to look cold upon me from the valley of the shadow of the gallows. He imagined a vain thing; and while he drained his cocktail, Holbein's death was at his elbow. Once, too, I fell in talk with another of these fitting strangers—like the rest, in his shirt-sleeves and all begrimed with dust—and the next minute we were discussing Paris and London, theatres and wines. To him, journeying from one human place to another, this was a trifle, but to me!

"And presently the city-tide was at its flood and began to ebb. Life runs in Piccadilly Circus, say from nine to one, and then, there also, ebbs into the small hours of the echoing policeman and lamps and stars. But the Toll House is far up stream, and near its rural springs, the bubble of life but

touches. Before you had yet grasped your pleasure, the horses were put to, the loud whips volleyed, and the tide was gone. North and south had the two stages vanished, the towering dust subsided in the woods, but there was still an interval before the flush had fallen on your cheeks, before the ear became once more contented with the silence, or the seven sleepers of the Toll House dozed back to their accustomed corners. Yet, a little, and the ostler would swing round the great barrier across the road; and in the golden evening, that dreamy inn begin to trim its lamps and spread the board for supper."

Two loungers comfortably seated upon their haunches before the old Toll House indolently vouchsafed information as to the whereabouts of the celebrated mine.

Up a sinuous road upon the canyon slope, rutted by the ore-wagons of the misty past, the pilgrims trudged. A quarter of a mile or thereabouts, and the road ended. Here "a rusty chute on wooden legs came flying, like a monstrous gargoye, across the parapet. It was down this that they poured the precious ore; and below here the carts stood to wait their lading, and carry it millward down the mountain." Surely, there it was, glorious in its antiquity, refined somewhat, but substantially the same as when R.L.S. first viewed it.

Another quarter-mile tramp and the site of the old cabin appeared. Here it was that Stevenson had honeymooned; had nursed a wife and step-son in the seizures of diphtheria; had fought the insidious consumption that was upon him, worried over a temporary estrangement from his father and

mother; battled the most abject poverty and sought to wrest a livelihood from his literary industry. And, withal, the immortal poet within him soared above these temporal tribulations as he sang his songs of Silverado's beauty. "I set up my family altar among the pine-woods, 3000 feet, sir, from the disputatious sea," he wrote to Edmund Gosse. The "family altar," to speak in more material terms, "consisted of three rooms . . . not a window-sash remained. The door of the lower room was smashed, and one panel hung in splinters. . . . The window . . . was choked with the green and sweetly smelling foliage of a bay; and through a chink in the floor, a spray of poison oak had shot up and was handsomely prospering in the interior. . . . The handiwork of man lay ruined; but the plants were all alive and thriving; the view below was fresh with the colours of nature; and we had exchanged a dim, human garret for a corner, even although it were untidy, of the blue hall of heaven."

The cabin, long since, has fallen a victim to some fate—just what, the pilgrims were unable to discover. In its place, the club women of Napa County have placed a small monument. The base is of ore from the Silverado Mine, the capstone, waist-high, of polished granite carved in the semblance of an open book. On one leaf appears the inscription:

Robert Louis Stevenson

May 7, 1911.

This tablet placed by the club women of Napa County marks the site of the cabin occupied in 1880 by

Robert Louis Stevenson and bride while he wrote *The Silverado Squatters*.

On the other stone leaf is a quotation:

"Doomed to know not winter, only spring, a being trod the flowery April blithely for awhile, took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing, came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile."

R.L.S."

Gone, too, is the mill which stood deserted even then, "like the temple of a forgotten religion, the busy millers toiling somewhere else." Vanished, likewise, are the characters R.L.S. encountered—Mr. Corwin, the landlord of the inn; "Mr. Jennings, the engineer who lives there for his health"; Mr. Hoddy, "a most pleasant gentleman, once a member of the Ohio legislature, again the editor of a local paper, and now, with undiminished dignity, keeping the Toll House bar"; Kilmar, the merchant and "Hebrew tyrant"; Irvine Lovelands, the powerful but lazy handy man, with "the soul of a fat sheep, but, regarded as an artist's model, the exterior of a Greek god"; and Rufe Hanson, the mighty hunter.

But the old dump remains where "we could look over . . . on miles of forest and rough hill top; our eyes commanded some of Napa Valley where the train ran, and the little country townships sat so close together along the line of rail." And the mine! . . .

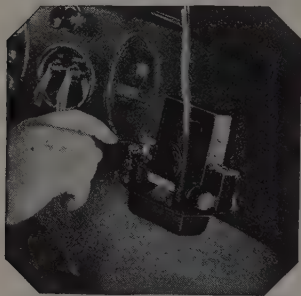
Upward from the monument the foot-path pitched abruptly and the pilgrims followed its beckoning. A hundred-yard climb and a bend about the shoulder of the ridge and there hard by the cliffside yawned the cavernous tunnel of the Silverado Mine. Abandoned ore cars and a narrow-gauge mining rail-

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

My car is a _____ (make)

_____ (year) _____ (model)

328

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Cig-A-Lite, the only automatic cigarette lighter and dispenser for motorists, is winning huge favor everywhere. Write for our attractive sales proposition.

road testified to relatively recent operations. From the portal of the shaft an inclined railway dropped off abruptly down the mountain to the dump beside which R.L.S. once had lived.

Here where the "rugged, horizontal tunnel ran straight into the unsunned bowels of the earth," the "Silverado squatters" once had kept their wine and other perishable foods, "for in the tunnel a cold, wet draught tempestuously blew."

The mountain-side was covered with the ores of silver and mercury. Since early in the '70s sporadic efforts have been made to work it but with indifferent success. In all, the returns have been meagre. No second Comstock this!

The pilgrims, hitherto industrious, the one in making copious notes, the other in snapping numerous photographs, now paused in meditation.

What an ideal retreat! A deeply sheltered glen closely covered with a floral garb of countless species; the air laden with a thousand pleasant but transitory scents of living things, and dominating all, the cleanly aroma of the bay; a prospect as divine as any that ever spread itself before Olympus. "A fine place, after all, for a wasted life to doze away in."

Back down the canyon the pilgrims trekked, rapt in the memories of R.L.S. and Silverado. About the Mountain House the scene was unchanged. But no, the loafers had vanished and in a chair upon the wide veranda a little silver-haired old lady rocked slowly and in perfect tempo. Her eyes were upon them as they approached, kindly eyes that held a twinkle of fun.

This must be Molly Patten! The pilgrims had heard her name and her fame in the valley below. She had known R.L.S.!

The pilgrims obsequiously interrogated her on the point.

Yes, she had known Stevenson.

"Come here on his honeymoon with his bride, humph, bride. . . ." and she almost snorted—a trifle contemptuously it appeared. "Lived up at the mine. Mighty sick man."

And of R.L.S. this was all she could, or would, reveal. Intimate glimpses of the man or his life in this mountain eyrie she had none to divulge. From every angle the pilgrims sought to reach the wells of her memory but to no avail. She knew the history of Napa County almost since its beginning and the vagaries of her neighbors for miles around, but of the habits of this even then great man she remained strangely reticent.

A trifle disappointed at the outcome of their interview, but satiated with the atmosphere of this provocative literary shrine, the pilgrims paid their respects and bade her adieu, turning their motor toward Calistoga and their home in Southern California, halfway down the State.

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Seattle, Washington

The Idea Kit

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

equally adjusted shoes.

III

RECENTLY an experienced owner attached a gasoline filter between the main gas line and the vacuum tank. It was a comparatively simple job for one who has been operating cars since Detroit was a pup, but it served to impress him with the fact that in pursuing higher education in motoring it doesn't pay to forget the fundamentals learned in the automotive kindergarten.

Starting the engine after having completed the job he was puzzled to find that the bowl of the filter didn't fill up. He knew that if gas didn't pass through the filter it would not get into the vacuum tank and it was obvious that the engine was running on the gas reserve in the carburetor float chamber, the line from vacuum tank to carburetor and the lower chamber of the vacuum tank itself. But why the empty bowl of the filter? That was the question.

Suddenly the explanation dawned upon him as he heard the valves in the vacuum tank click. The upper tank had been closed to suction from the rear tank, but with the changes in the position of the valves started to draw gas. Instantly the bowl of the filter filled.

Incidentally, it pays to attach a filter at the top of the vacuum tank rather than at the bottom. Keeping foreign matter out of the carburetor without taking advantage of keeping the dirt out of the vacuum tank is only half doing the job.

IV

KEEN competition among manufacturers is resulting in greater attention to the matter of spring design, and many of the ideas now being offered as standard equipment on new cars can be adapted to cars already in use. In fact, the car owner can do some things in this connection which the designer of the car may not be able to.

There is, at present, much custom work on springs. Dealers change springs to provide the various types of rides which different motorists demand. One spring expert contends that no designer can tell in advance just how much arc springs should have and that it is necessary to figure this out after the body is on the car and the owner knows about how many passengers he will carry on the average. Even working out the problem mathematically, the spring specialists will not guarantee hitting the bulls-eye on the first try.

V

WHILE it's bad business getting under a car without setting the holding brake or blocking the wheels, it sometimes happens that a motorist will be under when he hasn't taken this precaution. Forgetting is about our easiest accomplishment in this day and age of speed in all things, and it is a good idea to keep in mind the fact that a car can be kept from moving of its own accord by the man who is on his back underneath it.

All he needs to do is grasp the propeller shaft. At this point he

enjoys a mechanical advantage of somewhere between 4 and 5 to 1 ratio, depending upon the way the car is geared at the rear axle. It's easier for him to stop the car by grasping the propeller shaft than by pushing against the radiator. Also it's easier to move the car when under it.

The latter point can be used to good purpose if you happen to be greasing the universal joints and you are sure the car is on level ground. I have seen owners crawl under the car with the grease gun only to find that the grease plug in a universal is turned around where it can't be reached. Then they scramble to their feet, crank the engine, move the car a few inches and climb under again to see if they've hit the position just right. If they would simply twist the propeller shaft, the car would move and the joints would turn to the right position for handy greasing.

VI

MANY of the mysteries of tappet noises can be traced to the habit of testing merely for clearance rather than for constancy of clearance. Owners with a bent for tuning up the car will jiggle a tappet up and down to "feel" the clearance or measure this clearance with a feeler gauge if they happen to be more accurate. Ten minutes after checking over the valves they repeat the job only to discover that the clearances have changed.

The explanation of this is simple enough. Since most tappets are of the mushroom type, the surface of that part of a tappet which rides the camshaft may wear unevenly. As a result high and low spots develop which, since the tappet is free to rotate to suit itself, causes variation in clearance. In addition to jiggling tappets up and down it is important to spin them and try the clearance at different positions. If this clearance varies widely, it is a foregone conclusion that no satisfactory adjustment can be hoped for until the worn tappets are replaced.

VII

RECENTLY I have heard several owners of new cars complain of their difficulty in knowing whether or not their engines have started when they crank them. Puzzled by the silence of the new jobs at idling speeds, these owners find themselves using the choke too much and getting themselves into all manner of starting complications.

Apparently few people have learned the usefulness of the ammeter in this connection. During cranking the ammeter indicator will swing through a wide and violent arc but the moment the engine starts its behavior follows certain lines which clearly indicate to the observing motorist just what's what under the hood. Obviously, if the throttle is fairly wide open, the engine will run fast and the ammeter will show a steady charging rate, but since we are dealing with low engine speeds where silence is confusing we have to consider the ammeter in another phase.

If the engine starts and idles, the indicator will show discharge but

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will be unsteady. This is the driver's cue to refrain from using the starter again. The ammeter indicator never stays steady on the discharge side when the engine is running. If it becomes stationary the engine has stalled.

Where there is considerable traffic noise and a new engine is to be started, experienced drivers make it a point to watch the ammeter for just such behavior. A less scientific method, but one that will serve the less experienced driver well enough when learning the trick in starting his new car in his own garage, is to lift the hood and watch the fan. When its blades become a circular blur to the eye it is apparent that the engine is running.

VIII

ONE of the most common faults in caring for a car is to tighten a water pump packing nut "just for good measure." If the pump isn't leaking, better leave it alone. Moving the packing nut—even in the direction of tightening

—often disturbs it enough to start a leak.

Some parts of the car should not be lubricated, theoretically. In practice, however, a little oiling now and again is not only wise policy but often necessary. Such a part is the breaker cam of a distributor. Just touching this with an oily finger will serve to stop a persistent squeak.

Jumping out of the frying pan into the fire is a popular stunt in car care. Recently a motorist was annoyed by the rattling of his shackles and spring bolts, so spent an hour tightening everything in sight. Taking the wheel later in the day he was puzzled to find that while he had jumped out of an assortment of rattles he had landed in a stretch of hard riding. When shackles are too tight the springs cannot work freely, lubricant cannot get into the spring bolts and the shackles properly, and these vital parts of the car commence to wear at a faster rate.

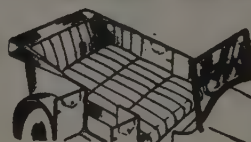


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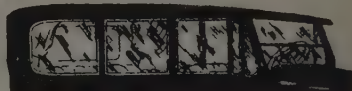
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Feminine Fashions

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40)

ressing warmth.

Will wonders never cease? Not while the Goddess of Fashion is with us. There are new notes in sweaters, shown in the Scottish plaid borders of sleeves and hip line; there are the rolled down stockings or socks which pervade the tennis courts; there is water-

proof jewelry for bathing beauties and a new kind of make-up with which the mermaid may assume a sunburn if she has it not, or she is too impatient to put one on by the slow oil process which obtains at naughty Deauville.

Also, there is the Basque beret. None but the peasants and, later,

the art students of the male variety, wore the beret in France. But here one sees them everywhere, not only with sports attire but with street suits as well, tightly fitting little berets in joyous colorings, hugging the bobbed head tightly and setting off the features in a most daring manner. So, beware, this type of *chapeau* may not be for you.

The little raffia hats with small becoming brims, which are seen in the company of gay parasols of the same material, have a very flattering effect and mademoiselle is wise indeed if she carefully selects her color scheme.

A Forecast of Men's Styles

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

of the Golden State. Frankly, we predict a long life for this long favored golf kit with its comfortable though careless manners. However, although it will be seen dotting the fairways, it will not be seen as frequently since the flannel slacks with tweed or dark blue jackets are always in good form in the country, and since they make the most unprepossessing male look quite presentable they will, doubtless, be much favored in the future.

As for the knickers, when they are worn, the plus twos seem to be the more favored. The possible reason for this is that, when wearing these shorter versions, a man may be comfortably dressed and yet present a neater appearance than when attired in the more voluminous kind. The new materials are more subdued in coloring and sometimes a player will wear a solid color sweater matching his hose.

Another very good looking item in the trend of men's fashions is the renewed popularity of the soft attached collar. In recent months this type of shirt and collar has been much favored by business men as well as college students for lounge wear or for the inevitable everyday business use. Doubtless one reason for its favor is the re-adoption of the collar pin, a device which keeps the collar in its place, as it were, and adds neatness and trimness to the comfort of the soft collar. These pins are seldom of a fancy type but are rather unobtrusive, the bar and hinge styles being most frequently seen.

We Had a Lovely Ride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

side, we did not try to guess. We simply gave ourselves up to the pungent woodland smells—wild sage and manzanita and the hundred other delicate odors that the little canyon so generously breathed. And we reveled in the witching beauty of the tortuous, winding canyon. Here and there great, clumsy boulders marked the scene of vast, prehistoric turbulences, while nearby, serene little meadows tried to deny them.

We passed only two (or was it three?) human habitations during this time, and these were weathered shacks that looked as old as the boulders and much older than the live-oak trees. Near one of them a gnarled, gaunt old citizen, in faded overalls and high boots, was tending a healthy-looking vegetable garden which he had planted in terraces that followed the contour of the canyon. He raised a patriarchal hand to return our salute. Several crumbling old adobes also we surprised, as they sat sleepily reminiscent in the solitude. They did not say if they were romancing about the clink of silver spurs and the swirl of lace mantillas which once were seen and heard within their doors.

And then, around a sweeping curve in the road, a low, up-to-date adobe building—a picturesque little mission. Because this was the holy day, a perfect flower garden of brilliant costumes surrounded the place of worship. It was evidently the social hour following the services. We could not restrain our delight at the pure, flashing colors—ruby red, jade green, tangerine and amethyst, not to mention the most unashamed pink I ever saw.

The Indians answered our smiles and waves of the hand with round, jovial grins. I thought I detected in the eye of one particularly ample squaw, a gleam of amusement, as if she knew that, after all, the joke was on us. Could she have guessed that after we left her we proceeded at once to a public picnic ground where it pleased our hosts to spread our meal in the presence of several hundred families of whatever organization it was, engaged in their annual barbecue?

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"There's an Extra Quart in Every Gallon"



Quaker State Oil Refining Co. of Calif
654 East Sixtieth St. - 1240 Seventeenth St.
Los Angeles San Francisco

Quaker State Medium 35c

Quaker State Heavy - 40c

Routes and Rules for the Highway Patrol



THE HIGHWAY PATROL SERVICE CARS are not subject to call—they patrol daily the main thoroughfares of Southern California and service is rendered to Club members in distress on the highways when encountered.

¶ Mechanical first aid available for members consists of the following:

¶ Emergency repairs to a car disabled on the highways when it is possible to start same within a reasonable length of time. Patrolmen will not go into garages, private or public, to render service.

¶ Towing a disabled car (without dollies) free of charge to the nearest Official Garage, preferably on the particular route in the direction the patrol car is traveling, if it cannot be started on the road.

¶ In the event that the disabled car must be floated on dollies, patrolmen will arrange with the Club's nearest Official Emergency Road Service Station to tow same without expense to the member. (Refer to regulations printed elsewhere herein for Emergency Road Service.)

¶ Changing spare tires from rack to rim when car is operated by a woman driver unaccompanied by male companion. This service will not be rendered a man physically fit.

¶ Gasoline and oil will be carried by patrol cars and sold without profit to members.

¶ Patrol cars will not be permitted to deviate from their designated routes.

¶ Only competent mechanics, qualified to render mechanical aid, are employed on these cars.

¶ Medical first aid to injured persons consists of applying splints and bandages, and arranging for removal of injured persons from the scene of accident to the nearest hospital. Complete medical kits for emergency use are part of the equipment of each car. The patrol drivers have all undergone special training in Medical First Aid Work.

¶ Members are requested not to tip patrolmen for services rendered. Members are kindly requested to show their Club membership card when service is rendered, and to sign service report.

Where the Patrol Cars Operate

Patrol Car No. 72

This car patrols the highway between El Centro and San Diego daily—and covers the important roads in the Imperial Valley.

Patrol Car No. 64

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the route via Glendale, San Fernando,

Saugus and Santa Paula to Ventura, returning to Los Angeles via Moorpark and Santa Susana Pass.

Patrol Car No. 71

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. via Alvarado Street and Glendale Blvd. to Glendale; Verdugo Canyon to La Canada, Flint-

ridge, Devil's Gate Dam, thence to Pasadena and via Colorado Street to the San Gabriel Blvd., thence south to Downey, Norwalk. Buena Park and Garden Grove into Santa Ana; thence to Balboa and north over the Coast Highway through Huntington Beach, Seal Beach and Long Beach to Los Angeles, returning to Los Angeles via Wilmington and the Harbor Blvd.

Patrol Car No. 63

Leaves Visalia daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Inland Route south via Tulare and Delano to Bakersfield, retraces to Delano, then patrols the highway via Ducor, Porter ville, Lindsay and Exeter to Visalia.

Patrol Cars Nos. 61 & 69

These two cars patrol the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. One car leaves Los Angeles and the second leaves San Diego daily at 8 a.m.

Patrol Car No. 73

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Valley Blvd. through El Monte, Puente, Pomona and Ontario to Riverside, then to Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, returning to Los Angeles via Foothill Blvd and Pasadena.

Patrol Car No. 68

This car patrols the Highway between Los Angeles and Bakersfield—(off each Monday).

Patrol Car No. 70

Leaves San Luis Obispo daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Coast Highway north through Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel to the Monterey County line. Retraces to San Luis Obispo, then patrols south to Santa Maria and returns to San Luis Obispo.

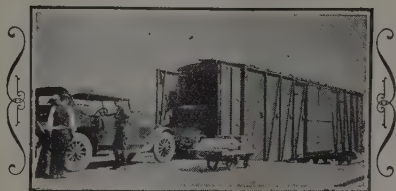
Patrol Car No. 66

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the highway via South Figueroa Street, Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park and Long Beach Blvd. to Long Beach; thence to San Pedro, Wilmington and Redondo; returning to Los Angeles via Western Avenue, thence to Venice via West Adams Street, Washington Blvd. and Culver City, thence to Santa Monica, returning to Club Headquarters via Wilshire Blvd., Vermont Avenue and West Adams Street.

Patrol Car No. 67

This car operates on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Maria—(off each Monday).

OFFICIAL CAR FORWARDERS



The following forwarders have been carefully selected and have agreed to receive and distribute automobiles shipped from the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to them and to receive automobiles for shipment in consolidated consignment to the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN

advised to communicate with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA or the appropriate forwarder.

Alabama

MOBILE

Walker Storage Warehouse Co.,
926 Conti Street.

Arizona

PHOENIX

Automobile Club of Arizona,
217 East Adams Street.

TUCSON

Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Co.

California

LOS ANGELES

Automobile Club of So. California,
Adams and Figueroa Sts.

Colorado

DENVER

Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.,
1700 15th St., (and Denver Motor
Club, 1448 Tremont St., for information only).

Florida

JACKSONVILLE

Laney & Delcher Storage Co., Inc.,
657 East Bay Street.

MIAMI

John E. Withers' Transfer & Storage Co.,
1000-1012 N. East First Avenue.

Hawaii, T. H.

HONOLULU

Honolulu Automobile Club

Illinois

CHICAGO

Currier Lee Warehouse Co.,
427 West Erie Street.

PEORIA

Federal Warehouse Co.

Iowa

CEDAR RAPIDS

Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.

DAVENPORT

Ewert & Richter Exp. & Storage Co.

DES MOINES

Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.

FORT DODGE

Brady Transfer & Storage Co.,
Central at Sixteenth Sts.

SIOUX CITY

Dougherty Storage & Van Co.,
409 Douglas Street.

WATERLOO

Iowa Warehouse Co.

Additional forwarders are being constantly added.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS

Indiana Terminal Warehouse Co.,
230 So. Pennsylvania St.

Kansas

WICHITA

Bryan Transfer & Storage Co.

Kentucky

LOUISVILLE

O. K. Storage & Transfer Co.,
801 West Main Street.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS

Importers' Bonded Warehouse Co.,
340 Bienville Street.

Massachusetts

BOSTON

Quincy Market Cold Storage Warehouse Co.,
178 Atlantic Avenue.

Michigan

DETROIT

Michigan Terminal Warehouse Co.,
Brandt Ave. and Wyoming Road.

Minnesota

DULUTH

Duluth Van & Storage Co.

MINNEAPOLIS

Great Northern Warehouse Co.,
714 Washington Ave., North.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY

Southwest Warehouse Corporation,
Nineteenth and Campbell Streets.

ST. LOUIS

Automobile Club of Missouri,
4228 Lindell Boulevard.

Nebraska

OMAHA

Terminal Warehouse Co.,
702 South Tenth Street.

New York

BUFFALO

Larkin Co., Inc.,
630 Seneca Avenue.

NEW YORK CITY

Tooker Storage & Forwarding Co.,
281 Eleventh Avenue.

SYRACUSE

Great Northern Warehouse, Inc.,
350-360 West Fayette Street.

Ohio

AKRON

W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

CINCINNATI

E. J. Robben, 954 West Fifth St. (and Cincinnati Automobile Club, 8th and Race Sts., for information only).

CLEVELAND

Interstate Terminal Warehouse, Inc.,
1200 West Ninth Street.

COLUMBUS

W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA CITY

O. K. Transfer & Storage Co.

TULSA

Tulsa Transfer & Storage Co.

Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA

Union Shipping & Forwarding Co.,
356 Drexel Bldg. (and Keystone Automobile Club, 250 S. Broad St., Keystone-Shubert Bldg., for information only).

PITTSBURGH

Keystone Storage & Warehouse Co.,
600 Second Avenue.

Texas

DALLAS

Dallas Transfer & Terminal Warehouse Co.

EL PASO

El Paso Fireproof Storage Co.

FT. WORTH

Binyon O'Keefe Firep. Storage Co.,
Eighth and Calhoun.

HOUSTON

Westheimer Transfer Co.

SAN ANTONIO

Scobey Fireproof Warehouse Co.
(Receiving only).

Utah

SALT LAKE CITY

Jennings Cornwall Warehouse Co.,
337 West Second South St.

Washington

SEATTLE

Automobile Club of Washington,
1109 Pine Street.

OFFICIAL



HOTELS

The Hotels listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices. Members are advised

to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show cards. (A) American Plan. (E) European Plan.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LOS ANGELES				
Alexandria Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up	
Chelsea Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 4.00		
Coliseum Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00		
Hotel Figueroa	(E)	2.50 up	2.00	
Westlake Olympic Hotel	(E)	2.00 up		
Hotel Rosslyn	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up	
Hotel St. Paul	(E)		Single 3.00 up	Double 4.00 up
(All Rooms with Bath and Shower)				
Hotel Savoy	(E)			
Outside Room with Bath, 1 person			\$3.00	
Outside Room with Bath, 2 persons			\$4 to \$5	
Stillwell Hotel	(E)	2.00 up		
Hotel Stowell	(E)	2.00		
Ambassador	(E)			
Outside room with bath 1 person			\$5.00 up	
Outside room with bath 2 persons			8.00 up	
Hotel Trinity	(E)	2.50 & 3.00	1.50	
Van Nuys Hotel	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00 to 2.50	
HOLLYWOOD				
Hotel Christie	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up	
Hotel Gilbert	(E)	2.00 to 4.00		
Hollywood Plaza Hotel	(E)	3.00 up		
Village Inn	(E)	2.00 to 4.00 per day		
HUNTINGTON PARK				
La Fonda Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50	
PASADENA				
Hotel Constance	(E)	3.00 up		
MT. WILSON				
Mt. Wilson Hotel	(E)	4.00	1.50 up	
GLENDAL				
Hotel Brand	(E)	1.50	1.00	
SANTA MONICA				
Hotel Windermere	(A)	7.50	6.00	
Miramar Hotel	(E)	4.00 up	3.00 up	

Inland Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

BAKERSFIELD				
Hotel El Tejon	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up	
Hotel Euclid	(E)	2.00	1.00 up	
Hotel Moronet	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up	
Tegeler Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50	
Hotel Bifford	(E)	2.00 up	1.25 up	
Hotel Willis	(E)	1.50 up		
DELANO				
Hotel Kern	(E)	2.50	1.50	
LEBEC				
Hotel Lebec	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00	
LINDSAY				
Hotel Lindsay	(E)	1.75 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50	
PORTERVILLE				
Hotel Porterville	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00	
SAN FERNANDO				
Porter Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00	
TAFT				
Savoy Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.75 to 2.50 up	
Hotel Fox	(E)	2.50	1.75	

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
TULARE			
Hotel Tulare		2.50	1.50
GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK			
Giant Forest Lodge	(A)	8.50	6.00 to 6.50
2 persons		15.00	10.00 to 11.00
(Open until October 1st)			
VISALIA			
Hotel Johnson	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	2.00 to 2.50

Coast Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

ATASCADERO				
New Atascadero Inn	(A)	6.00 up		
(All rooms with bath)	(E)	2.50 up		
BUELLTON				
Buell Tavern	(A)	3.50 per day up		
Hotel Bueltmore	(E)	1.50 per day up		
LOMPOC				
Hotel Arthur	(E)		1.00 to 2.00	
LOS ALAMOS				
Hotel Los Alamos	(E)	3.00	2.00	
LOS OLIVOS				
Mattet's Tavern	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up	
OJAI				
El Roblar Hotel	(A)	6.00 per day up		
Pierpont Cottages	(A)	6.50 up		
PASO ROBLES				
Hotel Taylor	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up	
Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel	(A)	6.50 up	5.00 up	
PISMO				
Hotel Butler	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up	
Hotel Olsen	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00	
SAN LUIS OBISPO				
Anderson Hotel	(E)	2.50 per day up		
(All rooms with bath)				
Hotel Andrews	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up	
Hotel Blackstone	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up	
Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up	
Free private garages in connection				
SANTA BARBARA				
The Samarkand	(A)	10.00 up		
(All rooms with bath)				
Hotel Barbara	(E)	3.00 to 6.00	2.00 to 4.00	
Upham Hotel	(E)	3.00	2.00	
Hotel Virginia	(E)	2.50	1.50 to 2.00	
SANTA MARIA				
Santa Maria Inn	(A)	7.00 to 8.00		
Hotel Massy	(E)	1.75 to 2.00		
Hotel Bradley	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up	
Hotel California	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 up	
SANTA PAULA				
Glen Tavern	(A)	4.00 to 6.00		
VENTURA				
Hotel Baldwin	(E)	2.50	1.50 and 2.00	
Hotel Fosnaugh	(E)	2.50		
(All rooms with bath)				

Los Angeles—San Diego, Coast Route

CARDIFF-BY-THE-SEA				
Beacon Inn	(A)	8.50	5.50	
DEL MAR				
Hotel Del Mar	(A)	7.00 up	6.00 up	
FULLERTON				
California Hotel		2 to 2.50	1.50 to 2	
LA JOLLA				
Hotel Cabrillo	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up	
Casa De Manana	(A)	10.00 up		

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
OCEANSIDE			
Hotel Keisker	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
ORANGE			
Sunshine Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA ANA			
St. Ann's Inn	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	2.00
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO			
Hotel Capistrano	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
SAN DIEGO			
El Cortez Hotel	(E)	5.00 up	
Albany Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
U. S. Grant Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	
Hotel Churchill	(E)	3.00 to 4.00	2.00 to 3.50
Hotel Knickerbocker	(E)	1.50 to 3.00 per day	2 to 3.50
Hotel Sanford	(A)	4.50 up	3.00 up
Hotel St. James	(E)	2.00 to 6.00	1.00 up
San Diego Hotel	(E)	1.00 to 3.00 per day	
Maryland Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 up
(All rooms with Private Toilet and Lavatory)			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	
Admiral Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
King George Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up
CORONADO			
Hotel Del Coronado	(A)	10.00 up	8.00 up

Los Angeles—San Diego, Inland Route

EL SINORE				
Amsbury Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50	
GLEN IVY				
Glen Ivy Mineral Hot Springs	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up	
Free garage in connection				
ONTARIO				
Ontario Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.50 to 3.00	
RIVERSIDE				
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up	
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up	
HEMET				
Palomar Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50	
VISTA				
Vista Inn	(A)	6.00	5.00	
	(E)	3.00	2.00	

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

CLAREMONT				
Ye Claremont Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up	
FONTANA				
Fonjana Farms Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up	
GLENN RANCH, CAL.				
Glenn Ranch Resort	(E)	2.50	1.25 up	
Housekeeping			1.50 up	
Camping			.50 up	
MONROVIA				
Leven Oaks Hotel	(A)	5.50 to 7.50	4.50 to 5.50	
SAN ANTONIO CANYON				
Camo Baldy	(B)		1.50 up	
SAN BERNARDINO				
Antlers Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50	
San Bernardino Mountain Resorts				
(Rim of the World)				
LAKE ARROWHEAD				
Lake Arrowhead Lodge	(A)	10.00 up		

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Pine Knot Lodge		(Closed for Season)	
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Big Bear Lake Tavern	(A)	6.00 up	5.00 up
Highlander Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
	(A)	6.50	6.00
SAN BERNARDINO P. O.			
Pinecrest Mountain Resort Hotel	(E)	5.00 up	3.00 up
		Housekeeping 5.00 up	

FOREST HOME P. O.
Big Falls Lodge (E) 1.50 up

National Old Trails

(East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO			
Monkbridge Manor	(A)	5.00	4.50
	(E)	2.50	2.00
AMBOY			
Amboy Hotel	(E)	1.50 up	Cottages 2.00 up
BARSTOW			
Hotel Melrose and Annex	(E)	2.50	1.50 up
KINGMAN, ARIZ.			
Hotel Beale	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 to 2.00
Commercial Hotel	(E)	2.00	1 to 1.50
LUDLOW			
Hotel Oasis	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
SOCORRO, N. M.			
Hotel Val Verde	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
VICTORVILLE			
Hotel Stewart	(E)	2.50	1.00 up
Hotel Smith	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Midland Trail and Lincoln

BRIDGEPORT Highway			
Bridgeport Hotel	(E)	1.50	
	(A)	4.50	
BISHOP			
Kittie Lee Inn	(E)	3.00	2.00
INDEPENDENCE			
Winnedumah Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
JUNE LAKE (BISHOP P. O.)			
June Lodge	(E)	8.00	
Housekeeping		2.00	
Gull Lake Lodge	(A)	5.00	

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LANCASTER			
Lancaster Inn	(E)	2.00	1.50
LONE PINE			
Dow Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
MONO LAKE			
Tioga Lodge	(A)		6.25
MOJAVE			
Hotel Alton	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley

(Salton Sea Route)
Including Mecca—Blythe Route to
Phoenix.

BANNING			
San Geronimo Inn	(A)	6 to 7.50	5 to 6.00
	(E)	3 to 4.00	2 to 2.50
BRAWLEY			
Planters Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Dunlack	(E)	2.50 up	
		(Air cooled and fireproof)	
COLTON			
Anderson Hotel	(A)	5.00	3.50
	(E)	2.00	1.50
INDIO			
Hotel Indio		(Closed to Sept. 1)	
The La Quinta	(A)	15.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	
PALM SPRINGS			
Desert Inn	(A)	10.00 up	
		(Closed for Season)	
El Mirador	(A)	10.00 up	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	
RIVERSIDE			
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
REDLANDS			
Casa Loma	(A)	4.50 up	4.00 up
Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50

San Jacinto Mountain Resorts

IDYLLWILD			
Idyllwild Inn	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 up

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway

(Borderland Route)

San Diego—El Paso and Points East.

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
THE WILLOWS, SAN DIEGO CO.			
The Willows		5.00 up	4.00 up
DESCANSO			
Hulburd Grove Inn	(A)	5.50	4.50
	(E)	2.50	1.50
Housekeeping Cottages		15.00 per week up	
PINE VALLEY, SAN DIEGO CO.			
Pine Valley Cabin	(A)	6.00 up	5.50
	(E)	4.00 up	3.00
(All modern conveniences) Housekeeping Cottages.			
EL CENTRO			
Hotel Barbara Worth	(E)	2.50 to 5	2 to 3.50
CALEXICO			
Hotel Reeder	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
EL PASO, TEXAS			
Hotel Sheldon	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
YUMA, ARIZ.			
Hotel Del Ming	(E)	3.50 up	2.00 up

Miscellaneous Hotels and Resorts

RESORTS			
TEHACHAPI			
Juanita Hotel	(E)	1.50 per day up	
HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS			
Alexander Young Hotel	(E)	3.50 up	2.50 up
RAMONA			
Kenilworth Inn	(A)		3.50
RYAN			
Death Valley View Hotel	(A)	5.00 to 7.00	
	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	
		(Closed for Season)	
DEATH VALLEY			
Furnace Creek Inn	(A)	10.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	

District Offices of the California State Automobile Association

AUBURN—934 Lincoln Way, Nevada, Placer and Sierra counties.

CHICO—Second and Salem Sts., Butte County.

EUREKA—608 Fourth St., Humboldt and Del Norte counties.

FRESNO—660 Van Ness Ave., Fresno County.

HANFORD—316 N. Irwin St., Kings County.

HOLLISTER—379 Fourth St., San Benito County.

MADERA—114 North F St., Madera County.

MARTINEZ—407 Ferry St., Contra Costa County.

MARYSVILLE—1015 Fifth St., Yuba and Sutter counties.

MERCED—El Capitan Hotel Bldg., Merced and Mariposa counties.

MODESTO—Ninth and "Eye" St., Stanislaus County.

NAPA—1017 Third St., Napa County.

OAKLAND—399 Grand Ave., Alameda County.

PLACERVILLE—Main St., El Dorado County.

RED BLUFF—608 Main St., Tehama County.

REDDING—313 Yuba St., Shasta, Trinity and Modoc counties.

SACRAMENTO—1416 K St., Sacramento County.

SALINAS—334 Main St., Monterey County.

SAN JOSE—1034 The Alameda, Santa Clara County.

SAN MATEO—100 El Camino Real, San Mateo County.

SAN RAFAEL—401 Fourth St., Marin County.

SANTA CRUZ—21 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz County.

SANTA ROSA—544 Mendocino Ave., Sonoma County.

STOCKTON—929 El Dorado St., San Joaquin, Amador, Calaveras, Alpine and Tuolumne counties.

SUSANVILLE—Mt. Lassen Hotel Bldg., Plumas and Lassen counties.

UKIAH—415 S. State St., Mendocino and Lake counties.

VALLEJO—501 Georgia St., Solano County.

WILLOWS—249 Tehama St., Glenn and Colusa counties.

WOODLAND—818 Main St., Yolo County.

YOSEMITE VALLEY—Park Supt. Office.

YREKA—Main near Miner St., Siskiyou County.

Official Garages and State-wide Emergency Road Service

for Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Automobile Association

The Garages listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices.



Members are advised to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show their cards

How to Obtain Free Emergency Road Service

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Southern California
are designated by star and phone number

MEMBERS with their disabled cars on the road outside of Los Angeles are requested to call the nearest Emergency Road Service Station—listed here and in each issue of TOURING TOPICS. In or near Los Angeles City call Club headquarters, BEacon 8600—always open.

☐ Give your name, address, membership card number, make of car, license number, location, and nature of trouble.

☐ The mechanics on arrival will either start your car in 30 minutes mechanical labor or tow car to the Official Garage. (Elsewhere at your expense.)

☐ This is an emergency service only for members whose cars are disabled on the highways. Calls cannot be answered at the Club's expense to start cars in garages.

☐ Service cannot apply to employees or friends of members who do not belong—even when such employees or friends are operating the member's cars, as Club service follows the member and not the car.

☐ Be sure to carry your membership card. No free service will be extended to persons who fail to carry paid-up membership cards.

☐ The service will be extended to owners of firm or commercial cars only when the drivers thereof can produce a Club member-

ship card in their own names. This service does not apply to trucks of any make.

☐ This service is for emergencies when disabled while actually on the road, and does not apply on mechanical or repair work at garages, nor include supplies or parts.

☐ Tire service—changing spare tires from rack to rim—will be extended when car is operated by a woman member unaccompanied by male companion, or a man physically unable to change tires.

☐ Carry the current issue of the Club magazine, TOURING TOPICS, containing list of appointed garages in your car.

☐ The Club's Emergency Road Service, as above outlined, applies only to the territory embraced by the thirteen Southern Counties of California. As a member of our organization, however, you are entitled to Emergency Road Service in Central and Northern California through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association (Northern Club) in accordance with rules and regulations established by them for their own members.

☐ Members cannot be reimbursed for services secured from garages not under contract with the Club as Emergency Road Service Stations.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NOTE: This list is complete to date of publication. A revised list will be published monthly in Touring Topics. Carry the latest list in your car so it may always be available.)

Los Angeles

*A-1 Auto Sheet Metal Works, 3701 Moneta Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)

Arrow Garage, 1016 W. Vernon Ave.

Auto Centre Garage, 746 South Hope Street

Barnard & Johnson Garage, 1317 Wilshire Blvd.

*Beverly Drive Garage, 439 Beverly Drive, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)

Biltmore Garage, 525 West 5th St.

Blue Ribbon Garage, 4251 South Broadway

Bozzani Motor Car Co., Cor. Sunset Blvd. and Broadway

Buick Garage, 1000 West Washington St.

Burlington Garage, 517 South Burlington St.

Clark-Wall Garage, 634 Wall St.

Clinton L. Clark Garage, 2219 West Pico St.

Clippinger Garage, 708 Merchant St.

Eddy's Fireproof Garage, 816 So. Grand Ave.

Ellsworth Cadillac Service, 1105 West Pico St.

Fifth Street Garage, 221 East 5th St.

Fenn-Shelton Super Service Station, 1832-50 Santa Monica Blvd.,

Beverly Hills, Cal.

*Gagen's Motor Service, 218 North Virgil, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)

C. W. Giles' Garage, 2828 Whittier Blvd.

*Gold Arrow Auto Works, 2714 South Figueroa St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)

Granada Garage, 526 S. Western Ave.

*Grand-Adams Garage, 2525 S. Grand Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Harris-Davenport Super Service Station, 1600 So. Western Ave.
 Heller's Garage, 4165 Beverly Blvd.
 Hotel Clark Garage, 4th and Olive Sts.
 H. & S. Garage, 2415 South Vermont Ave.
 *Herdina Garage, 12518 South Main St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Jack McArley's Garage, 4421 South Western Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Kreutzer Garage, 1801 South Hope St.
 *Lloy's Garage, 3412 West Pico St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 L. A. Motor Service Garage, 2524 South Hill St.
 *Larchmont Garage, 241-243 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Love & Love Garage, No. 2, 232 So. Figueroa St.
 Manhattan Wilshire Garage, 606 S. Manhattan Place
 Master Service Co., 811 So. Whittier St.
 The May Co.'s Patrons Garage, 9th & Hill Streets
 *Montclair Garage, 4321 W. Adams, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Ready-Go Service Garage, 2701 South Figueroa St.
 *Reliable Mechanical Works, 320 Venice Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Schuler Auto Service Garage, 4708 W. Washington St.
 Schuler Co. Garage, 3241 South Figueroa St.
 Security Garage, 430 South Los Angeles St.
 *Snyder's Garage, 2459 Brooklyn Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Sonoma Motor Sales Co., 636 Maple Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Speer-Dodge Works, 1827 South Hope St.
 *Stewart's Garage, 4917 Whittier Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 260 So. Vermont Super Service Station, 260 South Vermont Ave.
 Robert Thompson Garage, 1015 So. Grand Ave.
 Washington Park Garage, 18th and Grand Ave.
 *Welcome Garage, 329 Glendale Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Western Avenue Garage, 226 South Western Ave.
 Withner Garage, 528 Columbia Avenue
 *Woodward Garage, Pico and Alvarado Sts., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Wilmont Garage, 3144 Wilshire Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Wilshire Garage, 6th and Kenmore
 Wolfe & Allen Super Service Station, 7726 S. Vermont Ave.

Los Angeles—San Diego Coast Route

*ANAHEIM—Frahm's Garage. Phone: 799 (Day) 703-R (Night)
 *CORONADO—Guarantee Garage. Phone: Coronado 518
 *CORONADO—Pioneer Garage. Phone: Coronado 56
 CORONADO—Hotel Del Coronado Garage.
 *CARLSBAD—Standard Garage. Phone: 12-J-1
 *CYPRESS—Cypress Garage. Phone: Anaheim 8711-R-4 (Day) 941-W (Night)
 *DEL MAR—Hotel Del Mar Garage. Phone: Del Mar 88
 *Downey—Faulkner's Garage, Mach. Shop. Phone: Downey 432-50
 *FULLERTON—Bill's Garage. Phone: 697
 *FULLERTON—Lillian Yaeger Garage. Phone: Fullerton 115 or 114
 *LAGUNA BEACH—Coast Garage. Phone: Laguna Beach 52
 *LA HABRA—Missouri Garage. Phone: La Habra 8-176
 *LA JOLLA—Pacific Garage. Phone: La Jolla 768
 *MONTEBELLO—B. & H. Garage. Phone: Montebello 345
 *NATIONAL CITY—Tutwiler's Garage. Phone: National 528 (Day) Randolph 3922 (Night)
 *NORWALK—Central Garage. Phone: 5582 (Day) 5361 (Night)
 *OCEANSIDE—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 27-J
 *OCEANSIDE—Herb Schwartz Garage. Phone: 123
 *ORANGE—Acme Garage & Machine Shop. Phone: Orange 80
 SAN DIEGO—Savoy Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Sixth Street Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Adair's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Elite Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Dupree's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Hi-Ho Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Miller Super Service Station.
 SAN DIEGO—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5101
 SAN DIEGO—Price Motor Car Co.
 SAN DIEGO—White Front Garage. Phone: Hillcrest 2562
 SAN DIEGO—San Diego Garage. Phone: 3-1622
 SAN DIEGO—Crescent Garage.
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Congdon Motor Car Co. Phone: 131
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—White Garage. Phone: 4
 *SANTA ANA—Grand Central Garage. Phone: 2457
 *SOLANO BEACH—Cochran & Weiss Garage. Phone: Del Mar 93-J
 *TUSTIN—Tustin Garage. Phone: Tustin 11-J (Day) Tustin 155-R or 155-M (Night)
 WHITTIER—J. W. Cox Motor Sales Co.
 WHITTIER—Ternquist & Olson. Phone: Whittier 423-249
 WHITTIER—L. G. Rinderknecht Garage.
 *YORBA LINDA—Liberty Garage. Phone: Placentia 8705-R-1

Los Angeles—San Diego Inland Route

*BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage. Phone: Covina 64853
 *EL MONTE—Commercial Garage. Phone: 216
 *ELSINORE—Graham & Graham Garage. Phone: 72 (Day) 162 (Night)
 *ESCONDIDO—Escondido Garage. Phone: 406 and 157
 *ESCONDIDO—Guarantee Garage. Phone 68
 *FALLBROOK—Fallbrook Garage. Phone: Fallbrook 11-W
 *ONTARIO—Dietz Garage. Phone: 818 (Day) 1052 (Night)
 *ONTARIO—McGready Bros. Garage.
 POMONA—Opera Garage.
 POMONA—Elsberry-Reynolds, Jr. Inc.
 *POMONA—Wurts Garage. Phone: 1424
 *PUENTE—Puente Garage. Phone: 532-21 (Garage) 554-91 (Residence)
 *PUENTE—Service Garage. Phone: 532-33
 *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
 *VISTA—Vista Garage. Phone: Vista 10W

Los Angeles—San Francisco Coast Route

*ARROYO GRANDE—Barcellos & Morgan Garage. Phone: 15
 *ATASCADERO—Atascadero Garage. Phone: 74
 *ATASCADERO—Ward's Garage.
 *BUELLTON—Buellton Garage. Phone: 31-F-13
 *CALABASAS—Calabasas Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 115-R-11 (Day) 115-J2 (Night)
 *CAMARILLO—Knob Hill Garage. Phone: 956-M-2
 *CAMBRIA—Service Garage. Phone: Cambria 11-F-2
 *CARPINTERIA—Rincon Garage. Phone: 20-W
 *CAYUCOS—Cayucos Garage. Phone: Cayucos Garage.
 *CHATSWORTH—Alamo Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)

*ENCINO—Encino Garage. Phone: Van Nuys 428-J
 *HOLLYWOOD—East Hollywood Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Classic Garage, 1262 No. Western Ave.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Mission Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 HOLLYWOOD—Sierra Vista Garage.
 HOLLYWOOD—Southern Garage, 5731 Sunset Blvd.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Standard Motor Service. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 HOLLYWOOD—Fred R. Winnett Garage.
 *LOMPOC—Ruffner & Ruffner Garage. Phone: 74 (Day) 41-R or 169-W (Night)
 *LOS ALAMOS—Los Alamos Garage. Phone: 37
 *MOORPARK—Mission Garage. Phone: 20
 *NORTH HOLLYWOOD—Huffaker Garage. Phone: Lankershim 290
 *OJAI—City Garage. Phone: 4
 *ORCUTT—Orcutt Garage. Phone: 593-J-2
 *OXNARD—Carner's Garage. Phone: 73 or 285
 OXNARD—Buick Garage.
 *PASO ROBLES—Pioneer Garage. Phone: 247
 *PISMO BEACH—Pismo Garage & Mach. Shop. Phone: 6-W
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Berkemeyer Garage. Phone: 3
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Studebaker Service Garage. Phone: 601
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Kamm's San Luis Garage. Phone: 162
 *SAN MIGUEL—Tucker's Super Service, Phone: San Miguel 6-W
 SANTA BARBARA—Arlington Garage.
 *SANTA BARBARA—Huff's Garage. Phone: 701
 *SANTA BARBARA—Johnson's Garage. Phone: 3054
 *SANTA BARBARA—Carrillo Hotel Garage. Phone: 3900
 SANTA MARIA—California Garage.
 *SANTA MARIA—Automotive Garage. Phone: 3
 *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage. Phone: 233
 *SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage. Phone: 85
 *SATICOV—Saticov Garage. Phone: 41
 *VAN NUYS—J. R. Wardlaw Super Service Station. Phone: Van Nuys 150
 *VENTURA—Neiderhauser Garage. Phone: 620-W
 *VENTURA—Ventura Garage. Phone: 1142
 *VENTURA—Reid's Garage. Phone: 176 (Day) 642 (Night)
 VENTURA—Union Garage.

Los Angeles—San Francisco Inland Route

*BAKERSFIELD—Class A Motor Company. Phone: 133
 *BAKERSFIELD—John R. Huff Company, Phone: 3322
 BAKERSFIELD—Chester Avenue Garage.
 *BAKERSFIELD—East Side Garage. Phone: 990
 *BAKERSFIELD—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: 702 or 703
 *BAKERSFIELD—California Garage. Phone: 621
 *BURBANK—Patterson's Garage. Phone: Burbank 268
 *DELANO—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: Delano 1
 *DINUBA—Biswell, McDonald & Biswell. Phone: 12 (Day) 307 (Night & Sun.)
 *EXETER—Square Deal Garage. Phone: Exeter 46-R (Day) Exeter 27-W (Night)
 *FILLMORE—Rudkin Motor Service, Phone: 42 or 15
 *GLENDALE—Pellegrini Garage. Phone: Glendale 5080
 GLENDALE—Dotson's Super Service Station.
 *LEMON COVE—Lemon Cove Garage. Phone: Lemon Cove Garage
 *LINDSAY—Cate & Woollores Garage. Phone: Lindsay 40
 *MARCICOPA—Marcicopa Garage. Phone: B-463
 *MCFARLAND—K-K Garage. Phone: McFarland 13 (Day) 4-F-3 (Night)
 *MCKITTRICK—McKittrick Auto Supply Co. Phone: Main 61
 MONTROSE—Evans Garage.
 NEWHALL—White Star Garage.
 *PIXLEY—Swanson-Howard Motor Co., Phone: 17-J (Day) 17-W (Night)
 *PORTERVILLE—Dick's Automotive Service. Phone: 574 (Day) 414-R or 574 (Night)
 RIDGE ROUTE—Ridge Road Garage, 15 miles from Saugus on Ridge. (Castaio P.O.)
 *SANDBERG—Sandberg's Garage. Phone: Sandberg Toll Station.
 *SAN FERNANDO—Cascade Garage. Phone: Main 184
 *SAN FERNANDO—Willis A. Rowe Auto Supply House. Phone: Main 41
 *SAUGUS—Midway Garage. Phone: Newhall 28-J-2.
 *SHAFTER—Miller Bros. Garage. Phone: 4-W
 *TAFT—H. R. Kanode Garage. Phone: 220-J (Day) 109-W (Night)
 *TULARE—Central Garage. Phone: Tulare 102
 *TULARE—Graham's Department Store Garage.
 *TIPTON—Rainbow Garage. Phone: Tipton 10
 *VISALIA—Main Garage. Phone: Visalia 980
 *WASCO—Wasco Garage. Phone: 12

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

ALHAMBRA—Eagle Garage.
 *ALHAMBRA—Harry T. Moore Garage. Phone: Alhambra 242 (Day) 3027-J (Night) and 4195-J
 *ALHAMBRA—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 4386 (Night)
 *CLAREMONT—Foothill Garage. Phone: Claremont 4961
 *COLTON—Taylor's Electric Service Garage. Phone: 90
 *COVINA—Webber Garage. Phone: Covina 12111
 *FONTANA—Fontana Garage. Phone: Fontana 257
 *GLENORA—Rowe Motor Service Garage. Phone: Covina 42004
 *HIGHLAND—Coy Garage. Phone: 35
 *MONROVIA—Ruechel Garage. Phone: Green 70 (Day) Black 389 (Nights, Sun. and Holidays)
 *RIALTO—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 7 (Day) 170 (Night)
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 EAST SAN GABRIEL—Barlow's Automotor Service.
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Central Garage. Phone: 271-82
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Draper's Garage. Phone: 271-63
 SAN BERNARDINO—California Garage.
 *UPLANDS—Waterman Garage. Phone: 116-J

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Central Garage & Machine Works.
 ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Oden Buick Co.
 *AMBOY—Amboy Garage. No Phone.
 *BARSTOW—Barstow Garage. Phone: 26-M.
 *FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—Babbitt Brothers Garage.
 *KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Ford Garage.
 *KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Farrow Stackpole Auto. Co.
 *LUDLOW—Murphy Bros. Tourist Garage.
 *MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO—Stendel's Garage.
 *NEEDLES—Old Trails Garage. Phone: Main 28
 *SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Becker's Transcontinental Garage.
 *VICTORVILLE—Victorville Garage. Phone: 8-J
 WINSLOW, ARIZ.—Bazel Motor Co.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway (Borderland Route)

- *ALPINE—Alpine Garage. Phone: El Cajon 342-3
 *BOSTONIA—Bostonia Garage
 *EL CAJON—J. R. Dall Motor Co. Phone: 101 (Day) 691 (Night)
 *EL CENTRO—C. E. Coggins Garage. Phone: El Centro 166
 *EL CENTRO—Barbara Worth Garage
 *JACUMBA—J. R. Fowble Garage. Phone: Fowble Garage, Jacumba.
 YUMA, ARIZ.—Super Service Garage.

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

- *BISHOP—Smith Auto. Co. Phone: Bishop 81 (Day) Bishop 91-J (Night)
 *BISHOP—Bishop Auto Service Garage
 *BISHOP—Noldeke Brothers' Garage
 *BIG PINE—Glacier Garage. Phone: 121
 *BRIDGEPORT—Bridgeport Garage. Phone: Bridgeport Store
 *INDEPENDENCE—Independence Garage. Phone: Bishop 25-4
 *LANCASTER—Inn Garage. Phone: 1001
 *LONE PINE—Mt. Whitney Garage & Livery Co. Phone: Bishop 21-1
 *LONE PINE—Square Deal Garage. Phone: 11-Ring
 *MINT CANYON—Baletier's Garage. No phone.
 *MOJAVE—Andy Smith's Garage. Phone: 221
 *MOJAVE—Paul's Garage
 *MONO LAKE—Tioga Lodge Garage. Phone: Tioga Lodge
 *PALMDALE—Mission Garage. Phone: 17-W

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix

- *BANNING—Dickinson Motor Car Co. Phone: 96 (Day) Main 82 (Night)
 *BLYTHE—Valley Garage. Phone: 26
 *BEAUMONT—Brown & Sons Garage. Phone: 774
 *BEAUMONT—Beaumont Garage. Phone: Beaumont 782
 *BLOOMINGTON—Bloomington Garage. Phone: 8715-R-2
 *BRAWLEY—Plaza Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 709 (Night)
 *BRAWLEY—White Garage
 *COACHELLA—Union Garage. Phone: 138
 *INDIO—MacKenzie Motor Co. Phone: Indio 531
 *PALM SPRINGS—Bunker's Garage. Phone: Bunker's Garage.
 *PALM SPRINGS—Garage El Mirador
 *REDLANDS—Eddie Meyer's Garage. Phone: 102
 *REDLANDS—T. N. Gibson Garage. Phone: Main 909
 *REDLANDS—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
 *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
 *WESTMORELAND—W. E. Gullett's Garage. Phone: Brawley 1099 F-3

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars.

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Northern California

CALIFORNIA STATE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

(NOTE: Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California when touring in Northern California are advised to get in touch with the nearest office of the California State Automobile Association for their rules and regulations pertaining to this service.)

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ADIN	Adin Garage	Adin Exchange	BURLINGAME	Pattison's Garage, San Mateo	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 395 or 673-W
ALAMEDA	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, or Park St. Garage	Alameda 386	BURLINGAME	El Camino Garage	Burlingame 4480
ALBANY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	BURNEY	Tourist Garage	Tourist Garage
ALBION	Johnson & Larson	Albion 1-F-3 or 10-F-32	BYRON	Byron Garage	Byron 1
ALDER POINT	Alder Point Garage	Send Word	CALISTOGA	Wilber R. Snow Elec. Garage	Calistoga 50
ALTAMONT PASS	Mountain House Garage (nine miles west of Tracy)	Mountain House	CAMPTONVILLE	C. O. D. Garage & Machine Co.	Camptonville 8
ALTURAS	Modoc Machine Shop	Livermore Exchange (Day) Red 272 (Night) Black 622	CAMPTONVILLE	Lang Garage	Camptonville 8
ALVARADO	Alvarado Garage	Alvarado 28-W	CARL INN	Carl Inn Garage	(Day) Carmel 112
ANGELS CAMP	Central Garage	(Day) Angels Camp 32 (Night) Angels Camp Exc. St. Helena 79-F-5	CARMEL	Carmel Garage	(Night) 353-568-570
ANGWIN	College Garage	Antioch 123	CASCADA	Solomon Garage	Rangers Station at Big Creek
ANTIOCH	W. A. Christiansen	(Day) Arbuckle 4-K (Night) 28-W	CASTROVILLE	Kings Garage	Castroville 4-J
ARBUCLE	Airan Garage	(Day) Arcata 109-W or 245-J or 363	CEDARVILLE	Western Garage	Cedarville Exchange
ARCATA	Sacchi Service Station	(Day) Arcata 109-W or 245-J or 363	CHESTER	Tunipier Service Corp.	Mt. Lassen State Office
AUBERRY	Auberry Garage	Auberry Hotel (Day) Auburn 220 (Night) 296	CHICO	Chinese Camp Garage	Chico 311-W
AUBURN	R. & D. Service Shop	(Day) Newcastle 110 (Night) 118	CHINESE CAMP	Chinese Camp Exch.	(Night) 5
AUBURN	White's Garage, Newcastle	Shaw line, one long ring Bay Point 22	CHOWCHILLA	Chowchilla Garage	Day & Night Chowchilla 4
BASS LAKE	The Pines Garage	10-W	CLEMENTS	Service Garage	Clements Exchange
BAY POINT	Bay Point Garage	Beegum Garage	CLOVERDALE	Tire Shop Garage	(Day) Cloverdale 41
BECKWITH	Sierra Valley Garage	Belmont 6	CLOVIS	H. B. Owens Garage	(Night) Cloverdale 118-J
BEEGUM	Beegum Garage	Belvedere 37-J	COALINGA	V. V. Oyster Auto & Mach. Shop	Day & Night Clovis 4
BELMONT	Belmont Garage	Ben Lomond 23; after 9 p.m. Ben Lomond 4-W	COLFAX	McCleary Garage	(Day) Coalinga 165
BELVEDERE	Belvedere Garage	Glencourt 4400	COLMA	Bill's Garage, Daly City	(Night) 326-J
BENICIA	Enterprise Garage	Bieber Exchange	COLUSA	Universal Garage	Main 20
BEN LOMOND	Ben Lomond Garage	Rangers station at Big Creek	CONCORD	Concord Auto Service Co.	Randolph 940
BERKELEY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Biggs 34	CORCORAN	Corcoran Garage	Concord 87; after 9 p. m. call 319
BIEBER	Oak's Garage	Blairden 4	CORNING	The Corning Garage	Corcoran 441
BIG CREEK	Solomon Garage	13-J (Day only)	CORTE MADERA	Community Garage	Corning 75
BIGGS	Biggs Garage	1 long, 2 short & 1 longring	COTATI	Fox Garage	(Day) Corte Madera 305
BLAIRSDEN	Mohawk Valley Garage	Bolinas 3-W. If no answer, call Bolinas 12.	COTTONWOOD	Cottonwood Garage	(Night) 147 or 395
BLUE LAKE	Blue Lake Garage	Phone 8; after 8 p.m. send word	COURTLAND	Thomson Auto Repair Shop	(Day) Cottonwood 7-J
BLUFF CREEK	Cephart Bros. (Via Weitchpec)	Bridgeport, Mariposa Exch	COVELO	Covalo Garage	After 8 p. m. send word
BODAGA	Bodaga Coast Garage	Buck Meadows	COYOTE	Kruse's Garage	(Day) 67; (Night) 66
BOLINAS	Bolinas Garage	Buck Meadows (Day) Sun Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031	CRESCENT CITY	Crecent City Garage & Mach. Works	Covel 8-F-21
BOONVILLE	Line Oak Garage		CRESCENT MILLS	Crecent Mills Garage	Sun Jose 119-J-1
BRIDGEPORT	Bridgeport Garage		CROCKETT	Community Garage	Crecent City 441
BUCK MEADOWS	Buck Meadows Garage		CUMMINGS	Redwood Empire Garage (2 miles south of Cummings)	Crecent Mills Exchange
BURLINGAME	Hillebrand and Caldwell		DALY CITY	Bill's Garage	Crockett 326, 206-W or 206-J
	San Mateo		DANVILLE	Olson's Garage	Laytonville 3-F-4

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
DAVIS	<i>Davis Garage</i>	(Day) Davis 50 (Night) 50-W	LUCERNE	<i>Country Club Garage</i>	Send Word
DELTA	<i>Vollmer's Garage</i>	Vollmer's Ranch	MACDOEL	<i>Macdoel Garage</i>	1 long ring
DIAMOND SPRINGS	<i>Diamond Springs Garage</i>	332-F-4	MADERA	<i>Standard Garage</i>	Madera 240
DIXON	<i>Rossi Bros.</i>	(Day) Dixon 115 (Night) 141-R	MANTECA	<i>Main Highway Garage</i>	(Day) Manteca 64 (Night) 194-R
DORRIS	<i>Dorris Garage</i>	(Day) Dorris Exchange (Night) send word	MARIPOSA	<i>Fort Sumpter Garage</i>	Mariposa Exchange
DOS PALOS	<i>Ford Garage</i>	(Day) Dos Palos 63 (Night) 4405	MARTINEZ	<i>Allen's Garage</i>	(Day) Martinez 395 (Night) 748-R
DOWNIEVILLE	<i>Downieville Garage</i>	Downieville J	MARYSVILLE	<i>M. & K. Garage</i>	Marysville 468
DUBLIN	<i>Hansen Bros.</i>	Pleasanton 82-F-2	MARYSVILLE	<i>Sutter Garage, Yuba City</i>	(Day) Yuba City 1165 (Night) Yuba City 891-W and 628-J
DUNSMUIR	<i>Dunsmuir Service Station</i>	(Day) Dunsmuir 177 (Night) Dunsmuir 54	MCARTHUR	<i>Highway Garage</i>	McArthur Exchange
DURHAM	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Durham 811-J-4 (Day & Night)	MCCLOUD	<i>McCloud Garage</i>	McCloud Garage
ELK	<i>Malson & Dearing</i>	Elk 5-F-2	MENDOCINO CITY	<i>S. & E. Garage</i>	Mendocino City 14-J
ELK GROVE	<i>Mack's Garage</i>	Elk Grove 62-F-3	MENDOTA	<i>Mendota Garage & Mach. Shop</i>	Mendota 5-J
EMERYVILLE	<i>C. S. A. Oakland Office</i>	Glencourt 4400	MERCED	<i>Lounsbury's Garage</i>	Merced 107
ESCALON	<i>Jess A. Seaman Garage</i>	(Day) Escalon 44 (Night) 49	MERCED FALLS	<i>Barnett's Garage</i>	Kent Exchange (Day only)
ESPARTO	<i>Central Garage</i>	Esparto 5-W	MERIDIAN	<i>River Garage</i>	Tallac 2-F-11
EUREKA	<i>Eureka Garage and Service Sta.</i>	Eureka 2300	MEYERS	<i>Meyer's Garage</i>	(Day) Middletown 8
FAIRFIELD	<i>Solano Garage</i>	(Day) Fairfield 227 (Night) 147-W, 147-J	MIDDLETOWN	<i>Herrick Garage</i>	(None after 10 p.m.)
FAIR OAKS	<i>Fair Oaks Garage</i>	(Day) Fair Oaks 15 (Night) 21-R	CAMP MIDPINES	<i>Camp Midpines Garage</i>	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4
FALL RIVER MILLS	<i>Pioneer Garage</i>	Pioneer Garage	MILL VALLEY	<i>Eveready Garage & Elec. Co.</i>	(Day) Mill Valley 407
FERNDALE	<i>Peterson's Service Station</i>	(Day) Ferndale 102-W (Night) 72-R	MILLVILLE	<i>Fawcett & Bartell</i>	(Night) 155-J
FIREBAUGH	<i>Valley Garage</i>	Firebaugh 1-J	MINERAL	<i>Mineral Garage</i>	Central at Millville
FOLSOM	<i>People's Garage</i>	(Day) Main 49 (Night) Main 1187	MINKLER	<i>Minkler Garage</i>	Mineral
FORESTVILLE	<i>Forestville Garage</i>	Forestville 8-F-2	MODESTO	<i>Silva Motor Car Co.</i>	(Day) 12-F-13 (Night) Sanger 155-W
FORT BIDWELL	<i>Fort Bidwell Garage</i>	No Phone	MOKELUMNE HILL	<i>Mokelumne Hill Garage</i>	Modesto 1130
FORT BRAGG	<i>Pacific Garage</i>	(Day) and (Night) 174	MONTEREY	<i>Monterey Garage</i>	(Day) 10-W; (Night) 3-W
FORT JONES	<i>Scott Valley Garage</i>	122	MONTGOMERY CREEK	<i>Young's Garage</i>	Monterey 224 and 225
FORTUNA	<i>Fortuna Garage</i>	Fortuna 22-W	MORGAN HILL	<i>Jos. J. Verge Garage</i>	Bass Telephone Line
FOWLER	<i>Baxter Bros. Garage</i>	Day and Night 711	MT. SHASTA CITY	<i>Northern California Garage</i>	Morgan Hill 291. If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South.
FRESNO	<i>Auditorium Garage</i>	Fresno 551	MORGAN HILL	<i>Jos. J. Verge</i>	(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W
GALT	<i>Service Garage</i>	Galt 21-J	MOSSDALE	<i>Moore Bros. Garage</i>	(Night) 4-F-3
GARBERVILLE	<i>Redwood Garage</i>	Redwood Inn	NAPA	<i>Hugo A. Zeller</i>	Morgan Hill 291
GAZELLE	<i>Gazelle Garage</i>	(Day) Gazelle 18 (Night) Call Res.	NAVARRO	<i>Navarro Garage</i>	Stockton 27-R-1
GERBER	<i>Chapman's Garage</i>	Gerber 24	NAVATO	<i>Cheda's Garage</i>	(Day) Napa 202
GEYSERSVILLE	<i>Lampson's Garage</i>	(Day) Geyserville 25-W (Night) 12	NEVADA CITY	<i>Nevada City Garage</i>	(Night) 683-R, 950-W and 362-R
GILROY	<i>Pacheco Pass Garage & Super Service Station</i>	Gilroy 32	NEVADA CITY	<i>Kneebone Motor Sales Co., Grass Valley</i>	No phone
GOLD RUN	<i>Pine Grove Service Station</i>	Paystation, Gold Run	NEWARK	<i>Newark Garage</i>	Point Reyes Station 4-J; after 8 p.m. send word
GONZALES	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	Gonzales 41-W	NEWCASTLE	<i>White's Garage</i>	Nevada City 133
GRASS VALLEY	<i>Kneebone Motor Sales Co.</i>	Grass Valley 119	NEWCASTLE	<i>R. & D. Service Shop, Auburn</i>	Grass Valley 119
GREENFIELD	<i>Nevada City Garage</i>	Nevada City 133	NEWMAN	<i>Patchetts & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	(Day) Newark 6-W
GREENWOOD	<i>Greenfield Garage</i>	Greenfield 8	NEWMAN	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage, Gustine</i>	(Night) Send Word
GRENADA	<i>Malson and Dearing</i>	Elk 5-F-2	NILES	<i>American Garage</i>	(Day) Newcastle 110
GRIDLEY	<i>Grenada Garage</i>	Grenada 18	NORTH FORK	<i>Brownie's Auto Repair Shop</i>	(Night) 118
GROVELAND	<i>Vance's Garage</i>	(Day) Gridley 211 (Night) 223	NORTH SACRAMENTO	<i>Carlson's Garage</i>	(Day) Auburn 220
GUERNEVILLE	<i>Sierra Garage & Service Station</i>	11	NOVATO	<i>Peoples Motor Sales Company</i>	(Night) Auburn 296
GUINDA	<i>Guerneville Garage</i>	Guerneville 15-J	OAKDALE	<i>Pederson's Garage</i>	Newman 6 and 7
GUSTINE	<i>Guinda Garage</i>	(Day) Gustine 6 (Night) Gustine 60-J	OAKHURST	<i>Oakhurst Garage</i>	(No Night Phone)
GUSTINE	<i>Patchetts & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	(Day) Newman 6 & 7 (No Night Phone)	OAKLAND	<i>C. S. A. District Office</i>	(Day) Gustine 6
HALF MOON BAY	<i>Newman</i>	Half Moon Bay 9-W	OCCEIDENTAL	<i>Occidental Garage</i>	(Night) Gustine 60-J
HANFORD	<i>Erwin Motor Co.</i>	Hanford 400	ORANGE COVE	<i>Orange Cove Motor Company</i>	Niles 67
HAYFORK	<i>Hayfork Garage</i>	Hayfork 725	ORICK	<i>Pickwick Garage</i>	10x3
HAYWARD	<i>Moon Garage</i>	(Day) 41; (Night) 112-294-J	ORINDA	<i>Orinda Parke Garage</i>	(Day) Main 3240
HEALDSBURG	<i>Standard Machine Works</i>	Fresno 2-J-3 15-W and 15-J	ORLAND	<i>Nock Auto Company</i>	(Night) Main 5350-W
HELM	<i>Helm Garage</i>	Hollister 143	OROVILLE	<i>Bradley Auto Works</i>	(Day) Novato 77
HILT	<i>Hilt Garage</i>	Hopland 21	PACIFIC GROVE	<i>Pacific Grove Garage</i>	(Night) " 72 & 433
HOLLISTER	<i>Tiffany Motor Co.</i>	(5 miles west of El Portal Indian Flat via Merced)	PALO ALTO	<i>Daniels Sales</i>	Call Oakhurst Garage
HOPLAND	<i>Central Garage</i>	(Day) Ione 41 (Night) 7	PARADISE	<i>Paradise Super Station</i>	Glencourt 4400
INDIAN FLAT	<i>Indian Flat Service Station</i>	(Night) Send Word	PATTERSON	<i>Patterson Garage</i>	6
IONE	<i>Tonnai's Garage</i>	Ison 258	PESCADERO	<i>Pescadero Garage</i>	(Day) Orange Cove 8
IRVINGTON	<i>Corey's Garage</i>	Jackson 104-W	PETALUMA	<i>Hill Plaza Garage</i>	(Night) 28 & 44-1-4
ISLETON	<i>Owl Garage</i>	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) Sonora 16-W	PETROLIA	<i>Shell Service Station and Garage</i>	Call Orick Operator
JACKSON	<i>Davies Garage</i>	1223	PIEDMONT	<i>C. S. A. Oakland Office</i>	C. S. A. Dist. Office
JAMESTOWN	<i>J. L. O'Neil's Garage</i>	Kelseyville Exchange	PITTSBURG	<i>W. & W. Garage</i>	Oakland 688
JANESVILLE	<i>Janesville Garage</i>	Kenwood 2-F-3	PLACERVILLE	<i>Placerville Garage</i>	(Day) Orland 89
KELSEYVILLE	<i>Waite & Fass</i>	(Day) Kerman 263 (Night) 25	PLEASANTON	<i>Hanson Bros. Garage</i>	(Night) 194-A
KENWOOD	<i>Meads Garage</i>	King City 31	PLYMOUTH	<i>Alpine Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	(Day) Oroville 9
KERMAN	<i>Service Garage</i>	(Day) Kingsburg 71 (Night) 249	POINT ARENA	<i>Point Arena Garage</i>	(Night) 104
KING CITY	<i>El Camino Garage</i>	Call Lakeport Operator	POINT REYES STA.	<i>Silacci & Cheda</i>	Pacific Grove 6
KINGSBURG	<i>Willon & Sherling</i>	(Day) Laton 37 (Night) 34	PORT VALLEY	<i>Port Valley Garage</i>	Palo Alto 2820
KNIGHT'S LANDING	<i>Knight's Landing Garage</i>	Laytonville 10-J	PORTOLA	<i>Portola Garage</i>	Paradise 9F-12
LAKEPORT	<i>Dunbar Chevrolet Co.</i>	34	QUINCY	<i>Erwin's Garage</i>	(Day) Patterson 45
LATON	<i>Laton Garage</i>	Litchfield 502	RAVENDALE	<i>Ravendale Garage</i>	(Night) 133
LAYTONVILLE	<i>Tillford's Garage</i>	(Day) Livermore 106 (Night) 197	RED BLUFF	<i>Paul's Garage</i>	Pescadero 7-J
LEMOORE	<i>Sillano Motor Co.</i>	(Day) 25 or 33 (Night) 91 & 21-R	REDDING	<i>Hersey's Garage</i>	Petaluma 55
LINCOLN	<i>Saugstad Garage</i>	(Day) 13-J (Night) Send Word	REDWOOD CITY	<i>Service Garage</i>	Glencourt 4400
LITCHFIELD	<i>R. Q. Deal Garage</i>	Lodi 155	REDFORD	<i>Orborn Bros. Garage</i>	Pittsburg 150
LIVERMORE	<i>Valley Garage</i>	(Day) Loomis 32 (Night) 61-F-4	REQUA	<i>Ocean View Garage</i>	(Day) Placerville 153
LIVINGSTON	<i>Shaffer Motor Co.</i>	(Day) Los Altos 12 (Night) 175	RICHMOND	<i>Seventh Street Garage</i>	(Night) 250
LOCKFORD	<i>Central Garage</i>	Los Banos 85	RIO VISTA	<i>Sidwell's Garage</i>	(Day) Pleasanton 108
LODI	<i>Tourist Garage</i>	Los Gatos 271	RIPON	<i>Madsen's Garage</i>	(Night) 203 or 82-F-2
LOOMIS	<i>Loomis Motor Co.</i>	Los Molinos 30	RIVERDALE	<i>L. H. Byron's Garage</i>	(Day) Plymouth 21
LOS ALTOS	<i>Depot Garage</i>	Morrell Garage	RODEO	<i>Rodeo Garage</i>	(Night) 18-J
LOS BANOS	<i>Kaljian Garage</i>	(Day) Main 1-J (Night) 1-W	ROSEVILLE	<i>Saugstad Bros.</i>	Point Arena 41-W
LOS GATOS	<i>Gateway Garage</i>				Point Reyes Sta. 4-J
LOS MOLINOS	<i>Los Molinos Garage</i>				St. Helena 4-F-3
LOWER LAKE	<i>Morrell Garage</i>				Portola 7-W
LOYALTON	<i>White Garage</i>				(Day) Quincy 99 (Night) 77

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
SACRAMENTO	<i>Central Garage</i>	(Day) Main 9290 (Night) Capitol 765-R	TAHOE CITY	<i>Sierra Garage & Machine Shop</i>	Tahoe City 11-W
SACRAMENTO	<i>Union Garage</i>	Capitol 3140	TAHOMA	<i>Tahoma Garage</i>	Tahoma Garage
ST. HELENA	<i>Wheeler's Garage</i>	(Day) St. Helena 13 (Night) 185 or 14-W	TOMALES	<i>Tomales Garage & Mach. Wks.</i>	Tomales 3-W
SALINAS	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Salinas 490	THORNTON	<i>New Hope Garage</i>	Thornton 9-J
SAN ANDREAS	<i>Mother Lode Garage</i>	(Day) San Andreas 40-W (Night) Sheriff's Office	TRACY	<i>Central Garage</i>	Tracy 11
SAN ANSELMO	<i>Durham Garage</i>	(Day) San Anselmo 3133 or San Rafael 944	TRANQUILLITY	<i>Benkert Garage</i>	Tranquility 147
SAN BRUNO	<i>Cabin Garage</i>	(Day) San Bruno 160 (Night) 650-R	TRUCKEE	<i>McConnaha and Spinaz Garage</i>	Trinidad 1
SAN FRANCISCO	<i>C.S.A.A. General Office</i>	Hemlock 3400	TUDOR	<i>Truckee Garage</i>	(Day) Placer 123 (Night) 122-W
SANGER	<i>William Eggs</i>	Sanger 163	TUOLUMNE	<i>Brander Bros.</i>	38-J-31
SAN JOSE	<i>San Jose Buick Co.</i>	Ballard 6600		<i>Blair Garage</i>	(Day) 13R; Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Closed Sundays, holi- days and nights; for service call Kimball Hotel.
SAN JOAQUIN	<i>Chevrolet Garage</i>	(Day) Fresno 63 (Night) 118	TURLOCK	<i>Simon's Garage</i>	Turlock 132
SAN JUAN	<i>San Juan Garage</i>	San Juan 52-J	UKIAH	<i>E. Neuhaus Garage</i>	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 126
SAN LEANDRO	<i>Palata Garage, San Leandro</i>	A.A. Office, Glencourt 4400	UKIAH	<i>Scales Garage</i>	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 407
SAN LEANDRO	<i>C.S.A.A. Oakland Office</i>	Main 1	UPPER LAKE	<i>Upper Lake Garage</i>	Upper Lake Exchange
SAN MARTIN	<i>Hall's Garage</i>	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p. m. 895-M or 673-W	VACAVILLE	<i>Vaca Auto Supply Co.</i>	(Day & Night) Vacaville 2
SAN MATEO	<i>Pattison's Garage</i>	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031	VALLEJO	<i>Lewis Garage</i>	Vallejo 232
SAN MATEO	<i>Hildebrand and Caldwell</i>	(Night) San Rafael 268 (Night) San Anselmo 2851	VALLEY SPRINGS	<i>Valley Springs Garage</i>	Valley Springs 8
SAN RAFAEL	<i>Cebalo Garage</i>	San Jose 6600	VINA	<i>Wood Brothers Garage</i>	Vina Long Distance
SANTA CLARA	<i>San Jose Buick Co., San Jose</i>	Santa Cruz 357	VOLLMER'S	<i>Vollmer's Garage</i>	Vollmer's Ranch
SANTA CRUZ	<i>Marks & Leonard</i>	Santa Rosa 518	WAWONA	<i>Wawona Garage</i>	Wawona Exchange
SANTA ROSA	<i>Central Garage</i>	(Day) Saratoga 133 (Night) 136-R	WALNUT CREEK	<i>L. G. Lawrence Garage and Service Station</i>	(Day) Walnut Creek 19 (Night) 146
SARATOGA	<i>G. E. Tarlton</i>	Sattley Pay Station (Day) Sausalito 408 (Night) 368-R	WALNUT GROVE	<i>Kammeyer & Crowell</i>	Courtland 272
SATTLEY	<i>Yuba Pass Garage</i>	Scotia Operator	WATERFORD	<i>Booth Motor Company</i>	1-W
SAUSALITO	<i>Rosa's Auto Repair Shop</i>	Sebastopol 188 (Day) 20-W (Night) 20-R or 432 3Y	WATSONVILLE	<i>Appleton Garage</i>	164
SCOTIA	<i>Scotia Garage</i>	Smith's River 171	WATSONVILLE	<i>Inside Garage</i>	Watsonville 82
SEBASTOPOL	<i>Tough Bros. Garage</i>	Soledad 17-W	WEAVERVILLE	<i>Day's Garage</i>	Black 43
SELMA	<i>Eugene H. Mayes Garage</i>	(Day) Sonoma 30-J (Night) 142	WEED	<i>Mountain Service Station</i>	(Day) Weed 9 (Night) 129
SIERRA CITY	<i>Service Garage</i>	(Day) Sonoma 221 (Night) 16-W or 397	WEOTT	<i>Wm. Fraser Service Station</i>	Weott Exchange
SMITH'S RIVER	<i>Buckner's Garage</i>	(Day) So. City 118-W (Night) 765-W	WESTWOOD	<i>Westwood Garage</i>	Westwood 212
SOLEDAD	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	Toll Station	WHEATLAND	<i>P. M. Reedy</i>	Wheatland 31-J
SONOMA	<i>Gary Garage</i>	Stockton 398 and 7121	WILLIAMS	<i>Central Garage</i>	Williams 8
SONORA	<i>J. L. O'Neil Garage</i>	Stockton 124	WILLITS	<i>Steele's Machine Works</i>	(Day) Willits 71-J (Night) 167
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO	<i>Service Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	Sunnyvale 150	WILLOWS	<i>Willows Motor Sales Co.</i>	Willows 96
STIRLING CITY	<i>C. G. Wolohen Garage</i>	332-B	WINTERS	<i>Winters Garage</i>	Main 2
STOCKTON	<i>Orange Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Sutter Creek 59 (Night) 52	WOODLAND	<i>Electric Garage Co.</i>	Woodland 123
STOCKTON	<i>Tourist Garage</i>		WOODSIDE	<i>Woodside Garage</i>	Redwood 1378-W (Day and Night)
SUNNYVALE	<i>Sunnyvale Garage</i>		YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK—Call Yosemite Park & Curry Co. Garage; pay for serv- ice; ask for member's service receipt; send receipt to C. S. A. A. general office, San Francisco, for reimbursement.		
SUSANVILLE	<i>Smith Auto Co.</i>		YOSEMITE ALL-YEAR	<i>See listings under Merced, Bridgeport and Mariposa</i>	
SUTTER CREEK	<i>Oneto Bros. Garage</i>		YREKA	<i>Traveler's Garage</i>	Yreka 89
			YUBA CITY	<i>Sutter Garage</i>	Yuba City 1165 (Day and Night)
			YUBA CITY	<i>M. & K. Garage, Marysville</i>	Marysville 468

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So it gives you increased mileage; a smoother flow of power. And it saves oil—saves the wear on your motor which thinned oil causes.

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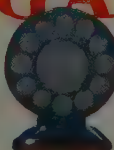
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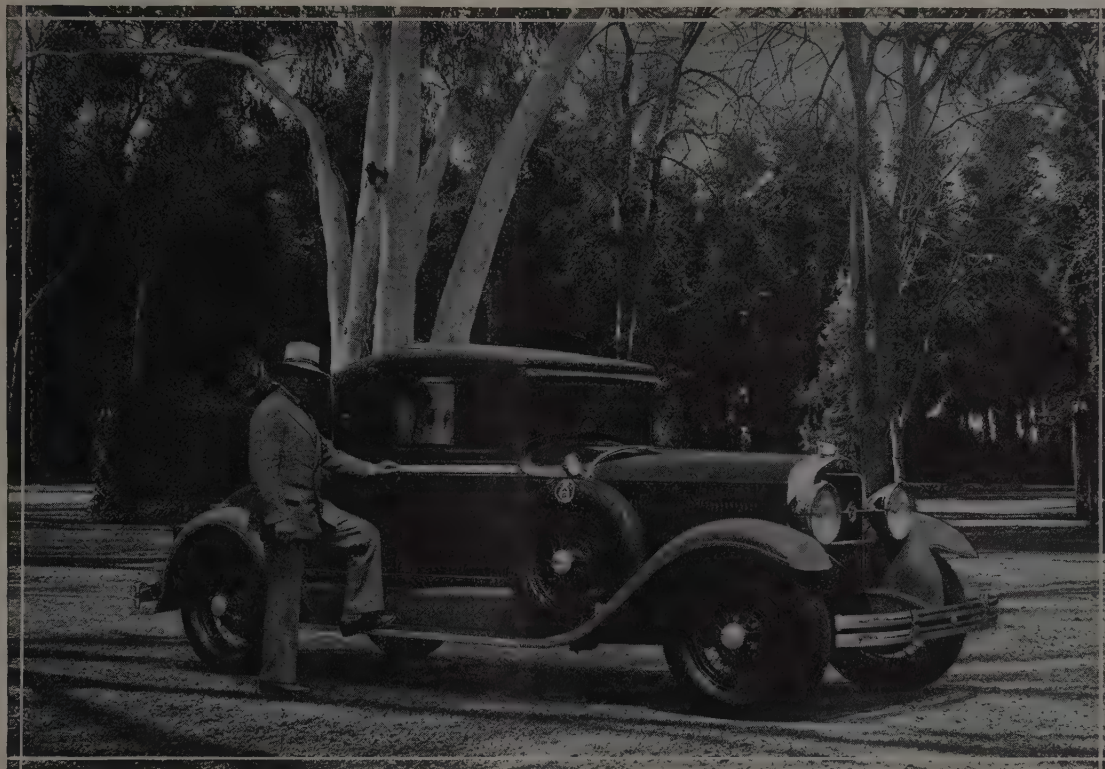
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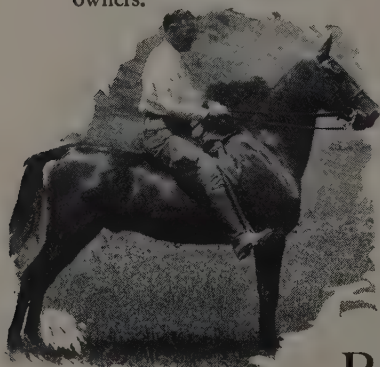
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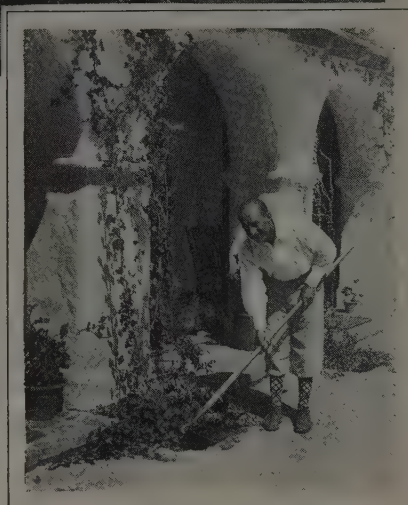


Mr. Ralph Claggett is a cotton broker of Imperial Valley. Their daughter, an ardent equestrienne, helped Mr. and Mrs. Claggett decide on Rancho Santa Fe for their permanent home, pictured at top.

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TOURING TOPICS

Volume 20
Number 9



September
1928

Published monthly by
The Automobile Club of Southern California

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
1646 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California
EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES
2601 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California

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Entered as second-class matter February 27, 1928, at the post office
at Beverly Hills, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Formerly entered March 8, 1913, at the post office at Los Angeles.
Single copies, 10 cents. Subscription rates: Members, first year, \$1.00;
renewals, 25 cents for six months; non-members, \$1.00 per year.

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TOURING TOPICS

VOLUME XX *A Magazine for Motorists* NUMBER 9

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1928

PAGE

COVER DESIGN—*La Jolla Beach. Painted by Alson Clark*

THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE—*An intimate discussion of TOURING TOPICS contributors and contributions*..... 9

TAOS—*A frontispiece. Verses by Arthur Truman Merrill. Photograph by Charles J. Belden*..... 11

THE POWER OF TRANSPORTATION—*An Editorial*..... 13

✓ MEMOIRS OF A MERCHANT—*Being the recollections of life and customs in pastoral California by José Arnaz, trader and ranchero. Translated and edited by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez. Illustrations by George D. Alexander*..... 14

✓ MID SAND AND SAGEBRUSH—*Forgotten mining towns and unique examples of Nature's craft delight motorists in Nevada. By Philip Johnston*..... 20

✓ MOUNTAIN MEADOW RE-VISITED—*Describing a visit to a peaceful valley in southern Utah which witnessed one of the most brutal massacres in the early history of the West. By Phil Townsend Hanna*..... 23

✓ MOUNTAIN MEN—*Part I: The Fur Trade in the Far Southwest—An account of the deeds of the early beaver and otter trappers. By Joseph J. Hill. Drawings by Raymond P. Winters*..... 24

✓ CALIFORNIA GEMS—*The story and description of the Golden State's jewelled riches. By George Wycherley Kirkman*..... 28

✓ THE MAN WHO SPLIT THE ATOM—*Something about Robert Andrews Millikan and his amazing achievements in the realm of science. By Harold D. Carew*..... 32

YOUR CLUB'S ACTIVITIES—*What the various service agencies of the Automobile Club of Southern California are doing*..... 35

REVOLUTIONS IN REVOLUTIONS—*Diesel, single-sleeve and lever engines forecast a new era in automotive power. By Frederick C. Russell*..... 36

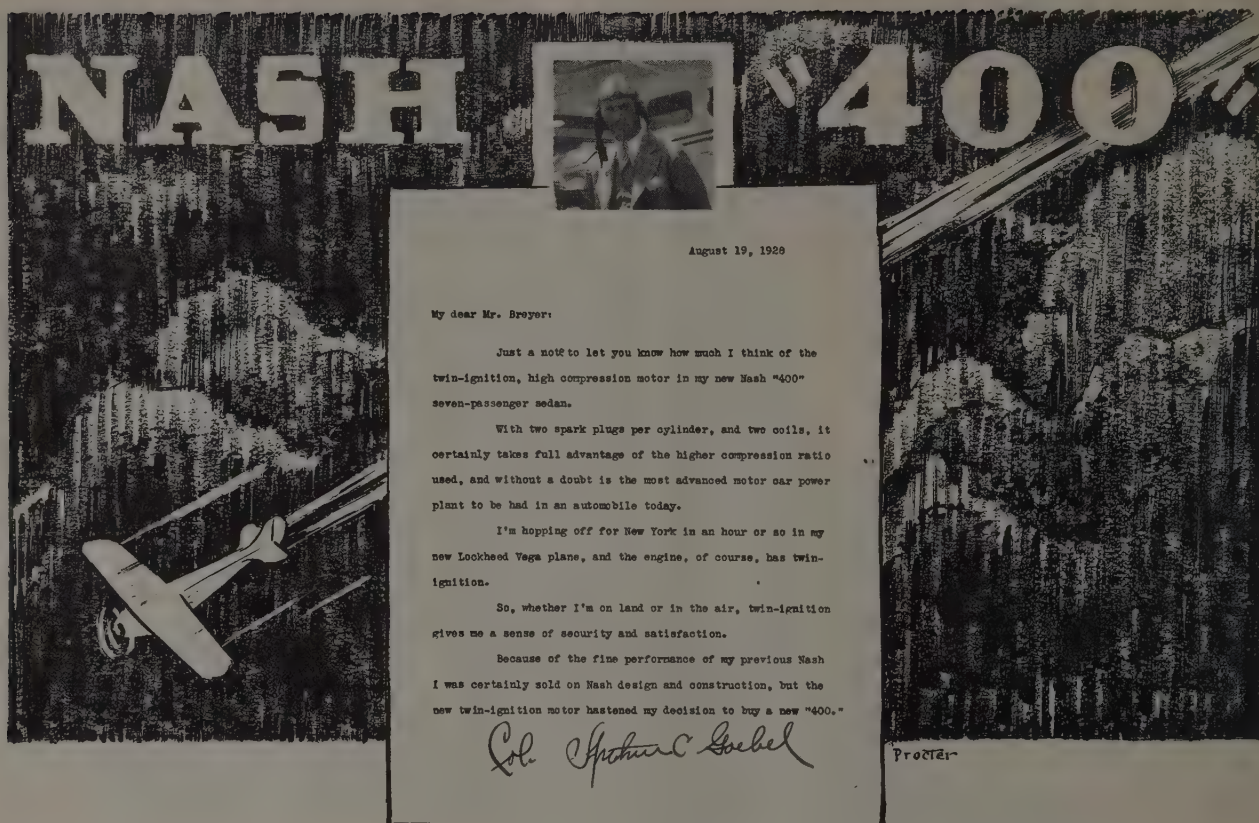
✓ IN THE SIERRA JUAREZ—*A land of pines and grotesque rocks in the mountains of Lower California. By Lawrence M. Huey. Photographs by the author*..... 38

THE GASOLINE SHORTAGE BUGBEAR—*Some reasons why we needn't fear about a future lack of fuel. By Howard C. Kegley. Decorations by Dillon Lauritzen*..... 42

✓ SPORT FISHING IN THE PACIFIC—*A description of Ike Walton's pastime in Southern California waters. By Andrew R. Boone*..... 44

BIBLIOTHECA CALIFORNIANA—*A review of literature—new and old—about the Southwest*..... 46

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—*A group of sketches depicting familiar places about the pueblo of Los Angeles in 1853*..... Rotogravure Section



NASH "400"

August 19, 1929

My dear Mr. Breyer:

Just a note to let you know how much I think of the twin-ignition, high compression motor in my new Nash "400" seven-passenger sedan.

With two spark plugs per cylinder, and two coils, it certainly takes full advantage of the higher compression ratio used, and without a doubt is the most advanced motor car power plant to be had in an automobile today.

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CONQUERING time and distance with an average of nearly 145 miles per hour, Col. Arthur C. Goebel, hero of the Dole flight to Hawaii one year ago, spanned the country in a thrilling non-stop flight of 18 hours and 58 minutes (August 19-20). His Lockheed-Vega monoplane was powered with a 425-horsepower Pratt & Whitney Wasp engine with two spark plugs per cylinder.

Twin-ignition is not only a necessity in advanced airplane engine design; it is now a necessity in advanced automobile engine design. To take full advantage of higher compression ratios,

utilizing fuel previously wasted with single ignition, accomplishing faster burning with two hot sparks in unison at opposite points in the combustion chamber, *and to do away with the need for specially treated gasolines*, Nash adopted twin-ignition for the new "400" Series Advanced and Special Six models, a departure fully as far reaching in effect upon the automobile industry as the advent of the self-starter.

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The Editor's Own Page

AFTER contemplating the cool waters of La Jolla's bathing beach as pictured in Alson Clark's painting, a reproduction of which enhances the cover you have just admired on this issue of *TOURING TOPICS*, an original thought came to me. Why not actually get acquainted with the artist before writing a word-picture of him for you?

The startling novelty of the idea struck me so forcibly that I closed the typewriter, choked down a counter desire to go swimming, and shortly found myself in a blaze of midsummer Pasadena sunshine tapping on a diminutive bronze door-knocker such as one might find on a doll house. "Ha ha," said I, "a delicate and dainty artist this, with probably a goatee and a Windsor tie . . ."

"Come in!" boomed a deep voice, and, as I entered, an immense foot-age of powerful manhood slowly uncoiled itself from a backless chair, rearing aloft a massive, deep-eyed head, maned like a monarch of the jungle.

"But the kn-knocker?" I queried, unable to conceal my ill-bred surprise.

"Oh that," said the giant soothingly, supporting me as I was about to faint, "I put that there to fool the bill collectors. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"All right, all right," I replied, bustling about in a professional manner, let's get down to business. Time's money and I need it. . . . Fond of sports?"

"Ye-es and no-o . . ."

"Good!" said I encouragingly, noting down the fact. "Literature?"

"Well er . . ."

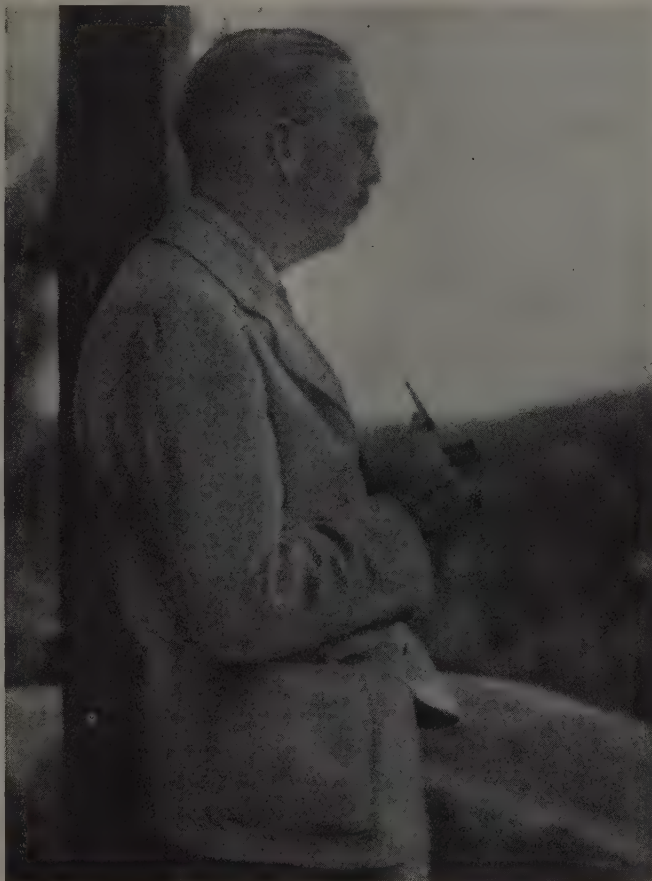
"S'all right, incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. Babies, dogs, cats, monkeys? Oh," I murmured, beside myself with satisfaction, "what a perfect interview; it just goes click, click, click, and on such a hot day, too . . . Oh, by the way, Mr. Clark—you are Mr. Clark, I suppose?"

"Yes," said he, understandingly, "I suppose."

"Well," I continued, ignoring his addenda, "do you by any chance know anything about art?" And then, seeing the tears spring to his eyes and that hurt look that one is so liable to see in Pasadena of an August noon with the thermometer lying on its back and gasping, "Oiled paintings and things, you know?"

"Oh," and he repeated it, "oh . . . paintings. Yes, I served on a California Art Club jury recently—and then," with infinite modesty, "I did those."

For the first time I forgot the wretched little ego that follows me around like a poodle and noticed that I was in a remarkable studio, an immense room seventeen feet



Alson Clark, whose painting of old La Jolla appears on the cover of this month's issue of *Touring Topics*

high. To my right was a palette as big as a dining room table. Brushes as big as brooms coily protruded from gargantuan earthenware vessels, left center, and right down by the footlights was a heap of rags that must have taken seventeen rag-pickers seventeen years to pick.

And standing against the wall, imagine my surprise, were four great mural panels in glowing color, fully sixteen feet high by eight feet wide, in which citrus fruit, the oil industry, shipping and motion pictures were beautifully depicted.

Nonsense to one side, Alson Clark is one of our most sensitive colorists. His landscapes catch the delicate harmonies found only in the vegetation of a dry, clear, climate, and are filled with an atmospheric charm that gives them distinction in any company. But he is not a one-subject painter—depicting with equal ease the rugged character of desert mountains or the subtle flesh-tones of a smooth-skinned body.

Further, he is making a real con-

tribution to the growing use of mural painting in the adornment of business and public buildings. His large historical paintings of California in the Carthay Circle Theater are admirable, and the four large decorations, now in his studio, are for the walls of the First Trust and Savings Bank of Pasadena, whose new home at Colorado and Madison streets will be completed in a few weeks. The treatment of these large panels is in a scheme of reds and bluish-greens derived from California light, which is admirably suggested without loss of that flatness so essential to mural work. Alson Clark is rightly considered one of our most distinguished painters.

—A.M.

PERSONAL narratives of life in California before the American conquest are woefully scarce. The reader seeking information on the customs and manners of Spanish Californians from original sources has, in the past, been forced to resort to William Heath Davis' *Sixty Years in California*,

Alfred Robinson's *Life in California* and Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. All were written by Americans, very well written as a matter of fact, but they seem to lack somewhat that intimate understanding of native traits and characteristics so essential to a complete comprehension of pastoral days.

Bancroft, the industrious California historian, recognized the need for first-hand stories of early modes and manners and gathered a vast number of reminiscences when he produced his monumental *History of California*. One of the most valuable of these manuscripts was dictated by José Arnaz. Through the courtesy of the Bancroft Library this has been made available for publication in *TOURING TOPICS* and starts in this issue, under the title *Memoirs of a Merchant*.

Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez, the editor and translator of the memoirs, is regarded as one of the most competent and sympathetic translators of material of this period in California. The chronicle is a fascinating one and throws a vast deal of light on the home habits, amusements, and behavior of our first civilized families.

* * *

POETRY, some sayant once remarked, is a literary form designed to express intense emotion. California and the Southwest, more than any other section of these United States, seems provocative of intense emotion. Therefore it is quite natural to see the poetic form so commonly employed to describe our many attractions.

So much interest has been manifested by readers in the poetry section published in the August issue of *TOURING TOPICS*, and the demands for separate printings of this section have been so numerous, that we are happy to announce that the editorial offices at headquarters have a limited number of these sections, unbound and printed on heavy paper, which are available to club members as long as they last, without charge.

* * *

AND while we're speaking of rotagravure sections permit us to call attention to the supplement in the current number. The old lithographs and block prints showing *Southern California 75 Years Ago* afford a graphic pictorial story of some of our oldest communities and landmarks.

It's hard to conceive of Los Angeles as the drowsy Mexican pueblo the artist here has drawn, but the historians supply sufficient data to confirm the artist's impression. There will be old-timers who will recognize San Fernando, San Diego and San Bernardino from these ancient prints, but I fear the daily arrivals from points east will gaze upon them incredibly.

—P.T.H.

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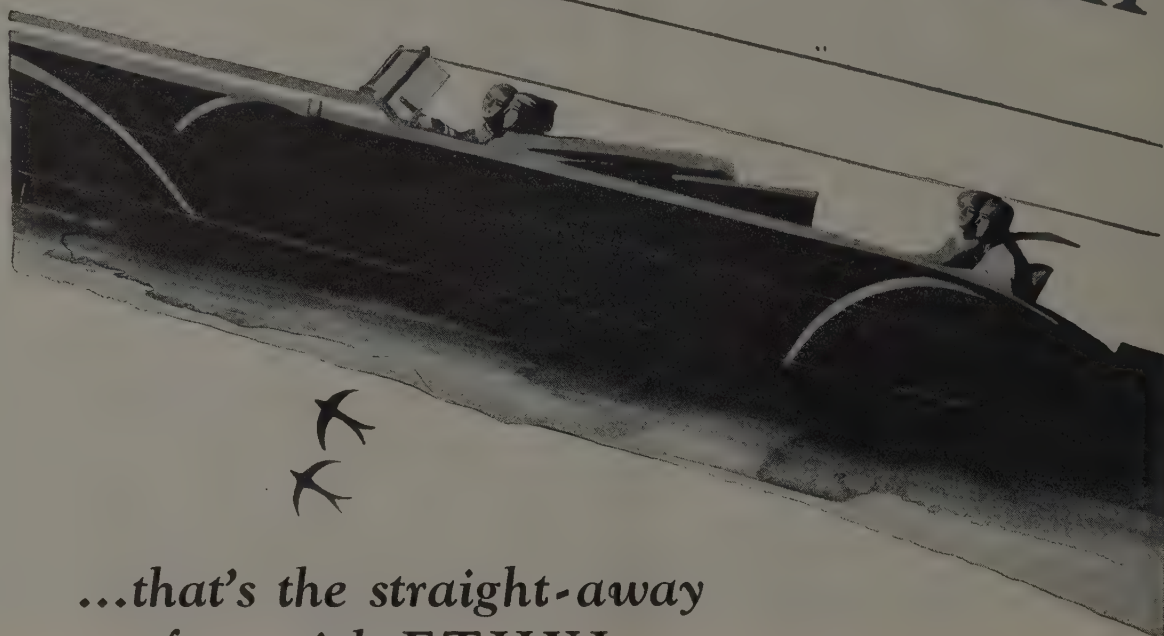
Arthur Truman Merrill

Photograph by

Charles J. Belden

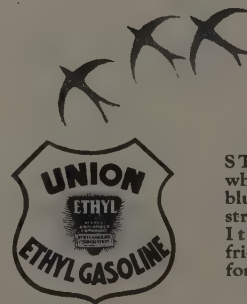
*Dawn—A Turquoise Steed, neighing,
champing, striking fire with horny hoofs,
flinging white scud from bitted teeth—
Comes charging down an orange trail,
Charging down from No-Man's-Land,
Charging down to Taos,—
To Taos, the City-with-an-Ancient-Wall,
Peacock-skyed;
Black-basaltic-mountain, castellated Taos,
Towered and battlemented Taos;
Where centenarian mumblers eat up Time
And years slip by unnumbered;
Where Koshare—Makers of Delight—
Trick jocund Day, flamingo-tinted,
Into the arms of amber Night;
And white-robed love-lorn boys
Nightly yearn in Song unsyllabized
To a persimmon-colored Moon
Swimming in chrysolite Sky-seas—
Ah, where such another Dawn?
Another Moon?—another Taos?*

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TOURING TOPICS

SEPTEMBER, 1928



THE POWER OF TRANSPORTATION

TRANSPORTATION is a mighty force in the ongoing of civilization. It is a dominant factor in the growth of a community, and upon the measure and quality of transportation facilities depends to a great extent the success of community ambitions. Improvement and broadening of transportation facilities promote business, travel and convenience, and in so doing bring about better understanding through closer and more frequent contact between the people of various communities.

Travelers in China report that there is a thickly settled province there containing almost as many people as live in the United States. The province has only the primitive transportation facilities of centuries ago, and conditions reflect that accurately; for the people still live under the same general conditions from which the peoples of more progressive communities of the world emerged many generations ago.

In Cataract Canyon, Arizona, the Havasupai Indians, with no transportation, are living in the same way and under the same handicaps that they had 150 years ago, while other Indians of that locality who live in communities where there has been some advance in transportation have made corresponding strides in their manner of living.

Life in this year of 1928 depends upon transportation. The advantages and facilities of living today are amazing when compared with conditions of a hundred years ago, and constitute a striking parallel to the progress that has been made in transportation. When the horsedrawn vehicle was our best, a day's journey of twenty-five to thirty miles would be the standard. The automobile multiplied that distance ten times. The airplane has increased it again so that it is possible to travel more than one thousand miles in a day. Business life and individual life is speeded up and broadened in proportion to transportation facilities.

The biggest change has come about through the concurrent development of the automobile and the highway. Automobile progress has made it imperative to develop more and better highways. Before the automobile came, road improvements were carried on in a comparatively small way and under many handicaps. It is interesting to note that the first Federal Aid appropriation for highways was in 1806, and that the next Federal Aid was in 1916, more than a century afterward. It is probably true that railroad development halted highway development, and it is certainly true that the automobile gave it the new impetus which has now resulted in vast and expensive highway systems and well established programs for even larger and better systems.

In a matter of such vital importance it is gratifying to Californians to know that California has emerged from the experimental stage of highway building, has profited by mistakes of the past, and is proceeding with confidence to secure a great transportation system. Engineering and economic principles of highway construction and maintenance as now established are sound, and if unhampered by political interference can be relied upon to create highway facilities that will be a tremendously profitable investment to all the people.

Surveys have established the fact that the normal revenues in sight are adequate to maintain a steady, well balanced increase in State highway construction. At least they will be adequate if no extraneous projects or needless highways are injected into the program to interfere with the well planned policies accepted by the State Highway Commission and other highway experts. County and city programs are also approaching the same well defined basis, and this rapidly growing community seems to be assured of highway advancement commensurate with its matchless opportunities for growth.

MEMOIRS of a MERCHANT

Being the recollections of life and customs in pastoral California by José Arnaz, trader and ranchero—

Translated and edited

By Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez

Illustrations by George Alexander

[The "Memoirs of a Merchant," published here for the first time, afford one of the finest descriptions of the modes and manners of Spanish Californians before the American conquest, now extant.

The memoirs are translated from the original Spanish manuscript dictated by José Arnaz in 1878, now reposing in the archives of the Bancroft Library, University of California, through whose courtesy their publication has been made possible.

Hubert Howe Bancroft, editor of the outstanding history of California, who caused the manuscript to be preserved, has the following note about Arnaz in his "Pioneer Register":

"Arnaz, José, 1841; Supercargo of the 'Clara' in Virmond's employ; later in Aguirre's 'Joven Guipuzcoana.' In '44 he opened a store at Los Angeles, suffering much from the depredations of the cholos;

in '45 leased the mission estate of San Buenaventura, which in '45 he purchased, as he claimed, but was not permitted to retain possession. He still retained considerable property, however; and I found him in '74 living at his Santa Ana Rancho near San Buenaventura, a genial gentleman of 54 years, who then and later gave me a hundred pages of his interesting 'Recuerdos,' on the life and customs of the traders and rancheros in early times. He was living as late as '85; married Mercedes Avila, and left several children."

The translator and editor of the "Memoirs" will be remembered as the author of many noteworthy contributions to California history, her "Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson," but most familiarly, perhaps, for her excellent dictionary of "California Place Names of Spanish and Indian Origin."—Ed.]

I WAS born in the town of Comillas, province of Santander, in Spain, on the 22d of March, 1820. My parents were Don Luís Arnaz and Doña Francisca Cóbredes y Rivas. There were four of us children, three boys and one girl. The last named lives in Spain, one brother lives in Cuba, the other died. I received in my own country the beginnings of my education. At the age of sixteen years I left Spain, embarking at the port of Santander for Havana, where I remained three years, employed in commerce and continuing the medical studies which I had begun in Cádiz. I abandoned my commercial occupations and medical studies in order to go to Mexico to collect an inher-

itance belonging to an aunt of mine residing in Spain, whose husband had died in Mexico and who had sent me powers of attorney for this purpose.

Once in Mexico I found myself cheated out of this inheritance, because the individual who had been left in charge of the property refused to give any account of it. Neither my efforts nor those of the Spanish minister were of any avail, and as my resources were meager my situation became difficult. At this time an opportunity was offered me to go to California in the employ of the House of Don Enrique Virmond, a German merchant and a naturalized Mexican. I was sent to Acapulco, where the central house of Virmond's business,

which was on a large scale, was situated. From there they sent me north along the West Coast to negotiate or exchange merchandise for cottons. This was in the beginning of 1840 while they awaited the arrival of the frigate *Clarita* (previously the corvette *Morelos* of the Mexican war marine), which had gone from California to Lima with a cargo of tallow. After this tallow was converted into money in Lima, the returns were invested in foreign goods, which were brought to Acapulco, and in great part exchanged for cottons, which were sent to the house in Mexico; and the last named sent to California Mexican and some foreign ports.

The Mexican goods which were brought to California consisted of: *Sarapes*, fancy suits, embroidered with gold and silver thread, with silver or copper buttons, and with silver and gold braid on the breeches; shoes for men and women of satin, deerskin and cotton; country and beaver hats; *rebozos* of silk and cotton, some of which





" . . . it sometimes happened that two supercargoes, on meeting, tried to deceive each other in regard to the direction or the road that they were taking"

brought in California the price of \$150, costing in Mexico \$15 or \$16, and for which there was a large trade, for the women used no other cloak; cowhide boots; riding saddles, some very cheap, and others costly. Some of them were sold in California for as much as \$300 each, and many of these were sold, for all the rich rancheros wanted them.

Other commodities were wool protectors, that is, goat skins made to cover the legs while riding horseback in the rain, and many other manufactured articles of minor importance.

Among the principal articles for consumption in California which came from Mexico in large quantities were sugar, *panocha*, and brandy made of sugar cane. The foreign goods were French and English calicos, white muslin, percale, etc.

I arrived in California on the frigate *Clarita* (of which I was supercargo, and

Charles Walker, captain) on the 8th of June, 1840, at the port of San Pedro. There we found anchored the brigantine *Catalina*, of the same house, the captain of which was Don Christiano Hansen, and the supercargo Don Eulogio Célis, who was in charge of the California business.

How lucrative the trade was then will be seen. The merchandise on the bark *Clarita* was valued at \$10,000, and after having been converted into money by me on the California coast, it produced \$64,000 in one year.

The house always kept one of its barks on the coast with goods, while the other carried away the products of California, tallow chiefly, to Callao, to be sold in Lima. We took hides in payment for our merchandise, and traded them with the American ships on the coast for the tallow which they received. The warehouses for storage and the salting houses of all the ships were

at San Diego, except that of Don Alfredo Thompson, which was located in San Francisco.

Commerce was carried on entirely on credit, in exchange for hides and tallow, which were the money of the country, for, although there was some cash, it was very little, and for the most part consisted of small silver. We bought also some small matters for the ship's provision, such as meat, flour, vegetables, etc.

When I arrived at Los Angeles the first time, on the 9th or 10th of June in 1840, there were four stores there, operated by Don Juan Temple, Don Abel Stearns, Don Tibúrcio Tapia (Californiano), and Don Juan Leandry (Italian). The first two named merchants were American by birth.

The ships went from port to port, from roadstead to roadstead, while their supercargoes went by land from mission to mission and from rancho to rancho, furnishing

the rancheros with the merchandise they needed, and collecting the produce that the missionaries and rancheros had gathered together.

Since every ranchero was in debt to all, or nearly all, of the ships that traded on the coast, it sometimes happened that two supercargoes, on meeting, tried to deceive each other in regard to the direction or road that they were taking. This resulted in both making wild rides on horseback in order to be the first to arrive at some rancho to take possession of the produce collected there. The tardy one on arrival found himself left with nothing. Now and then two supercargoes came together on the road, and then the question was decided by the fastest horse.

The seasons for gathering the produce in quantities were the months of June and July in the south, August and September in the North. That was the time of the "killings" made by the rancheros with the object of paying or advancing something to their various creditors. In the epoch of which I speak, the missions were in charge of majordomos, or administrators, appointed by the government, and had few animals. Those which still had a few cattle were San Buenaventura, San Fernando, Santa Barbara, Santa Inés, La Soledad, San Antonio, Santa Clara (about 4000 head), San José (6000 or 7000 head), although the first named had very few.

The house of Virmond, it may be said, was the only one that did business directly with the missionary fathers, receiving in payment the stipends, or orders, of the fathers on the Pious Fund of Mexico, which were paid on presentation. I myself collected many of those orders during the time that I was in the employ of Virmond. The stipend of each father was \$400 annually. The rest of the business of the missions was done with their administrators.

Most of the administrators grew rich out of their positions and, in truth, it seemed that when the government named an individual as administrator of a mission, it was with the object of "favoring" him, or what is the same thing, giving him protection so that he might acquire property, or augment what he already had, at the cost of the mission. I ought to say, nevertheless, that those administrators fulfilled religiously the contracts which they made in the name of their establishments with us merchants.

The ships that carried on the commerce of the coast at that time were the American frigates *California*, *Alert*, and *Boston*; the bark *Don Quijote*, under the flag of the Sandwich Islands, commanded by Captain Paty, American; an English bark commanded by Captain Wilson, stepfather of Governor Romualdo Pacheco, which was probably consigned to Scott and Wilson of Santa Bárbara (Scott was Scotch, and Wilson, captain of the same bark, English); the schooner *Leónidas*, American, Captain Nye, belonging to Don Alfredo Thompson, American resident in Santa Bárbara, but having his salting house in San Francisco; Virmond's ships, the bark *Clarita* and the brigantine *Catalina*; the Peruvian brigantine, *Juan José*, Captain Snooks; supercargo

and partner, the Biscayan Miguel Pedrena.

In 1841 or 1842 the bark *Jóven Guipuzcoana* of Don José Antonio Aguirre entered into the competition. This gentleman was a Biscayan, but a naturalized Mexican, for which reason his ship navigated under the Mexican flag. There came also in this period a Mexican brigantine-schooner belonging to Señores Latallaide y Diaz. Latallaide came of French parents, and later, before the occupation of California by the United States, was vice-consul for Spain at Monterey, but resident at Santa Bárbara. His partner, Don Manuel Diaz, was a Mexican; he married at Monterey and died there.

In addition to the above there was the American frigate *Monsoon*, Captain and Supercargo Shore. Those were the only ships that carried on trade on the coast up to the year 1845.

The population of Los Angeles in 1840 was probably about 500 or 800 souls, nearly all native Californians. There were few Mexicans and very few foreigners. The day after I disembarked at San Pedro I went to Los Angeles, where I lodged in the house of Don Abel Stearns by recommendation of my companion Don Eulogio Célis, for there was no lodging house or inn nor anything resembling one.

The character of the inhabitants of Los Angeles in general was affable and without presumption of any kind, except in matters of country life, for they prided themselves, with reason, on being proficient in those branches.

On my way from San Pedro to Los Angeles I met the principal ranchero of all *California*, named Don Antonio María Lugo. In farm property he was the richest owner, for it was said he was the possessor of 20,000 head of cattle and a proportionate number of horses, mules, etc. Lugo was making his "killing" at the place called Ranchito Nuevo, about half-way between San Pedro and Los Angeles. It was done under a large arbor made of stakes and willow branches, a general custom in the whole country at the time of the "killing." Lugo was at that time a man already old, sixty-odd years, tall, slender, of genteel appearance, frank in his manners, in character rather jocose, his language a little free. He owned Rancho San Bernardino and two or three more ranchos. Lugo lived and slept during the time of the "killing" (so he himself told me) under the arbor, on a floor of sticks, with a hide for a mattress, and a pillow. He had no other coverings than his own *sarape* that I saw.

On my arrival in Los Angeles my attention was called by the prayer at dawn—which I afterwards learned to be the general custom of all the Californians—to give thanks to God in a loud voice at the break of day. One voice rose above the others, and to it the others responded in the prayer. In general all the Californians, men and women, were Christians at heart, in everything touching upon their religious beliefs. Although most of them lacked knowledge of the principles of their religion, they were a very moral people, with very rare excep-

tions, as far as was permitted by their lack of education, for there was not in Los Angeles a single public school. The only institute of learning that existed was private; it was directed by Don Ignacio Coronel and his wife and daughter. Coronel was at that time secretary of the *ayuntamiento* and of all the judges. Captain Don Santiago Argüello was at that time prefect of the second district, with residence in Los Angeles, and Don Narciso Botello was his secretary.

The most prominent men in Los Angeles at that time were, besides Señor Argüello who, properly speaking, belonged to San Diego, were Don Manuel Requena, Don Juan Bandini, Don José Antonio Carrillo, Don Vicente Sánchez, Don Tiburcio Tapia, Don Antonio del Valle, and his son, Don Ignacio. In the second scale were Don Agustín Olvera, Don Ignacio Coronel and Don Narciso Botello, who was nearly always secretary of the *ayuntamiento* and of the courts.

Requena was from Yucatán, and was a man of much intelligence, well informed in the laws and of good education. The Del Valles, Olvera, Coronel, and Botello were also Mexicans. Bandini was a native of Peru, and the others named were born in California.

Don José Antonio Carrillo was, with the exception of Don Juan Bautista Alvarado, Don Pablo de la Guerra, and Don Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, the best situated Californian. Carrillo was a man of natural talent, with very little education, but as he had been deputy to Mexico, he had had the opportunity to acquire some knowledge of the world, which filled him with presumption. His character was domineering and restless, his manner harsh, and he was constantly mixed up in some intrigue.

Bandini was affable in character, extremely polite, very lively, and decidedly jocose; wherever he was, joy reigned, or he tried to bring it about.

Vicente Sánchez was ignorant and capricious in the extreme, despotic in his manner and in his decisions when he occupied the office of *alcalde*. These qualities he manifested toward me, I believe it was in the year 1844, when he was judge. In a court inquiry, in which I heard my adversary tell a great falsehood, I could do no less than cry out that he was a liar, for which word Señor Sánchez sent me to jail, but he very soon ordered me to be taken out again, for persons had made him see the consequences that might result when I delivered to him the key of my store and my house. When he saw that I refused to leave the jail, he appealed to all my friends to persuade me to go, and I yielded to please those friends.

Sánchez had many enemies because of his arbitrary ways and harshness, but, on the other hand, many flattered and served him because he was a man of some influence, and others because they feared him.

Don Santiago Argüello was tall, heavily built, good-looking, very fair in complexion, and with very fine manners; a man of very serious character. I had few dealings with him, but enough to form a good opinion of

him.

Don Tibúrcio Tapía was a simple ran-
chero, without any education, but a man of
great probity. Before my coming to Los
Angeles he had been justice of the peace
and provisional prefect of the second dis-
trict, and some years previously *alcalde* and
member of the *ayuntamiento*. Tapía was
a very respectable man, and much liked by
the people in general.

The Californians were generally fond of
diversions, above all, of balls and bull-fights.
Society, at the time of my arrival, was mixed,
rich and poor, honorable women and other-
wise. About this time an effort was being
made to establish a circle of decent and hon-
orable people. In fact, on the 16th of Septem-
ber, 1840, there were two public balls held,
one in the plaza under an arbor, which was at-
tended by the greater part of the populace
and the common people. The other, given
at the house of Abel Stearns, was attended
by the most prominent members of the popu-
lation, who came by invitation. In order to
protect this function, a guard was placed at
the door as a measure of precaution, but even
this did not prevent the people, angered at see-
ing themselves treated with contempt, from
throwing stones and breaking the windows
in Stearns' house—an occurrence that was
never repeated. From that time two sets of
society were established in Los Angeles, with-
out further interruption, the house of Señor
Stearns being the center of the select circle.

The men of Califor-
nia took their chief exercise in the country,
for which purpose they arose very early.
This gave origin to another class of music,
that is, the clapping of the hands of the
women in making the cornmeal tortillas for
the breakfast of their families, for this was
the bread used by the greater part of the
people, in the country as well as in the
towns.

The vice of drunkenness was not very
extensive. All the men were in the habit
of taking a swallow of brandy, or perhaps
more, but one saw no intoxicated men, even
though the liquor was of their own making,
of 22 or 25 degrees strength. Most of the
men took wine at their meals in Los An-

geles, because they had it there, home-made,
but on the rest of the coast they drank
water. In the north there was more intox-
ication, but it did not prevail to an alarm-
ing extent.

The most famous wines were the white
wine, from the vineyard of Agustín Ma-
chado, and red wine from the great orchard
of San Gabriel. During all the time that

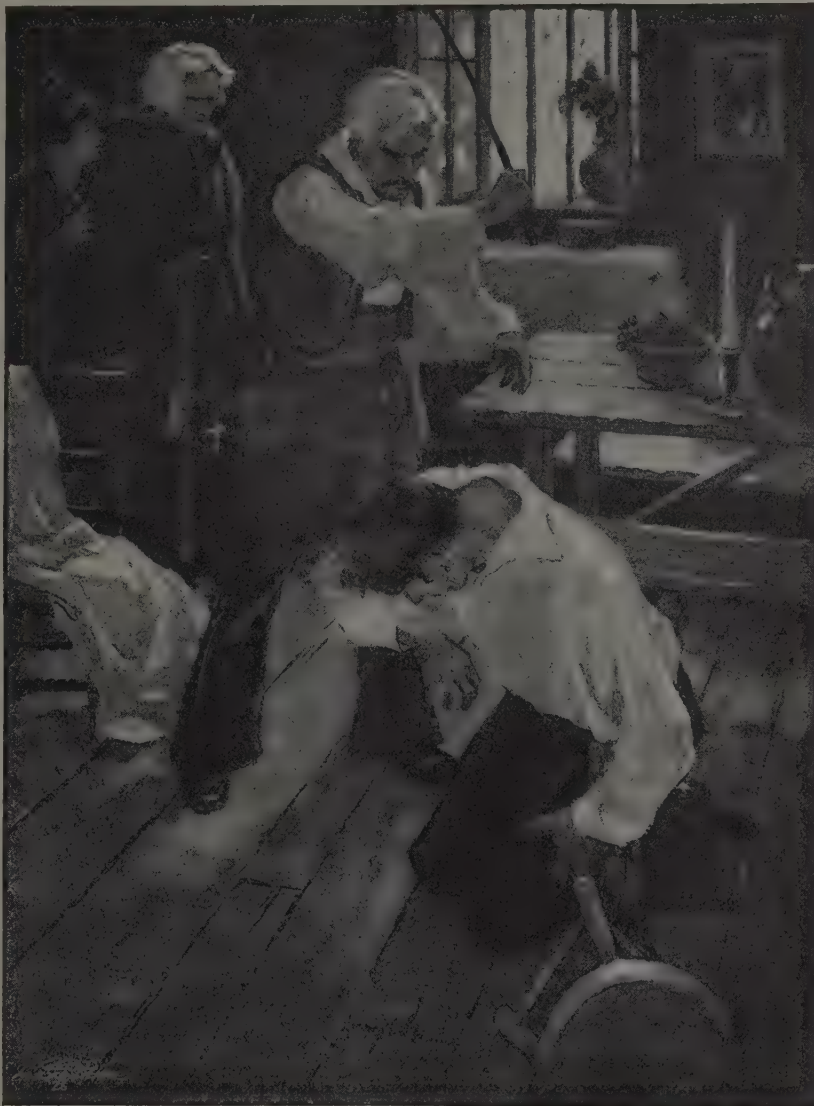
common aliment, for it was the custom
when an individual killed a beef, for his
neighbors to share in it, up to the point
sometimes of scarcely leaving him enough
meat for a day or two. The same order
was followed among all those who had any-
thing, sharing it with those who had noth-
ing. If a person who needed meat for his
family took a beef belonging to some other

man, so long as he re-
turned the hide to the
owner the latter re-
garded himself as paid
and satisfied. So it
was that poverty or
hunger was unknown
in the country.

Agriculture in the
southern part was
dead, for only what
was necessary for the
consumption of each
family was sown, since
there was no exporta-
tion. It was not so in
the North, where, on
account of the Russian
establishments in Alas-
ka, at Ross and Bodega
in California, large
plantings were made of
wheat. The frigates
and other ships of the
Imperial Company
came to take wheat
from the port of San
Francisco, bringing for-
eign goods and some
money, which was
promptly absorbed by
the retail stores, and re-
absorbed afterwards by
the ships which carried
on the trade; for it is
to be understood that
the currency of the
country consisted of
hides and tallow, to
such a point that in or-
der to purchase a bit or
two bits' worth of sug-
ar or any other arti-
cle, for example, the
purchaser dragged the
hide along with him to
the store. The value
of one hide was twelve
reales (\$1.50) in sil-
ver, and \$2 in goods;

which proves the scarcity of money.

The retail stores bought directly from
the ships in large quantities, and on credit,
the same as the rancheros, and they sold
also very largely on credit. Every time
that the buyer killed a beef he brought the
hide and tallow to the store in part pay-
ment; the tallow of the beef that was killed
for the use of the house was saved until a
cask was filled, and this was delivered at
the store. At the time of the general butch-
erings the rancheros delivered to the stores
a part of what they owed them; when the
product was not enough and the creditors
asked for the pay, the rancheros delivered
cattle on foot, for every one of the store-



"I was present several times when an aged father whipped his son, who was married and had children, and the son received the blows on his knees with bowed head"

I was employed by the house of Virmond
I dealt in these wines, which were the best
liked, buying them in the South and taking
them to sell in the North.

We bought a barrel of wine at San Ga-
briel, also the white wine from Machado,
at \$10, and sold it in the North at \$25, the
barrel being of eighteen gallons' capacity.
We bought in Los Angeles common brandy
at \$18 or \$20 a barrel of eighteen gallons,
and we sold it in the North at \$50.

I spoke before of the poor and rich. I
ought to clarify this statement by saying
that although some were poor, in the sense
of having no land or cattle, not for this
reason did they lack meat, which was the

keepers that I knew had ranchos, except Spear and Hinkley at Yerbabuena.

When I arrived in California, the dances of the place were the *son*, *jarabe*, *jota*, *los panaderos*, *la zorrilla*, *el borrego*, waltzes and *contradanzas*. After the separation took place in the classes of society, the upper class sponsored waltzes, *contradanzas*, *rigodones*, and, now and then, the *jota*, as well as, in intervals of rest, some *son* or other. In order to permit a woman or man who was a good dancer to shine, it was usual to order the *jarabe* to be played, but this did not happen often.

Bull-fights were *puntales*, that is, with bare horns. The one who flaunted the cloak before the bull was on horseback, but occasionally some very active men ran into the plaza and teased the bull on foot. There were no *matadores* nor *banderilleros*, nor even *toreros*, by profession, hence no bull was ever killed in the plaza and it seldom happened that any one was hurt by horning, but the horses were often injured.

The chief delight of the rancheros was in twisting the bull's tail, as he came out of the plaza, for which purpose a large number of men on horseback rushed after the bull to see which should be the first to seize him by the tail and throw him down at full speed, holding the tail by the knee. This practice gave occasion for many accidents, for if the horse made a misstep and stumbled, it fell with its rider, costing the lives of some and breaking the arms and legs of others.

Sometimes there were fights between bulls and bears, the bear usually coming out victorious. I attended a function at Santa Bárbara in which a bear killed three bulls, one after the other. For these struggles they tied the beasts by one foot; sometimes they tied the two together by one fore-paw, with a long cord. In this way they were compelled to fight. The general custom, however, was to leave the bull loose. Generally the bull was the first to attack; the bear did nothing but defend itself; when the bull approached, the bear thrust a paw in its face, or caught it by one knee, by which it was held. In this way the bear forced the bull to lower its head, and when it bellowed caught it by the tongue. It was then necessary to separate the combatants to prevent the bear from killing the bull immediately.

There were occasions when the bull killed the bear by goring it, but this only happened when the bear arrived much exhausted on account of having been brought in a cart, well tied up, from a long distance.

The tying of a bear was done in this way: One vaquero lassoed it by the head; another instantly lassoed it by one foot; then one pulled on the head and the other on the foot, with nearly the whole strength of the horses, making it impossible for the bear to move. Another vaquero then lassoed the bear by one fore-paw, another by the other, and another by the free hind-foot. Then, with some of the vaqueros pulling on the lasso and some letting it go slack, they put the bear in a cart, where they made it fast by tying its four feet. In this manner they took it to the point to fight the

bull, sometimes traveling long distances, the animal frequently going twelve, twenty-four, or even twenty-six hours tied up and without food,* although they constantly threw water over the animal so that it might not die of rage and fury.

The Californians were not in the habit of eating bear meat or pork, or mutton. The only kind of meat that they cared for was beef, the best liked being calf from six months up to a year old. The style of cooking liked best was roasting. When they killed a beef, before they finished taking off the hide, and when the ribs were barely uncovered, they took off what they called the *frezada* (blanket), which was the meat covering the ribs, throwing it at once on the coals of a fire which had been made in advance, after sprinkling on it a little salt, with which they generally went provided in all their movements through the country. Scarcely had the meat sizzled a little on the coals, when they took it off and ate it with a great relish, half roasted, regarding it as an exquisite mouthful. I tried these roasted *frezadas* several times, and I admit that my palate was too dull to appreciate their merits, for when I tried to chew them they seemed like sole-leather, and I did not notice any good taste about them; in fact, it seemed to me to be the toughest part of the beef.

The usual food of the rancheros was roast meat and milk, cheese and cream curds, beans, and cornmeal tortillas. But let it not be understood by this that they were ignorant of the art of cooking, for sometimes they made rich stews, and when they had a party, in celebration of a marriage, or birthday, or for any other reason, they served savory food, with a great variety of dishes, especially stuffed chickens and turkeys, etc., which left nothing to be desired in comparison with what may be offered today, when one considers what the country produced. In short, I wish to say that the women were good cooks and knew how to set out sumptuous tables, fit to compete even with those set at the celebrated bridals of Camacho, of which Cervantes tells us in his *Quijote*.

A surprising thing in California was the discipline in the family. I was present several times when an aged father whipped his son, who was married and had children, and the son received the blows on his knees, with bowed head. I witnessed this on various occasions, in the South as well as in the North. Respect for elders was very great. Paternal authority only ceased with the death of the father. The same respect was shown to mothers and in a degree to all old people, even when they were not relatives.

The education received by the children was reduced in general to learning to recite the prayers that their mothers knew. In the towns the Californians usually sent their sons to schools at the head of which there was a man or woman whose only advantage over the parents was in knowing a little reading or writing. Even in the schools of Monterey and Los Angeles, which were the principal towns, all instruction was limited to reading, writing, and

the catechism, with the exception of some young men who improved their time with Don Guillermo Hartnell, who devoted some time to advancing the education of members of the families of his friends.

In the last years of Mexican domination, Don Enrique Cambuston (French) took charge of the school and taught some more studies, such as arithmetic, and grammar. I believe he did not go beyond that. Cambuston was a very well-informed young man.

The girls learned how to sew and to do embroidery and knitting. Some had the reputation of knowing how to knit garters of silk to hold up the leather leggings. These garters had on each end large flowers made of silk, gold and silver thread, spangles, bugles of gold and silver forming different shapes, as of men and women, hearts, etc., making a large bunch on the outside part of the legging. This was regarded as a very luxurious thing. Rich people exerted themselves to put on as great a number of these ornaments as they could crowd there.

As for the men's shoes, some had them made of buckskin embroidered with gold and silver thread, which met the breeches open on both sides and trimmed with gold braid and silver buttons. They wore too a *dormán* (a kind of jacket) of blue, green, or some other color, embroidered with gold and silver thread and spangles, and a country hat with a gold or silver cord, which completed the dress of the rich ranchero of California. Added to this outfit was a good horse, saddle with silver plated bow, saddle blanket called the *mochilla*, embroidered with silver or gold and silver thread, and silver mounted bridle. This was the way in which the rich ranchero of California appeared on gala days.

The dress of the women, when I first came to California, was very plain. The ordinary dresses were of calico, English or American, while the rich women used French goods, which were dearer. The wealthy had silk dresses which they wore at balls or other functions. The dresses were made in a similar fashion to that of the present time, but plain, without any other adornment than ruffles on the edge. White cotton stockings were worn, and at the balls satin shoes. The *rebozo* was worn as a wrap, generally made of cotton thread, although the richer ladies wore silk ones at the functions and balls. On their heads they wore fancy tortoise-shell combs, and some of the *señoras* had silk *mantillas* to wear to church.

Most of the well-to-do women had necklaces of gold beads, some of fine pearls, gold earrings and finger-rings of the same metal, sometimes set with diamonds, emeralds, and other precious stones. False hair was unknown in the country; all were adorned with their own natural hair.

Among the ladies of California there were many excellent horsewomen; they generally rode animals with an easy pace, those called *generosos* (gentle), which were designed especially for women and friars. Although ignorant of the rules of horsemanship, these women mounted gallantly



"... to permit a woman or man who was a good dancer to shine, it was usual to order the jarabe to be played"

and managed their horses with skill. Some of them could lasso a cow in the fields the same as the men and bring it in to the house. Among others I call to mind Señorita Josefa Argüello, the daughter, I believe, of ex-Governor Luís Antonio Argüello, who afterwards became the spouse of Don Eulogio de Célis. The woman usually rode her horse alone, but occasionally the man carried her before him on the saddle, while he sat on the leather apron

behind, holding the reins, for which purpose he put one arm on the woman's shoulder or around her right side.

The vehicles used in the country were carts with wheels made of a single piece of wood, not perfectly round, some with iron tires and some without any tires, drawn by one or more yokes of oxen. On the bottom of the cart a hide was placed, and upon this the family sat when they went abroad. Sometimes the hide was covered with a

quilt. I did not see in the country any carriages but an old chaise belonging to the padres of Santa Bárbara, and another to Don José de la Guerra. They were of very ancient construction, very similar to the sedan chairs used in other times, with low wheels, and which I heard called litters. It may have been that other carriages existed in the country, but I do not remember having seen any. By the years 1842 and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47)

'Mid Sand & Sage

TRAVEL *en masse* follows the line of least resistance. The most attractive features of a region are found in rugged terrain; hence those who cross the continent by rail or by motor over a graded highway are likely to miss the best part of the country through which they pass. Particularly is this true of the State of Nevada, known to a multitude of travelers principally for its vast stretches of life-forsaken deserts, to be crossed with great dispatch and forgotten. Yet here is a land of unusual physiography, with a storied past that rivals the imaginings of a writer of lurid fiction.

Albeit the major portion of the State is a wilderness, it is also an abiding place of countless amazing paradoxes. Mile upon mile of monotonous desert may terminate abruptly at the base of a lofty mountain range, heavily timbered, and teeming with wild life. There are myriads of dead volcanoes, sterile and forbidding; yet from those

Right—A few miles north of Belmont stands the shell of a picturesque old tavern

Below—Once the metropolis of Nye County, Belmont is now a mere relic of a day that has become classic tradition

Forgotten mining towns and unique examples of Nature's craft delight motorists in Nevada—

By Philip Johnston

igneous cones may gush streams of crystal water, ice cold or boiling hot. Rugged canyons and gulches of little apparent interest conceal entrances to great caverns, sparkling with countless stalactites, and unex-

plored.

Having acquired a majority of its wealth from the precious metals, the very history of Nevada is dramatic. The outstanding characters in that theme were "desert rats" who plodded over this terrestrial limbo with burro or buckboard and discovered riches that set the world agog. And their deeds, in keeping with their rugged

characters, frequently interjected a staccato note into the story. Time has removed most of them from the stage, but the locale of their activity holds many significant mementoes of their day.

The well-ordered existence of our generation has made most of us creatures of routine; yet in the veins of many a staid city dweller flows the blood of pioneer forbears. Small wonder, then, that a strong atavistic impulse to break away from the thrall of modern business frequently asserts itself, and the call of the open road comes like the lay of a siren. At such a time, the lure of the byway leading to some romantic land of yesterday may take the adventurous motorist far from the well traveled routes of concrete and macadam. Those remote portions of the State of Nevada where the purr of a motor is seldom heard offer unlimited opportunity for a tour of exploration.

Belmont, the erstwhile county seat of Nye County, lies some forty miles northeast of Tonopah. Fifty years ago, with a population exceeding 5000, it was one of the liveliest mining towns in the State; today, with a population of less than a dozen, it is a picturesque and all but forgotten relic of a past that has become classic tradition. The deserted main street has almost reverted to wilderness, and rows of buildings with gaping windows and sagging doors are eloquent of a tragic decline that has reduced this one-time metropolis to a ghost town. On a hillside stands the magnificent courthouse, a three-storied structure of brick, long since abandoned. Within its walls are many significant relics; the jail, with its ponderous iron tanks intact, still containing the crude beds used by prisoners; an iron ring made fast to the door, where incorrigibles were bound for condign punishment; numerous archaic legal documents, the authors of which have been buried in the well-populated cemetery south of town.

Belmont made its appearance on the map



rush

in 1864, shortly after a sensational "strike" of rich silver-lead sent hundreds of prospectors scurrying across the desert to seek their fortunes in this little-known district. Subsequent years proved the abundance of its wealth with a production record that totaled millions.

Difficulties of frontier existence were nowhere more evident than in this far outpost of the mining industry. Supplies that had been carried around Cape Horn in sailing vessels were landed at San Francisco, trans-shipped by river boat to Sacramento, and freighted in ponderous ox-drawn wagons over 600 miles of mountains and desert. The last relay was accomplished in six weeks' time. In 1869 the building of the Union Pacific Railroad was a great boon to this town, reducing the distance over which freight was hauled to 300 miles.

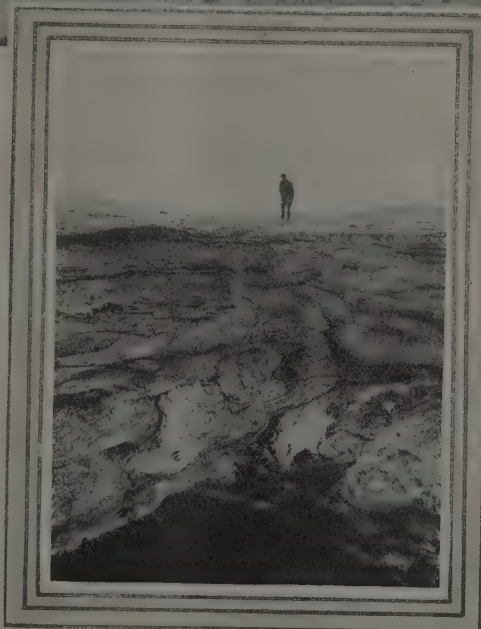
The history of Belmont's decline differs only in minor details from that of many other dead mining towns of the Southwest. Exhaustion of rich ore bodies and deflation in silver made the mines unprofitable, and started an exodus of her citizens to more prosperous regions.

Silent, inscrutable Belmont! Could the walls of her deserted buildings but speak, what tales they would tell! Of the enterprising citizens who built her and made her famous, none survive to relate the vivid stories of her heyday. Each of Nevada's ghost towns has one particular classic narrative connected with its history that stands out from all others—a narrative that is a super drama, running the gamut of human emotion, and frequently involving an abysmal tragedy. All of the principals of the most famous story of Belmont have long since passed on, but the keeper of her one store relates it as it came to him from eye witnesses.

"Back in '74," he said, "this was a live camp with thirty-two saloons and several dance halls. The building where I have my store was the biggest dance hall in town; the girls lived upstairs, and put on a



Above—The White Pine Mountains. Nevada is a land of paradox, where great stretches of desert terminate abruptly at the bases of lofty mountain ranges, heavily timbered and teeming with wild life

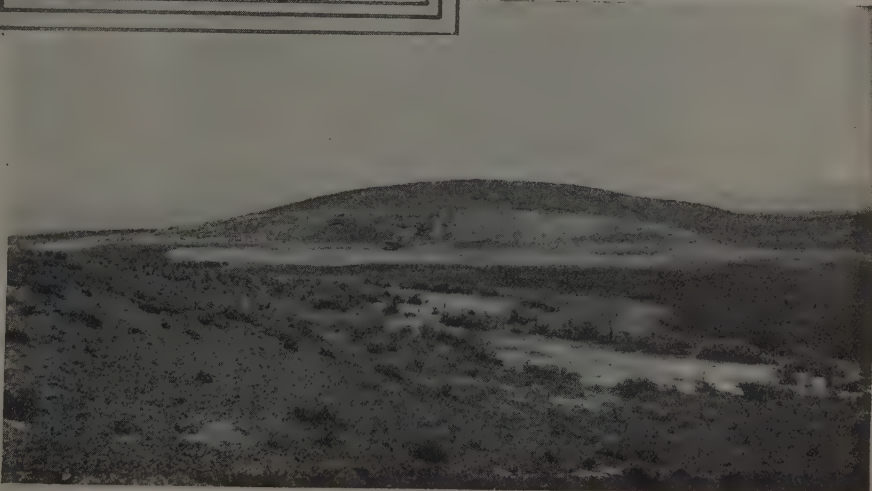


Walker and McIntyre, got a fool notion to set fire to the town. Several men heard them make their threats, and had them thrown in jail before they could start anything.

"At that time, the one-story brick building that you see directly across the street from this store was the courthouse, and the jail was a small room in the basement. Walker and McIntyre dug out of their dungeon, and escaped. Two weeks later, they were discovered several miles from town, where they were living in an abandoned mine tunnel. Deputy sheriffs went out and

Left—Within Diana's Punchbowl is an abysmal pool of clear water having a temperature just below that of boiling

Below—A round, isolated hill rising from the floor of the valley. The appearance of Diana's Punchbowl gives no hint of the startling sight awaiting one who climbs it



big entertainment every night for the miners, and the biggest dance of all was on the night of pay-day, when all the boys had plenty of jack. Everyone took on a cargo of liquor, and sometimes powder was burned; but in those days Belmont was no worse than any of the mining towns, and better than some. The bad men who ran the show in Bodie, Aurora, and Pioche kept away from Belmont, and things were quieter here than they were in those places. But during one of those big pay-night dances, two drunken miners,

brought them back, and put them in jail again.

"There was a no-account crook in town who owed Walker forty dollars. He figured that a good way to get out of paying it was to do away with the two men. So on the night of the next big dance, he got a number of fellows together who were pretty well liquored up, and told them that as long as Walker and McIntyre lived, the town would be in great danger, and it was up to them as good citizens to make away with them. Before long they were convinced that the crook was right, and made plans to conduct a necktie party.

"The sheriff was sitting in his office when fourteen men jumped him and trussed him up hand and foot. Then they bored two big holes in the floor of the courthouse with an auger, right over the basement room which was used as a jail, and let two ropes down through the holes, making them fast above the holes. Unlocking the jail door, they went in, and told the two men that their last hour had come.

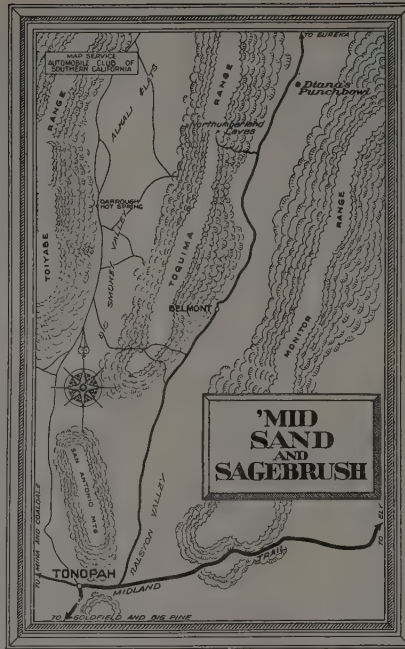
"McIntyre was only a boy, and Walker pleaded for his life, telling the mob that they were both innocent of any crime, and that the lad especially deserved some consideration. But the gang was fighting mad, and rushed in to finish their work.

"Listen," Walker shouted, "neither one of us deserves to be hung. If you go ahead with your plot this town will be cursed; the brick buildings will tumble to the ground, grass and sage will grow in the streets, and Indians will roast pine nuts in the ruins of the courthouse. Spare us, or you will all die with your boots on!"

"With a howl of rage, the mob rushed them. Walker fought like a wildcat to protect his friend, and one of the men struck him over the head with a six-shooter and laid him out. Then they went ahead with the hanging.

"Walker's curse has come true. From the time of that event, Belmont started to go down, and you can see what it is today, a town without people. All the men who took part in that lynching died just as Walker said they would—with their boots on."

Leading the way across the street and to the rear of the old courthouse, the storekeeper unlocked the heavy wooden door and



The above map shows the location of Diana's Punchbowl and Northumberland Caves in relation to Tonopah and Belmont in Nevada

motioned me inside. In the low ceiling were two large auger holes, and beside one of them a dark stain.

"There is the blood from Walker's wound," he said. "You can see how they tried to sandpaper it off; but it was the blood of an innocent man, and it resisted all efforts to remove it."

The dank atmosphere of that crude dungeon seemed to be heavy with tragedy, and it was a relief to emerge into open air and sunshine.

"Soon after the lynching," he continued, "they built the big courthouse yonder on the side of the hill; but even then the town was on the skids. She never came back after that unfortunate affair. Forty-three years ago, when I started my store, that row of buildings across the street were empty as you see them now."

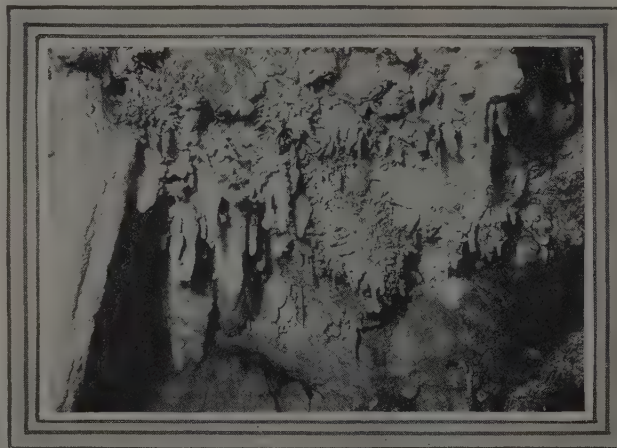
Belmont is a gateway to a region of singular charm and unusual historic interest. The road that threads its way northward through the foothills of the lofty Toquima Range was traversed by stages fifty years ago. Reminiscent of those days, a large roadhouse of characteristic architecture stands by the highway a few miles north of the town. Unused for a generation, it has been ravaged by vandals, but those sturdy walls of stone will long remain as a monument to the most romantic period in Western lore.

Beyond that ancient tavern, the road leads over the floor of a broad valley between the Toquima and Monitor ranges—a land which, in sharp contrast to the regions lying near the coast, seems completely oblivious to the passage of time; for here are ranches in which relentless progress of the present day has not been evident. Save for the introduction of the ubiquitous radio and automobile, the mode of life of the inhabitants of this isolated valley has seen little change since the first settlers took possession of it with muzzle-loading rifles.

Allotment laws of the Great Father in Washington have permitted a few of the aboriginal inhabitants to retain their homes, rude hovels on small parcels of land completely surrounded by vast holdings of their white neighbors.

The wistful traveler who longs for the wide open spaces will here discover a realm of exotic appeal, in which

(CONTINUED ON
PAGE 48)



Above—Many curious forms appear in the stalactites of Northumberland Cave, in Central Nevada. Below—The abandoned main street of Belmont, at one time a county seat and a "roaring camp," is reminiscent of the early period of Nevada's history

Mountain Meadow Re-visited

By Phil Townsend Hanna

IT CAN be no more than an anomaly, of course, that Mountain Meadow, the little Utah valley drenched with the blood of 119 cruelly massacred emigrants seventy-one years ago, now bears more richly of wheat than any other region in the State. But I was assured that it's true by no less an authority than George Lytle, pioneer stockman who tills the thousand fertile acres that comprise the little valley, when I drove north from St. George to visit this hardly known site last summer.

Mountain Meadow is but a scant thirty-six miles north of the Arrowhead Trail at St. George, Utah, and accessible over an excellent road. The region traversed is typical of the highly colored and scenically diverting country of Southern Utah. It received its name from the ubiquitous Frémont, and its fame, if one may so characterize it, from the atrocious Mountain Meadow Massacre. On May 11, 1844, Frémont camped on the spot, known then as *Las Vegas de Santa Clara*, describing it as "an extensive mountain meadow." From this description it took its present name.

But neither Frémont's expedition nor the fact that Mountain Meadow was the point from which, in 1849, the Jayhawkers abandoned the known trail to Southern California and embarked on their disastrous journey across Death Valley, are important historically when compared with the massacre. With the Custer and Meeker massacres it represents one of the most sanguinary episodes in the annals of the settlement of the West.

Of the three it is the most significant, not alone by virtue of the circumstance that its victims exceeded in numbers those of either of the



The cairn that serves as the only monument commemorating the infamous Mountain Meadow massacre is located on the ranch of George Lytle, thirty-six miles north of St. George, Utah

other tragedies, but by the far more astonishing fact that it was planned and directed with deliberation and forethought by white men and was not, as were the others, an act of vengeance by the Indians.

A simple cairn of native rocks, roughly piled waist high, without a tablet or record of any sort, today is all that marks the location of this almost incredible atrocity. From the Lytle ranch-house one who seeks the site journeys a mile southward along

reaching Mountain Meadow, where they camped, on September 5. Two ranges of low hills enclose the valley which, at this point, is hardly a half-mile in width. On the following day, a Sunday, the party rested as was its habit. Early on Monday morning, September 7, while camp-fires were being made, a party, ostensibly Indians, fired on the encampment, killing seven and wounding sixteen, and driving off what stock they could.

Consternation rapidly gave way to defense. Wagons were formed into a circle and within these protective trenches were dug. A state of siege existed, the Indians from the nearby hills firing desultorily whenever an emigrant was sighted. Water was difficult to obtain and ammunition was low. Women and children, of whom there were a goodly number, suffered from terror and privation.

On the morning of the fifth day of the siege, a wagon was seen approaching from the north. It stopped some dis-



Above is a general view of Mountain Meadows, where occurred in 1857 one of the most brutal massacres in the history of the settlement of the West, 119 emigrants having here been slain

(CONTINUED ON
PAGE 50)

Mountain Men

Part I: *The Fur Trade in the Far Southwest*

By Joseph J. Hill

Drawings by Raymond P. Winters

VERY few people realize that there was any appreciable fur trade in the Far Southwest. Fur-bearing animals are usually

thought of as belonging to the colder regions of the north, and so the "heaver" streams and "nutrias" creeks still on the map of the Far Southwest are passed unnoticed or their significance is not understood. One, however, needs to make only a superficial examination of the map to be convinced that the much coveted beaver inhabited the waters of the Southwest as well as those farther north.

But, one asks, if beaver was found in the Southwest as well as in the Northwest, why has not more been made of this fact? It is due largely to the circumstances that documents relating to the fur trade in the Southwest have been both consciously and unconsciously ignored by the leading writers on the subject. Chittenden, to illustrate, in his monumental work, *The American Fur Trade in the Far West*, sums up the labors of the Patties, after their arrival in Santa Fé in the fall of 1824, as follows: "The career of the Patties for the six years thereafter was mainly in the Far Southwest, in New Mexico, Arizona, and California, and does not fall within the scope of this work."

Chittenden had undertaken to write the account of the American fur trade in the "Far West," and yet, with a document in his hands giving an account of a number of trapping expeditions in the region which he calls the Far Southwest, he was unable to see that the Southwest was a part of his field. The fur trade of the Far West seems to have meant to him the fur trade of the Northwest only. With this attitude towards a document of which he was conscious—which, in fact, he really pretended to use—there is little wonder that he failed to find and make use of other documents containing material on the fur trade of the Far Southwest.

Others, following Chittenden's lead, have done likewise. Possibly the one exception to this in recent years is the article by T. M. Marshall on St. Vrain's expedition to the Gila River in 1826, published in the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* in 1916. This, however, is the account of a single episode rather than an attempt at the history of the industry.

Bancroft, perhaps, has done more towards putting the fur trade of the Far Southwest into its proper setting than any other writer in the field. But his interest, of course, was more general. He could not

be expected to give to the fur trade the attention necessary to bring out the details which the student of that industry might desire. Furthermore, the information which he does give concerning the fur trade is scattered through a number of volumes in his works and, therefore, is not readily accessible to the person interested primarily in the fur trade.

The usual treatment of the fur trade in the Far Southwest sums up that industry under the names of Jedediah S. Smith and James Ohio Pattie, with casual mention, perhaps, of two or three others who followed them.

As a sort of corrective of such a treatment of the subject it may be worth while to present here the names of a few prominent men engaged in the industry. Only those, however, who played a conspicuous part are mentioned. The names of nearly a hundred more could be given, while the names of hundreds of others who took part in the trade will, probably, never be known.

Thus we may introduce, in about the order that they came upon the stage, the principal actors in the great drama before us. Joseph Philibert might be named as the leader of the first company of Missouri trappers who crossed the divide into the basin of the Rio del Norte, and actually trapped successfully on the waters of that stream. This was in the summer of 1814. Others had preceded him and had reached the Mexican settlements, but their purpose had been primarily to trade rather than to trap, and their efforts had resulted in failure rather than success. Ezekiel Williams, as a trapper, had also preceded Philibert but had reached only as far as the head waters of the Arkansas. Companions of Williams had gone to the Spanish settlements, but of their activity there we know but little.

After Philibert came Julius De Mun, A. P. Chouteau, William Becknell, Hugh Glenn, Jacob Fowler, Robert Fowler, Nathaniel Prayor, Isaac Slover, John McKnight, Robert McKnight, Stephen Cooper, John Heath, Samuel Chambers, James Baird, Ewing Young, William Wolfskill, Joseph Walker, William Huddart, Sylvester Pratte, Sylvester and James Ohio Pattie, Antoine Robidoux, Ceran and Marcelin St. Vrain, Milton Sublette, Thomas L.

(Peg-leg) Smith, Jedediah S. Smith, Christopher (Kit) Carson, Moses Carson, William and Charles Bent, David E. Jackson, David Waldo, J. J. Warner, Job F. Dye, Dick Wootton, Sinclair, Gaunt, Le Luke, La Bonte, etc., etc.

It is not the purpose of the writer, in the present article, to give a detailed account of the fur trade of the Southwest. This he has attempted to do in a volume now ready for the press. His present aim is simply to point out the main features of this industry and some of the problems involved in its study, and to indicate briefly how a fuller treatment of it is necessary as a supplement to the work of previous writers on the fur trade of the Far West.

It is difficult to define the Far Southwest. In the first place it depends upon the point of view of the writer and in the second place there are no fixed boundaries possible. Moreover, the trappers never thought in terms of the Far Southwest. There were no such things as State boundaries, and even international boundaries played a very small part in their activities. To them the entire region beyond the settlers' frontier was a unit. Trapping parties setting out from Taos for the Gila River might, as likely as not, trap on the Yellowstone and the Snake rivers before returning to Taos or Santa Fé with their furs; or they might cross to California and trap on the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers. Ewing Young's party did both. Dick Wootton was with a party that set out from Bent's Fort and trapped the waters of the Grand, the Green, the Snake, the Columbia, the Sacramento, the San Joaquin, and the Gila rivers before its return to the fort.

But for the purposes of the present study we shall consider the basin of the Rio del Norte as far south as the mouth of the Pecos, together with the basin of the Colorado as far north as the Uintah range of mountains, and the basin of the San Joaquin in California, as constituting a unit to be referred to as the Far Southwest. Not all of the trapping expeditions to be considered later confined themselves within that region, but, as we have indicated, it would be impossible to fix limits which would satisfy that requirement. Moreover, the natural features of the region named do tend to make of it some sort of geographical unit and it is convenient thus to consider it.

The principal reason for taking the mouth of the Pecos as the limit in that direction is the fact that there was very little

trapping activity in the basin of the Rio del Norte below that point. To the north, the Uintah Mountains running east and west make a more or less natural boundary of the field on that side. With Antoine Robidoux established on the Uintah River and his trading activities extending as far south as the Gila, it would be unsatisfactory to

take any line farther south as our northern boundary. As regards the San Joaquin in California, it might be just as logical to include with it the Sacramento system as well, making, together, what has been referred to as the California basin, but for the fact that the Sacramento carries us so far north that it seems out of place to speak

of it as belonging to the Far Southwest. However, some of the trapping expeditions from New Mexico extended their activities a considerable distance up the Sacramento, and this fact makes it necessary to treat that region to some extent in connection with the story of the fur trade of the Far Southwest. We shall not, however, go into



The hardy trappers of the far Southwest did much to open up and develop this country during the period from 1826 to 1837

detail in considering the fur trade of that region which emanated from the north or from points within that basin, such as Sutter's Fort.

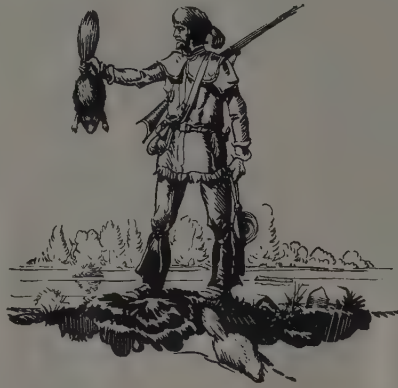
One of the chief reasons for slighting the fur trade of the Far Southwest in the past was the rise of the industry which superseded it—the caravan trade. The fur trade had reached its height and had begun to decline by about 1830. The caravan trade—by which I mean the transportation of merchandise from the United States to the northern provinces of Mexico by means of caravans of traders—was coming to be of great significance about that time. Hundreds of thousands, sometimes as much as half a million dollars' worth of merchandise was carried from the United States, chiefly from Missouri, to New Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora, and California each year, for several decades after the decline of the fur trade. Under the spell of this industry, when it was at its height, Josiah Gregg, who himself was a caravan trader, wrote his *Commerce of the Prairies*. This has been read and recognized as the classic of Southwestern travel and trade. Gregg has given us considerable information about the fur trade, it is true, but it is the picture as seen by one who was primarily interested in the caravan trade. Later writers have used Gregg as their chief authority for all Southwestern travel. The result is that even those who have set themselves the task of writing the history of the fur trade of the Far West, such as Chittenden, can see nothing but the caravan trade when they come to consider the Southwest.

Two essentials for writing the history of any movement are an interest in the problem, and documents on which to base the account. It has already been pointed out how the lack of the first of these prerequisites has caused the fur trade of the Far Southwest to be neglected by historical students. There are, also, difficulties from the point of view of documentary materials. These difficulties are of a number of varieties. Some had to do with the fur trade in general and some applied more especially or entirely to the fur trade of the Far Southwest. We shall consider those of a more general nature first.

The question naturally arises as to what kind of records the trappers left and, therefore, what we might hope to find. This takes us into the question of the extent of the education of the trappers. In the first place it might be said that a large proportion of the trappers were of French descent brought up on the frontiers of Missouri with no education except what was obtainable directly from nature. Very few of them could read or write. To illustrate, of the eleven who signed an affidavit concerning the activities of Chouteau and De Mun, all signed with a cross. Nor were those of English descent much better educated. Even such a noted trapper as Bridger could not write his own name. In fact, many of the trappers had come to the mountains to get away from the requirements of a civilization which insisted that they should go to school. It is true there were some educated trappers such as William H. Ashley, Jeda-

diah S. Smith, etc. Ewing Young and David E. Jackson had acquired the ability to read and write, but the letters they wrote indicate their lack of facility in this task. We shall have to be content, therefore, if we find but little in the way of written records which emanated directly from the trappers themselves.

But the trappers were great story tellers. They delighted to entertain the stranger with the wonderful accounts of their exploits. Some of these stories fell into the



Beaver trapping began to decline when silk was introduced in the manufacture of men's hats

hands of noted writers such as Ruxton, Sage, Gregg, Irving and Parkman, and have been incorporated in their books, and thus preserved for the history student.

The story of a trapper's life was sometimes considered good newspaper material, and so at the time of the death of prominent trappers such as "Peg-leg" Smith, William Wolfskill, etc., accounts were prepared, based on the stories they had told, and published in newspapers.

Compilers and collectors of historical material, such as H. H. Bancroft, have hunted up some of the old trappers, and have taken reminiscent dictations from them, and have thus preserved some account of their trapping activity. Thus we have the reminiscences of J. J. Warner, George Nidiver, Job F. Dye and others. Occasionally the story of a trapper has been regarded by a writer as of sufficient popular interest to justify being published in book form. To illustrate, we may cite the narratives of James O. Pattie, Isaac P. Rose, Joe Meek, Dick Wootton, and Osborne Russell, which have been published in this way.

Each of these kinds of documents presents difficulties of its own. In the first place, trappers were given to exaggeration, and each time a story was told there was the possibility of the exaggeration being increased for increased effect. Then there is the problem of memory to be considered in equating the value of the reminiscences. And last but not least, the trapper used to dwell upon the part of the story which was of least historical value and would say but little or nothing concerning the points about which the historian wishes to know. To illustrate: he would give all the details of a bear fight but would fail to tell anything

about his companions, and would even neglect to give the name of the leader of the party.

The Far Southwest, being Mexican territory, presented difficulties of its own both to the trapper and to the historian. It is only necessary to point out that the greater portion of the trade in this region was clandestine. None but Mexicans could legally obtain licenses to trap in Mexican waters. But Mexicans would not trap; they did not like that occupation. The industry, therefore, fell without competition into the hands of American trappers, but as their activities in the field were unlawful, there was more or less of a tendency to conceal the real facts of what they were doing.

Unlike the fur traders of the Northwest who usually had some sort of headquarters at St. Louis or some other of the frontier towns of Missouri, where their records and papers of various kinds accumulated and where many of them still remain, prized as historical collections, the trappers of the Southwest can scarcely be said to have had any headquarters, and their papers and accounts, if they kept any, seem long since to have been lost. Instead of bringing their furs to Missouri they simply resorted to Taos or Santa Fé, where they disposed of their furs and made up their outfits for the next trapping expedition. Their supplies were usually obtained from caravan traders who possibly kept no accounts, or if they did, such accounts were considered of only temporary importance and were soon destroyed.

In writing the history of the fur trade in the Northwest one finds a mine of information in the newspapers of St. Louis and other frontier settlements of Missouri which frequently announced the arrival and departure of trapping parties from or for the upper waters of the Missouri or the Rocky Mountains. But in New Mexico there were no newspapers during the period when trapping was an industry of consequence. Some echo of the activity in that section, of course, occasionally found its way into the Missouri papers, but it was only an echo as compared with the accounts of the corresponding activity in the Northwest.

One of the important sources of information for the fur trade of the Far Southwest is the material to be found in the Mexican archives. But this material has but recently come to light, and even now is not very well known and is relatively inaccessible.

A considerable portion of our information concerning the subject is to be found only in fragments—chance remarks here and there. To illustrate: Gregg turns aside in his account of the second administration of Armijo, 1838-1846, to insert an anecdote on Armijo's first administration and, incidentally, gives us some information concerning a trapping expedition of Ewing Young and Milton Sublette in 1827. Frequently these scraps of information do not contain sufficient details to give any very definite picture, although they may be suggestive of the general movement.

Another of the difficulties of the situation

was the Spanish method of handling foreign names. To illustrate: Ewing Young's name was rendered Joaquin Joon, Joachin Yon, etc.; St. Vrain occurs in Spanish documents as Sambrano; Jonathan Trumbull Warner's name was changed to Juan José Warner; James Kirker was rendered into Spanish as Santiago Querque; Don Juan Gid probably refers to John Heath; Don Mercellin may be recognized as Marcellin St. Vrain. Thus we might continue indefinitely, but not always with absolute certainty, in our identifications.

The fur trade of the Far Southwest advanced geographically and chronologically more or less together. We can thus take it up period by period and note the geographic advance during each period.

The first period to be noted is that falling between the years 1815 and 1821. This may be characterized as the period of only partially successful attempts on the part of American trappers to break into the Far Southwest. During this period Philibert, Chouteau, and De Mun, with some fifty-odd men, trapped on the upper waters of the Arkansas and the Rio del Norte. But they were not wholly successful in that they had part of their furs, valued at some \$30,000, confiscated by the Mexican officials.

The second period was from 1821 to 1823. This might properly be characterized as the period of the exploitation of the basin of the Rio del Norte. Practically all the tributaries of this stream were visited by American trappers during these two years. In all there were upwards of a hundred men engaged in the trade. Wil-

liam Becknell, Ewing Young, William Wolfskill, and their men, together with members of the company led to New Mexico by Thomas James and John McKnight, and some of Stephen Cooper's men, trapped the lower waters of that basin and along the Pecos; while Jacob Fowler and his company of twenty men trapped the upper waters.

The years 1824-1826 may be taken as the third period which marks the advance into the Colorado basin. A number of parties entered this basin in 1824, both by way of the San Juan and its tributaries and, also, by way of the Gila and its tributaries. By the end of 1826 practically every stream in this basin within the region now being considered had been trapped and re-trapped so many times that beaver was becoming scarce. The number of trappers engaged in the business during this period reached into the hundreds, and the beaver fur that was taken from the streams brought the trappers more than a hundred thousand dollars.

From 1826 to 1832 the trappers pushed their activities farther west, crossing the deserts of Arizona and Southern California to the basin of the San Joaquin and the Pacific coast. This period may, therefore, be characterized as the period of the opening of the trappers' trails to California. During these years, trappers made their way to California over at least six different trails through the Southwest, which we may enumerate as the Pattie trail, the Jackson trail, the Young trail, the Armijo trail, the Wolfskill trail, and the Smith trail.

The Pattie trail led down the Gila and the Colorado rivers across Lower California and up the coast to San Diego. The Jackson trail followed the Gila to its mouth, and then crossed the Yuma desert to Los Angeles over very much the same trail followed by Anza some fifty-seven years earlier. The Young trail followed the Salt River, one of the main branches of the Gila, to the mouth of the Rio Verde, and then proceeded up that stream to its head and across the Arizona desert to the Colorado River; then over the Mojave Desert, up the Mojave River, and through Cajón Pass to Los Angeles. The Armijo trail led west from Abiquí through Cañon Largo to the San Juan, and across the Colorado at the Crossing of the Fathers; and then to the Sevier River and south to the Colorado and across the Mojave Desert to Los Angeles. The Wolfskill trail led northwest from Taos along the Old Spanish Trail to the Grand River basin; and west across the Green to the Sevier, and south to the Colorado, and over the Mojave Desert to Los Angeles. The Smith trail started from the Great Salt Lake in the Great Basin and followed a southwest course down the Sevier and the Meadow Valley wash, the Muddy, and the Colorado, and across the Mojave Desert to Los Angeles.

By about 1830 the fur trade had reached its zenith. It is true that there was considerable activity for a number of years later, but one very easily sees that it was already on the decline. Three reasons for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)



Furs trapped in the Southwest were usually taken to Taos or Santa Fé, New Mexico, where most of the expeditions were outfitted

California GEMS

The story, and a short description, of the Golden State's

GEMS? California gems? Southern California gems? Yes, we have them! California produces them in magnificent profusion, "more than all the gems of Samarkand," as the Persian poet Hafiz hath it—and Southern California furnishes them in imperial lavishness. And when one sees a complete collection of these resplendent jewels, one is prouder than ever of our wonderful California.

California produces nearly all of the best known gems, including also many others that are not so well known to the general public. Two of the world's loveliest gems are found only in California—the radiant pink or lilac gem known as kunzite, and the beautiful benitoite, which rivals the sapphire in its marvelous deep blue splendor.

Dazzling diamonds, superb sapphires, splendid topazes, enchanting beryls, wondrous tourmalines, exquisite hyacinths, ruby-red spinels, noble garnets, elegant aquamarines, iridescent opals, purple amethysts, and gorgeous tourmalines such as are found nowhere else—all these gems California furnishes from its inexhaustible store of wonders, in addition to many others admired by men and adored by women in all ages, past and present.

In its fivefold claim to fame, California first startled the world with its wealth of yellow gold; second, with its magnificent gardens, groves and fields glowing with a splendid and luxuriant agriculture; third, with the amazing development of its white gold, the wonder working water power that transmitted electrically the colossal energy that has made our Southland great, industrially; fourth, with its black gold—oil—that has brought us untold wealth, and now sways the course of empires; and fifth, with the discovery that California abounds in magnificent gems of many kinds—so much so that no other country in the world contains so many of those veritable springs of glittering jewels known as gem-mines, as this our blessed California possesses.

I prefer the word "gem" to

most noteworthy jewelled riches—

By George Wycherley Kirkman

"precious stones," for many of the world's finest, most alluring, and richest colored jewels that please the eye, are not classed by jewelers as precious stones, merely because such gems do not command a high price in the world's market-places. This is either because they are found in great abundance, or because the shifting and fantastic whimsies of the hour, affected by fashionable society, do not put a premium on them. Not only are our "precious stones" truly such, but our other gems—called "semi-precious stones" by jewelers—are marvelous in their effulgent richness. South-

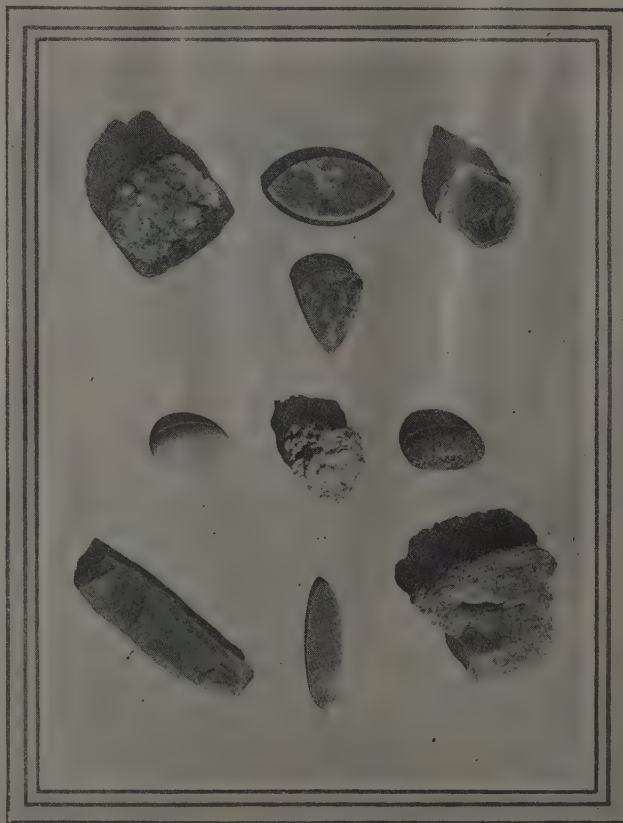
ern California should presently profit from these latter, for they are now increasingly used by Americans for personal wear and household adornment, for they are gems most precious, often unique.

and always pleasing in their attractive colors.

Now that "costume jewelry" is in vogue, it is the fashion to wear full sets of it, not only to match milady's gown, but also including *une grande parure*—ear-rings, necklace, bracelets, rings and brooches, all made up from the same kind of gem-stone. And here is where California should let its light so shine before men, that they may see its splendid jewels, and glorify these gems of ours before an admiring world.

What amazes Europeans is that so many residents of California do not seem to know that California, especially Southern California, is one of the world's most remarkable producers of fine gems. What the world thinks of our California gems, and how vastly it admires them, may be heard and seen at the famous and splendid collections of them on view in the British Museum in London, the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle in Paris, the American Museum in New York, the National Museum at Washington, and other great institutions at home and abroad. Inured as I am to the sight of fine gems, yet the very sight of them, "like jewels in a jasper cup," always moves me deeply. Indeed, he who is not strangely stirred by them truly has no beauty in his soul or music in his heart, and is fit only for "treasons, stratagems and spoils."

These gems are the ultimate essence of perfect beauty—vivid, *éclatant*, brilliant, glowing with life—full of the passionate appeal of poignant poetry that rouses our deepest feelings and most subtle emotions—vibrant with delight, pleasure, sheer happiness, wistful longings, vague regrets, and the noble human craving for finer, better, higher things material as well as spiritual. Gazing at these colorful California gems, one senses that each of them is in truth an exquisite poem, com-



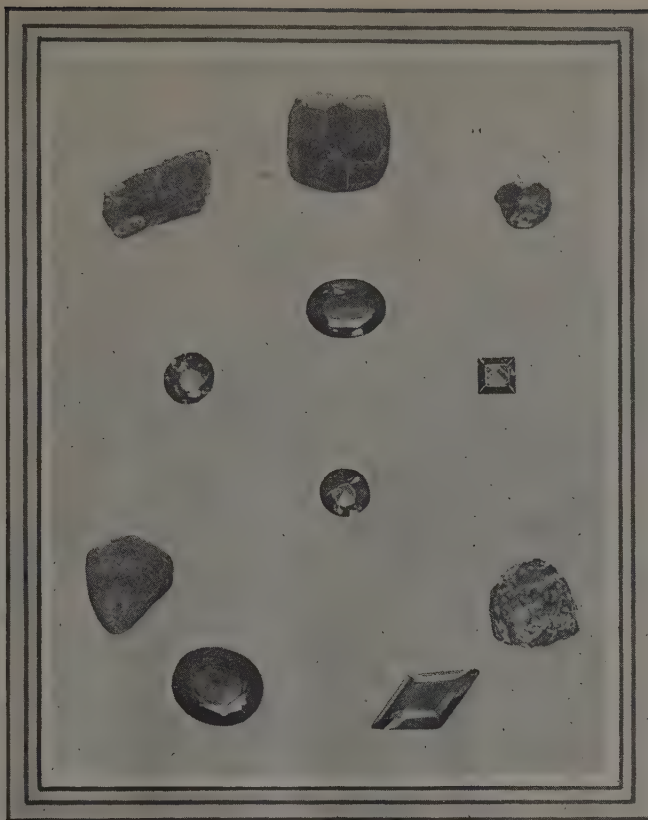
The four topmost stones are opal, the outside two being rough with the cut jewels in the center. The three stones in the middle are turquoise, the rough gem in the center, the clear variety cut on the left and the streaked variety on the right. Below are three chrysophrases, both the rough and cut stones being shown

plete and perfect in itself; a joyous angel of scintillating light at whose heart lies happiness, and whose silent ministrations are to something higher in us all. That is why we stand in rapt silence before the irresistible appeal of these California gems.

From all parts of California do they come, but above all from Southern California—from each of our threefold regions of mighty mountains, shining sea-strands and mysterious deserts. This wondrous Southland is noted for its gem-mines; and in San Diego and Riverside counties lie the most remarkable of our gem-districts. In southwestern Riverside County and eastern San Diego County are these jewel mines so numerous that mineralogists call it the "gem district." Seen on a map showing their locations they stretch southeastwards from Pala in two narrow bands, roughly parallel with each other. Taken together, they cover a limited region; yet they are fairly bursting with glittering treasure-trove, an imperial largesse of magnificent heaps of vivid and thrilling color, luminous miracles of nature's matchless artistry; many of them remarkable for their stunning beauty, marvelous size, rich coloring, and vast profusion. Indeed, so abundant are these glowing gifts of the gracious gods upon the San Jacinto mountain ranges, that one may truly call them "jewelled peaks."

However, in judging precious stones, one must not confuse them with the various so-called Oriental types of gems. For instance, oriental emerald is a green sapphire, varying in color from a bluish green to a dancing green. Oriental topaz actually is a yellow sapphire, quite as brilliant as a lively yellow diamond. Sapphires are often white, and are of every color, save red; but the typical sapphire color is blue, of the vivid imperial blues—royal blue, velvet blue, cornflower blue, etc.—the deeper the color the more admirable and costly the stone. Oriental amethyst is of the gorgeous purple or deeply amethystine shade of corundum. Like the oriental topaz, it is of rare occurrence, and therefore these two stones are the costliest of their kind. Unlike the ordinary hyacinth, the oriental hyacinth is a deep honey-red; and is quite a different stone from the regular hyacinth. Sapphires with a stellated opalescence are called star sapphires; and rubies with this same strange opaline effect are called star rubies, or asters.

Real diamonds were found in California, in eight of its northern counties, and a number of them were sizable stones, some of them clear and flawless gems, white or pale yellow in color. In all likelihood, a great quantity of them exist in that northern region, and may yet be discovered by some



The upper seven stones are garnets of the various types and cuts, the rough garnets being shown in the two corners. Rough and cut sapphires are shown below, the uncut ones on the outside

lucky Marshall of the diamond-fields. Those so far discovered were found in the gold placer mines of that region, located in ancient or modern river-beds. The gold miners were not looking for diamonds, in fact few of these men knew a diamond in the rough when they saw one, and they were vastly astonished when sundry curious persons accidentally picked up these precious stones in the sluice-boxes, or even in the stamp-mills that crushed the cemented gravels of ancient stream-beds there.

Considering the actual mountains of gravels thus washed in gold placer mining, it is safe to say that for every one of the diamonds thus accidentally picked out, a million of them have shot through the sluice-boxes unnoticed by anyone, and have been lost to California. But it is evident that this vast wealth of diamonds was washed down into these northern riverbeds from their original sources. Some day man will discover those blue clay volcanic-pipe sources, and then California will again startle the world with the momentous discovery of great diamond-fields that will make this State the envy of the rest of the world, and will supply American women with American diamonds, thus saving us the many millions that we spend abroad for the purchase of these precious stones.

As early as 1854, Melville Atwood, an Englishman who had spent several years in the diamond district of Brazil before he came to California, predicted that diamonds would be found in California, as the geological conditions were most favorable

therefor. Indeed, although he did not know it, a diamond the size of a pea and of a light straw color had already been found, in the year of 1850, and a man who did not then know what it was, had thrown away one as large as the end of his thumb, thinking it a mere quartz crystal, which is what the gold miners took them for when their eyes happened to light upon one. Goodyear, the famous geologist, in 1871 bought from a miner for \$15 a diamond that had been found three miles east of Placerville in El Dorado County, in the gold-bearing gravels of an ancient riverbed covered by a thick lava cap. And near Placerville, Goodyear saw a diamond weighing 5.6 carats, which had been found in a sluicebox.

Butte, Amador and El Dorado counties have so far produced the greatest number of diamonds; and the watershed of the Trinity River has furnished many smaller ones. The vicinity of Cherokee, Butte County, is a well-known diamond region; nearly a hundred diamonds have been found there by miners in the gold placers, in which are also found zircons, platinum, iridium, etc., along with the placer gold. These

diamonds are pure white, light yellow, and of a rose color. The first one was found in this vicinity in 1853; and the largest one so far found weighed $2\frac{1}{4}$ carats. In 1892, two small diamonds and one of two carats were found in that section, which has produced some fine clear flawless stones of high quality. In 1915, three white diamonds of the best quality, each weighing one carat, were found in Butte County together with six small diamonds.

Nevada County produced two noted diamonds—a yellowish one of $1\frac{3}{5}$ carats, and one of $7\frac{1}{4}$ carats, the largest one yet found in California. In 1867, El Dorado County produced one of $1\frac{1}{2}$ carats of gem quality, besides a later one of $5\frac{6}{10}$ carats. The volcano district of Amador County is quite famous as a diamond belt, as it has produced some seventy or eighty of these gems, one of which weighed $1\frac{1}{4}$ carats and was pale straw-yellow in color. The four octahedral diamonds now in the Tiffany-Morgan collection in the American Museum in New York City, came from this volcano district.

Indeed, diamonds may yet be found also in Southern California, in Kern, Inyo, the desert parts of Riverside, San Bernardino and Imperial counties; and in Los Angeles County, near or south of the Hollywood hills. He is a rash individual who dares predict what will really and finally be found under the ground, in this California wonderland of ours. Every time I pass by Signal Hill, I smile reminiscently over the later discomfiture of some Eastern friends

of mine, whom I tried to persuade into sinking some fairly deep oil-wells on that famous hill, years ago, as I was sure that the oil was there, and I tried hard to get capital to develop it. My friends respected my knowledge, and might have made fortunes for us all, had they not been scared off by the local wiseacres, who never believed oil was there until they saw it shooting out of the derricks on the hill years later.

Next to our diamonds, California's finest gem, to my mind, is our peerless and beautiful benitoite, which by some is deemed superior even to the superb sapphire, which it more closely resembles than it does any other gem. It is certainly a California gem, par excellence, for it is found only in California, and indeed in a very small section in only one of our counties, San Benito County, from which it gets

its name. It is the world's newest gem, as it was only discovered in 1907, near the source of the San Benito River and close to San Benito Peak, some twelve miles south of Idria, at an elevation of 4600 feet above sea-level. So much like sapphires are these superfine gems that they were mistaken for sapphires, but presently experts declared that this was a brand new gem, hitherto unknown to the world. Benitoite occurs in the form of transparent prisms or trigonal pyramids; and in tint it ranges from colorless to a deep rare blue, glorious in its lustre. It occurs in a zone of narrow serpentine veins, where it is associated with another extremely rare mineral (which is found nowhere else except in Greenland) neptunite, a semi-precious black gemstone, whose thin sections emit a blood-red radiance.

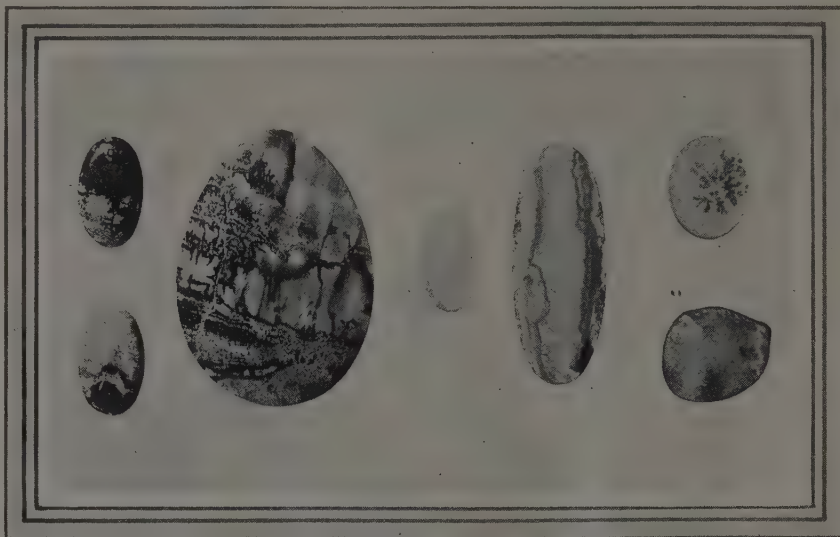
Some gems were cut from this beautiful benitoite and placed on sale, attracting much admiration at the time, but the California jewelers never pushed its sale, and by 1910 the mines producing it were idle. This is a pity, for this superb gem is one of the most resplendent of all the "bright jewels of the mine," and in its deeper shades there is an alluring richness not discernible in the comparatively cold blue of the sapphire. Possibly its name hurt its sale, for that is merely a scientific name for this new mineral, which is a titanio-silicate of barium, and hence differs greatly from other gems in its chemical composition. Anyway, its name is enough to deter vagrom admirers who might otherwise buy the colorful California gem. Benito is Spanish for benedictus—blessed—so why not revert to that Latin name, and call it Benedicte? That

means—"Bless you"—and as blessings are mighty lucky things to have, this blessed and beautiful Benedicte would truly be a lucky stone.

A similar change of name would greatly benefit our other lovely gem, found only in California, and now called kunzite, but

However, the new locator also let go of it after a time as the rock plainly was not marble. It was not until 1902 that some prospectors again began work on the claim, and soon discovered thereon a new mineral that puzzled them and everyone else in Southern California. Finally they sent

some of it to the well-known gem expert, Mr. Kunz, in New York City, in whose honor it was named, after he had recognized it as a new variety of spodumene, and proclaimed it to be a new and splendid gem. Tiffany, the famous jeweler, also recognized its great value and paid a high price for a small package of specimens of kunzite sent on to him by the delighted prospectors who discovered it. The cut stones were placed on the market in 1904 as the world's then newest gem and the fame of Southern California



In the upper right corner is shown a mass agate polished, below it is the same stone in the rough. The elliptical gem next to these is a ribbon agate, then a desert moonstone. The other stones are all polished petrified wood

which really deserves a more attractive name. Why not call it Pala, from the place nearest the scene of its first discovery in San Diego County, in the year 1902, in the Pala Chief Mine, associated with the unusual mineral lepidolite (lithia mica), which makes this mine the greatest lithia mine in the world and the source of all our lithia tablets. Or this lovely gem might be called triphane—the European name for spodumene, of which kunzite is one of the varieties.

Quite a romance attaches to this marvelous mine, which was long known to the Indians, as it attracted their admiration because of the contrast between the lovely pink rubellite embedded in its matrix of pearl-grey lepidolite, where the strata outcrops on the side of Pala Chief Mountain, one and one-half miles northwest of Pala. White men, however, had never seen it, until an Indian deer hunter named Venezuela brought some pieces of this rock into Pala with him, and showed it to the white men there. Greatly enthused, an old prospector named Magee hastened to the outcrop, and at once took up a mining claim on it as a quicksilver mine, fondly fancying that the ore was cinnabar, only to presently ascertain that there was no mercury in it. He sent samples of the ore to sundry chemists, but they didn't know what it was, and didn't even detect the presence of lithia in it, for no one then dreamed that there was lithia in California in such commercial quantities. So Magee let his claim lapse by failing to do the required assessment work upon it. Shortly thereafter Tomás Alvarado jumped in and located this mysterious mining claim—as a marble quarry!

as a noble gem producer thus was trumpeted to the ends of the earth.

One of the most unique gems in the world, it is next to the latest precious stone discovered by man, and what endears it to us the more, is that it is found only here in Southern California. Even here it is found in only a few gem mines, located in a very small region of our southern mountain ranges; and from these remarkable mines of precious stones comes only a limited supply of kunzite of a size and quality appropriate for gems of the first rank, and weighing from one to 150 carats.

Assuredly it is one of the loveliest of gems, and it is a true precious stone, inasmuch as it possesses splendid form, fine color and great brilliancy, along with uniqueness and rarity. As a lilac gem it is utterly unique; and as a pink jewel it is one of the few gems of that color. In color it ranges from a white shimmering through with a pale pink, to pink of various shades—all of them exquisite—and on to a lilac, with darker shadings, to a deep lilac color. An admiring English writer has termed it a "peach-blossom" gem; but personally I prefer the deeper shades of this appealing gem. It is extremely brilliant; and this, with its unusual colors, gives it an extraordinarily vivid and striking appearance, as its colorful brilliancy fairly seems to vibrate with scintillating life and emotion. Like the diamond, it can be cut into any desirable gem form, such as the brilliant, rose, double-rose, Regent, table, etc.

Quite a romance attaches to spodumene itself, which this discovery of kunzite proved to be a Cinderella in disguise; for although spodumene had long been known,

yet no one dreamed that it was a remarkable instance of a fine gemstone that had undergone a lethal change; and that the dull opaque grayish crystals (often of large size) found in New England and South Dakota, were in reality dead gems, whose beauty had passed away forever. However, noting that some broken spodumene crystals still showed traces of both color and transparency in their interior, mineralogists about 1880 decided that these defunct gems once were very beautiful, but had undergone a fatal and mysterious experience that had quenched the light of their loveliness, even as deep sorrows sometimes dull the face of a lovely woman. So these scientists were enraptured to see all their Cinderella beauty thus dramatically unmasked, in these extraordinary gems of kunzite, the pink or lilac variety of spodumene. The yellow variety from Brazil is now also cut as gems, while the deep green variety—the "lithia emerald"—comes from North Carolina, and is known as hiddenite. It ranks as one of our most beautiful American gems.

These superlatively brilliant kunzites are usually perfect, and utterly free from flaws. The crystals are often large; one of them from the Pala Chief weighed 24 ounces. They have been found in several gem-mines in San Diego County, and one or more in Riverside County. The Fano mine, near Coahuila and some twenty miles northeast of Pala, has produced them and the crystals from the White Queen Mine are elegant gems, with marked pleochroism—that chatoyant quality that makes some gems so fascinating to the eye. This remarkable gem is durable, of course, but it is supersensitive in some respects, and possesses some strange qualities when subjected to the action of the violet-ray, which usually does not affect any gems, except this one, certain kinds of diamonds, and willemite, which occasionally is used as a gem stone. Subjected to this ray, kunzite acts most uniquely, phosphorescing for ten minutes after the ray has acted upon it for half a minute, and if this action lasts for ten minutes, and the kunzite is then laid for five minutes upon a sensitive photographic plate, it will take a splendid picture of itself, by its own strange lumines-



The large stone at the top is a topaz in the rough, below from left to right are the cut varieties of topaz; canary, white, smoky, pink, two-color pink and green, and green. The four stones at the bottom are rough tourmalines

cence!

In this same gem district of San Diego County, beautiful topazes were discovered on October 3, 1903—thus making a new, recent, and important addition to Southern California's imperial wealth in gems. Those found near Ramona are lovely, of various colors between white, bluish and greenish.

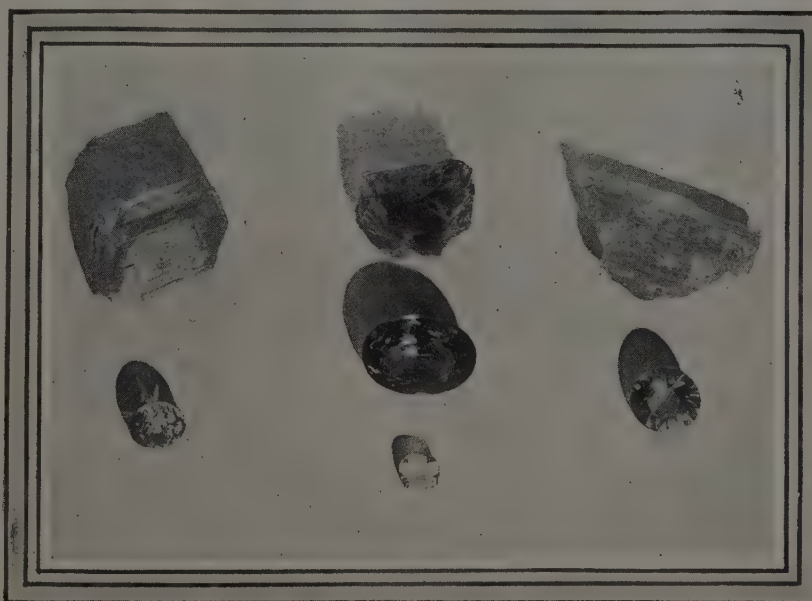
They are often perfectly transparent, and some of them are of large size, over two inches long and one inch wide. The pale blue ones greatly resemble the famous blue topazes from Sarapulka in the Ural Mountains. In one of our topaz mines the crystals are wedge-shaped and often weigh over a pound each, with colors of light yellow, sea-green, sky-blue, and white. Those of another mine are aquamarine, blue and sky-blue, at a depth of six feet from the surface, although white at the surface. Fifty pounds of them were found in an excavation only 20 feet long by 8 feet wide. In one mine, topazes are found associated with dark green tourmaline crystals; but, broadly speaking, the gem belt containing the topaz and the garnet mines lies in a separate band or line, which runs parallel and slightly to the southwest of the belt that includes the kunzite and the tourmaline mines, in this our famous Southern California gem district.

This bejeweled district is also famous for its magnificent beryls, as well as its elegant aquamarines. Emeralds and aquamarines belong to the beryl family in mineralogy, the deep rich green kinds without flaws being the very highly valued and well-known emerald. Those

which are sea-green or sky-blue in color are called aquamarines, and very exquisite ones are found in San Diego County. Chrysoberyls are greenish yellow to wine yellow in color, whilst the golden beryl is a clear bright yellow, fine crystals of which are found in our gem district.

The pink or rose-colored beryl was one of the rarest gems in the world, until it was discovered in our gem district, and thus brought us added fame. Beautiful beryls were found near Ramona—gems of remarkable brilliancy, rose-petal pink in color. One beryl mine there produced two pounds of large beryls; another mine furnished several pounds of them, many of these being cut at San Diego, notably a flawless rose-petal pink beryl of 30 carats. The Mesa Grande section of San Diego County also produces wonderful gems, the Esmeralda Mine furnishing pink beryls, golden beryls, and aquamarines. From this section came one of the noblest and very large-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)



The two jewels on the left are aquamarine with the rough stone above the light blue cut stone. In the center at the top is a rough amethyst with the cut stone below it. The small gem at the bottom is a pink beryl cut. The two gems on the right are kunzite, in the rough above and the white cut stone below

The Man Who Split the Atom

¶ *Something about Robert Andrews Millikan and his amazing achievements in the realm of science—*

By Harold D. Carew

SOUTHERN California a world center of science; Southern California a world mecca in arts and letters; the Far West, yesterday a frontier of America, today an empire in the making, tomorrow a dream of world leadership come true—this is the vision of philanthropists who have demonstrated their faith in California.

How practical is their dream was shown eight years ago when a group of these men staked their money on an ideal by creating a research endowment for California Institute of Technology and calling Robert Andrews Millikan to be the executive head of the Pasadena institution. By its failure to duplicate the endowment, the University of Chicago, which Dr. Millikan had served with distinction for twenty-five years, lost one of the most eminent members of its faculty. And what Dr. Millikan's coming to California has meant may be calculated when it is pointed out that one of the largest groups of scientists in the United States, distinguished for membership in the American Academy of Sciences, is now gathered at the Institute and at the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory. These two institutions now claim thirteen members as against Harvard's fourteen and Chicago's twenty. Significantly enough, most of the thirteen have arrived since Dr. Millikan accepted the call to the Institute in 1921.

Four years ago Southern California awoke to the fact that one of its citizens whose achievements have been helping to bring the Pacific Southwest to its goal as a center of science is this modest man whose faith in the future of the Southland is unbounded. When the news was flashed over the Atlantic cables and transmitted to the telegraph desk of the Pasadena *Star-News* that Robert Andrews Millikan had been awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics for the year 1923, it was the writer's privilege to notify Dr. Millikan of the new distinction which had come to him. That he had reason to be delighted with the honor goes without saying; yet, curiously, he was particular to request that no journalistic "fuss and feathers" be made of the event. That, of course, was like commanding the sun to stand still; for here was "live copy," and the newspapers of California and of America made the most of it.

This impersonal attitude illustrates the point that it is not praise and personal glory that he seeks but rather that he shall give to the utmost of himself in the service of science. He has a string of a dozen honorary degrees from as many universities and colleges in all parts of Europe and the United States; but all the degrees in the world could not obscure the simplicity and the humanity of the man. Whoever answers the telephone at his house will respond, "Mr. Millikan's residence," and if he himself is at the other end of the wire, it is "Millikan speaking."

Somehow you can't help liking that kind of man. The plaudits of his fellows have not turned his head, and there are no vain conceits in him. If you wish to see him, you do not have to run a gamut of clerks and office boys who pry into your business. With all his many activities he is never too busy to see you. If he has a motto, it is, "The man who wants to see me is the man I want to see." In his office he waves you graciously to a chair beside him, and as the conversation opens he eyes you intently for a moment. Of medium stature, he still retains the athletic alertness of his youth. The greying hair of seven years ago is now almost white, but the kindly, serious blue eyes are animated by many moods and enthusiasms. Passing him on the street, you would never guess that he has spent thirty-five years in a laboratory tinkering with equations and electroscopes, colliding atoms and ultra-violet rays. You might, indeed, mistake him for an actor, for he is extremely good-looking, with all the debonair poise of a courtly thespian. His smile is disarming, and if you know him well, you will find that he has a delightful sense of humor. He burns up more nervous energy in an hour than most men use in a month. He talks very deliberately, even in casual conversation, but he is direct and forceful. He has a habit of frowning and contorting his face into all sorts of grimaces as he speaks, searching for the right word, the exact phrase. He is a bundle of nerves and is never still. He fidgets in his swivel-chair, toys with a paper-cutter or a pen on his desk, and clenches and opens his hands in gesticulation. Soon he is out of his chair and walking up and down the room, the while carrying on his part of the conver-

sation. As he talks he will pick up a book mechanically, look out the window, examine a set of blueprints, or fumble with a curtain tassel, knotting and unknotting it. He may even at times stand across the room and back of his visitor, but he is oblivious to that. He is more concerned with the subject he is discussing than with the formalities. But presently he is back again at his desk, hunting up a clipping or trying to find a passage he has marked in one of the books piled high before him.

He likes a good story, and nothing better illustrates his appreciation of the ludicrous than an incident he related at a University Club dinner in Pasadena at which he was the guest of honor and the speaker of the evening. It concerned his visit to Stockholm to deliver his thesis before the Swedish Academy of Sciences, which awards the Nobel prizes. He was scheduled to appear before the Scandinavian savants at a certain hour, but the steamer was late in docking and he had little time in which to change from the business suit he was wearing to a full dress suit. Rushing to a hotel, he got into his dress shirt, put on his collar and tie, and stood in his stockings waiting for his trunk to arrive. Only a few minutes remained. Presently there was a knock on the door, and a voice announced in broken English that the committee delegated to escort him to the Academy had arrived.

"Well, gentlemen," Millikan responded. "I shall have to apologize for not being ready. My trunk is somewhere between here and the dock, and my dress suit is in the trunk." Then, flinging the door wide open, he added: "I don't want to keep such a distinguished committee waiting in the hallway; you had better come in. . . . Be seated, gentlemen. . . . My trousers ought to be here in just a minute, and then I shall be most happy to accompany you to the Academy." So as they chatted, the latest winner of the Nobel award in physics felt no doubt that his appearance was like that of a scientist partially stripped of his valence electrons, but all the while he enjoyed the humor of the situation. No doubt the committee caught its humor, too, and also something of the democratic spirit of the man from overseas whom they were honoring that day.

Dr. Millikan was born in Illinois in



Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan, executive head of the California Institute of Technology, at work in his laboratory. Dr. Millikan was awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics for his work in connection with weighing and measuring the atom

1868, lived between the ages of seven and eighteen in Maquoketa, Iowa, where his father, the Rev. Silas F. Millikan, was a country preacher, and in 1891 was graduated from Oberlin College. He had earned his way through school by working in the hayfields and milking cows for the neighboring farmers, and doing all sorts of odd jobs as a grocer's clerk, being obliged for a year to quit the classroom to earn enough money for his next year's tuition. A household of six children taxed to its limit the meagre salary of the village minister, but the pinch of penny-counting brought a corresponding healthy self-reliance to the robust young man who knocked

for admission at the portals of Oberlin in 1886. He met the requirements handily, with something to boot in the way of athletic training, and his junior and senior years saw him installed as student-director of the college gymnasium. His most absorbing studies were Greek and mathematics, and strange as it may seem now, he had only one semester in physics during his undergraduate course.

Young Millikan possessed all the traditional qualities of the country lad. Like most boys brought up on or near a farm, he was not afraid of hard work, and could win a 220-yard dash as easily as he could manage a team of horses in his father's

fields. More than that, he became known among his schoolfellows as a whizz at mathematics and Greek. A problem in calculus was as simple to him as the three-legged milking-stool in the old barn back of the parsonage, and Greek roots never gave him a tenth of the trouble he encountered of a summer's day with those of a hackmatack tree in Iowa. While still an undergraduate he tutored in Greek, and upon his graduation was offered a similar post in physics. Doubting his qualification for the task, he was nevertheless prevailed upon to return as a member of the faculty. That summer he "boned up" on the subject, and he confesses now that it was with

considerable misgiving that he undertook the work. His services were satisfactory, however, for he was engaged for another year. In June, 1893, he received his master's degree and decided it was time to make a change. But what should he do?

There came to his notice a few days before commencement an announcement that Columbia University was offering a limited number of scholarships in physics for graduate students, and Millikan at once applied for one. He still had no fixed plans for his future, but here was an opportunity, he thought, and if he expected to teach he needed to know more about physics. He was given a scholarship, and promptly set out for New York.

During the year he came under the instruction of a young adjunct professor of mechanics, Dr. Michael I. Pupin. Their relations were cordial enough, and Millikan's work was entirely satisfactory both to himself and to the faculty; but when the youth again applied for a scholarship, the coveted prize went to a man in whom Pupin was particularly interested. Millikan thus faced a dilemma. He was without sufficient funds for his tuition and the time was too short to earn enough to tide him over the school year. Should he go back to the Middle West and teach, or should he stick it out at Columbia, trusting in Providence for a solution of his financial problems? He elected to remain, and entered upon his second year's work.

As it turned out, the student whom Pupin favored over Millikan made a poor showing, while the preacher's son from Iowa was attracting more and more attention to himself from the other members of the faculty. The professor's conscience bothered him not a little, apparently, and at the close of the year Pupin told Millikan that he ought to go to Berlin and Gottingen for further studies.

"But that's out of the question altogether, Professor," replied Millikan.

"For the sake of your future I advise it, and you should go immediately," insisted Pupin.

Millikan regarded the advice with something of amused detachment. At the moment he had barely enough money in his pocket to take him home to Iowa. Of course it was all well enough to think about the future, but a man needed a fair amount of hard cash to embark on such an enterprise as Pupin was proposing.

"The truth is, Professor, I haven't the money, and I must go to work," Millikan explained. "I'm sure your advice is excellent, and I may act upon it some day. But just now the thing I'm most interested in is getting a job."

"Just a moment, Millikan," Pupin interrupted; "I think that can be arranged."

The young student was puzzled. He was twenty-seven years old, and he couldn't ask his father for more aid. In truth, there were brothers and sisters to be educated, and the small salary of the village minister had to stretch over many needs. No; going to Europe was a pipe-

dream. He had earned his doctorate in philosophy and it was time to go to work. Millikan's only thought was to connect with a job—and any kind of honest job would do for the summer. In the autumn he would go back to a school laboratory.

"That can be taken care of," Pupin was reiterating. "I'm going to lend you the money."

You could have knocked young Millikan over with a feather. That would be too much like charity, he thought. It was kind of Professor Pupin to make such a generous offer, but borrowing money was against the precepts of the humble Congregational parsonage. Millikan profusely thanked the professor as he declined the offer.

But Pupin was now more determined than ever. He talked and he argued and he pleaded. That idea about not borrowing money was all nonsense, he said. In fact, he had borrowed to complete his own education. "You are twenty-seven years old now," was how Pupin explained it. "If you go back West to teach, the chances are a hundred to one that you'll never go to Germany. You cannot afford to wait. You must tell me now that you will go."

The old adage about opportunity popped into Millikan's head. Perhaps this was the very knock that so many persons talk about but never hear. Anyhow, it was wise counsel, and if Pupin was willing to put his money down on Millikan's future, Millikan was assuredly not the man to take Millikan out of the race. So the proposal was accepted, and that day in a classroom on Morningside Heights was cemented a

friendship which has lasted for thirty-three years. Pupin, the Hungarian immigrant, found opportunity in America and was glad to lend a helping hand to others. He lived to see the boy he befriended win the highest honor which can be bestowed upon a scientist in the Nobel award, and Millikan, in turn, has seen his benefactor honored by a Pulitzer prize for the most distinguished biography of the year 1925, Dr. Pupin's own story of his life, "From Immigrant to Inventor."

Millikan was twenty-nine years old when Dr. Albert A. Michelson, head of the department of physics in the University of Chicago, cabled to Gottingen offering him an assistant instructorship in physics. Simultaneously he received a call to an assistant professorship at Oberlin at a salary greatly exceeding that of the Chicago post. Here again opportunity was beckoning from afar, without money and without price—especially without money. And Millikan was still desperately poor. But association with the great Michelson was not to be weighed in dollars and cents, and Millikan cabled back his acceptance of the offer.

Promotions came steadily, and in 1907, the year Michelson received the Nobel prize in physics, Millikan was associate professor. In 1910 he was given a full professorship, and the next year startled the scientific world by announcing that he had isolated and measured the ultimate electrical unit of the electron. It was for this achievement, combined with his work on photo-electric effects, that he received the Nobel prize in 1923.

Now, just what did he do when he isolated and measured the ultimate electrical unit of the electron, and how did he go about it? The average person is tremendously interested, but the mind untrained in science becomes hopelessly confused and bewildered by scientific terminology. It must needs understand by comparison. What are the size and weight of this ultimate electrical unit which he measured so accurately? To get an idea of its magnitude in comparison with the quantities with which we are familiar, it may be cheering to know that the number of electrons contained in the quantity of electricity which courses every second through a common sixteen-candle power electric bulb filament, and for which we pay 1/100,000 of a cent, is so large that if all the 2,500,000 inhabitants of Chicago were to begin to count out these electrons, and were to keep on counting them out each at the rate of two a second, and if no one of them were ever to stop to eat, sleep or die, it would take them just 20,000 years to finish the job.

To go a bit farther, by assuming that this electrical charge is distributed uniformly over a minute sphere, Millikan has been able to calculate the size of that sphere. That means that it would take fifty thousand electrons in a line to make length equal to the diameter of an atom. It therefore will require 100 million atoms in a line to make the equivalent of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 49)



Dr. Millikan as he appeared when a member of the expedition of the California Institute of Technology scientists to Mt. Whitney in November, 1925. He was at this time experimenting with the cosmic rays

TOURING TOPIC

SEPTEMBER, MCMXXVIII

75 YEARS AGO in SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



The southern end of the Colorado Desert (now Imperial County) and that old familiar landmark, Signal Mountain

FIVE years after gold was discovered in California in 1848, Los Angeles still was a dreamy Mexican pueblo, San Diego little more than a mission, San Fernando a cluster of tawny adobes and San Bernardino a mere rendezvous for overland emigrants.

But the eyes of the Federal Government in Washington had been opened to the potentialities of its latest territorial acquisition and the War Department was authorized to investigate all feasible routes for a transcontinental railroad and to report on locations that would best serve the commerce of the Pacific Slope.

The southernmost route investigated had for one of its terminals the pueblo of Los Angeles. War Department engineers,

botanists, geologists and zoologists explored the territory thoroughly and presented the first intelligent report on the geography and resources of Southern California.

The reconnaissance in this region was begun in 1853, just seventy-five years ago and was in charge of Lieutenant R. S. Williamson of the Corps of Topographical Engineers. With the party was Charles Koppel, who made numerous sketches throughout the territory traversed. Later these were converted into lithographs and wood-blocks to accompany the voluminous report.

Herewith are presented a number of the sketches in the belief that a glimpse of Southern California three-quarters of a century ago may afford a contrast to the land as we know it today.



*San Diego Mission
seventy-five years
ago was a far more
pretentious estab-
lishment than now*



*The ever-present
Joshua greeted the
War Department ex-
plorers then as it
does the modern
motor adventurer.
This sketch was
made near Tejon*



One questions whether the San Fernando Valley ever was quite as devoid of verdure as the artist has drawn it. Here he pictures San Fernando Mission and environs. Where are the grapes and olives for which this colony was renowned? And the cattle and horses?



Travertine Point, now beside the Los Angeles to Imperial highway naturally proved a location that intrigued the scientific-minded adventurer.

EL PUEBLO



*Elizabeth Lake and
"San Francisquito
Pass" presented a
fascinating sylvan scene
in those dolce far niente
days*



*San Bernardino in 1853
was gradually emerging
from the lowly status of
a rendezvous for emi-
grants into an industri-
ous Mormon colony*



*Here we have "El Pueblo." There's the
old Plaza Church in the left foreground,
the Calle de Los Negros (Nigger Alley)
to the extreme left, the old Bella Union
Hotel and numerous other famous edi-
fices of the "flashing fifties"*

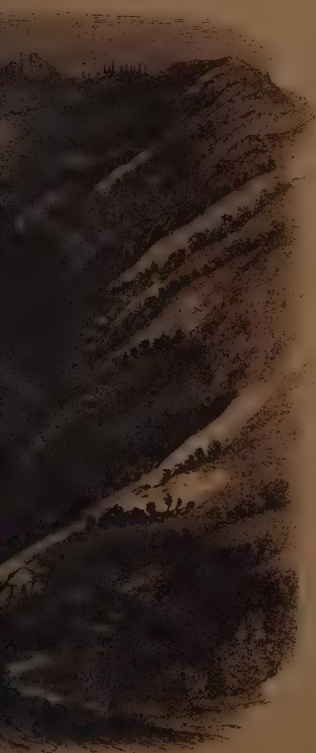


*The physical
Tejon Pass*

DE Los Angeles



San Geronio Mountain, as it appeared to the railroad engineers, was perpetuated in this quaint old wood-block print



*of the north side of the oak-covered
ed much in seventy-five years*



The southern over-land emigrant route traversed this picturesque pass near Vallecitos in San Diego County, still an entrancing spot for exploration



*From the "Four
Creeks," not far
from Visalia, the
artist sketched this
view of the Sierra
Nevada*



*That curious phe-
nomenon of the
desert, the mirage,
confronted the sur-
vey party frequently.
Here's one of the
"beasts" as the art-
ist saw it*



The water line of old Lake Cahuila on the Colorado Desert doubtless proved a site of great interest in 1853



The region about Tejon Pass. The artist here took a little "poetic license," it is to be feared, for it is difficult to think that the trees in that frolicsome age grew with such stern precision

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EASY STARTING
SPEED-MILEAGE



Your Club's Activities

Sign Mutilator Caught

ON July 8 one Richard M. Smalley was arrested by H. H. Mueller, Los Angeles police officer in San Fernando, and was charged with violation of that section of the Penal Code which makes it a misdemeanor to destroy a road sign erected by an automobile club.

The sign was one erected by the Automobile Club of Southern California, and in accordance with the instructions given in the reward notice which appears in TOURING TOPICS, Officer Mueller reported the arrest to the Legal Department.

Mr. Smalley appeared in court on the following day, was given a thirty-day jail sentence and fined \$10. When advised of this conviction the Club presented Officer Mueller with a check for \$25 as a reward for his help in bringing the culprit to justice.

Club signs are the property of club members and have been erected for the benefit of the motoring public. The co-operation of the public is necessary for the proper maintenance of these signs, and every measure will be taken to bring about the apprehension and punishment of sign mutilators.

* * *

Accurate Information

IN order that the Touring Bureau will be in a position to dispense reliable information concerning road conditions, accommodations, etc., in all localities which are proving to be popular with the motorist, Club crews are constantly sent out on charting and inspection trips. In July an expedition left Los Angeles on an extensive trip which will cover sections of Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Washington, Oregon, British Columbia and Alberta.

In this way the tourist is continually advised of the road conditions he is likely to meet on a trip to virtually any place he may choose. Accurate maps of all localities are available to members, and inasmuch as travel is particularly heavy at this time of the year, it is advisable to have the Club Hotel Department make reservations for hotel accommodations well in advance.

* * *

Sudden Service

WHEN Mrs. Tom Mix decided at the last minute to ship her car from New York to Havre, France, on the SS. "Ile de France," the Club Forwarding Department was called upon to attend to the details of the shipment. The car was received by the department just nine days before the sailing date of the steamer. The usual time required to deliver from Los Angeles to New York City is from eleven to fourteen days.

Reward Offered for Sign Mutilators

THE Automobile Club of Southern California offers a reward of \$25 for information resulting in the arrest and conviction, in Southern California, of any person who violates that portion of Section 602 of the Penal Code which makes it a misdemeanor to maliciously tear down, damage, mutilate or destroy a sign, signboard or notice erected by any automobile club. Such information should be supplied to the district attorney of the county in which the offense is committed and notice of such action sent to the Legal Department of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

However, through the co-operation of the railway officials at all division points, the car on a special fruit block train reached New York, was rushed across the Hudson River on a special barge and put in the hands of the Club representative in time to load on the boat a few hours before it sailed.

The department is now making a thorough check of the shipping facilities offered by the Club's forty-two representa-

tives in the East, and every effort is being made to give westbound shippers the highest type of service available. This is in anticipation of the annual fall movement of automobiles to California.

* * *

Tax Refund

IN the July issue reference was made to the Revenue Act of 1928, in which provisions are contained for refunds in certain instances of the 3 per cent excise tax on automobiles.

Many claims have been presented on behalf of Club members, but so far none has been paid. A difference of opinion exists concerning the intent of Congress in adopting these refund provisions. The automobile industry contends that the refund provisions are available only to manufacturers and dealers. However, the language chosen by Congress is so broad that we feel justified in contending that the refund provisions are available to the conditional sales purchaser.

It should be understood that motor car dealers have not collected refunds and then refused to pass them on to the purchaser, as many seem to think. Instead it may happen that the dealers will have to pay out certain refunds which they cannot get back from the government. We are satisfied Congress did not intend this, but the Act contains certain confusing and uncertain language, the true meaning of which can only be determined by the courts. As soon as arrangements can be completed, suit will be filed for this purpose. In the meantime, in order to preserve his rights, a conditional sales vendee should demand a refund of the tax at the time of making his last payment, provided he entered into his agreement before the first of this year and consummated it subsequent to May 28, 1928, and provided he was required to pay the amount of the tax.

* * *

For Sport's Sake

THOSE members who are interested in knowing where dove, duck and deer shooting is best will soon be able to procure from the Outing Bureau a complete recreational map of Southern California. These maps will be available to members and visiting motorists when the hunting season opens on September 1.

The bureau, in consequence of a representative's recent trip in Alaskan waters, is now prepared to furnish firsthand information concerning hunting, fishing and recreational facilities along the coast of Alaska.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)



Officer H. H. Mueller of the San Fernando Police Department is presented with reward check for the apprehension of Club sign mutilator

Revolutions in Revolutions

g Diesel, single-sleeve and lever engines forecast new era

in automotive power—

By Frederick C. Russell

SERENE as the automotive world may appear, a visit to any of the motor laboratories will reveal the fact that the reds among automotive engineers

are hard at work planting seeds for the impending revolution in engines. The "coup," when it is written into history, will prove to have been made up of numerous small revolutions rolled into one.

No type of engine is spared in this undercurrent of professional dissatisfaction. Whether the power plant boasts of poppet valves or sleeves, is high speed or low, and is L-, F- or I-head, there is some engineer-inventor who considers it as antediluvian as a hand crank. Nor is this attitude surprising. The new developments in motors that are just around the corner have a great deal of merit. Furthermore they have the support of some of the largest manufacturing organizations, which in itself is an excellent testimonial. Krupp and Junkers in Europe; Continental, Foos and Powell in America—the list lengthens with surprising rapidity as the newer motors pass through their experimental stages and commence to bid for the support of the progressive car builder who brings the latest developments to the ultimate user.

It is a surprising, and perhaps a significant fact that in none of the revolutionary motors which have reached the point where they will have to be considered as likely competitors of existing automobile power plants is the piston eliminated. Somehow or other even the most radical of designers seem to be resigned to reciprocating motion for the propulsion feature of the future engines, although there is constant experimentation with rotary propulsion similar to the steam turbine. Possibly the radicals in en-

gine design prefer to have at least one familiar plank to stand on, and so retain the conventional piston; or it may be that they are missing a trick.

One of the most interesting motors that has been developed embodies the principle of mechanical advantage through leverage. Any motorist knows that the reason he can jack up his car is because he is willing to turn the jack handle a dozen times for an inch of lift. If he is a little more familiar with the mechanical mysteries of cars he knows that the reason his engine is capable of starting his car is because, in low gear, the engine is revolving about seventeen times to each single revolution of the rear wheels. The engine is able to meet the task imposed upon it simply because it is given mechanical advantage.

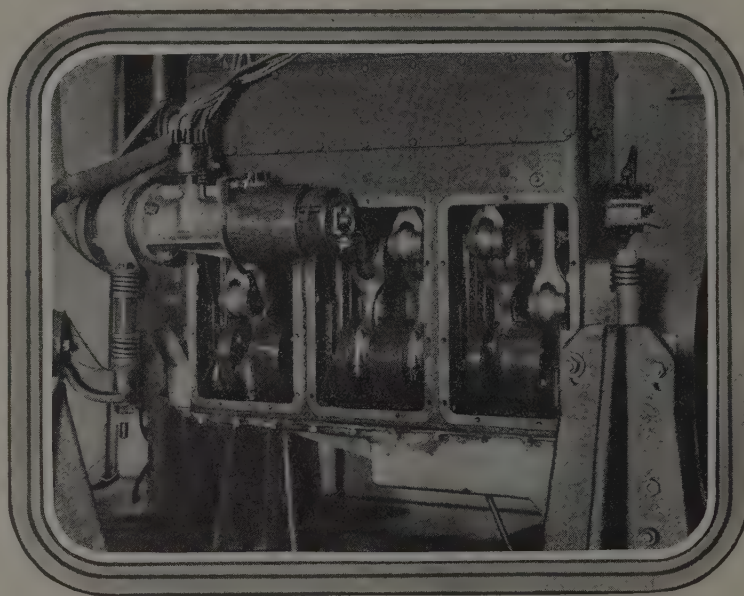
Now carry this idea into the crankcase. If you cut through a section of any crankshaft and consider a single piston with its connecting rod you will find that the piston, through its rod,

pushes on the end of an arm of the crankshaft. This part of a shaft is known as a crank arm, and if the engine being considered is a six there are six throws with twelve arms in a seven-bearing job. We need not go into all the technical features of why these crank arms haven't been made extremely large except to say that the size of a throw has everything to do with the distance the piston travels from the top to the bottom of its stroke. Engineers have preferred to figure the stroke first and make the crankshaft conform.

Meanwhile, however, the A. L. Powell Power Company was diligently experimenting with this matter of mechanical advantage in an effort to determine whether or not it could be emphasized almost at the point where

most engineers were skipping over it. In the Powell motor a lever has been interposed between the piston and crankshaft so that the piston stroke is double that of the crankshaft stroke. The lever serves the purpose of a reduction gear but without the disadvantages which such a gear would entail.

This leverage provides a great increase in mechanical advantage. The crankshaft of the engine revolves slower but with more rotational power. Up in the cylinders we see the pistons running at a higher speed but actually working easier—just as your engine is relieved when it rotates let us say nine times to every one turn of a rear wheel in second gear as you climb a hill instead of five to one as would be the case if you tried to make the grade in high gear.



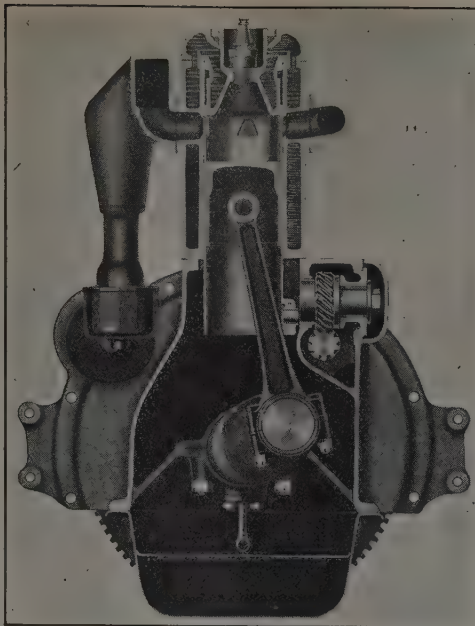
View of exposed crankcase in the Lever Motor, showing connecting rods acting on crankshaft throws through levers

Through using this age-old principle the pressure exerted on the crankshaft of a lever-motor is double the gaseous pressure on the piston. Such an engine develops high turning power at slow engine speeds, and because of this power surplus it is possible to use a lower gear ratio in the rear axle. It is also claimed for this type of engine that, due to the long piston stroke, there is complete consumption of all gases, thereby reducing carbon, knocking, preignition and, most interesting of all, the amount of carbon monoxide emitted at the exhaust.

Another engine that is expected to revolutionize revolution is the Argyll, the invention of two Scottish engineers, Burt and McCollum. This appears to be a sleeve valve engine with the special feature of making one sleeve do the work of two, but it is vastly more radical than it seems since it also involves the principle of two-cycle operation. If this engine comes into the picture extensively, as is predicted, every automobile engine will be in danger of being declared obsolete, even the Knight type which this Argyll engine appears to resemble.

It isn't necessary to take a course in engineering to understand the difference between two- and four-cycle engine operation. The earlier internal combustion engines were of the two-cycle type, which means that every time their pistons traveled downward they exerted a push on the crankshaft. The up-stroke of a piston in this type attends to the compression, while the down-stroke is the power part of the cycle of engine operation. The trouble with this type was the difficulty of getting fresh gas vapor into the cylinders and the burned gases out without mixing the two or confusing the operations. All kinds of schemes were tried even to detouring some of the gases through the crankcase. Finally engineers gave up the idea and concentrated on an engine that offered advantages because the cycles of operation were more clearly defined.

The four-cycle engine was just what its name implied. Any one of its pistons had, first of all, a down-stroke during which it sucked in fresh gas vapor. This was followed by an up-stroke to compress this gas. Next followed the power stroke with the gas ignited and in process of expanding. The fourth stroke, an upward one, merely cleaned out the cylinders and prepared them for the suction, or intake, stroke. Four neat operations with no possibility of the gases getting mixed. But little was



The above is an end sectional view of the Continental single sleeve engine

said of the objection involved in having only one power stroke out of every four.

Multi-cylinder engines soon covered this objection. The overlapping impulses of the sixes and eights seemed to leave the two-cycle idea in the dim distance of the past. But in casting about for a simpler valve action Burt and McCollum stumbled back into the two-cycle fold again. Sleeve valve engines are unusually popular abroad and it is only logical that the seeds of an engine revolution should be sown on the other side of the Atlantic. Minerva, Panhard-Levassor, Peugeot, Daimler and Voisin carry double-sleeve Knight engines and in America, where the United States patents on the double-sleeve invention do not expire until 1932, this type of engine is as well known as the air-cooled variety. If two sleeves will eliminate the need for a lot of poppet valves, many have asked, why cannot one sleeve do the work of two? The Scottish engineers answered this with an engine which is being nursed by no less a giant in the automobile industry than Continental

Motors Corporation.

Since the function of sleeves in an engine is to open and close valve ports and since there must be two openings in each cylinder the plan of using a single sleeve presented some new problems for the experimenters. The upshot of it was that Burt and McCollum conceived the idea of causing the single sleeve to twist as well as move up and down. This solved the problem. While the piston is on its downstroke both exhaust and intake valves are opened by the sleeve to permit exhaustion of the burned gas and the entrance of the fresh charges, but the exhaust port opens slightly before the intake in order to clear the cylinders of used gas before the entrance of the new.

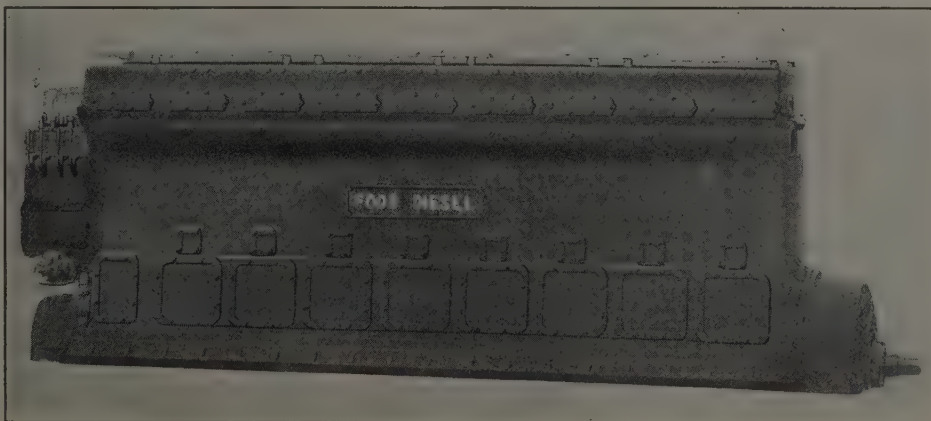
The Argyll is not, as many imagine, a new development. It has been proving its worth in Europe for over sixteen years. It has passed through more experimental and testing stages than many engines in daily use in America. But it was designed for a new era in power and it will do its revolutionizing along with other developments such as the supercharger. Because it is constructed of only twenty-eight moving parts this engine does not take up as much room as the average more complicated power plant, and being simplified it makes an excellent partner for engine efficiency devices and other accessories which are being designed for use under the hood.

Of even more interest to those who are looking ahead is the speeding up of the Diesel engine. High-speed types already are available for heavy duty motor vehicles and it is not unreasonable to suppose that within the near future Diesel speeds will be sufficient for passenger car work. Developments in this line are significant. The Friedrich Krupp Company of Essen, and the Junkers Motor Manufacturing Company of Dessau are pushing the Diesel power plant into the limelight. The Krupp engine, for instance, develops 70-100 horsepower in its six-cylinder version and does this at speeds of from 700 to 1000 revolutions per minute of the crankshaft. The Junkers engine differs from the conventional type in that it is a two-cylinder

double-piston variety, but it shows forty-eight horsepower at 1200 revolutions per minute.

The virtue of a Diesel engine is that it burns low grade oils. Ordinarily it is conventional so far as the essential features go, is electrically started and is of the four-stroke type, but it gets its fuel by automatic

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)



The Foos Diesel engine, viewed from the side, appears extremely simple in construction



WE HAD spent the best part of two summer months, June and July, in the semi-arid foothill valleys on the western slope of the Sierra in northern Lower California, where the sun had withered every bush until the leaves were crisp and no trees were to be found to shelter the party. Already our arms and

Laguna Hanson, in the Sierra Jaurez, was named for a rancher who was murdered near its wooded shores. The pines and rocks apparently scattered at random throughout the region are characteristic

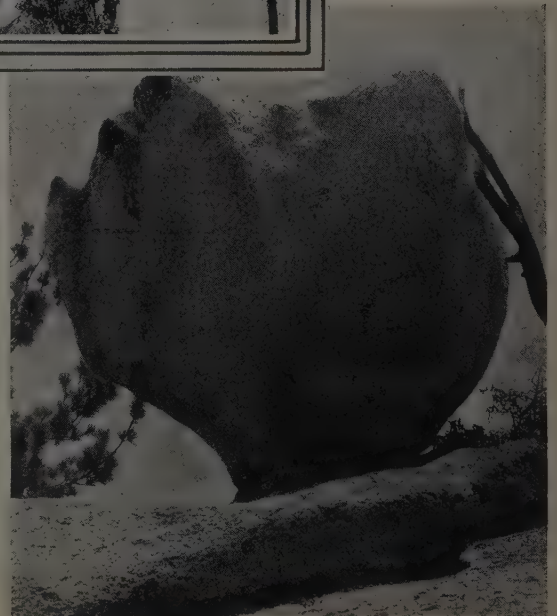
Right—It would seem that this rock could easily be dislodged from its balanced position, but the writer tried to shove it over, without success



Below—This great rock balanced on the top of the range forms a landmark which can be seen for miles about the lake



This woman is demonstrating the use of the "Metate" to grind wheat in exchange for a print of the picture and an ever desired five-gallon tin can



In the

faces had taken on a coppery hue and could not be further burned by the sun, while the wheels of the two machines used to transport the equipment were creaking with every turn, threatening collapse. Thus it was with real anticipation that we turned our faces towards the higher reaches of the mountains to the eastward, in spite of the steep upgrades and sandy roads.

Great banks of snowy thunder clouds were appearing with daily regularity over the mountains, bringing the summer rains and assuring us of relief from the rays of the torrid sun.

These mountains lie in a north to south direction and are about sixty miles inland from the shore of the Pacific Ocean. Their northern base is but a few miles south of the United States Inter-

Sierra Juarez

*A land of pines and grotesque
rocks in the mountains of
Lower California—*

By Lawrence M. Huey

Photos by the Author

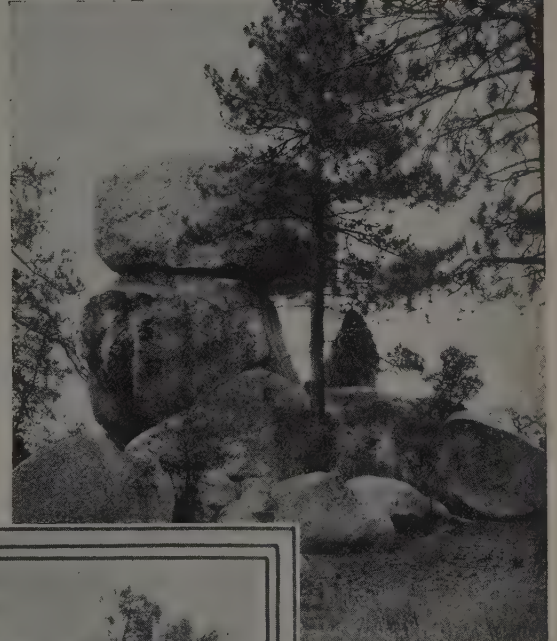
national Boundary, and the range extends, as the backbone of the peninsula of Lower California, a distance of approximately seventy miles, where it descends to a desert valley. This backbone is then carried southward by the high, rugged Sierra San Pedro Martir.

The Sierra Juarez does not boast of towering peaks, but has a modest elevation along its higher ridges, averaging about 5500 feet, though one single peak, Cerro Colorado, near the southern end of the range, raises its crest to the altitude of 6677 feet. Moderate depths of snow fall annually, during the winter, blanketing the higher parts for short periods.

Patronage by man has so far taken but little toll, the lumberman's ax has scarcely sounded, and the printer's art is not displayed. Sign boards to guide the traveler are missing and papers from the lunches of week-end parties are unknown, for there are but few roads leading in or out of these mountains, and it is only the most venturesome who travel them.

Cattle roam at large through the narrow, grassy meadows among the pines, and the solitude is only broken by the occasional presence of a *vaquero*, or cowboy, who is glad to chat an hour or so and enjoy a meal. Thus Nature rules supreme, the voices of martins, singing as they fly, lend enchantment during the summer days, while coyotes hold concert at night, their weird voices echoing through the

pinos. Deer browse in the open glades in fair abundance and the California Condor, the largest bird that flies, though rare, may still be seen soaring above. Farther to the eastward,



Above — Huge rocks left piled one upon the other were found in profusion around the shores of the lake. Stacks three high with many boulders lying around their base were not unusual



Left — This peculiar stone formation bears such a life-like resemblance to an alligator that it was dubbed the "Stone Alligator." A member of the party ventured into the very jaws of the lifeless beast

Below — This huge boulder is so perfectly balanced that the actual area of contact bearing the weight of the ponderous mass is less than four feet square



on the desert slope of the Sierra, Big-horned Mountain Sheep range amid the arid, rocky ridges.

Early history has played but little part in these mountains, though a mission called Santa Catarina was established in the foothills near the western base of the southern end of the Sierra Juarez when the padres were settling the Peninsula. This mission is now a mass of ruins and the once abundant Indian population has dwindled to a few families, who still cultivate a small fertile spot



ra, so the human floods of the middle part of the nineteenth century found no attraction in the region. Near the northern base of the range, a small placer was discovered about the time of Benito Juarez's power, and in his honor the place was named Juarez. This name was later given to the Sierra by the cattlemen who followed in the wake of the miners.

The cattlemen were responsible for

Left—This old Indian did not approve of having his picture made and only after considerable coaxing did he consent. As the shutter snapped he made a hasty retreat, saying in Spanish, "Now soon I die!"

a short chapter of gruesome history amid these granite mountains, for an early settler named Hanson was murdered for his possessions, by his partner, and his remains were burned beneath a steam boiler at Campo, California. The murderer was apprehended, and, after several months in jail at Ensenada, bought his freedom and left the country, a matter not at all difficult in those lawless days of the early eighties. A small but beautiful lake that is nestled amid the pines now bears the murdered pioneer's name and is known as Laguna Hanson.

Open forests of Jeffery Yellow and Parry Pinyon Pines clothe the summit of the range, and among these trees, where erosion has laid bare the rocks, an untold variety of unique shapes of Nature's sculpturing are to be found.

The crests of the higher hills, in places, are shaped like great castles, with towers and parapets, while near by rocks may be seen in many forms—a tier four or five high, a chair, or a golf ball set up on the tee awaiting the Storm King to drive it off.

One afternoon, while on a ramble through the forest, a great hillside was found swept clean of all soil by the elements, leaving only the solid granite as a floor. Over this, a dozen huge round boulders lay scattered, suggestive of a bowling alley; in fact, we dubbed it "The Devil's Bowling Alley."

In places rocks and boulders are to be found piled in masses; some, like watch towers on the mountain crests, while others appear as pillars of huge gateways. Large rocks, small rocks, round rocks and thin rocks could be found towering, one upon the other, standing upright in the air many times taller than they were wide. Three or four rocks, piled one upon the other, vertically, was of ordinary occurrence and a pile seven high was not a rare sight.

In several places the writer counted towers composed of seven rocks.

In most localities human profiles form the chief attraction among the rocks, and have quaint traditions told about them, but, in the Sierra Juarez, rocks of this type were almost lacking, and in the writer's rambles over hill and dale but few were seen. The most remarkable rock of this nature was located amid the pines near the Laguna, but instead of just a profile, an entire head was visible. The face did not reflect a pleasant disposition; really it was quite the contrary and the elements had left nothing for the imagination. The nose seemed bent and



Above—Houses of thatched tules have been made by these Indians since time immemorial. They are anything but fireproof and upon the death of the owner are burned, according to an ancient custom

Right—The runoff from the summer rains and the melting winter snows have cut a channel through this pile of boulders, leaving huge rocks propped one against the other



laid out for irrigation by those early padres. At that time the range was known as *La Sierra del Pinal*, or The Mountains of Pines.

Gold, which shaped the trails of a greater part of western history, was not to be found among the granite of the higher parts of the Sierr-

the lips pursed, as if everything had gone wrong, so this rock was named "Old Man Grouch."

Not far from the northern shore of the lake, a rock shaped like the head of a giant alligator was discovered, and nearby, the floods from the melting winter snows had cut a small stream bed under a huge boulder, leaving it propped on the tops of two rocks nearly as large.

New trails always lead to new rock-forms and the pleasure of coming suddenly upon some unexpected shape is ever before the hiker to lure him on.

To the nature lover, even though lured to the mountain crests by rocks, every living thing is of interest and he does not venture far into the forest without coming in close association with the low, sweetly scented Parry Pinyon Pine, named for the renowned botanist Parry many years ago. These trees prefer the more arid parts of the range and are found most abundantly on the desert slope. They are unique in being exceeded in rarity only by their near relative, the *Torrey Pine*, which inhabits a small area along the sea coast just north of San Diego and a portion of Santa Rosa Island, California. It is on the Sierra Juarez that the Parry Pinyon Pine has its most densely forested area, though it ranges from just north of the International Boundary, south almost to the southern end of

the Sierra San Pedro Martir.

The seeds, or as they are more commonly known, pine nuts, once were a vital element in the food of the Indians of this region when these people flourished, before the advent of the white man. Even now the few

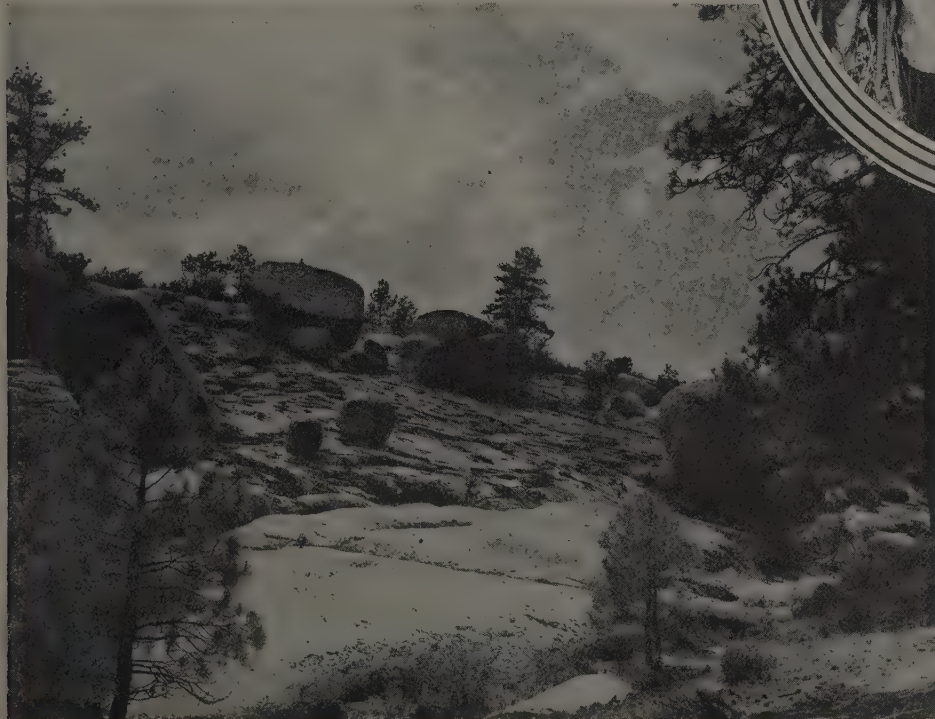
remaining Indians that reside on small *rancherias* in the western foothill valleys make annual treks during August and September to the Pinyon forests to harvest pine nuts. No longer, however, do the nuts form a staple in their diet, for the greater part of the harvest is exchanged for more modern foodstuffs and the pine nuts find a ready sale over the counters of the merchants along the National border.

On the tops of some of the larger boulders near almost every spring amid the Pinyon forests, small, smooth, oblong depressions are to be found. They are Indian metates, or mortars, where the aboriginals ground pine nuts into meal. Sometimes six or eight are on top of a single rock, if it was large enough to permit. When suddenly coming onto such a



Above—This group has been called the gateway to the land of pines and grotesque rocks. These unique formations have been produced by the alternate erosion of the various strata, and the stacks are frequently made up of six or seven rocks

Right—The farther away the braver they are. The little Indian boy decided that sufficient distance lay between him and the queer black box to permit him to take a casual interest in the event of making a picture



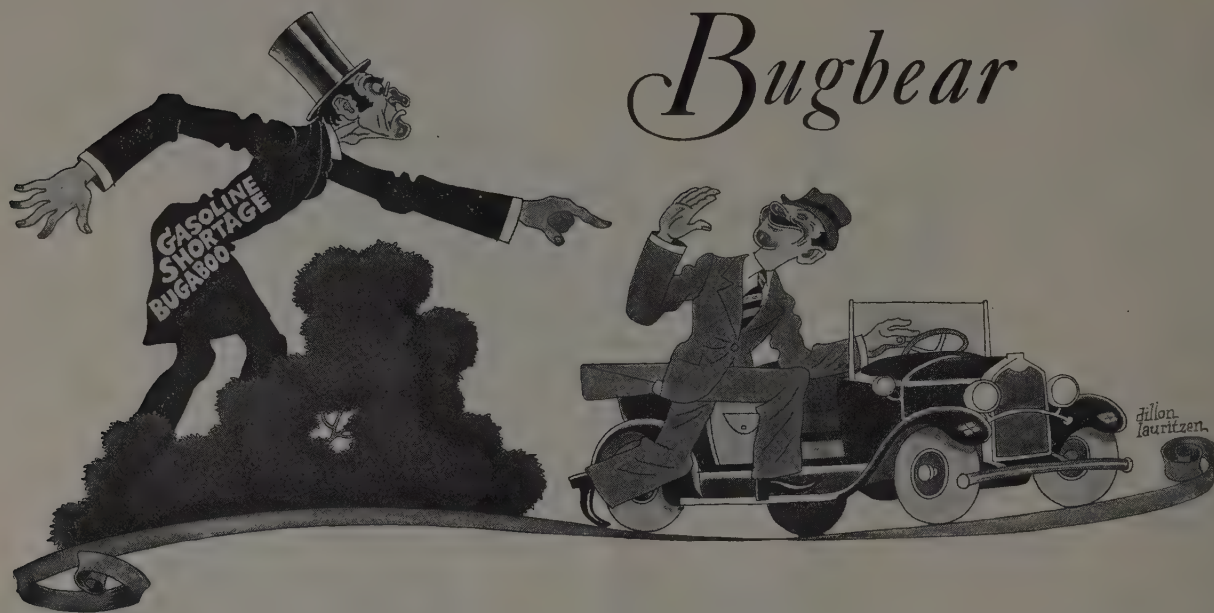
The Devil's bowling alley. Swept clean of soil by the elements, a floor of solid granite is laid bare with large boulders scattered about

place the finder cannot help but ponder over the thoughts of the many departed hands that once toiled on these very rocks to wrest from nature sustenance, that they might live, and whose ever watchful eyes kept sharp lookout for the approach of enemy or friend from these vantage points as they toiled. And, worse yet, the rocks will never more be used. Time and erosion will scour away these few remaining monuments, for the easier methods of the white man have changed the Indian's culinary art and he no longer patronizes the haunts of his ancestors to work his meal.

In fact, they cling to very few of their age-old customs. The bows and arrows have disappeared forever, modern firearms having taken their place. The making of baskets is practically a lost art, as the later generation

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

The Gasoline Shortage Bugbear



Some reasons why we needn't fear about a future lack of fuel—

By Howard C. Kegley

Decorations by Dillon Lauritzen

A LONG about this time of year, when a million motor cars are chugging up and down the coast, over the national parks circuit, or across the painted desert, either going on or returning from a vacation, there is one universal killjoy that lurks at every crossroad. It is the old bugaboo commonly known as gasoline shortage.

The more we use, the less we'll have! That's the theory advanced by the glooms, as the joys drive up and ask the service station man to pour in another five gallons. Why is it that nobody ever jumps out of the bushes at the side of the road and yells:

"Lookout! If you gasoline gadabouts don't have a care there'll be a shortage of rubber, and you'll have no balloon tires for your automobiles." Everyone knows that the known area where commercial rubber may be produced is exceedingly limited—so much so that in recent years Hoover, Firestone, Edison, and a few others have been encouraging the growth of rubber in Mexico and the production of a substitute rubber plant in parts of California.

Some time ago people who watched the great fleets of automobiles develop in this country coupled up their train of thought with the age-old talk about our rapidly disappearing forests, and the consensus of opinion was that pretty soon there wouldn't be enough oak or hickory to manufacture spokes for automobile wheels. Now the manufacturers are using wire and disc wheels quite extensively, and people are no longer worrying about the wooden spoke supply.

The writer can remember back twenty-five years to the time when horses were becoming so numerous that townspeople were

having difficulty in securing enough hay and oats for them, and it was freely predicted that some day there would be so many horses we wouldn't be able to feed them, and the streets would be filled with their bleaching bones. Where are they today? Well, they didn't starve to death. The demand petered out and the supply was used up.

It used to be that the circus had handsome horses pull the cages in the big parade. Now they put the horses in the circus cages and let gasoline supply the motive power in the parade. What about the oats supply? Did it fail man in his hour of need? No, there gradually became so few horses to eat oats that we had to run big advertising campaigns and sell human beings the idea of eating rolled-oats for breakfast.

The same thing happened to bacon. Farmers used to use bacon to grease their cowhide boots. When leather became so scarce that high-top boots gave way to low shoes, the big advertising agencies had to teach people to eat bacon, and now it's on everybody's breakfast table. The decline of the cowhide boot didn't ruin the hog business, by a long shot. Hogs became so numerous that when cholera broke out everybody said that it would lay every hog low and the nation would be porkless. As a

matter of fact by the time hogs became overly numerous science had devised a hog cholera serum which rendered the disease less than 25 per cent effective, and hogs are more plentiful than ever.

When we read that the boll-weevil of the South causes the cotton industry a \$300,000,000 loss each year, some of us get panicky and conclude to lay in a big supply of cotton goods, lest the price go up. When the grubs and ticks hit the wool business a telling blow, we rush down and lay in a fresh supply of woolens. Yet the country opens up new cotton-growing districts each year, and the sheep population continues to be normal. During the World War, when textile materials became rather scarce, German scientists began experimenting with paper and found that they could make presentable clothing out of it, and long before that beautiful garments were made of finely spun glass.

Perhaps people fear a possible gasoline shortage because of the universality of gasoline. As well worry about an egg shortage. The old speckled hen comes pretty near having a monopoly on a universal product, if you stop to think about it, and yet she has no monopoly at all. There are a great many things we can eat instead of eggs, and for that matter science long ago

gave us the China egg. It cannot be beaten, we must admit, but neither can a lot of hen eggs. And the China egg has at least one virtue—it remains fresh!

We have been learning in recent years to get along with much less food than we formerly were accustomed to eating. It is actually surprising how women have learned to curtail their clothing requirements. Waists are getting lower and lower, and skirts are getting higher and higher. A few years ago mothers were predicting a shortage of silk stockings because even the girls in grammar school were wearing them. Now where are we. Even the staid housewives have joined the flappers in a nationwide movement to go stockingless.

So why pick on gasoline? Even as the horse had his day and passed into the limbo of practically forgotten things, so, in all probability, will gasoline serve its great and glorious purpose on this mundane sphere, and go gliding silently down the corridors of time, unhonored and unsung, save that here and there, in the metropolitan museums, our children's children may see the 1928 models from Detroit and South Bend, in a roped arena, with a placard bearing the information that "this automobile is representative of the type commonly in use from 1900 to 1950. The universal motor fuel at that time was gasoline."

It is not generally known by readers in the present generation, but it is a fact, that in the days between 1890 and 1900, when Americans had passed from the era of the tallow-dip to the day of the coal-oil lamp, and free lamps were being given to the people of China in order to get them to use kerosene for illumination, the oil producers and refiners in this country were extracting the greatest possible amount of kerosene from their petroleum, because there was a good market for it, and were pouring the gasoline back into the wells, by the millions of barrels, because there was no market for it, and for the further reason that it would

thin the heavy oil in the sands, thereby enabling the producers to lift more crude from the wells and make more kerosene for a world which was just entering the era of universal home illumination.

At this point Old Man Killjoy, who has a habit of leaping out of the tall grass at the roadside and yelling "Gasoline shortage!" at every passing motorist, is heard to groan: "Oh, my gosh! didja hear him say that they poured millions of gallons of gasoline back into the oil wells? Somebody ought to be sent to the pen for that. Just another scheme to create a shortage so they could raise the price of gasoline another cent!"

Of course, our outlay for motor fuel does reach staggering proportions, so it is not to be wondered at if a few persons occasionally become panicky over the outlook. Last year the gasoline bill, domestic and foreign, ran up to \$20,000,000,000. That's a lot of money when one stops to consider that during the same period the value of all automobiles purchased was only \$18,000,000.

In a year like last year or this, the world will use up something like 345,000,000 barrels of gasoline. At the present time we are producing crude oil in the United States at the rate of about 2,400,000 barrels per day, or about 900,000,000 barrels per year. It was estimated last year that if 900,000,000 barrels of oil were produced, it would take 840,000,000 barrels of it to yield enough gasoline to meet the needs of the gasoline consumer.

Since 1922 the gasoline requirements of this country have increased at the rate of about 40,000,000 barrels a year. The gasoline needs in 1926 were 300,000,000 barrels, while last year they exceeded 340,000,000 barrels. During 1927 the motor vehicles of the United States burned up 10,586,000,000 gallons of gasoline, which was an average of 458 gallons for each vehicle. That was an increase of 8.3 per cent over the total consumption of gasoline in 1926.

Now that we have found out how much gasoline we are using, let's look and see how much we are refining. During March of this year the production of gasoline amounted to 943,000 barrels per day, an increase of 20,000 barrels over the output of the preceding month. The daily average domestic consumption was 776,000 barrels. Total gasoline stocks on hand March 31 amounted to 40,229,000 barrels. This amounted to a forty-four-day supply for the motor vehicles of this country.

At this point Old Man Killjoy again leaps from behind the wild-holly bush by the side of the road and shouts:

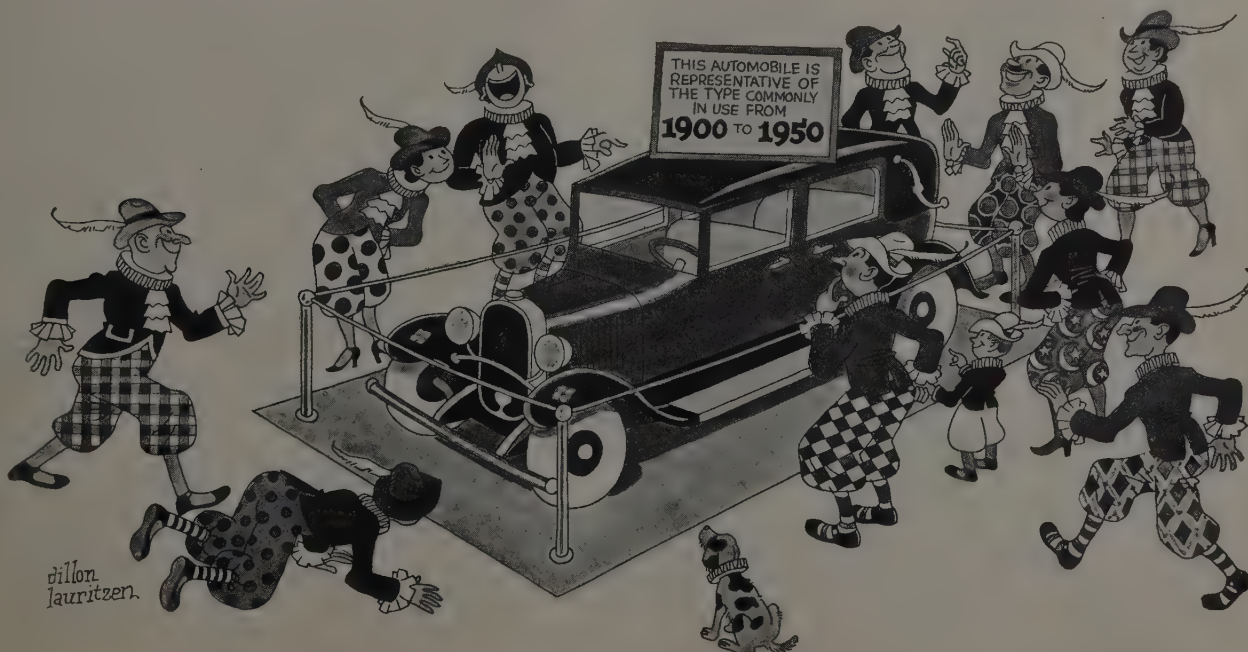
"There you are. You only have enough gasoline on hand to run the automobiles of this country a month and a half. If you go as far as Vancouver and don't come back for a month you may get down as far as Shasta Springs and find it impossible to buy gasoline!"

The answer to this is that for several years this country has been producing too much crude oil, and is yet. The crude production, through the summer months of this year, was rated at about 2,400,000 barrels a day. The country has a refining capacity of 3,250,380 barrels per day. There now are 423 petroleum refineries in the United States. On January 1 this year the daily refinery capacity had, in one year, been increased from 3,061,007 to 3,250,380 barrels.

It is interesting to note that California leads the world in petroleum refining, having seventy-three active plants, with a combined daily capacity of 851,775 barrels of crude oil. Most of these plants are in the southern part of the State—chiefly in or near the Los Angeles Basin.

At present, and for many years to come, there is going to be an abundance of crude oil and, consequently, sufficient gasoline. Even now, as the supply of light crude diminishes, the refining companies are chang-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50)



Sport Fishing in the

Pacific

By Andrew R. Boone

Barges like the above are anchored at many places along the Southern California coast. The season for barge fishing is from June to early Autumn. Fish weighing from one to 500 pounds are caught, including mackerel, bonita, rock bass, barracuda and the sporty yellowtail.

EVEN the fish have learned; three decades ago they bit easily at nearly any opportunity offered, but they now are schooled (and no pun intended) to accept only the choicest morsels done in the most attractive packages or served to fit the tastes such epicures would demand.

The discovery that in the waters off southern California would be found plenty of big game sport was made before 1900. Here the earlier fishermen found many varieties of fish and great fighters eager to pit their skill against the strength, cunning and patience of the angler. From those first simple skirmishes have developed two types of fishing (among others) which deserve particular mention. One is the more stolid method of fishing from barges anchored in the ocean; the other, angling with "kite tackle" for bluefin or leaping tuna.

The 1928 deep sea fishing season is now under way. Until early autumn, sportsmen-of-the-deep will have continued opportunities to enjoy splendid fishing with a maximum of convenience and a minimum of discomfort. At the beginning of the season, the anglers contented themselves with searching out mackerel, bonita, rock bass,

barracuda and the bottom varieties. But the fish for which all barge anglers sigh withheld their appearance until late June. Then the yellowtail—the gamest middle-class fish—arrived and offered his 12 to 30 pounds in combat.

If you wish to test your skill aboard a barge, you may hook a fish weighing anywhere from one to five hundred pounds. The yellowtail is the standard of barge fishing and naturally fairly heavy tackle is needed to capture him. However, the yellowtail does not always bite, and under these conditions the angler must fall back on the smaller varieties, such as rock bass, mackerel and bonita. If a sportsman angles for the smaller ones with the same size outfit he uses for yellowtail, he must perforce lose some of the enjoyment of landing them, because they do not get a fighting chance. As he goes to a barge for sport purposes only, it behooves the angler to plan his procedure to get all the sport possible out of his excursion, and a little care in making up his outfit will assure that, provided he remembers a few other little details. The usual line for yellowtail is from 18 to 24 strand with 200 yards of it on the reel. If in making up his rod the angler will include,

beside the heavier tip suitable for yellowtail and white sea bass, a 3-ounce tip, he will find himself ready to enjoy the fullest amount of sport regardless of what happens to be biting. For the larger game fish a universal hook is the 6-o, short shank. This is considered the best all-around hook for yellowtail, white sea bass, rock bass, barracuda, etc., but if the sportsman will use a 4-o for the smaller ones, such as mackerel, bonita and so on, he will find that the general average will give him a greater percentage of sport and enjoyment.

If the surface fails an angler on the barges, the experienced among the fraternity will try the bottom by attaching a 4-ounce weight to the end of his line and using "cut" bait which can either be mackerel, sardine or anything freshly caught which happens to be handy.

Before the barges came to make ocean fishing easy there were great hordes of bluefin, or leaping tuna, so called because of its propensity for attacking the flying fish by leaping bodily from the sea. With the coming of years, the bluefin became wary of bait, which usually was large smelt or flying fish on a trolling line. Eventually it became almost impossible to hook the leaping

tuna by the old methods. Sportsmen learned they must devise new methods, and they set about to make experiments. Soon they discovered that the wash of the propeller frightened them.

After numerous trials, the kite was invented. The purpose of this was two-fold. By governing the course of the boat across the wind, the kite soared upwards and outwards, and carried the bait away from the commotion of churned water. In addition the angler, by the motions of his rod, pulling against the strain of the kite and alternately releasing the pressure, was able to simulate life in the flying fish bait, imitating the skimming movement with splendid results.

Ten or twelve years ago Japanese paper box kites attached with an almost severed line which snapped with the shock of a striking fish were used. Too frequently the kite was lost. Eventually these were discarded in favor of an ordinary boy's kite made of silk, such as those used today. These should be made of silk and be about two feet square; the frame of dry redwood, which is light and splits easily. The silk covering should be black, as this is more distinguishable if the day happens to be misty. The tail should be about ten feet long and made of rags. Flying the kite on land with a fair breeze, before venturing on the water, will probably determine the proper length for the tail. It is not advisable to risk wetting the structure when launching it from the boat.

To this kite is attached several hundred feet of line and the angler is ready to co-ordinate the apparatus with his gear. The kite is launched and sent into the air about 400 feet as the boat moves at a fair speed across the breeze. Once the kite is well up the angler attaches the restraining cord to his line proper. To the end of this line a swivel is tied and to this a six-foot piano wire leader with a tuna hook and bait is attached. The swivel also is the place for tying the kite's restraining cord, and this done, overboard goes the bait, the angler begins to unreel and the lure goes rapidly astern.

Placing his rod in the butt of the harness strapped about him, the fisherman continues to pay out his line until the bait is about 350 feet from the boat. The straining kite will carry it out at an angle from the vessel's course.

With his apparatus in position the angler must then rely upon the boatman's skill to keep his kite aloft. Unless a stiff breeze is blowing, the kite will begin to sag and dip for the water unless the craft is steered in such a way as to keep it always across the wind. At first the boatman will find this

rather difficult, one reason being that instead of watching the forward course, he will be looking backward with his eyes on the kite. As he is going across wind, his course will lay in the trough of the waves, and for the first two or three attempts—until he gets the hang of the thing—he will undoubtedly, in spite of his most earnest intentions, find his kite volplaning for the water.

Those not familiar with the art should speed up the boat until the kite soars again and thus, while flying it at full length, turn attention to the boat and correct the course. This will mean a temporary suspension of fishing operations on the part of the angler, for with increased speed the bait will leap over the waves with prodigious leaps, not likely to fool the wary tuna. The action of the kite against the rhythmic upward pull of the rod causes the bait to imitate the movement of a live flying fish, skipping from wave to wave in a most natural manner, at the same time allowing the bait to operate in waters entirely undisturbed by the boat's wake.

As a general rule, after the tuna strikes, the kite will remain flying, going out with the fish on its first tremendous outward rush. The angler, reeling in, will sooner or later bring his fish close to the craft and the boatman will have an opportunity to secure the kite line. The bluefin possesses the speed of a race horse, the fighting heart of a champion boxer, the reserve energy of a marathon runner, the cunning of a fox and the tenacity of a bulldog. The superfish! He will give you the scrap of your life, an experience nowhere to be duplicated!

Suppose you have reached the fishing grounds and know bluefin to be in the vicinity. Your boat moves across wind at three knots an hour, your kite strains upward, and far removed from the boat's wake the flying fish bait is skipping merrily

from wave to wave in response to the rod's rhythmic urgings. Suddenly a few feet back from the bait, the water breaks with a swirl. The angler becomes tense. A leaping tuna seeks the lure! Though tense with anticipation, you continue to work your bait, drawing it onward with each impulse of the rod. Possibly the water breaks again, and again, and then, with a terrific rush, a great fish snaps upward, and a dripping line is taut in the air. A strike has been made! Watching for that very instant, the boatman releases the clutch to allow his craft to drift for the outward rush you know is to follow. Out goes the tuna with a rush that for speed and strength of purpose characterizes no other dweller in the ocean. Out—out, for 100 yards, for 200—possibly more, in one grand, irresistible rush.

Where is the fish when the second movement is stopped? It is directly beneath the stern of the boat. How? Because the drifting boat is pulled backward by the straining line and the diving fish must describe something of an arc.

The kite? If you remember, it was attached to a swivel which also fastened the six-foot piano wire leader to the line. When the tuna is directly beneath the boat the kite string is within reach of the boatman's hand. He takes it, starts it off at any point where he happens to get it, and makes fast the end to the boat where the soaring kite will not impede angling operations.

When the tuna has completed the limit of its downward surge, it must be "pumped" to the surface, a difficult task requiring plenty of energy. Forced to the top the tuna, in all probability, will make another outward rush, and from then on, out and down, zigzagging here and there, the fish will try myriad tricks to free itself from hook and line.

Finally, provided you keep the upper hand, the tuna will come in to the boat seemingly exhausted and partly on its side. Standing by your side, the gaffer waits until enough line has been reeled in, then he grasps the leader with his left hand, gaffing with his right just back of the tuna's eye. As the fish probably will scale at least 75 pounds, you can assist the boatman to land the tuna by reaching down, getting hold of the tail.

The elapsed time required to land a leaping tuna is from 30 minutes to a couple of hours, and sometimes more than that. Sportsmen have become utterly exhausted with the terrific effort and have begged some one else to take the rod.

Don't think there are no remaining thrills, how-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)



Power boats take the sportsman to and from barges which are anchored several miles from shore. Bait and tackle are supplied if desired and meals are served at noon, enabling the angler to devote the full day to his favorite pastime

Bibliotheca Californiana

¶ A review of literature---new and old---about the Southwest---

Two Journals of '49

WHAT a magical appeal the discovery of gold in California must have had! What an irresistible lodestone to have drawn such contrasting racials as history shows us had their try at the "diggings"! It would be illuminating and engaging to scan the chronicles of the period—the reports that motivated stern, sanctimonious Puritans to forsake the peace and security of their New England hearthsides to have a go in a new land, at a business about which they knew nothing. What tales gained currency in France to induce such a numerous contingency of *citoyens* to abandon a mellow and idyllic civilization, travel half way 'round the world and face incalculable deprivations in a land of barbarians? Certainly they were fabulous.

Here is a field for some enterprising historian. A study of the stimulus would be an edifying complement for the seemingly endless data on reaction with which we are periodically regaled. Two case histories of great value have lately been made available and I commend them to whomsoever undertakes the task.

A Frenchman in the Gold Rush is the journal of Ernest de Massey, who sailed from Havre in May, 1849, rounded the horn, arriving in San Francisco in December of that year. The journal was translated by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur for the California Historical Society, from the original manuscript in the Los Angeles Public Library. The journal was first printed for members in the Society's quarterly in 1926 substantially as it appears now on public sale.

The second record, *Around the Horn in '49*, has just been printed by the Book Club of California for its members. This item is a curious bit of Californiana. It is a facsimile of the journal of the Hartford Union Mining and Trading Company, a co-operative mutual mining and commercial enterprise of Hartford, Connecticut.

The company was one of the many similar ventures. Responsible craftsmen of New England feeling the "gold call," pooled their resources, taking stock for their various investments, banded together and set out to garner their treasure on a business basis. The Hartford Union failed, as did the majority of such Utopian schemes. The journal has a twofold value, nonetheless. It is a rare specimen of "curiosa" in the first place, for it was written and printed at sea on the good barque *Henry Lee* that conveyed the 128 shareholders in the company from New York to San Francisco about Cape Horn, the voyage taking from December, 1848, to September, 1849. The author was John Linville Hall, a young

printer from Bloomfield, Connecticut.

Second in importance to its value as "curiosa" is the insight it gives to the attitudes and philosophy of the characteristic New England emigrant. Stern in self-denial, temperate in all things to the point where abnegation almost became a fetish and the pursuit of pleasure a deplorable sin, it is not to be wondered at that he found the roistering gold-camps untenable and returned to his home at the first suitable opportunity.

Hall's description of the passage about the tempestuous cape is excellent and atones for the fact that he ceased his labors upon the arrival of the *Henry Lee*, leaving none of his impressions (in his original work) of life in the mines.

Massey, on the contrary, presents an intelligent narrative of his adventures in the Trinity River region, a phase of the '49 story about which we are none too plentifully endowed with material. His voyage from San Francisco to Eureka by boat; his overland journey through the mountains; his commercial ventures in San Francisco; his unsuccessful battle against tough luck at every turn is unfolded in a forthright narrative free from moralizing and complaint.

* * *

The Indian's Origin

IN telling *The Story of the American Indian*, recently published by Boni and Liveright, Dr. Paul Radin, research anthropologist of Fisk University, clings closely to the rational objective method. He has amassed and presents a vast amount of data and from these he induces a conservative and plausible theory of the ethnical differentiation of poor Lo. Only on rare occasions does faint evidence of a preconceived conclusion show itself. On the whole it is one of the most understandable and convincing outlines of a fancy-stimulating subject this reviewer has yet read.

The barber-shop forums and professorial retreats long have echoed to controversial speculation on the origin of the American Indian. He is, we have been told, a descendant of the ten lost tribes of Israel; of Egyptian forebears; an oriental; or, as one particularly seductive theory has it, the child, many generations removed, of Polynesian parents who once inhabited the mystical Lost Continent of Mu in the South Pacific.

Happily for all concerned, Dr. Radin prudently avoids injecting another theory into the maelstrom of ideas. He probably has his notions. He may believe (it is not beyond the bounds of reason) that the American Indian originated as a species in the Western Hemisphere. Evidence of the

existence of paleolithic man might be found on this side of the world if paleontologists were as diligent as anthropologists and would dig around hereabouts for a change instead of rushing over to the Gobi Desert to root up a lot of petrified dinosaur eggs.

On the matter of the beginning of the species, though, Dr. Radin is silent. (I applaud him). His story begins with the Mayas of Central America and the Incas of Peru. Through ensuing peoples, the Toltecs and Aztecs, he traces many culture threads that manifest themselves now in various existing North American tribes. In their symbols, their myths and legends, their crafts, etc., he finds many similarities, and as a result he voices the belief that our aborigines traveled northward from Central America and Mexico in two general streams—one entering (possibly by sea) near the mouth of the Mississippi, and one filtering through by land somewhere along the present boundary of Arizona or New Mexico and Mexico.

Their subsequent differentiation and the changes that environment brought to the scattered tribes he discusses with all the assurance the meagre information in the hands of science will permit.

* * *

About Our "Temblors"

SOUTHERN California has had many earthquakes and doubtless will have many more. When the industrious diarist, Father Crespi, accompanied Portola on his memorable journey from San Diego to Monterey in 1769, he gave to the world the first written description of this simple, though unnecessarily fearful, natural phenomena. At a camp near Olive, east of Anaheim, on July 28, he recorded: "I called this place the sweet name of *Jesús de los Temblores*, because we experienced here a horrifying earthquake, which was repeated four times, during the day." The next day the expedition camped on the Santa Ana River which was called, as a result of the tremors, the *Rio de Jesús de los Temblores*.

Other quakes of greater or lesser severity occurred in 1812, 1868, 1872, 1906, 1920 and 1924—something like 170 different shocks all told since 1780. But none of these "have been productive of human fatalities or serious property injuries within the city of Los Angeles, or extensive similar damages elsewhere in Southern California."

Such is the comforting reassurance given us by Robert T. Hill in his recent treatise on *Southern California Geology and Los Angeles Earthquakes*, published by the Southern California Academy of Sciences. Certain residents of Inglewood, San Jacinto, Hemet, the Imperial Valley and Santa

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

Memoirs of a Merchant

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

1843 they were beginning to import carriages and carts with spoked wheels, brought from the United States.

The transportation of freight was done almost entirely in the carts. Mules were used only for the transport of provisions, or goods in small quantity, from the ranchos for the families living in the towns.

The musical instruments generally used in the country were the violin and guitar, and here and there a clarinet; also occasionally a harp. I also saw at Monterey some time in the year 1842 a piano, owned by Don José Abrego, formerly treasurer of the department. This piano the secretary of the government, Don Manuel Jimeno, played at dances. The Señoritas Soberanes, knowing nothing about music, sang harmoniously nevertheless and in perfect time.

There were many men who excelled on the guitar, especially at Santa Bárbara, one of them being Don Guillermo Carrillo, who is still living. Many ladies touched the guitar and sang charmingly beautiful Spanish songs. The music of the opera was unknown.

The best violin and harp players were in Los Angeles; they performed exceedingly well. I ought to say, however, that those performers on the harp, among whom shone particularly one López, originated in Mexico. The violinists were Californians, chief among them [name missing], married to Doña Merced, daughter of the great ranchero Antonio María Lugo, the same lady who in her second nuptials married Don Stephen C. Foster, alcalde and prefect at one time of Los Angeles.

Drawing was not known in the country.

At the missions there were orchestras of Indians who had been taught by the missionaries to play upon musical instruments. An orchestra consisted generally of a bass drum, an ordinary drum, a triangle, a bass viol, several violins, and a flute. I do not recall ever seeing a clarinet among them. The same persons who played the instruments sang in the choir, together with other Indians who did not play. The music, although in some parts it was played in time, in others was discordant in the extreme. The same thing happened in the singing by the Indians who, in spite of all the efforts of the padres, could never learn music. These orchestras were never called to furnish music at the balls; at them the instruments in general use were the violin and guitar, except when some foreign ship was in port and sent its band to shore. But this did not happen except in Monterey.

When I first arrived at Los Angeles the principal families had already begun to hold their evening parties, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, but most commonly at that of Señor Stearns, who was married to Señora Doña Arcadia Bandini, who had the repu-

tation of being the most beautiful woman in California, just as her husband had that of being the ugliest man, so much so that he was given the nickname of *cara de caballo* (horse face). To his unfortunate appearance was added an impediment in his speech caused by a severe wound in his tongue received some years before. Señora Stearns, at the time of my arrival, was very young, and to her beauty added a frank and amiable manner, in which her innocence was perceived. From the beginning she won the regard of persons who made her acquaintance. This naturally made her house the center of reunions and pastimes for the select society of Los Angeles.

At the date of my arrival in California Señor Alvarado was governor, residing at Monterey. Señor Alvarado on many occasions offered to give me lands and cattle of the missions with which to found a rancho; but I always rejected his offers because I cherished the desire and hope of returning to my native country, and I wished anxiously to collect some funds in order to go there in a state of some independence, but my undertakings unfortunately did not turn out well. I took care to keep myself apart from the politics of the country, confining myself strictly to my occupations in commerce.

In 1842, about the month of June or July, I had left service with the house of Virmond, and had taken in my charge the business affairs of Don José Antonio Aguirre, and I sailed in the frigate *Joven Guipuzcoana*. On the first trip that I made in this ship from San Francisco to San Pedro, I learned of the arrival at San Diego of General Don Manuel Micheltorena, named by the Superior Government of Mexico as Governor and General Comandante of California. He brought with him several officials of superior rank, and a battalion of troops known as *Batallón Fijo Permanente de Californias*.

On disembarking at San Diego I saw his first proclamation, in which he said to the Californians that he had brought to them a large number of artisans and artists, who would be useful to the country and to the Californians in teaching them many arts and trades that were unknown to them. Experience showed afterwards that, in fact, they did teach the Californians many things that had been unknown in the country previous to that time, as, for example, robbery, petty theft, the spread of drunkenness, cheating in games of cards, and every class of vice. The petty thievery of these pretended artisans reached such a point that women could not hang out their washing without standing on guard over it, nor leave cooking utensils in their kitchens, for they disappeared as though by enchantment.

At that time I witnessed a curious occurrence. While I was seated in the parlor of Don Abel Stearns, there happened to pass by

in the street the venerable Don Antonio María Lugo, who was in the habit of wearing a handsome *sarape* from Saltillo, worth, perhaps, \$150 to \$200, thrown across his shoulder, with his sword under his arm. On this day, by bad luck, he had forgotten his sword. Just as he passed in front of the Stearns house I saw one of the *cholos* (General Micheltorena's artisans) creep softly up behind Señor Lugo, take hold of the point of the *sarape* which hung by the shoulder, and, gradually drawing it in, follow softly after Señor Lugo. When he had drawn in about a third part of the *sarape*, he wrapped it around his own shoulder, took a quick step forward, and gave a sudden turn, so that Señor Lugo could scarcely hold on to the point of the *sarape* which he still had in front of him.

The *cholo* then very seriously said to Señor Lugo, "Señor, let go of my *sarape*! What do I owe you? Why are you trying to take it away from me? Why, Señor, it is certainly mine!"

Lugo became so enraged that he could not speak, but made a motion to draw his sword, which he unfortunately did not have with him, holding on to the *sarape* at the same time by the point.

At this juncture in the altercation a number of us who had witnessed the affair, which happened at about 11:00 A.M., hastened to the aid of Señor Lugo. When the *cholo* saw this he let go of the *sarape* and took to his heels. Every day these petty thefts took place wherever the said *cholos* happened to be.

Before entering upon matter referring to events after the coming of Micheltorena to the country, I desire to speak of the characteristics of the various localities of California.

Manners and customs were the same all over the territory. One observed, nevertheless, some differences in the character and behavior of the people; for example, the inhabitants of San Diego were extremely lively, and great dancers; those of Los Angeles were not so much so, and were somewhat more reserved in their manners; those of Santa Bárbara were even more grave and reserved, and in appearance more religious. This marked religious tendency of the Santa Bárbarans was owing to the influence of the missionary fathers and Captain Don José de la Guerra, whose conduct and advice they endeavored to imitate, and with good reason, for Captain de la Guerra was not only the defender of the interests of Santa Bárbara, but a handkerchief for the tears and the refuge of all the poor.

A custom which greatly attracted my attention in Santa Bárbara in 1840 was the use of a black silk handkerchief folded in several folds to make it about two inches wide. It was called the *camorra*, and was used by the women tied as a band across the forehead and fastened at the back of the neck. This gave the women a different

aspect from those in other localities. It was a general custom, without exception of classes, but was more common among the well-to-do. Diversions, balls, and promenades were not so frequent in Santa Bárbara as in other towns, although there were some cultured families who stood out prominently, such as those of de la Guerra, Carrillo, Pacheco, Thompson, Arellanes, and others. The branch of public instruction was in the same backward state as in the other towns.

In Monterey, capital of the department and residence of the governor, education had made a little more progress, and the reason is simple. The superior government being situated there, as well as the only custom house and treasury, and the commandancy of the guard, etc., there was naturally more contact with foreigners and people from the outside, whose customs, manners, and fine deportment were copied. It was the place most frequently visited by ships of different nations, especially warships, whose distinguished officials served as a model in manners. It consequently resulted that people of the better class in Monterey had finer manners than those of any other place, not even excepting Los Angeles, where there was a very select society. Excursions to the pine woods and dances were very frequent; society was organized there and the classes were separated, and in their diversions gaiety and perfect order reigned.

The houses of Don Juan Cooper, Don José Amesti, and Don José Abrego, were generally the centers of familiar reunions, and dances were commonly held at one or the other of these houses on the afternoons and evenings of *fiestas*. These were purely family gatherings in which no effort was made at ostentation, nor did they cause any expense. At public or invitational balls a splendid collation, with fine wines and liquors of all kinds, was always served. The tables were covered with dishes and sweets of every description.

In these large balls Monterey and Los Angeles excelled. In the latter city a society with the title of *Amigos del País* (Friends of the Country) was established in the year 1841, if I remember correctly, in which the most important persons took part, and I, although I was a humble clerk, had the honor of being admitted into it. Its founders were Don Manuel Requena, chief alcalde, Don Abel Stearns, Don Juan Temple, Don Agustín Olvera, Don Eulogio de Célis, Don Antonio F. Coronel, Don Juan Bandini, Don Andrés Pico, Don Narciso Botello, and many others whose names I do not now recall. The object of the society was to provide for the families agreeable, and at the same time instructive, pastime. In the rules of the order it was declared that the society should subscribe to different periodicals for the reading and entertainment of the members and others who were not members. A harpist was en-

gaged by the year to play at all *fiestas*. The *ayuntamiento* was petitioned to grant a place for the establishment of the society, and it was granted 100 square *varas* on the principal street (now Main Street). In that place was constructed by subscription and apportionment among the members an adobe house with a large salon for dancing, rest rooms for ladies and gentlemen, dining-room, etc.

Unfortunately, after the rooms in the house which I have just mentioned were finished and one or two dances had been given in them, a disagreement arose among some of the members, and this put an end to the society, for the quarrel became general, and the enterprise was abandoned after the principal expense had been paid. This lot may be located today (1878) by going from the principal plaza to the church, on the way to the marsh by the principal street, a little below the courthouse. If I remember correctly, it forms a corner of one side of the present courthouse, where the old adobe walls are still to be seen. The house finally was put in the lottery, without any price set on the shares of stockholders, for whomever should draw it, and the luck fell to Don Andrés Pico. That was the end of the society.

The town of San Francisco was composed of four or five houses, the place being then called Yerba Buena. The town consisted of a store owned by Spear and Hinckley, a billiard room kept by Captain Francis Biochette, a blacksmith

and carpenter shop—I do not recall who owned it—and the dwelling house of Don Jacob P. Leese and his family. An old woman named Juana Briones was the laundress, and there were two more men who had little houses there. The military commandante lived at the presidio (near the mouth of the port), with a few troops, and the subprefect resided at Mission Dolores, at which point there was a small town. The military commandante at that time was Alférez Juan Prado Mesa, a very ignorant man. The sub-prefect was a Mexican called Don Francisco Guerrero, a man with some capacity and moderate understanding, very courteous and alert in the discharge of his duties.

In San Francisco there were no family reunions, but, as it was a safe port, many ships entered there, and those who carried on the commerce of the coast stopped there most often. The meeting place of captains and supercargoes was the billiard room of Biochette. The families of Leese and Spear were naturally often visited by the captains and supercargoes.

The spirit of fondness for amusements was general all over the coast. In San Francisco, when it was decided to give a dance, the ships anchored in the port sent their boats and launches to the different ranchos on the opposite coast, the owners of which were the Estudillos, Castros, Martinez, and Peralta, besides Richardson in Sausalito. All consented joyfully to attend the

dances with their families, coming to Yerba Buena in these boats and returning in the same to their houses. The families were all frank and affable in their manners, but had not had the opportunity to acquire the same degree of culture as those at other points in California.

Among the families that populated the circumference of the bay, that of Lieutenant Don Ignacio Martinez deserves particular mention, on account of his courteous, gay, and festive character. Of the many occasions when I was at Píñole (Martinez was at that time perhaps over fifty) I do not remember a single one when there was not a dance in the evening, and I am inclined to believe that the rest of the supercargoes will have the same recollection. To arrive at the rancho and to have a fandango in the evening was one and the same thing.

During one of my *voyages* to San Francisco, I believe in 1840, a Russian frigate arrived at the port, bringing the governor of all the possessions of Russia in North America. With him came also the Commandant of Fort Ross, and at the same time Don Pedro Costromitoff, whom we all knew. A banquet was given on board the frigate and we were invited to it. On that occasion, after having lived for many years in Jerez, Spain, I drank for the first time real sherry wine. The Russian chiefs told us that since we were Spaniards they wished to treat us

to wine from our native land, and it certainly was very old and fine. The dinner was followed by a dance on the same frigate. All the families of the place, from Contra Costa, and some from Mission Dolores, attended. The cabin and between decks were arranged for the dance. I noticed sitting here and there brassiers, in which perfumes were being burned. This was done, so I was informed, on account of the fetid odor arising from the Kodiaks and other individuals of those regions, the result of the excessive use of whale oil and fish, which they take as we do coffee or tea.

There was much gaiety, and the assemblage was numerous and brilliant, especially the women, many of whom were beautiful. The enthusiasm was such that even Padre Lorenzo Quijas took part in the dance, exchanging clothes with me, he putting on my frock coat and I his habit. We danced quadrilles together, I in his habit, and the girls laughed uproariously.

Quijas, who was a great friend of mine, told me once that he had been a blacksmith in Mexico, but, I do not know what reason he gave me for it, abandoned his trade and took up that of friar. He was a very liberal man. The dance on board the Russian frigate lasted the whole night, and on the following morning the guests departed.

[The concluding section of "Memoirs of a Merchant" will appear in an early issue of TOURING TOPICS.—Ed.]

'Mid Sand & Sagebrush

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

the sublime and the curious, the beautiful and the extraordinary, are combined to yield an amazing succession of interesting sights and charming vistas. There is a wealth of local color in the Piute hut with its primitive trappings; in the old stockade corral; in the leather-clad cowpuncher swinging his *riata*; in the wild mustangs that snort and dash away at the approach of an automobile, wheeling sharply to survey the strange intruder for a brief instant, and then disappearing in a cloud of dust. Eyes which have known the bondage imposed by walls can rove unfettered from one entrancing scene to the next, beholding the white peaks with their cerulean background, the dark patches of forest clinging to the shoulders and ridges, the deep canyons leading into the mountains, and oddly contrasting with it all, a snow-white alkali flat in the nadir of the valley lying between the ranges.

Scarcely known beyond the invisible borders of this region, are two natural wonders which will no doubt command much attention in years to come: Northumberland Cave, hidden in a little-known canyon, and Diana's Punchbowl, a deep, mysterious boiling pool in the apex of an isolated cone. Easy of access, and unusually interesting, it is indeed strange that they have so long remained practically unknown.

At a distance of some twenty-three miles from Belmont, a well-

defined road branches from the highway that leads to Eureka, and ascends by a gentle grade through a tortuous canyon. Seven miles from the fork, a dim trail marked by a cedar post leads to the base of a low cliff where the entrance to the cave is located. Scarcely larger than a badger hole, such an obscure portal might easily escape the eye of a casual observer; but further examination reveals the fact that this tiny passageway extends far into the side of the canyon. Ingress to the cave is accomplished by emulating the movement of a snake over organic debris which has been deposited by unnumbered generations of rodents—a performance distinctly unpleasant, that is abundantly rewarded by the contrasting beauty of the subterranean chambers lying beyond.

Pendant from a vaulted roof hang countless gleaming stalactites, varying in size from the minute, frost-like crystal to the full-grown imitation of a gigantic icicle. The strong, steady beam of an electric flashlight brings into sharp relief all the details of this astounding display of nature's craftsmanship. A brilliant foreground of dazzling white is superimposed on a middle ground of ghostly figures, that in turn merge into a stygian background, creating an illusion of space far greater than the actual confines of the cave.

The smaller stalactites, when struck with a hard object, give forth musical notes similar to those

of a xylophone, but an attempt to play a tune would meet with little success, owing to the fact that suitable gradations in size do not occur within easy reach.

Here is a fruitful field for the person with an imagination that enables him to discern the petroglyphy of nature. A grotesque array of curious freaks of lime accretion appear on every hand; a fish suspended from the roof of the cave, sea anemones, serpents, earthworms, and strange animals in miniature adorn the walls.

Narrow passages lead into other chambers, where still smaller openings halt further progress. It is believed by men who have examined the cave that much larger chambers lie beyond those constricted holes through which a strong draught constantly passes.

Northumberland Cave was discovered by English miners more than half a century ago, yet to this day it remains almost unknown. It is fairly certain that ensuing years will bring an increasing number of visitors to this isolated gallery of spectacular formations.

Diana's Punchbowl is located a short distance east of the highway to Eureka, about eight miles north of the point where the road forks to Northumberland Cave. It is a round, isolated hill rising from the floor of the valley, obviously the result of centuries of accretion from mineral water. Yet its appearance from a distance gives no hint of the startling sight awaiting the

traveler who ascends; for instead of culminating with a conventional summit, it has the form of a hollow shell which is a veritable cauldron. The orifice extends to a great depth, is forty feet in diameter, and of such perfect proportions that it appears to have been the work of a Cyclopean miner with an enormous drill. Thirty feet below the rim is a limpid pool with a temperature just below boiling. A stone cast into its depths remains visible for many seconds, as it sinks to a depth that has never been sounded.

Some years ago, this was the scene of a tragedy. Returning from a hunting expedition in the Toquima Mountains, a party of Indians climbed to the top of the Punchbowl, and gazed into the steaming waters below. One of their number saw a bird's nest containing several eggs a few feet below the rim, and asked his wife to hold his feet while he hung, head downward over the abyss to secure them. But scarcely had his fingers come in contact with the succulent delicacies, so dear to the Piute palate, than he slipped from the woman's grasp, plunged into the water, and disappeared. Several days later, his garments were found in a hot spring some distance to the north.

While the Punchbowl has borne a sinister reputation with the Indians, the curative powers of its waters made it popular with the early settlers. Clustered about the

base of the hill are numerous warm pools under which is a slimy ooze that is said to be unsurpassed for mud baths. In the days when stages plied between Eureka and Belmont, a tavern stood near the base of the Punchbowl, and a large proportion of its patrons lingered

for days or weeks to "boil out."

Silent now, and utterly forsaken, are the environs of this peculiar freak of nature. The receding tide of mining activity has left behind a population so sparse that it is seldom a visitor clammers up the side of the Punchbowl and gazes

into the steaming waters below. Perchance the motoring fraternity, apprised of its existence, may again revive its popularity as a fountain of health.

Replete with historical interest and abounding with natural wonders which are as yet little known,

the remote sections of Nevada offer unlimited possibilities to the traveler who delights in a search for the novel. And it is fairly certain that they will for generations remain as they are, forming a vast hinterland where the penchant for exploration can be fully satisfied.

The Man Who Split the Atom

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

one centimeter, or about a third of an inch. To get an even better idea of this infinitesimal speck, let us compare it with a baseball. If we magnified the ball and the electron simultaneously until the ball were as large as the earth, the electron would still be too small for us to see it under the most powerful microscope. The mass of the weight of the electron expressed in pounds is roughly about two divided by ten to the thirtieth power. Set down in decimal point, it would be twenty-nine ciphers and the number two.

What Dr. Millikan did was to devise a method for measuring this minute electrical charge. This method is now known to physicists as the Millikan oil drop experiment. Into a metal vessel containing a metal bottom he inserted two flat metal plates held about three-fourths of an inch apart by insulators, thus dividing the vessel into chambers. In the center of the upper plate was a small hole. Leading into the upper chamber he placed an ordinary atomizer such as is used for spraying the throat, and with this he forced into the chamber a spray of oil. The small drops from the spray gradually settled, and occasionally one would pass through the small hole in the upper plate into the space between the plates. Through a window in the outer vessel he could look with a microscope into the space between the plates and see the minute oil droplet illuminated by a beam of light coming in through another window. By gauging the rate at which it fell, he could determine its weight and size.

He then charged the upper and lower plates, the one with a positive charge and the other with a negative charge. Next he ionized some of the air in the lower chamber by means of X-rays, thus producing both positive and negative ions. Occasionally one of these would attach itself to the oil drop, charging it, and the drop would then be attracted to one of the plates. From the change in velocity which took place, he could calculate the charge which had been picked up by the drop. A significant fact in all these tests was that Dr. Millikan could take hundreds of readings by keeping a single drop under observation for hours at a time. In each experiment there resulted an ultimate unit which could not be subdivided, thus proving that electricity is in its very nature atomic. By this experiment it is now possible to count the number of molecules in any weight of any simple substance with as much accuracy and certainty as may be obtained in counting the inhabitants of a city.

Through years teeming with

achievements Dr. Millikan has been pushing on to other frontiers of science. His work on the extension of the ultra-violet spectrum, reported in a series of papers from 1920 to 1923, pushed the limits of explored frequencies in the ultra-violet two octaves farther down than the limit which had been reached by previous observers. The whole preceding advance in thirty years measured in octaves was considerably less than that presented in these papers.

One of the most far-reaching advances in modern physics was Millikan's experimental establishment of the validity of Einstein's equation, first suggested in 1905. This has now become second only in importance in the electromagnetic theory to the equations of Maxwell. In 1923 Millikan definitely settled an historic controversy in which scientists had been engaged for seventy-five years when he reported the complete solution of the law of motion of a spherical particle falling toward the earth after it enters the earth's atmosphere. Sir George Stokes made a limited solution, known as Stokes' law, more than fifty years ago. Likewise, Millikan's studies of the Brownian movement in gases and of the spectroscopic properties of light atoms, and his discovery of the laws governing the extraction of electrons from metals, which begins to clear up the mysteries surrounding the nature of metallic conduction, have fastened the eyes of the scientific world upon Southern California.

Most interesting of all to the lay world after what is popularly called the "split atom," are Millikan's experiments with the cosmic rays in an effort to learn more about the possible uses to which they may be put for the benefit of mankind. Just as beneficial uses for the Roentgen ray (X-ray) have been found, speculation is rife as to the hidden possibilities of the cosmic ray, which has a penetrating energy more powerful than any other known ray. The theory has been advanced that it might one day be utilized for airplane and automobile headlights and searchlights on ships to penetrate heavy fogs, but Dr. Millikan flatly dismisses the suggestion as only a pleasant commercial dream. Arrowhead and other high mountain lakes in California have been the scenes of many of his experiments with the cosmic ray, and expeditions which he has conducted with associates at California Institute of Technology have gone as far away as the Andes in Bolivia to conduct similar tests. At Arrowhead experiments showed that this ray would penetrate six feet of lead or 120 feet of water before being completely absorbed.

Latest evidence deduced by the veteran scientist is that the process of creation is going on in the heavens and that the earth, instead of being a disintegrating world, is an ever-changing one. "As far as they go," says Dr. Millikan, "the results of our experiments are the first indications that all about us, either in the stars, in the nebulae, or in the depths of space, the creative process is going on, and that the cosmic rays which have been studied for the past few years constitute the announcements broadcast through the heavens of the birth of the ordinary elements out of positive and negative electrons." But he warns us against accepting the announcement as fact until his discovery has been proved by further tests.

Although he prefers the laboratory to the clamor of contention, he occasionally emerges to engage in verbal combat with diverse persons. His declaration three years ago that in his opinion there is no conflict between science and religion exposed him to the fire of two enemy camps, the Fundamentalists in theology and the Nietzschean school of philosophy, defended in this country by the redoubtable H. L. Mencken.

Replying to the first group that the fear of knowledge is as old as the Garden of Eden, Dr. Millikan proceeded to take a well-aimed shot at the philosophy of negation by asserting that modern literature is suffering from an influence that is emotionally destructive, oversexed and neurotic. Such unbridled license, he thinks, is the product of a group of writers that is either incompetent to think a thing through or professedly indifferent to social consequences. And then, in a phrase that set the spectators on the sidelines laughing, he tagged a stinging metaphor on his opponents. "Such writers are the perpetual motion cranks of literature and art," he said. It is not science that is a menace to civilization, he assured the Fundamentalists, but the pornographic filth that parades itself in the name of literature.

More recently Dr. Millikan locked controversial horns with the Bishop of Ripon, who suggested in a sermon that it would be well for everybody concerned if science were to take a ten-year holiday. The Anglican churchman explained that specifically he had in mind physics and chemistry and other parts of biology not concerned with the improvement of health and the alleviation of suffering, and went on to state that he thought we are gaining new scientific knowledge and acquiring control of stupendous forces faster than we are developing ability to be entrusted with them. To which the California sci-

entist replied that physics and chemistry cannot take a holiday without turning off the power of all the other sciences depending upon them. Yet he could not take issue with the Yorkshire prelate and not place the blame for the misunderstanding where he thinks it partly belongs. The public's distrust of science, Millikan boldly asserted, is due in some measure to the misrepresentation of science by its uneducated devotees. The remedy, he maintains, is not in declaring a holiday for science but in making better scientists and better humanists.

He believes that controversy helps to clear the atmosphere, provided, of course, that controversial tilts are free from bitterness and personalities. He is never too busy to go to bat for an idea, and he enjoys the rough and tumble of it as well as the next man. If ideas are worth anything at all, he wants to see them run into the open and tackled in a sort of free-for-all discussion. All he asks is that ballyhoo artists and men who talk through their hats be barred from participating.

I have said that he prefers his laboratory, but I don't want to create a false impression of him. He will work all hours of the day and night, but he is not the social recluse which the world's traditional notion associates with scientists. He will putter through the week from sun-up to dark with whatever it is a scientist putters with when he is in his workshop, but when Saturday comes, you will see him in sports suit and sneakers heaving off to his favorite tennis court for a quiet afternoon game. When he is away on expeditions he is very much at home in blue denims and hobnail shoes, and ditch-digger never labored harder than he in fetching pails of water or toting a heavy pack of foodstuffs and supplies up a steep mountain trail. He is immensely alive, and no one gets more out of life than he gets. What amuses him most of all, I think, are the foibles of his fellows who are forever telling us all there is to know about the universe. I suspect he thinks that life is having its ironic little joke with the man who is so cocksure about the things that puzzle most men. But for all that he is tolerant.

Years ago one of Charles A. Dana's assistants on the New York Sun was assigned to read a batch of letters from readers and subscribers of that newspaper. Reporting to his chief, the sub-editor said, calling attention to a special screed: "The man who wrote this letter must be a damn fool." "That's all right; print it, print it!" replied Dana enthusiastically; "we want to give all the damn fools

a chance, too."

Millikan's philosophy in this respect is like Dana's. He knows that the fool will insist upon being heard, but holds that only the fool shall be held accountable for what he does after the world has given him his chance. So Millikan thinks that what we need most of all to help us over the rough places is tolerance. After forty years of

study and research he knows it is not wise to be too cocksure about anything. For always the scientist moves slowly. To him everything is relative and nothing is final. He is the explorer, the adventurer. Life is to him a great adventure because it holds so many marvelous surprises. As with every optimist, success lies just around the corner, even though his particular corner

be on another planet or in the evening star. We who live in a world bounded by mundane things may think we have reached the pinnacle of civilization. The scientist knows better. He knows how pitifully little we know about ourselves and the world we live in. We may think that the age of adventure is gone and that the last frontier has been reached, but the scientist

knows that there are worlds within this world awaiting the pioneer. The frontiers of today are not where the Forty-niners left their covered wagons to rust and decay while they set about the task of building an empire on these western shores, but in the laboratories of the scientists, where the secrets and mysteries of the universe await the modern adventurers.

Mountain Meadow Re-visited

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

tance from the emigrants and one William Bateman dismounted, bearing a white flag. The emigrants sent forth a little girl to meet him. Bateman promised a safe conduct for the party to Cedar City provided they surrendered their arms. The rescue party was under the direction of John D. Lee, former commander of the fort at Cedar City, then operating an Indian farm at New Harmony in the vicinity.

The emigrants agreed to the terms and Lee entered the entrenchments, directing the former to dispose of their weapons by placing them in the wagon that had brought his group. This they did. In single file, accompanied by the rescue party, the emigrants were marched a mile from camp.

Within a cove of scrub-oak a group of Indians was secreted. When the emigrants passed this ambush, the "rescuers," at a pre-arranged signal, turned upon the male members of the party and shot them down, the Indians massacring the women and children. No lives were spared except those of mere babes.

Only three emigrants escaped the ruthless butchery. Two of these were quickly run down and slaughtered, and the third was slain on the Muddy River, fifty miles away.

Those not slain by the first attack were dispatched by axe, toma-

hawk, knife or any weapon at hand. Seventeen children, from two months to seven years in age, were the sole survivors. The effects of the emigrants being divided, the bodies were buried by Lee and his comrades.

Some little time elapsed before news of the massacre was revealed. Two years later several prisoners were brought before Judge John Cradlebaugh at Provo on a charge of participation in the massacre. The grand jury refused to return indictments against the accused!

For eighteen years thereafter Federal officials pursued the perpetrators of the massacre, finally securing the indictment of John D. Lee, William H. Dame, Isaac C. Haight, John M. Higbee and Philip Klingensmith, on a charge of murder and conspiracy.

The accused were placed on trial July 23, 1875, at Beaver City, but the jury failed to agree. Lee was brought to trial again on September 13, 1876, at Beaver City. The evidence showed that he had, by a flag of truce, induced the emigrants to surrender their arms; had shot two women and brained a third with a rifle; had cut the throat of a wounded man, and had converted the property of the murdered emigrants to his own profit.

The trial lasted a week, Lee being convicted. Permitted to

choose a method of execution, he elected to be shot. Dame, Haight and others who also had been arraigned for trial, soon were given their liberty.

On March 23, 1877, almost twenty years after the massacre, Lee was taken to the site, seated on a rough pine coffin and executed by a squad of United States soldiers. His body was buried at Cedar City.

For many years after the massacre and prior to his capture, Lee maintained a retreat on the Colorado River at what is now known as Lee's Ferry, and later at Moenavi, not far from Tuba City, on the present Navajo Indian Reservation.

* * *

LATER writers have remarked the dreary aspects of Mountain Meadow. Imagination, fortified with the details of its terrible story, has influenced this characterization more, I'm sure, than bald facts.

Bancroft, in his *History of Utah*, thus records the physical aspects of Mountain Meadow on the day of Lee's execution:

"Over that spot the curse of the Almighty seemed to have fallen. The luxuriant herbage that had clothed it twenty years before had disappeared; the springs were dry and wasted, and now there was neither grass nor any green thing, save here and there a cove of

sage-brush or of scrub-oak, that served but to make its desolation still more desolate. Around the cairn that marks their grave still flit, as some have related, the phantoms of the murdered emigrants, who nightly re-enact in ghostly pantomime the scene of this hideous tragedy."

Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, who visited the locality about 1876, or a year before Lee was shot, was similarly impressed. He writes in his *Fremont and '49*:

"The Mountain Meadows is a dismal place today; at least it seemed so to me. The shadow of the great crime, a crime so foul Indians could do no worse, stains it indelibly."

It hardly appeared so dreary to me. The charming old-fashioned Lytle ranch, with its great house and barns and innumerable cottonwood and poplar trees, lines the east side of the valley, the luxuriant and fruitful meadow stretching away to the rolling hills that hem it in on the west. Cattle and horses grazed placidly in the pastures where gaily danced purple lupin and crimson paint-brush, and little children in the serenity of innocent youth played about the water-hole. It was, in fact, a picture of pastoral peace. And it is one of the richest valleys in the State—forty-seven bushels of wheat to the acre.

The Gasoline Shortage Bugbear

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

ing a part of their equipment over to the cracking process—a method whereby heavy crude is fractionated under terrific heat and pressure. This system enables the refiner to break heavy crude down toward the vanishing point, vaporizing the oil to the point where much more gasoline can be extracted from a barrel of crude than is possible under the straight refining process. Cracking also makes it possible to utilize heavier grades of crude oil, and this is going to be a big help, because there is an abundance of heavy oil throughout the country.

Deep drilling, in California and Texas, has resulted in the discovery of many big oil fields within the last few years, and it is reasonable to expect that constant improvement of mechanical methods in the business will result in the discovery of many other fields during the next decade. Likewise the oil producers have learned such tricks as re-pressuring—pumping surplus gas back into the oil sands—which is to some degree increasing the re-

covery of oil from the sands.

Some years ago the petroleum engineers were of the belief that the industry could not hope to recover more than 25 or 30 per cent of all the oil in any zone; but now, by newer methods, it looks as though 10 per cent may be added to this estimate, just as the refiners have increased their gasoline recovery per barrel of oil, in some parts of the country, from 19 to 50 per cent of the bulk. There are said to be cracking plants in the Middle West which get as much as 56 per cent of gasoline from a barrel of crude oil.

Furthermore, quite a number of rather astute petroleum engineers have expressed the opinion that South America could easily supply the whole world with petroleum for upwards of twenty-five years.

Added to these possibilities is the potential supply of oil in the great shale beds of this country—a supply which, it is believed, would keep this country going for perhaps fifty years. Improvement of inter-

nal combustion engines is likely to put the automobile truck on a basis where it can operate wholly on distillate, and that will save a lot of gasoline and likewise make for cheaper operation.

Some of our scientists appear to be of the opinion that we will eventually develop some sort of motive power from the sun. Others are relying upon a development of radio-activity. Hydro-electrical development has vast possibilities, from the motoring standpoint. When this country becomes a close-knit community, tied together by airplane, radio and a dozen other methods of quick communication, it would not be much of a trick to operate battery-charging stations much as service stations are operating today—where the electrically-operated automobile might pause to change a set of standardized batteries that would restore its fuel for another 500 miles or so.

T. A. Boyd of the General Motors Research Corporation, who has been for some time studying possible sources of energy supply for

use at a time when our gasoline may run low, thinks that there are four hopeful processes in sight right now. Fermentation of vegetable products probably takes the lead, followed by distillation from oil shales, carbonization of coal and lignite, direct hydrogenation of coal, synthesis of alcohols, and hydrocarbons out of gases produced from coal.

Vegetation seems to be the most convenient and efficient medium for converting sunshine into energy. An acre of ground will in a single summer produce sufficient vegetation to make enough fuel to offset the quantity of heat which would be afforded by 1500 tons of coal.

Mr. Boyd's experiments have convinced him that the vegetation grown on five acres in one year would be sufficient to sustain the average horse, and that if it be reduced to alcohol, it would amount to approximately five hundred gallons, and that amount of fuel should be sufficient to propel the average automobile throughout the year, because the gasoline consumption per

auto in this country is only 458 gal-
lons a year. If people motor more
from year to year, their mileage
will be offset in fuel consumption
by improved roads and better en-
gine combustion.

Thus we learn that the hay
which is eaten by one horse will
supply the alcoholic energy neces-
sary to operate Jim Bink's family
car or his auto truck the whole
year through: so if we get up
against it for gasoline all we need
to do is to go into the alfalfa bus-
iness on a big scale. We could
convert 25,000,000 horses into fer-
tilizer, distribute the fertilizer over
our alfalfa fields, and produce
enough alcohol to operate 25,000-
000 motor vehicles just as easy as
sayin': "I'll take the same!"

California Gems

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

est jewels ever seen, now in the
Tiffany-Morgan collection in the
American Museum in New York.
It is a magnificent rose-colored
mass, 16 inches by 10 inches in size,
whose color varies by transmitted
light, from a delectable rose color
to a radiant deep pink.

As to chrysoprase, California not
only produces rich and unsurpas-
sable gemstones of this kind, but
also a bonny praseopal, rare and
radiant.

The precious opal, "fire opal,"
was found in 1897 in Siskiyou
County, which furnishes some small

but very fine specimens of this
chatoyant iridescent jewel, with its
shifting shades of turquoise-blue,
and its sudden flashes of fire.

No gemstone is more beautiful
than the amethyst when it has that
deep rich coloring that marks the
true jewel. Mono County produces
admirable amethysts of this pre-
cious type of a deep imperial pur-
ple.

When turquoise is pure and pos-
sesses a good coloring, enchanting
gems can be cut from it, and hence
it is quite valuable, in choice spec-
imens. Therefore in 1897, all Cali-
fornia thrilled with the news that
fine turquoises had been discovered
in eastern San Bernardino County.
Near Manvel, the discoverer dug
down only a few feet, and there
found a vein of true gem turquoise,
also some old stone hammers
(whence this was called the Stone
Hammer Turquoise Mine), that
showed that some ancient miners
had once worked hereabouts. Start-
ling and extensive discoveries were
made in the spring of 1889 in this
same region, indicating that some
mysterious and vanished race had
worked these turquoise mines.

Indian traditions say that thou-
sands of years ago, there suddenly
appeared here from the west or
south, a strange race of people who
were looking for precious stones.
They made friends with the Mo-
jave Indians who then dwelt in
this region, and from them heard

of the existence of turquoise, which
the strangers mined for many
years.

This strange race was utterly
unlike the local Indians, legend has
it, for their hair was light in color,
and their skin was so much fairer
than that of the Indians, that the
latter called them "white men."
They were a peaceful, hard work-
ing lot of men, who knew many
strange arts, a few of which they
taught the Mojaves, thus exciting
the jealousy of the Piute Indians
east of them, who also feared the
potent "magic" of this white race.
At last, it is related, the Piutes
made war upon them and the local
Mojaves, all of the latter being an-
nihilated. All of which is one
of the many fascinating mysteries
that still enshroud the ancient his-
tory of our Great Southwest.

Sport Fishing in the Pacific

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45)

ever. If you have never fought it
out with a swordfish, that "last
thrill" of ocean fishing cannot be
appreciated. Two species of sword-
fish—marlin and broadbill—are to
be found off San Diego. The lat-
ter only is edible. Since human use
can be made of the broadbill, most
fishermen prefer to take it, but the
old-timer remains ever ready to
battle a marlin to the finish.

The marlin resembles the Florida
tarpon in its maneuvers and tac-
tics, and when hooked begins a

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in mountain driving—the galloping of
your car when brakes are suddenly ap-
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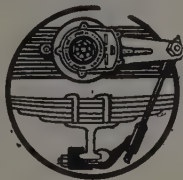
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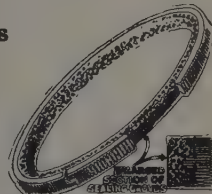
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series of frantic efforts to free itself of the barb.

During August, September, and until about October 15, marlin schools may be found near the Coronado islands. Later they migrate southward. These are long, slim fish with magnificent purple colorings, broken by white stripes that run across the back in regular order from head to tail. Eyes are black and the belly silver. The marlin's sword is short. In fishing for marlin, the wise angler uses two six-foot piano wire leaders fastened to the line in tandem; otherwise, the fish might sever the line while thrashing his tail about. The boat should proceed at a speed approximating three knots an hour, the bait being towed 100 feet behind.

Suddenly the marlin rushes upward to "rap" the bait, this being a sharp blow with the sword which he hopes will kill the prey. Then he hesitates a moment before darting forward again to swallow his victim. This is a very tense moment for both the angler and his skipper, for at the moment the "rap" sends its vibrations along the line to the fisherman's hand, the boat must stop—right now! Or, to compensate, the angler must play out line to permit the bait to remain at the exact spot where Mr. Marlin struck.

However, he takes pains not to set out any more line than enough to detain his bait, for he appreciates the danger of slack line. Following that tense moment the fish swallows his prey. Even then the experienced fisherman waits for the bait to get well down before he strikes. Then he sets and sets hard, and at once the marlin is off with a rush of possibly 50 yards, then upwards in a grand leap. This is followed by a series of leaps as the fish tries to free itself. Speeding here and there, sounding, circling and trying all his tricks to break

lowing that tense moment the fish swallows his prey. Even then the experienced fisherman waits for the bait to get well down before he strikes. Then he sets and sets hard, and at once the marlin is off with a rush of possibly 50 yards, then upwards in a grand leap. This is followed by a series of leaps as the fish tries to free itself. Speeding here and there, sounding, circling and trying all his tricks to break

the line's pressure, the fish may begin to leap again, each succeeding jump, of course, weakening it. Eventually, however, he tires. At any time after one to three hours, a good angler gets him alongside the boat and a gaff finishes the business.

You can appreciate this ocean fishing business only if you try it. Even in failure there comes a thrill.

Bibliotheca Californiana

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46)

Barbara may be inclined to dissent from the latter part of Dr. Hill's statement, above quoted, but the first part seems incontestably true.

Dr. Hill discusses in the main parts of his work: Generalizations Concerning Earthquakes, Some Essentials of the Physical Geography of Southern California, Theories of the Cause of Faulting and Geologic History of Southern California.

Much of his opus is devoted to a refutation of the thesis of Dr. Bailey Willis, renowned geologist, who contended in 1926 that Southern California was destined to experience a major quake of grave consequences within a decade. Dr. Willis' conclusions, Dr. Hill maintains, were based on surveys of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey which first showed "that the mountains of California on either side of the San Andreas rift (the epicentre of many of California's earthquakes) moved at a rate of

twenty-four feet in thirty years." This data in 1927 was found to be in error. The mountains of California apparently were moving, but at the much slower rate of from two to six feet rather than twenty-four feet in thirty years.

Dr. Hill likewise takes issue with Dr. Willis' theory on the ability of seismologists to predict the periodicity or frequency of recurrence of earthquakes.

In concluding his work, Dr. Hill finds: "that Southern California is not Northern California . . . and, consequently, their seismologic behavior is not the same"; that "Southern California is a part of a west-American region of mild seismicity"; that "no proof has been presented of the presence here of the dangerous type of horizontal movements that occurred along the San Andreas rift at San Francisco or of the transverse stresses that affected the Santa Barbara district"; that "the City of Los Angeles is remotely situated from the three lines of maximum seismicity in California, the San Andreas, Santa Ynez, and San Jacinto rifts"; that "the theory of alterations of severe seismic occurrence between Northern and Southern California, as advanced by Dr. Willis, has no foundation"; that "the geology of Southern California shows that the great stresses and strain of the (earth) movements have been largely relieved in past times," and that "there is no scientific reason for the anticipation of greater shocks in the future than have occurred within the memory of man."

Dr. Hill writes with the asperity born of conviction and his words should be comforting to those who have become alarmed by the "old wives' tales" passed about, prophesying with a necromantic certainty a direful holocaust for this region.

—P.T.H.

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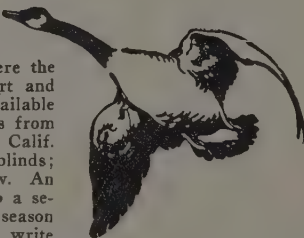
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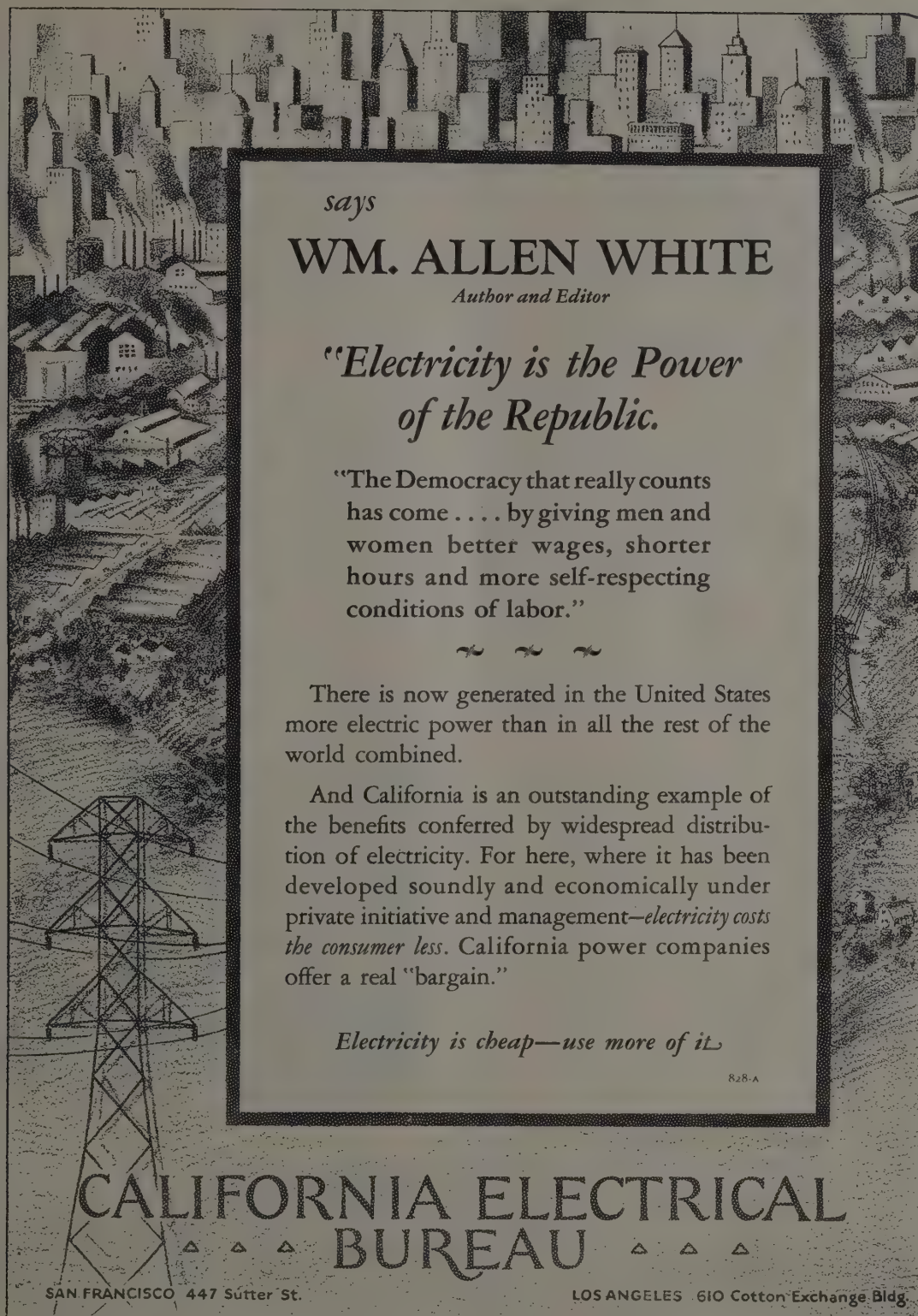


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Your Club's Activities

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

Three Rs and Safety

THROUGH the work of the Public Safety Department a new study has been added to the curriculum of the Los Angeles Junior High School. This is Traffic Law Instruction and is a marked step in the achievement of the task set for themselves by this department; that of educating the public to the ways and means of safety and caution on our streets and highways.

This department is also working continually for the betterment of conditions at playgrounds, parks, and other places of likely danger to pedestrians and motorists.

Theft Protection

ONE branch of the Club's service which often escapes the attention of the motorist is the work of the Theft Bureau which is constantly operating against automobile thieves and which recovers hundreds of cars yearly. During the month of July the department recovered forty stolen automobiles, some of which belonged to Club members, but the majority of which were the property of non-members. In this way the organization serves all motorists, as well as the community in general, by making the "way of the transgressor" exceedingly difficult.

Revolutions in Revolutions

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

injection rather than by self-suction. Most of the delay in the development of this type of power plant has been the result of difficulties which have had to be surmounted in perfecting the atomization of the low grades of fuel.

Ordinary engines such as we use in our cars today are fueled by the suction created by their own pistons. The supercharger assists this action at high speed by forcing additional air and mixture into the cylinders. Diesel engines employ elaborate atomizers and injectors to cause low grade fuels to reach the combustion chambers at precisely the right moment and in such condition that they will ignite and burn properly. Incidentally, this clearly illustrates the law of compensation. The poorer the fuel used the more elaborate the mechanism for getting work from it. However, when an engine will burn gas oil, paraffin oil and lignite tar oil, inventive genius doesn't stop at a small problem like that. Another interesting feature of the Diesel engine is that it needs no ignition system to keep it going. Heat from compression is sufficient to burn the fuel.

From the Bentz four-cylinder Diesel engine, which is said to have the distinction of being the first engine of this kind ever built for use in a motor truck, there has been steady progress toward Dieselizing motordom. One of the latest versions is being constructed by the

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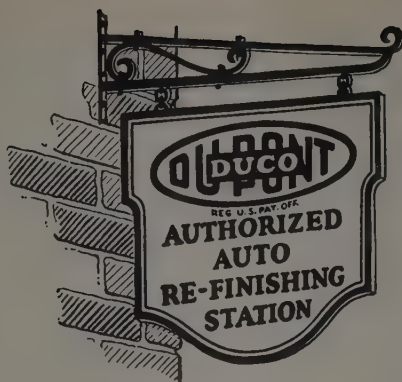
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minute which, though far below the maximum of your favorite hill-climber, is, nevertheless, definitely pointing the way toward a revolution in revolution.

There are other revolutionary types of engines coming to light daily; some, like the fuelless, being a little too radical for the comfort of industry and investors. Diesel, Argyl and Lever motors, however, seem to have the support of conservatives, and when that happens the motor world may well pause in its activities to meditate over the outlook for the future.

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In the Sierra Juarez

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

scorns the tedious weaving when receptacles for their domestic uses are more easily obtained. And the art of pottery making is fast disappearing. A very few of the older women still practice this art and it is then, only as necessity demands, in the more remote regions where the ubiquitous five-gallon cans are not available.

Superstition is likewise passing to a limited extent, the younger generation, while timid about facing the camera, do not believe that their lives will be shortened by the taking of a picture. One old man, after considerable persuasion, and the assurance that he would receive a new, shiny, empty five-gallon gasoline can, consented to having his picture made. Immediately after the plate had been exposed, he retreated, saying as he left, "Now, soon I die."

The only unblemished customs still extant among these Indians, so far as the writer was able to determine, were those of house building, and burning at the time of the owner's death. They still erect the same type of tule thatched huts on their *rancherías* in the western foothill valleys as did their ancestors, this no doubt, by reason of necessity, for the cost of nails and lumber would be prohibitive, even if it were possible to procure these materials. These dwellings are anything but fireproof, and often enough the charred outline of a house can be seen. It is still the prevalent custom among them to burn the house and belongings of a deceased owner, though it would not seem that all the fires are caused by this practice, as these structures are door and windowless, and during cold weather the cooking is done indoors over an open fire. With the event of a windy day, which is not unusual, a blown spark would quickly take incendiary toll.

This custom of burning, at the time of death, may last as long as these people build thatched houses, and indirectly serves a sanitary purpose, in case the death of the owner had been caused by a contagious disease.

Thus is found, in the very doorway of California, a land unscathed by human destruction, a land with its native verdure as it

has been through the recent ages, a land that gives unbounded pleasure to those who seek.

Sometime in the future, a portion of this range may be set aside as a Mexican National Park. It has many points that would make such steps advisable; the ease with which roads could be made and its central location are factors not to be overlooked. Rumors are about that the eyes of certain Mexican officials, in whom powers of creating or setting aside parcels of Government land for such purposes have been vested, are searching for such areas as might form public attractions. It is to be hoped that their vision will be far reaching and that the heart of this beautiful range, the Sierra Juarez, with its wealth of pines and grotesque rocks, will be preserved for all time to be enjoyed in its native state by future generations.

Mountain Men

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

the decline may be noted. In the first place, by about 1832, the caravan trade between Missouri on the one side, and New Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora, and California, on the other, had largely supplanted the fur trade in the interest of the American frontiersmen. The various streams, too, had been quite thoroughly trapped by this time. In addition to the increasing scarcity of beaver, the price dropped to about one-quarter of what it had been, as a result of the introduction of silk in place of beaver into the making of men's hats. After the beginning of the New Mexican revolution in 1837, most of the trapping in the Far Southwest emanated from the Robidoux posts in the Colorado River basin, rather than from Santa Fé or Taos.

In conclusion we may say that the fur trade of the Far Southwest was a very significant industry for a decade or more, and played a very important part in the opening up of the region which has become the present States of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California.

A Worthy Mate

FOR YOUR MOTOR CAR

The trunk that is to complete your car must be correct in line, color and design. Regardless of the make or model of your car, there's a Fey & Krause trunk and rack for it. It will add to your car beyond your belief and the usefulness needs no repeating.

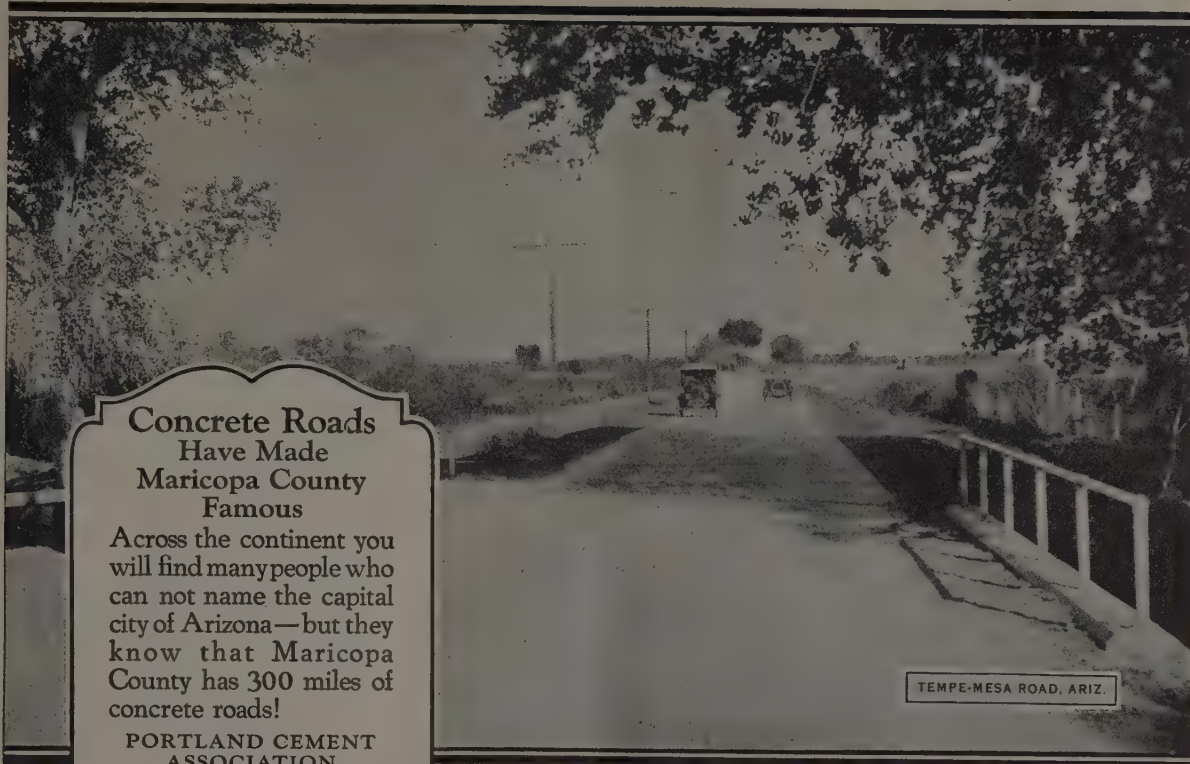
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Concrete Roads Have Made Maricopa County Famous

Across the continent you will find many people who can not name the capital city of Arizona—but they know that Maricopa County has 300 miles of concrete roads!

PORTLAND CEMENT
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LOS ANGELES

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Ends the Squeaks—Eases the Bumps



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**ORONITE
SPRING OIL**

Sold in pint and quart cans, with convenient 14" spout—also 1- and 5-gallon cans. At Standard Oil Service Stations; at garages, hardware and auto-accessories stores, and other dealers.



Get spring protection —
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Oronite Spring Oil is a new rapidly penetrating oil — to protect your springs. Dissolves rust—cleans the springs—and forms a cushioning film of oil between the leaves. Reduces shocks and strains—lessens the danger of broken springs—and improves your car's riding qualities.

Chassis squeaks also eliminated. Directions on the can show how to free engine valves stuck by carbon or gummed oil. Quickly — easily applied from the long-spout can that reaches the underneath places — no soiled clothes or hands.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Quaker State Super refined

It is not just the best policy to ask for "Eastern" oil. The word "Eastern" is descriptive of any oil and the motorist has no recourse.

Ask for Quaker State by name, and in so doing the motorist is assured that the product reflects the integrity and standards of the Quaker State Oil Refining Company.

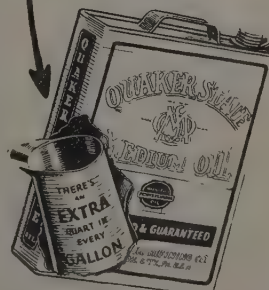
Quaker State Medium Motor Oil gives your engine pure oil—100% lubricant and nothing else. Quaker State has taken out the undesirable portion at the refinery—it has not been left for your engine to struggle with.

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"There's
an Extra
Quart in
Every Gallon"



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654 East Sixtieth St - 1240 Seventeenth St
Los Angeles San Francisco

Routes and Rules for the Highway Patrol



THE HIGHWAY PATROL SERVICE CARS are not subject to call—they patrol daily the main thoroughfares of Southern California and service is rendered to Club members in distress on the highways when encountered.

¶ Mechanical first aid available for members consists of the following:

¶ Emergency repairs to a car disabled on the highways when it is possible to start same within a reasonable length of time. Patrolmen will not go into garages, private or public, to render service.

¶ Towing a disabled car (without dollies) free of charge to the nearest Official Garage, preferably on the particular route in the direction the patrol car is traveling, if it cannot be started on the road.

¶ In the event that the disabled car must be floated on dollies, patrolmen will arrange with the Club's nearest Official Emergency Road Service Station to tow same without expense to the member. (Refer to regulations printed elsewhere herein for Emergency Road Service.)

¶ Changing spare tires from rack to rim when car is operated by a woman driver unaccompanied by male companion. This service will not be rendered a man physically fit.

¶ Gasoline and oil will be carried by patrol cars and sold without profit to members.

¶ Patrol cars will not be permitted to deviate from their designated routes.

¶ Only competent mechanics, qualified to render mechanical aid, are employed on these cars.

¶ Medical first aid to injured persons consists of applying splints and bandages, and arranging for removal of injured persons from the scene of accident to the nearest hospital. Complete medical kits for emergency use are part of the equipment of each car. The patrol drivers have all undergone special training in Medical First Aid Work.

¶ Members are requested not to tip patrolmen for services rendered. Members are kindly requested to show their Club membership card when service is rendered, and to sign service report.

Where the Patrol Cars Operate

Patrol Car No. 72

This car patrols the highway between El Centro and San Diego daily—and covers the important roads in the Imperial Valley.

Saugus and Santa Paula to Ventura, returning to Los Angeles via Moorpark and Santa Susana Pass.

Patrol Car No. 64

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the route via Glendale, San Fernando,

Patrol Car No. 71

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. via Alvarado Street and Glendale Blvd. to Glendale; Verdugo Canyon to La Canada, Flint-

ridge, Devil's Gate Dam, thence to Pasadena and via Colorado Street to the San Gabriel Blvd., thence south to Downey, Norwalk, Buena Park and Garden Grove into Santa Ana; thence to Balboa and north over the Coast Highway through Huntington Beach, Seal Beach and Long Beach to Los Angeles, returning to Los Angeles via Wilmington and the Harbor Blvd.

Patrol Car No. 63

Leaves Visalia daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Inland Route south via Tulare and Delano to Bakersfield, retraces to Delano, then patrols the highway via Ducor, Porterville, Lindsay and Exeter to Visalia.

Patrol Cars Nos. 61 & 69

These two cars patrol the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. One car leaves Los Angeles and the second leaves San Diego daily at 8 a.m.

Patrol Car No. 73

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Valley Blvd. through El Monte, Puente, Pomona and Ontario to Riverside, then to Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, returning to Los Angeles via Foothill Blvd. and Pasadena.

Patrol Car No. 68

This car patrols the Highway between Los Angeles and Bakersfield—(off each Monday).

Patrol Car No. 70

Leaves San Luis Obispo daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Coast Highway north through Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel to the Monterey County line. Retraces to San Luis Obispo, then patrols south to Santa Maria and returns to San Luis Obispo.

Patrol Car No. 66

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the highway via South Figueroa Street, Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park and Long Beach Blvd. to Long Beach; thence to San Pedro, Wilmington and Redondo; returning to Los Angeles via Western Avenue, thence to Venice via West Adams Street, Washington Blvd. and Culver City, thence to Santa Monica, returning to Club Headquarters via Wilshire Blvd., Vermont Avenue and West Adams Street.

Patrol Car No. 67

This car operates on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Maria—(off each Monday).

OFFICIAL CAR FORWARDERS



The following forwarders have been carefully selected and have agreed to receive and distribute automobiles shipped from the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to them and to receive automobiles for shipment in consolidated consignment to the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN

CALIFORNIA at the lowest costs obtainable. Members and motorists contemplating shipment of automobiles to or from Southern California are advised to communicate with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA or the appropriate forwarder.

Alabama

MOBILE
Walker Storage Warehouse Co.,
926 Conti Street.

Arizona

PHOENIX
Automobile Club of Arizona,
217 East Adams Street.

TUCSON
Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Co.

California

LOS ANGELES
Automobile Club of So. California,
Adams and Figueroa Sts.

Colorado

DENVER
Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.,
1700 15th St., (and Denver Motor
Club, 1448 Tremont St., for infor-
mation only).

Florida

JACKSONVILLE
Laney & Delcher Storage Co., Inc.,
657 East Bay Street.

MIAMI
John E. Withers' Transfer & Stor-
age Co.,
1000-1012 N. East First Avenue.

Hawaii, T. H.

HONOLULU
Honolulu Automobile Club

Illinois

CHICAGO
Currier Lee Warehouse Co.,
427 West Erie Street.

PEORIA
Federal Warehouse Co.

Iowa

CEDAR RAPIDS
Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.

DAVENPORT
Ewert & Richter Exp. & Storage Co.

DES MOINES
Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.

FORT DODGE
Brady Transfer & Storage Co.,
Central at Sixteenth Sts.

SIoux CITY
Dougherty Storage & Van Co.,
409 Douglas Street.

WATERLOO
Iowa Warehouse Co.

Additional forwarders are being constantly added.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS
Indiana Terminal Warehouse Co.,
230 So. Pennsylvania St.

Kansas

WICHITA
Bryan Transfer & Storage Co.

Kentucky

LOUISVILLE
O. K. Storage & Transfer Co.,
801 West Main Street.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS
Importers' Bonded Warehouse Co.,
340 Bienville Street.

Massachusetts

BOSTON
Quincy Market Cold Storage Ware-
house Co.,
178 Atlantic Avenue.

Michigan

DETROIT
Michigan Terminal Warehouse Co.,
Brandt Ave. and Wyoming Road.

Minnesota

DULUTH
Duluth Van & Storage Co.

MINNEAPOLIS
Great Northern Warehouse Co.,
714 Washington Ave., North.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY
Southwest Warehouse Corporation,
Nineteenth and Campbell Streets.

ST. LOUIS
Automobile Club of Missouri,
4228 Lindell Boulevard.

Nebraska

OMAHA
Terminal Warehouse Co.,
702 South Tenth Street.

New York

BUFFALO
Larkin Co., Inc.,
630 Seneca Avenue.

NEW YORK CITY
Tooker Storage & Forwarding Co.,
231 Eleventh Avenue.

SYRACUSE
Great Northern Warehouse, Inc.,
350-360 West Fayette Street.

Ohio

AKRON
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

CINCINNATI
E. J. Robben, 954 West Fifth St. (and
Cincinnati Automobile Club, 8th
and Race Sts., for information
only).

CLEVELAND
Interstate Terminal Warehouse, Inc.,
1200 West Ninth Street.

COLUMBUS
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA CITY
O. K. Transfer & Storage Co.

TULSA
Tulsa Transfer & Storage Co.

Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA
Union Shipping & Forwarding Co.,
356 Drexel Bldg. (and Keystone
Automobile Club, 250 S. Broad
St., Keystone-Shubert Bldg., for
information only).

PITTSBURGH
Keystone Storage & Warehouse Co.,
600 Second Avenue.

Texas

DALLAS
Dallas Transfer & Terminal Ware-
house Co.

EL PASO
El Paso Fireproof Storage Co.

FT. WORTH
Binyon O'Keefe Firep. Storage Co.,
Eighth and Calhoun.

HOUSTON
Westheimer Transfer Co.

SAN ANTONIO
Scobey Fireproof Warehouse Co.
(Receiving only).

Utah

SALT LAKE CITY
Jennings Cornwall Warehouse Co.,
337 West Second South St.

Washington

SEATTLE
Automobile Club of Washington,
1109 Pine Street.

OFFICIAL

The Hotels listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices. Members are advised



HOTELS

to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show cards. (A) American Plan. (E) European Plan.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LOS ANGELES	Plan	day with Bath	without Bath
Alexandria Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Chelsea Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 4.00	
Coliseum Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	
Hotel Figueroa	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
Westlake Olympic Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel Rosslyn	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel St. Paul	(E)	Single 3.00 up	Double 4.00 up
(All Rooms with Bath and Shower)			
Hotel Savoy	(E)	Outside Room with Bath, 1 person	\$3.00
Outside Room with Bath, 2 persons		\$4 to \$5	(Garage next door)
Stillwell Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel Stowell	(E)	2.00	
(Fireproof)			
Hotel St. Regis	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	
Ambassador	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Trinity	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.50
Van Nuys Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	
HOLLYWOOD			
Hotel Christie	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Gilbert	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	
Hollywood Plaza Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Village Inn	(E)	2.00 to 4.00 per day	Free Brick Garage
(All rooms with bath)			
HUNTINGTON PARK			
La Fonda Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50
PASADENA			
Hotel Constance	(E)	3.00 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
MT. WILSON			
Mt. Wilson Hotel	(E)	4.00	1.50 up
(A)		7.50	5.00 up
GLENDALE			
Hotel Brand	(E)	1.50	1.00
SANTA MONICA			
Hotel Windermere	(A)	7.50	6.00
(E)		4.50 up	3.00 up
Miramar Hotel	(E)	4.00 up	
INLAND ROUTE, LOS ANGELES—SAN FRANCISCO			
BAKERSFIELD			
Hotel El Tejon	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Euclid	(E)	2.00	1.00 up
Hotel Moronet	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Tegeler Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
Hotel Bilford	(E)	2.00 up	1.25 up
Hotel Willis	(E)	1.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
DELANO			
Hotel Kern	(E)	2.50	1.50
LEBEC			
Hotel Lebec	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00
(Elev. 3850 ft.)			
LINDSAY			
Hotel Lindsay	(E)	1.75 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50
PORTERVILLE			
Hotel Porterville	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
Free garage in connection			
SAN FERNANDO			
Porter Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
TAFT			
Savoy Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.75 to 2.50 up
Hotel Fox	(E)	2.50	1.75

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
TULARE			
Hotel Tulare		2.50	1.50
GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK			
Giant Forest Lodge	(A)	8.50	6.00 to 6.50
1 person		15.00	10.00 to 11.00
2 persons			(Open until October 1st)
VISALIA			
Hotel Johnson	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	2.00 to 2.50

Coast Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
ATASCADERO			
New Atascadero Inn	(A)	6.00 up	
(E)		2.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
BUELLTON			
Buell Tavern	(A)	3.50 per day up	
(E)		1.50 per day up	
Hotel Bueltmore	(E)	2.50 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
LOMPOC			
Hotel Arthur	(E)	1.00 to 2.00	
LOS ALAMOS			
Hotel Los Alamos	(E)	3.00	2.00
LOS OLIVOS			
Mattel's Tavern	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up
OJAI			
El Roblar Hotel	(A)	6.00 per day up	
Pierpoint Cottages	(A)	6.50 up	
PASO ROBLES			
Hotel Taylor	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel	(E)	6.50 up	5.00 up
(A)		2.50 up	2.00
PISMO			
Hotel Butler	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Olsen	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN LUIS OBISPO			
Anderson Hotel	(E)	2.50 per day up	
(All rooms with bath)			
Hotel Andrews	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Blackstone	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Free private garages in connection			
SANTA BARBARA			
The Samarkand	(A)	10.00 up	
(All rooms with bath)			
El Encanto	(A)	12.00 up	
(All Rooms with Bath)			
Hotel Barbara	(E)	3.00 to 6.00	2.00 to 4.00
(E)		3.00	2.00
Upham Hotel	(E)	4.00 to 5.00	2.50 to 4.00
(A)		6.00	4.50
(E)		2.50	1.50 to 2.00
Hotel Virginia	(E)	2.50	
SANTA MARIA			
Santa Maria Inn	(A)	7.00 to 8.00	
Hotel Massy	(E)	1.75 to 2.00	
(E)		1.25 to 1.50	
Hotel Bradley	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Grill in connection			
Hotel California	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 up
SANTA PAULA			
Glen Tavern	(A)	4.00 to 6.00	
(E)		3.00	2.00
VENTURA			
Hotel Baldwin	(E)	2.50	1.50 and 2.00
Hotel Fosnaugh	(E)	2.50	
(All rooms with bath)			
Los Angeles—San Diego, Coast Route			
CARDIFF-BY-THE-SEA			
Beacon Inn	(A)	8.50	5.50
(E)		4.50	2.50
DEL MAR			
Hotel Del Mar	(A)	7.00 up	6.00 up
LA JOLLA			
Hotel Cabrillo	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Casa De Manana	(A)	10.00 up	

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
OCEANSIDE			
Hotel Keisker	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
ORANGE			
Sunshine Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA ANA			
St. Ann's Inn	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	2.00
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO			
Hotel Capistrano	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
SAN DIEGO			
Admiral Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
El Cortez Hotel	(E)	5.00 up	
All Rooms with Bath			
Albany Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
U. S. Grant Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	
(E)		2.00 to 3.50	
Hotel Churchill	(E)	3.00 to 4.00	2.00 to 3.00
(E)			
Hotel Knickerbocker	(E)	1.50 to 3.00 per day	
(E)		3.50 to 8	2 to 3.50
Hotel Sanford	(A)	4.50 up	3.00 up
(E)		2.50 up	1.00 up
Hotel St. James	(E)	2.00 to 6.00	
(E)		1.50 to 3.50	
San Diego Hotel	(E)	1.00 to 3.00 per day	
Maryland Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 up
(All rooms with Private Toilet and Lavatory)			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	
(All rooms with bath)			
King George Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up
CORONADO			
Hotel Del Coronado	(A)	10.00 up	8.00 up
Los Angeles—San Diego, Inland Route			
ELSNORE			
Amsbury Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50
(A)		5.50 to 6.50	4.50
GLEN IVY			
Glen Ivy Mineral Hot Springs	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
Free garage in connection			
ONTARIO			
Ontario Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.50 to 3.00
RIVERSIDE			
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
HEMET			
Palomar Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50
VISTA			
Vista Inn	(A)	6.00	5.00
(E)		3.00	2.00
Foothill and Valley Boulevards			
CLAREMONT			
Ye Claremont Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up
(E)		3.00 up	2.00 up
FONTANA			
Fontana Farms Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up
(E)		2.50 up	1.50 up
GLENN RANCH, CAL.			
Glenn Ranch Resort	(E)	2.50	1.25 up
Housekeeping			1.50 up
Camping			.50 up
MONROVIA			
'Leven Oaks Hotel	(A)	5.50 to 7.50	4.50 to 5.50
SAN BERNARDINO			
Antlers Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
San Bernardino Mountain Resorts			
(Rins of the World)			
LAKE ARROWHEAD			
Lake Arrowhead Lodge	(A)	10.00 up	

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Pine Knot Lodge		(Closed for Season)	
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Big Bear Lake	(A)	6.00 up	5.00 up
Tavern	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Highlander Hotel	(A)	6.50	6.00
FOREST HOME P. O.			
Big Falls Lodge	(E)		1.50 up

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO			
Monkbridge Manor	(A)	5.00	4.50
	(E)	2.50	2.00
AMBOY			
Amboy Hotel	(E)	1.50 up	Cottages 2.00 up
BARSTOW			
Hotel Melrose and Annex	(E)	2.50	1.50 up
KINGMAN, ARIZ.			
Hotel Beale	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 to 2.00
Commercial Hotel	(E)	2.00	1 to 1.50
LUDLOW			
Hotel Oasis	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
SOCORRO, N. M.			
Hotel Val Verde	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
VICTORVILLE			
Hotel Stewart	(E)	2.50	1.00 up
Hotel Smith	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

BRIDGEPORT			
Bridgeport Hotel	(E)		1.50
	(A)		4.50
BISHOP			
Kittie Lee Inn	(E)	3.00	2.00
INDEPENDENCE			
Winnedumah Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
JUNE LAKE (BISHOP P. O.)			
June Lodge	(E)		4.00
Housekeeping			2.00
Gull Lake Lodge	(A)		5.00
LANCASTER			
Lancaster Inn	(E)	2.00	1.50

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LONE PINE			
Dow Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
MONO LAKE			
Tioga Lodge	(A)		6.25
MOJAVE			
Hotel Alton	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley

(Salton Sea Route)
Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix.

BANNING			
San Geronio Inn	(A)	6 to 7.50	5 to 6.00
	(E)	3 to 4.00	2 to 2.50
BRAWLEY			
Planters Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Dunlack	(E)	2.50 up	(Air cooled and fireproof)
COLTON			
Anderson Hotel	(A)	5.00	3.50
	(E)	2.00	1.50
INDIO			
Hotel Indio		(Closed to Sept. 1)	
The La Quinta	(A)	15.00	All Rooms with Bath
			(Closed for Season)
PALM SPRINGS			
Desert Inn	(A)	10.00 up	(Closed for Season)
	(A)	10.00 up	All Rooms with Bath
			(Closed for Season)
RIVERSIDE			
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
REDLANDS			
Casa Loma Hotel	(A)	4.50 up	4.00 up
	(E)	2.00 up	1.50

San Jacinto Mountain Resorts

IDYLLWILD			
Idyllwild Inn	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 up

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway

(Borderland Route)
San Diego—El Paso and Points East.

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
THE WILLOWS, SAN DIEGO CO.			
The Willows		5.00 up	4.00 up
DESCANSO			
Hulburt Grove Inn	(A)	5.50	4.50
	(E)	2.50	1.50
Housekeeping Cottages		15.00 per week up	
PINE VALLEY, SAN DIEGO CO.			
Pine Valley Cabin	(A)	6.00 up	5.50
	(E)	4.00 up	3.00
(All modern conveniences) Housekeeping Cottages.			
EL CENTRO			
Hotel Barbara Worth	(E)	2.50 to 5	2 to 3.50
CALEXICO			
Hotel Reeder	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
EL PASO, TEXAS			
Hotel Sheldon	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
YUMA, ARIZ.			
Hotel Del Ming	(E)	3.50 up	2.50 up

Miscellaneous Hotels and Resorts

TEHACHAPI			
Juanita Hotel	(E)	1.50 per day up	
HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS			
Alexander Young Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	2.50 up
RAMONA			
Kenilworth Inn	(A)		3.50
RYAN			
Death Valley View Hotel	(A)		5.00 to 7.00
	(E)		2.50 to 4.00
			(Closed for Season)
DEATH VALLEY			
Furnace Creek Inn	(A)	10.00	All Rooms with Bath
			(Closed for Season)

District Offices of the California State Automobile Association

AUBURN—934 Lincoln Way, Nevada, Placer and Sierra counties.

CHICO—Second and Salem Sts., Butte County.

EUREKA—608 Fourth St., Humboldt and Del Norte counties.

FRESNO—660 Van Ness Ave., Fresno County.

HANFORD—316 N. Irwin St., Kings County.

HOLLISTER—379 Fourth St., San Benito County.

MADERA—114 North F St., Madera County.

MARTINEZ—407 Ferry St., Contra Costa County.

MARYSVILLE—1015 Fifth St., Yuba and Sutter counties.

MERCED—El Capitan Hotel Bldg., Merced and Mariposa counties.

MODESTO—Ninth and "Eye" St., Stanislaus County

NAPA—1017 Third St., Napa County.

OAKLAND—399 Grand Ave., Alameda County.

PLACERVILLE—Main St., El Dorado County.

RED BLUFF—608 Main St., Tehama County.

REDDING—313 Yuba St., Shasta, Trinity and Modoc counties.

SACRAMENTO—1416 K St., Sacramento County.

SALINAS—334 Main St., Monterey County.

SAN JOSE—1034 The Alameda, Santa Clara County.

SAN MATEO—100 El Camino Real, San Mateo County.

SAN RAFAEL—401 Fourth St., Marin County.

SANTA CRUZ—21 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz County.

SANTA ROSA—544 Mendocino Ave., Sonoma County.

STOCKTON—929 El Dorado St., San Joaquin, Amador, Calaveras, Alpine and Tuolumne counties.

SUSANVILLE—Mt. Lassen Hotel Bldg., Plumas and Lassen counties.

UKIAH—415 S. State St., Mendocino and Lake counties.

VALLEJO—501 Georgia St., Solano County.

WILLOWS—249 Tehama St., Glenn and Colusa counties.

WOODLAND—818 Main St., Yolo County.

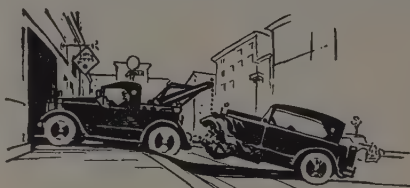
YOSEMITE VALLEY—Park Supt. Office.

YREKA—Main near Miner St., Siskiyou County.

Official Garages and State-wide Emergency Road Service

for Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Automobile Association

The Garages listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices.



Members are advised to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show their cards

How to Obtain Free Emergency Road Service

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Southern California are designated by star and phone number

MEMBERS with their disabled cars on the road outside of Los Angeles are requested to call the nearest Emergency Road Service Station—listed here and in each issue of *TOURING TOPICS*. In or near Los Angeles City call Club headquarters, BEacon 8600—always open.

☐ Give your name, address, membership card number, make of car, license number, location, and nature of trouble.

☐ The mechanics on arrival will either start your car in 30 minutes mechanical labor or tow car to the Official Garage. (Elsewhere at your expense.)

☐ This is an emergency service only for members whose cars are disabled on the highways. Calls cannot be answered at the Club's expense to start cars in garages.

☐ Service cannot apply to employees or friends of members who do not belong—even when such employees or friends are operating the member's cars, as Club service follows the member and not the car.

☐ Be sure to carry your membership card. No free service will be extended to persons who fail to carry paid-up membership cards.

☐ The service will be extended to owners of firm or commercial cars only when the drivers thereof can produce a Club member-

ship card in their own names. This service does not apply to trucks of any make.

☐ This service is for emergencies when disabled while actually on the road, and does not apply on mechanical or repair work at garages, nor include supplies or parts.

☐ Tire service—changing spare tires from rack to rim—will be extended when car is operated by a woman member unaccompanied by male companion, or a man physically unable to change tires.

☐ Carry the current issue of the Club magazine, *TOURING TOPICS*, containing list of appointed garages in your car.

☐ The Club's Emergency Road Service, as above outlined, applies only to the territory embraced by the thirteen Southern Counties of California. As a member of our organization, however, you are entitled to Emergency Road Service in Central and Northern California through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association (Northern Club) in accordance with rules and regulations established by them for their own members.

☐ Members cannot be reimbursed for services secured from garages not under contract with the Club as Emergency Road Service Stations.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NOTE: This list is complete to date of publication. A revised list will be published monthly in *Touring Topics*. Carry the latest list in your car so it may always be available.)

Los Angeles

*A-1 Auto Sheet Metal Works, 3701 Moneta Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Arrow Garage, 1016 W. Vernon Ave.
Auto Centre Garage, 746 South Hope Street
Bernard & Johnson Garage, 1317 Wilshire Blvd.
*Beverly Drive Garage, 439 Beverly Drive, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Biltmore Garage, 525 West 5th St.
Blue Ribbon Garage, 4251 South Broadway
Bozzani Motor Car Co., Cor. Sunset Blvd. and Broadway
Buick Garage, 1000 West Washington St.
Burlington Garage, 517 South Burlington St.

Clark-Wall Garage, 634 Wall St.
Clinton L. Clark Garage, 2219 West Pico St.
Clippinger Garage, 708 Merchant St.
Eddy's Fireproof Garage, 816 So. Grand Ave.
Ellsworth Cadillac Service, 1105 West Pico St.
Fifth Street Garage, 221 East 5th St.
Penn-Shelton Super Service Station, 1832-50 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.

*Gagen's Motor Service, 218 North Virgil, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
C. W. Giles' Garage, 2828 Whittier Blvd.
*Gold Arrow Auto Works, 2714 South Figueroa St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Granada Garage, 526 S. Western Ave.
*Grand-Adams Garage, 2525 S. Grand Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Harris-Davenport Super Service Station, 1600 So. Western Ave.
Heller's Garage, 4105 Beverly Blvd.
Hotel Clark Garage, 4th and Olive Sts.
H. & S. Garage, 2415 South Vermont Ave.
Herdina Garage, 12518 South Main St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Jack McArlay's Garage, 4421 South Western Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Kreutzer Garage, 1801 South Hill St.
Lloy's Garage, 3412 West Pico St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
L. A. Motor Service Garage, 2524 South Hill St.
Larchmont Garage, 241-243 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Love & Love Garage No. 2, 232 So. Figueroa St.
Manhattan Wilshire Garage, 606 S. Manhattan Place
Master Service Co., 811 So. Whittier St.
The May Co.'s Patrons Garage, 9th & Hill Streets
Montclair Garage, 4321 W. Adams, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Ready-Go Service Garage, 2701 South Figueroa St.
Reliable Mechanical Works, 320 Venice Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Schuler Auto Service Garage, 4708 W. Washington St.
Schuler Co. Garage, 3241 South Figueroa St.
Security Garage, 430 South Los Angeles St.
Snyder's Garage, 2459 Brooklyn Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Sonoma Motor Sales Co., 636 Maple Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Speer-Dodge Works, 1827 South Hope St.
Stewart's Garage, 4917 Whittier Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
260 So. Vermont Super Service Station, 260 South Vermont Ave.
Robert Thompson Garage, 1015 So. Grand Ave.
Washington Park Garage, 18th and Grand Ave.
Welcome Garage, 329 Glendale Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Western Avenue Garage, 226 South Western Ave.
Witmer Garage, 528 Columbia Avenue
Woodward Garage, Pico and Alvarado Sts., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Wilshire Garage, 6th and Kenmore
Wolfe & Allen Super Service Station, 7726 S. Vermont Ave.

*ENCINO—Encino Garage. Phone: Van Nuys 428-J
*HOLLYWOOD—East Hollywood Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
HOLLYWOOD—Classic Garage, 1262 No. Western Ave.
*HOLLYWOOD—Mission Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
HOLLYWOOD—Sierra Vista Garage.
HOLLYWOOD—Southern Garage, 5731 Sunset Blvd.
*HOLLYWOOD—Standard Motor Service. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
HOLLYWOOD—Fred R. Winnett Garage.
*LOMBOC—Ruffner & Ruffner Garage. Phone: 74 (Day) 41-R or 169-W (Night)
*MOORPARK—Mission Garage. Phone: 20
*NORTH HOLLYWOOD—Huffaker Garage. Phone: Lankershim 290
*OJAI—City Garage. Phone: 4
*ORCUTT—Orcutt Garage. Phone: 593-J-2
*OXNARD—Carner's Garage. Phone: 73 or 285
OXNARD—Buick Garage.
*PASO ROBLES—Pioneer Garage. Phone: 247
*PISMO BEACH—Pismo Garage & Mach. Shop. Phone: 6-W
*SAN LUIS OBISPO—Berkemeyer Garage. Phone: 3
*SAN LUIS OBISPO—Studebaker Service Garage. Phone: 601
*SAN LUIS OBISPO—Kamm's San Luis Garage. Phone: 162
*SAN MIGUEL—Tucker's Super Service, Phone: San Miguel 6-W
SANTA BARBARA—Arlington Garage.
*SANTA BARBARA—Huff's Garage. Phone: 701
*SANTA BARBARA—Johnson's Garage. Phone: 3054
*SANTA BARBARA—Carrillo Hotel Garage. Phone: 3900
*SANTA MARIA—California Garage.
*SANTA MARIA—Automotive Garage. Phone: 3
*SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage. Phone: 233
*SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage. Phone: 85
*SATICOY—SatICOY Garage. Phone: 41
*VAN NUYS—J. R. Wardlaw Super Service Station. Phone: Van Nuys 150
*VENTURA—Neiderhauser Garage. Phone: 620-W
*VENTURA—Ventura Garage. Phone: 1142
*VENTURA—Reid's Garage. Phone: 176 (Day) 642 (Night)
VENTURA—Union Garage.

Los Angeles—San Diego Coast Route

*ANAHEIM—Frahm's Garage. Phone: 799 (Day) 703-R (Night)
*CORONADO—Guarantee Garage. Phone: Coronado 518
*CORONADO—Pioneer Garage. Phone: Coronado 56
CORONADO—Hotel Del Coronado Garage.
*CARLSBAD—Standard Garage. Phone: 12-1-1
*CYPRESS—Cypress Garage. Phone: Anaheim 8711-R-4 (Day) 941-W (Night)
*DEL MAR—Hotel Del Mar Garage. Phone: Del Mar 88
*DOWNEY—Faulkner's Garage, Mach. Shop. Phone: Downey 432-60
*FULLERTON—Bill's Garage. Phone: 697
*FULLERTON—Bill G. Yeager Garage. Phone: Fullerton 115 or 114
*LAGUNA BEACH—Coast Garage. Phone: Laguna Beach 52
*LA HABRA—Missouri Garage. Phone: La Habra 8-176
*LA JOLLA—Pacific Garage. Phone: La Jolla 768
*MONTEBELLO—B. & H. Garage. Phone: Montebello 345
*NATIONAL CITY—Tutwiler's Garage. Phone: National 528 (Day) Randolph 3922 (Night)
*NORWALK—Central Garage. Phone: 5582 (Day) 5361 (Night)
*OCEANSIDE—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 27-J
*OCEANSIDE—Herb Schwarz Garage. Phone: 123
*ORANGE—Acme Garage & Machine Shop. Phone: Orange 80
SAN DIEGO—Savoy Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Sixth Street Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Adair's Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Elite Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Dupree's Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Hi-Ho Garage.
SAN DIEGO—Miller Super Service Station.
SAN DIEGO—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5101
SAN DIEGO—Price Motor Car Co.
SAN DIEGO—White Front Garage. Phone: Hillcrest 2562
SAN DIEGO—San Diego Garage. Phone: 3-1622
SAN DIEGO—Crescent Garage.
*SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
*SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Congdon Motor Car Co. Phone: 131
*SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—White Garage. Phone: 4
*SANTA ANA—Grand Central Garage. Phone: 2457
*SOLANO BEACH—Cochran & Weiss Garage. Phone: Del Mar 93-J
*TUSTIN—Tustin Garage. Phone: Tustin 11-J (Day) Tustin 135-R or 155-M (Night)
*WHITTIER—J. W. Cox Motor Sales Co.
*WHITTIER—Ternquist & Olson. Phone: Whittier 423-249
*WHITTIER—L. G. Rinderknecht Garage.
*YORBA LINDA—Liberty Garage. Phone: Placentia 8705-R-1

Los Angeles—San Diego Inland Route

*BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage. Phone: Covina 64853
*EL MONTE—Commercial Garage. Phone: 216
*ELSINORE—Graham & Graham Garage. Phone: 72 (Day) 162 (Night)
*ESCONDIDO—Escondido Garage. Phone: 406 and 157
*ESCONDIDO—Guarantee Garage. Phone 68
*FALLBROOK—Fallbrook Garage. Phone: Fallbrook 11-W
*ONTARIO—Dietz Garage. Phone: 818 (Day) 1052 (Night)
ONTARIO—McGready Bros. Garage.
POMONA—Opera Garage.
POMONA—Fishery-Reynolds, Jr. Inc.
*POMONA—Wurfs Garage. Phone: 1424
*PUENTE—Puente Garage. Phone: 532-21 (Garage) 554-91 (Residence)
*PUENTE—Service Garage. Phone: 532-33
*RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
*RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
*VISTA—Vista Garage. Phone: Vista 10W

Los Angeles—San Francisco Coast Route

*ARROYO GRANDE—Barcellos & Morgan Garage. Phone: 15
*ATASCADERO—Ward's Garage. Phone: 136
*BUELLTON—Buellton Garage. Phone: 31-F-13
*CALABASAS—Calabasas Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 115-R-11 (Day) 115-J2 (Night)
*CAMARILLO—Knob Hill Garage. Phone: 956-M-2
*CAMBRIA—Service Garage. Phone: Cambria 11-F-2
*CARPINTERIA—Kinson Garage. Phone: 20-W
*CAYUCOS—Cayucos Garage. Phone: Cayucos Garage.
*CHATSWORTH—Alamo Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)

Los Angeles—San Francisco Inland Route

*BAKERSFIELD—Class A Motor Company. Phone: 133
*BAKERSFIELD—John R. Huff Company. Phone: 3322
BAKERSFIELD—Chester Avenue Garage.
*BAKERSFIELD—East Side Garage. Phone: 990
*BAKERSFIELD—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: 702 or 703
*BAKERSFIELD—California Garage. Phone: 621
*BURBANK—Patterson's Garage. Phone: Burbank 268
*DELANO—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: Delano 1
*DIVUBA—Biswell, McDonald & Biswell. Phone: 12 (Day) 307 (Night & Sun.)
*EXETER—Square Deal Garage. Phone: Exeter 46-R (Day) Exeter 27-W (Night)
*FELLOWS—Roy's Garage. Phone: Blue 522 (Day) Red 442 (Night)
*FILLMORE—Rudkin Motor Service. Phone: 42 or 15
*GLENDALE—Pellegrini Garage. Phone: Glendale 5080
GLENDALE—Dotson's Super Service Station.
*LEMON COVE—Lemon Cove Garage. Phone: Lemon Cove Garage
*LINDSAY—Cate & Woollores Garage. Phone: Lindsay 60
*MARICOPA—Maricopa Garage. Phone: B-403
*MCARLAND—King Garage. Phone: McCarland 13 (Day) 4-F-3 (Night)
*MCKITTRICK—McKittrick Auto Supply Co. Phone: Main 61
MONTROSE—Evans Garage.
NEWHALL—White Star Garage.
*PIXLEY—Swanson-Howard Motor Co., Phone: 17-J (Day) 17-W (Night)
*PORTERVILLE—Dick's Automotive Service. Phone: 574 (Day) 414-R & 574 (Night)
RIDGE ROUTE—Ridge Road Garage, 15 miles from Saugus on Ridge. (Castaic P.O.)
*SANDBERG—Sandberg's Garage. Phone: Sandberg Toll Station.
*SAN FERNANDO—Cade Garage. Phone: Main 184
*SAN FERNANDO—Willis A. Rowe Auto Supply House. Phone: Main 41
*SAUGUS—Midway Garage. Phone: Newhall 28-J-2.
*SHAFTER—Miller Bros. Garage. Phone: 4-W
*TAFT—H. R. Kanode Garage. Phone: 220-J (Day) 109-W (Night)
*TULARE—Central Garage. Phone: Tulare 102
TULARE—Graham's Department Store Garage.
*TIPTON—Rainbow Garage. Phone: Tipton 10
*VISALIA—Main Garage. Phone: Visalia 980
*WASCO—Wasco Garage. Phone: 12

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

ALHAMBRA—Eagle Garage.
*ALHAMBRA—Harry T. Moore Garage. Phone: Alhambra 242 (Day) 3027-J (Night) and 4195-J
*ALHAMBRA—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 4386 (Night)
*CLAREMONT—Foothill Garage. Phone: Claremont 4961
*COLTON—Taylor's Electric Service Garage. Phone: 90
*COVINA—Webber Garage. Phone: Covina 12111
*FONTANA—Fontana Garage. Phone: Fontana 257
*GLENDALE—Rowe Motor Service Garage. Phone: Covina 42004
*HIGHLAND—Coy & Sewell Garage. Phone: 35
*MONROVIA—Ruechel Garage. Phone: Green 70 (Day) Black 389 (Nights, Sun. and Holidays)
*RIALTO—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 7 (Day) 170 (Night)
*SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Nights, Sundays and Holidays)
EAST SAN GABRIEL—Barlow's Automotor Service.
*SAN BERNARDINO—Central Garage. Phone: 271-82
*SAN BERNARDINO—Draper's Garage. Phone 271-63
SAN BERNARDINO—California Garage.
*UPLANDS—Waterman Garage. Phone: 116-J

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Central Garage & Machine Works.
ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Oden Buick Co.
*AMBOY—Amboy Garage. No Phone.
*BARSTOW—Barstow Garage. Phone: 26-M.
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—Babbitt Brothers Garage.
KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Ford Garage.
KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Farrow Stackpole Auto. Co.
*LUDLOW—Murphy Bros. Tourist Garage.
MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO—Stendel's Garage.
*NEEDLES—Old Trails Garage. Phone: Main 28
*SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Becker's Transcontinental Garage.
*VICTORVILLE—Victorville Garage. Phone: 8-J
WINSLOW, ARIZ.—Bazel Motor Co.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway (Borderland Route)

- *ALPINE—Alpine Garage. Phone: El Cajon 342-3
- BOSTONIA—Bostonia Garage
- *EL CAJON—J. R. Dall Motor Co. Phone: 101 (Day and Night)
- *EL CENTRO—C. E. Coggins Garage. Phone: El Centro 166
- EL CENTRO—Barbara Worth Garage.
- *JACUMBA—J. R. Fowble Garage. Phone: Fowble Garage, Jacumba.
- YUMA, ARIZ.—Super Service Garage.

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

- *BISHOP—Smith Auto. Co. Phone: Bishop 81 (Day) Bishop 91-J (Night)
- *BISHOP—Bishop Auto Service Garage. Phone: 48-R (Day) 69-W (Night)
- BISHOP—Noldeke Brothers' Garage.
- *BIG PINE—Glacier Garage. Phone: 121
- *BRIDGEPORT—Bridgeport Garage. Phone: Bridgeport Store
- *INDEPENDENCE—Independence Garage. Phone: Bishop 25-4
- *LANCASTER—Inn Garage. Phone: 1001
- *LONE PINE—Mt. Whitney Garage & Livery Co. Phone: Bishop 21-1
- *LONE PINE—Square Deal Garage. Phone: 11-Ring.
- *MINT CANYON—Baletier's Garage. No phone.
- *MOJAVE—Andy Smith's Garage. Phone: 221
- MOJAVE—Paul's Garage.
- *MONO LAKE—Tioga Lodge Garage. Phone: Tioga Lodge
- *PALMDALE—Mission Garage. Phone: 17-W

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix

- *BANNING—Dickinson Motor Car Co. Phone: 96 (Day) Main 82 (Night)
- *BLYTHE—Valley Garage. Phone: 26
- *BEAUMONT—Brow & Sons Garage. Phone: 774
- *BEAUMONT—Beaumont Garage. Phone: Beaumont 782
- *BLOOMINGTON—Bloomington Garage. Phone: 8715-R-2
- *BRAWLEY—Plaza Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 709 (Night)
- BRAWLEY—White Garage.
- *COACHELLA—Union Garage. Phone: 138
- *INDIO—MacKenzie Motor Co. Phone: Indio 531
- *PALM SPRINGS—Bunker's Garage. Phone: Banker's Garage.
- *PALM SPRINGS—Garage El Mirador
- *REDLANDS—T. N. Gibson Garage. Phone: Main 909
- REDLANDS—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5
- *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
- *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
- *WESTMORELAND—W. E. Gullett's Garage. Phone: Brawley 1099 F-3

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars.

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Northern California

CALIFORNIA STATE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

(NOTE: Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California when touring in Northern California are advised to get in touch with the nearest office of the California State Automobile Association for their rules and regulations pertaining to this service.)

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ADIN	Adin Garage	Adin Exchange	BUCK MEADOWS	Buck Meadows Garage	Buck Meadows
ALAMEDA	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, or Park St. Garage	Glencourt 4400	BURLINGAME	Hillebrand and Caldwell	(Day) Sun Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031
ALBANY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	BURLINGAME	Patison's Garage, San Mateo	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 895 or 673-W
ALBION	Johnson & Larson	Albion 1-F-3 or 10-F-32	BURLINGAME	El Camino Garage	Burlingame 4480
ALDER POINT	Alder Point Garage	Send Word	BURNEY	Bouris Garage	Tourist Garage
ALTA MONT	Summit Garage	Altamont Toll Station	BYRON	Byron Garage	Byron 1
ALTURAS	Modoc Machine Shop	(Day) Red 272	CALISTOGA	Wilber R. Snow Elec. Garage	Calistoga 50
ALVARADO	Alvarado Garage	(Night) Black 622	CARL INN	Carl Inn Garage	Carl Inn
ANGELS CAMP	Central Garage	Alvarado 28-W	CARMEL	Carmel Garage	(Day) Carmel 112
ANGWIN	College Garage	(Day) Angels Camp 32	CASCADE	Solomon Garage	(Night) 568 or 570
ANTIOCH	W. A. Christensen	(Night) Angels Camp Exch.	CASCADIA		Rangers Station at Big Creek
ARBUCKLE	Atran Garage	St. Helena 79-F-5	CASSTROVILLE	Kings Garage	Castroville 4-J
ARCATA	Sacchi Service Station	Day) Arbutuck 4-K	CEDARVILLE	Western Garage	Cedarville Exchange
ASPEN VALLEY	Aspen Valley Garage	(Night) 28-W	CHESTER	Juniper Service Corp.	Mt. Lassen Stage Office
AUBERRY	(Tioga Pass)	(Night) 363-J, 148-J or 164	CHICO	Service Garage	Chico 311-W
AUBURN	Auberry Garage	Aspen Valley Lodge,	CHINESE CAMP	Chinese Camp Garage	(Day) Chinese Camp Exch.
AUBURN	R. & D. Service Shop	Yosemite National Park	CHOWCHILLA	Chowchilla Garage	(Night) 5
BASS LAKE	White's Garage, Newcastle	Auberry Hotel	CLEMONTS	Clement's Exchange	Day & Night Chowchilla 4
	The Pines Garage	(Day) Auburn 220	CLOVERDALE	Tire Shop Garage	(Day) Cloverdale 41
		(Night) 296	CLOVIS	H. B. Owens Garage	(Night) Cloverdale 118-J
		(Night) 118	COALINGA	V. F. Oyster Auto & Mach. Shop	Day & Night Clovis 4
		1 long, 2 short rings, (Gov- ernment line); or Shaw line,			(Day) Coalinga 165
		1 long, 1 short ring			(Night) 326-J
BAY POINT	Bay Point Garage	Bay Point 22	COLFAX	McClary Garage	Main 20
BECKWITH	Sierra Valley Garage	10-W	COLMA	Bill's Garage, Daly City	Randolph 940
BEEGUM	Beegum Garage	Belmont 6	COLUSA	Universal Garage	Colusa 53-W
BELMONT	Belmont Garage	Belvedere 37-J	CONCORD	Concord Auto Service Co.	Concord 87; after 9 p. m. call 319
BELVEDERE	Belvedere Garage	Benicia 214-W	CORCORAN	Corcoran Garage	Corcoran 441
BENICIA	Enterprise Garage	Ben Lomond 23; after 9 p.m.	CORNING	The Corning Garage	Corning 75
BEN LOMOND	Ben Lomond Garage	Ben Lomond 4-W	CORTE MADERA	Community Garage	(Day) Corte Madera 305
		Glencourt 4400			(Night) 147 or 395
BERKELEY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Bieber Exchange	COTATI	Fox Garage	Cotati 20-F-11
BIEBER	Oak's Garage	Rangers station at Big Creek	COTTONWOOD	Cottonwood Garage	(Day) Cottonwood 7-J
BIG CREEK	Solomon Garage	Biggs 34			After 8 p. m. send word
BIGGS	Biggs Garage	Blairden 4	COURTLAND	Herrzog's Garage	Courtland 457
BLAIRSDEN	Mohawk Valley Garage	13-J (Day only)	COVELO	Covalo Garage	Covalo 8-F-21
BLUE LAKE	Blue Lake Garage	1 long, 2 short & 1 longring	COVOTE	Krusel's Garage	San Jose 119-J-1
BLUFF CREEK	Gephart Bros. (Via Weitchpec)	Bodega Pay Station	CRESCENT CITY	Crescent City Garage & Mach. Works	Crescent City 441
BODEGA	Bodega Coast Garage	Bolinas 3-W. If no answer, call Bolinas 12.	CRESCENT MILLS	Crescent Mills Garage	Crescent Mills Exchange
BOLINAS	Bolinas Garage	Phone 8; after 8 p.m. send word	CROCKETT	Community Garage	Crockett 326, 206-W or 206-J
BOONVILLE	Live Oak Garage		CUMMINGS	Redwood Empire Garage	Laytonville 3-F-4
BRIDGEPORT	Bridgeport Garage		DALY CITY	Bill's Garage	Randolph 940

Miscellaneous

- *ARLINGTON—Arlington Garage. Phone: 9008W (Day) 9315W (Night)
- BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage. Phone: Covina 648-53
- BELLFLOWER—Bellflower Garage.
- *BIG BEAR LAKE—McCroskey Garage. Phone: Pine Knot P.O. 36
- *BIG BEAR LAKE—Jack Preston's Garage, Pine Knot P. O. Phone: Bear Valley 41
- *CHULA VISTA—C. V. Brown's Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 35 (Day) 34-W or 79 (Night)
- *CHULA VISTA—Helm Bros. Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 319-J (Day) 231-J (Night)
- *CULVER CITY—Walker's Complete Auto Works. Phone: Empire 2072 (Day)
- Culver City 255 (Night)
- *COMPTON—National Garage. Phone: 491
- *CORONA—Mission Garage. Phone: 2024 (Day) 1312-R-2 (Night)
- CORONA—Copen Motor Co.
- *CRESTLINE P. O. (Crest of Waterman Canyon) Crest Garage. Phone 3 or
San Bernardino 29200
- *EAGLE ROCK—Dahlia Motor Service Co. Phone: Garfield 5291; (Night) Albany 2948
- FILMORE—Rudkin's Motor Service. Phone: 42 or 15
- *HEMER—Monte Vista Garage. Phone: 1030 (Day) 497 (Night)
- *HIGHLAND PARK—Highland Auto Works. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *HUNTINGTON BEACH—Security Garage. Phone: 2391
- *HUNTINGTON PARK—Owl Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *HYNES—Schillings Garage. Phone: 2322
- *INGLEWOOD—Honaker-Nash Motor Co. Phone: 339
- *JULIAN—Julian Garage. Phone: Julian 1-J
- *LONG BEACH—Park Garage. Phone: 322-62
- LONG BEACH—K. & S. Garage.
- LONG BEACH—El Camino Garage.
- *LONG BEACH—Loynes Garage. Phone: 652-76
- LONG BEACH—Long Beach Motor Sales.
- LONG BEACH—Forbes-Curtis & Warren Garage.
- *LYNWOOD—Lynwood Garage. Phone: Compton 1131
- *PASADENA—Eddie Motor Works. Phone: Terrace 4745
- *PASADENA—Paramount Garage. Phone: Terrace 8787
- *RAMONA—Ramona Garage. Phone: 35
- REDONDO BEACH—Redondo Auto Works & Garage.
- *REDONDO BEACH—Pacific Garage. Phone: Redondo 1521
- *SAN JACINTO—Record Garage. Phone: 120
- *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage. Phone: 233
- SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage. Phone: 85
- *SOUTH PASADENA—Mission Garage. Phone: Elliott 2561 (Day) Sterling 7618 (Night)
- SAN PEDRO—Goodrich Bros. Super Service Station.
- *SANTA MONICA—William Lever Garage. Phone: 478 (Day) 946-W or 1648-J (Night)
- *SANTA MONICA—Santa Monica Garage. Phone: 21523
- *SAWTELLE—Slater's Garage. Phone: Sawtelle 31452 (Day) 31222 (Night)
- *SIERRA MADRE—Sierra Madre Garage. Phone: Main 110
- *TORRANCE—Bartlett's Garage. Phone: 55-W
- *TORRANCE—Ed's Service Garage. Phone: Torrance 161
- WILMINGTON—Wilmington Garage.
- *WILMINGTON—Rex Garage. Phone: 567-M
- YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK—Call Yosemite Park & Curry Co. Garage; pay for serv-
ice; ask for member's service receipt; send receipt to Auto Club of Southern
California, Los Angeles, for reimbursement.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
DANVILLE	<i>Danville's Garage</i>	Danville 10-J	LOS BANOS	<i>Kaljian Garage</i>	Los Banos 85
DARDANELLE	<i>Dardanelle Garage</i>	2 long, 3 short rings on P G & E "Relief Line" or thru U S Forest Service, Sonora	LOS GATOS	<i>Gateway Garage</i>	Los Gatos 271
DAVIS	<i>Davis Garage</i>	(Day) Davis 50	LOS MOLINOS	<i>Los Molinos Garage</i>	Los Molinos 30
DELTA	<i>Vollmer's Garage</i>	(Night) 50-W	LOWER LAKE	<i>Morrell Garage</i>	Morrell Garage
DIAMOND SPRINGS	<i>Diamond Springs Garage</i>	Vollmer's Ranch	LOYALTON	<i>White Garage</i>	(Day) Main 1-J (Night) 1-W
DIXON	<i>Rossi Bros.</i>	332-F-4	LUCERNE	<i>Country Club Garage</i>	Send Word
DORRIS	<i>Dorris Garage</i>	(Day) Dixon 115	MACDOEL	<i>Macdoel Garage</i>	1 long ring
DOS PALOS	<i>Ford Garage</i>	(Night) 141-R	MADERA	<i>Standard Garage</i>	Madera 240
DOWNVILLE	<i>Downville Garage</i>	(Day) Dorris Exchange	MANTECA	<i>Manteca Garage</i>	(Day) 585 (Night) 136-W
DUBLIN	<i>Hansen Bros.</i>	(Night) send word	MARTINEZ	<i>Allen's Garage</i>	(Day) Martinez 395
DUNSMUIR	<i>Dunsmuir Service Station</i>	(Day) Dos Palos 63	MARYSVILLE	<i>M. & K. Garage</i>	(Night) 748-W
DURHAM	<i>Highway Garage</i>	(Night) 4405	MARYSVILLE	<i>Sutter Garage, Yuba City</i>	Marysville 468
ELK	<i>Matson & Dearing</i>	Downville J	McARTHUR	<i>Highway Garage</i>	(Day) Yuba City 1165
ELK GROVE	<i>Mack's Garage</i>	Pleasanton 82-F-2	McCLOUD	<i>McCloud Garage</i>	(Night) Yuba City 891-W
EMERYVILLE	<i>C. S. A. Oakland Office</i>	(Day) Dunsmuir 177	MENDOCINO CITY	<i>S. & E. Garage</i>	and 628-F
ESCALON	<i>Jess A. Seaman Garage</i>	(Night) Dunsmuir 54	MENDOTA	<i>Mendota Garage & Mach. Shop</i>	McCloud Garage
ESPARTO	<i>Central Garage</i>	Durham 811-J-4	MERCED	<i>Lounsbury's Garage</i>	Mendocino City 14-J
EUREKA	<i>Eureka Garage and Service Sta.</i>	(Day & Night)	MERCED FALLS	<i>Barrett's Garage</i>	Mendota 5-J
FAIRFIELD	<i>Solano Garage</i>	Elk 5-F-2	MERIDIAN	<i>River Garage</i>	Merced 107
FAIR OAKS	<i>Fair Oaks Garage</i>	Elk Grove 62-F-3	MIDDLETOWN	<i>Herrick Garage</i>	6
FALL RIVER MILLS	<i>Pioneer Garage</i>	Glencourt 4400	CAMP MIDPINES	<i>Camp Midpines Garage</i>	Kent Exchange (Day only)
FERNDALE	<i>Peterson's Service Station</i>	(Day) Escalon 44	MILL VALLEY	<i>Eveready Garage & Elec. Co.</i>	(Day) Middletown 8
FIREBAUGH	<i>Valley Garage</i>	(Night) 49	MILLVILLE	<i>Fawcett & Bartell</i>	(None after 10 p.m.)
FOLSOM	<i>People's Garage</i>	Eureka 2300	MINERAL	<i>Mineral Garage</i>	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4
FORESTVILLE	<i>Forestville Garage</i>	(Day) Fairfield 227	MODESTO	<i>Silva Motor Car Co.</i>	(Day) Mill Valley 407
FORT BIDWELL	<i>Fort Bidwell Garage</i>	(Night) 147-W, 147-J	MOKELUMNE HILL	<i>Mokelumne Hill Garage</i>	(Night) 155-J
FORT BRAGG	<i>Pacific Garage</i>	(Day) Fair Oaks 15	MONTEREY	<i>Young's Garage</i>	Central at Millville
FORT JONES	<i>Scott Valley Garage</i>	(Night) 21-R	MONTGOMERY CREEK	<i>Jos. J. Verge Garage</i>	Mineral
FORTUNA	<i>Fortuna Garage</i>	Pioneer Garage	MORGAN HILL	<i>Northern California Garage</i>	Modesto 1130
FOWLER	<i>Baxter Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Ferndale 102-W	MT. SHASTA CITY	<i>Jos. J. Verge</i>	(Day) 10-W; (Night) 3-W
FRESNO	<i>Auditorium Garage</i>	(Night) 72-R	MORGAN HILL	<i>Moore Bros. Garage</i>	Monterey 224 and 225
GALT	<i>Service Garage</i>	Firebaugh 1-J	NAVAJO	<i>Hugo A. Zeller</i>	Bass Telephone Line
GARBERVILLE	<i>Redwood Garage</i>	(Night) send word	NEVADA CITY	<i>Navarro Garage</i>	Morgan Hill 291
GAZELLE	<i>Gazelle Garage</i>	(Day) Main 49	NEVADA CITY	<i>Cheda's Garage</i>	If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South.
GERBER	<i>Chapman's Garage</i>	(Night) Main 1187	NEVADA CITY	<i>Kneebone Motor Sales Co.</i>	(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W
GEYSERVILLE	<i>Lampson's Garage</i>	Forestville 8-F-2	NEWARK	<i>Grass Valley</i>	(Night) 4-F-3
GILROY	<i>Pacheco Pass Garage & Super Service Station</i>	No Phone	NEWCASTLE	<i>White's Garage</i>	Morgan Hill 291
GOLD RUN	<i>Pine Grove Service Station</i>	(Day) and (Night) 174	NEWCASTLE	<i>R. & D. Service Shop, Auburn</i>	Stockton 27-R-1.
GONZALES	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	122	NEWMAN	<i>Patchett & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	(Day) Napa 202
GRASS VALLEY	<i>Kneebone Motor Sales Co.</i>	Fortuna 22-W	NEWMAN	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage, Gustine</i>	(Night) 683-R, 950-W
GRASS VALLEY	<i>Nevada City Garage</i>	Day and Night 711	NILES	<i>American Garage</i>	and 362-R
GREENFIELD	<i>Greenfield Garage</i>	Fresno 551	NORTH FORK	<i>Brownie's Auto Repair Shop</i>	No phone
GREENWOOD	<i>Matson and Dearing</i>	Galt 21-J	NORTH SACRAMENTO	<i>Carlson's Garage</i>	Point Reyes Station 4-J;
GRENADE	<i>Grenada Garage</i>	Redwood Inn	NOVATO	<i>Anderson Motor Co.</i>	after 8 p.m. send word
GRIDLEY	<i>Vance's Garage</i>	(Day) Gazelle 18	OAKDALE	<i>Pederson's Garage</i>	Nevada City 133
GROVELAND	<i>Sierra Garage & Service Station</i>	(Night) Call Res.	OAKHURST	<i>Oakhurst Garage</i>	Grass Valley 119
GUERNEVILLE	<i>Guernville Garage</i>	Gerber 24	OAKLAND	<i>C. S. A. A. District Office</i>	(Day) Newark 6-W
GUINDA	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Geyserville 25-W	OCCIDENTAL	<i>Occidental Garage</i>	(Night) Send Word
GUSTINE	<i>Patchett & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	(Night) 12	ORANGE COVE	<i>Orange Cove Motor Company</i>	(Day) Newcastle 110
GUSTINE	<i>Newman</i>	Gilroy 32	ORICK	<i>Pickwick Garage</i>	(Night) 118
HALF MOON BAY	<i>Isadore Garage</i>	Paystation, Gold Run	ORINDA	<i>Orinda Parke Garage</i>	(Day) Auburn 220
HANFORD	<i>Erwin Motor Co.</i>	Gonzales 41-W	ORLAND	<i>Nock Auto Company</i>	(Night) Auburn 296
HAYFORK	<i>Hayfork Garage</i>	Grass Valley 119	OROVILLE	<i>Bradley Auto Works</i>	Newman 6 and 7
HAYWARD	<i>Dolner & Galbraith</i>	Nevada City 133	PACIFIC GROVE	<i>Pacific Grove Garage</i>	(No Night Phone)
HEALDSBURG	<i>Standard Machine Works</i>	Greenfield 8	PALO ALTO	<i>Davison Sales</i>	(Day) Gustine 6
HELM	<i>Helm Garage</i>	Grenada 18	PARADISE	<i>Paradise Super Station</i>	(Night) Gustine 60-J
HILT	<i>Hilt Garage</i>	(Day) Gridley 211	PATTERSON	<i>Patterson Garage</i>	Niles 67
HOLLISTER	<i>Tiffany Motor Co.</i>	(Night) 223	PESCADERO	<i>Pescadero Garage</i>	(Day) Main 3240
HOPLAND	<i>Central Garage</i>	Guernville 15-J	PETALUMA	<i>Hill Plaza Garage</i>	(Night) Main 5350-W
INDIAN FLAT	<i>Indian Flat Service Station</i>	Brooks Exchange	PETROLIA	<i>Shell Service Station and Garage</i>	(Day) Novato 302
IONE	<i>Toni's Garage</i>	(Day) Gustine 60-J	PIEDMONT	<i>C. S. A. A. Oakland Office</i>	(Night) 72 & 433
IRVINGTON	<i>Corey's Garage</i>	(Day) Newman 6 & 7	PITTSBURG	<i>W. & W. Garage</i>	194
ISLETON	<i>Owl Garage</i>	(No Night Phone)	PLACERVILLE	<i>Placerville Garage</i>	Call Oakhurst Garage
JACKSON	<i>Davies Garage</i>	Half Moon Bay 9-W	PLACERVILLE	<i>Tahoe Road. See listing under from Placerville</i>	Glencourt 4400
JAMESTOWN	<i>J. L. O'Neil's Garage</i>	Hanford 400	PLEASANTON	<i>Hanson Bros. Garage</i>	6
JANESVILLE	<i>Janesville Garage</i>	Hayfork 26	PLYMOUTH	<i>Alpine Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	(Day) Orange Cove 8
KELSEYVILLE	<i>Waste & Fass</i>	(Day) 41; (Night) 112-294-J	POINT ARENA	<i>Point Arena Garage</i>	(Night) 28 & 44-J-4
KENWOOD	<i>Meads Garage</i>	Fresno 2-J-3	POINT REYES STA.	<i>Silacci & Cheda</i>	Call Orick Operator
KERMAN	<i>Service Garage</i>	15-W and 15-J	POPE VALLEY	<i>Pope Valley Garage</i>	C. S. A. A. Dist. Office
KING CITY	<i>El Camino Garage</i>	Hollister 143	PORTOLA	<i>Portola Garage</i>	Oakland 688
KINGSBURG	<i>Wilson & Shering</i>	Hopland 21	QUINCY	<i>Erwin's Garage</i>	(Day) Orland 89
KNIGHT'S LANDING	<i>Knight's Landing Garage</i>	(5 miles west of El Portal)	RED BLUFF	<i>Paul's Garage</i>	(Night) 194-A
LAKEPORT	<i>Dunbar Chevrolet Co.</i>	Indian Flat via Merced)	REDDING	<i>Herry's Garage</i>	(Day and Night) 162
LATON	<i>Laton Garage</i>	(Day) Ione 41 (Night) 7	REDWOOD CITY	<i>Service Garage</i>	Pacific Grove 6
LAYTONVILLE	<i>Tillford's Garage</i>	Irrington 5-J	REEDLEY	<i>Osborn Bros. Garage</i>	Palo Alto 2820
LE GRAND	<i>Jones Garage</i>	(Night) Send Word	REQUA	<i>Ocean View Garage</i>	Paradise 9F-12
LEMOORE	<i>Sillano Motor Co.</i>	Isleton 258	RICHMOND	<i>(1 Mi. So. of New Klamath River Bridge)</i>	(Day) Patterson 45
LINCOLN	<i>Saugstad Garage</i>	Jackson 104-W	RIO VISTA	<i>Seventh Street Garage</i>	(Night) 133
LITCHFIELD	<i>R. Q. Deal Garage</i>	(Day) Sonora 221	RIPON	<i>Madson's Garage</i>	Pescadero 7-J
LIVERMORE	<i>Valley Garage</i>	(Night) Sonora 16-W	RIVERDALE	<i>L. H. Byron's Garage</i>	Petaluma 55
LIVINGSTON	<i>Shaffer Motor Co.</i>	1223	RODEO	<i>Rodeo Garage</i>	Glencourt 4400
LOCKFORD	<i>Central Garage</i>	Kelseyville Exchange	ROSEVILLE	<i>Saugstad Bros.</i>	Pittsburg 150
LODI	<i>Tourist Garage</i>	Kenwood 2-F-3			(Day) Placerville 153
LOOMIS	<i>Loomis Motor Co.</i>	(Day) Kerman 263			(Night) 250
LOS ALTOS	<i>Depot Garage</i>	(Night) 25			Twin Bridges, 44 miles
		King City 31			(Day) Pleasanton 108
		(Day) Kingsburg 71			(Night) 203 or 82-F-2
		(Night) 249, 174-W			(Day) Plymouth 21
		34-M			(Night) 18-J
		Call Lakeport Operator			Point Arena 41-W
		(Day) Laton 37			Point Reyes Sta. 4-J
		(Night) 34			St. Helena 4-F-3
		Laytonville 10-J			Portola 7-W
		Le Grand 11			(Day) Quincy 99 (Night) 77
		Lemoore 223			(Day) Red Bluff 186
		Litchfield 502			(Night) 128-A and 245-M
		(Day) Livermore 106			Redding 45
		(Night) 197			Redwood 516
		(Day) 25 or 33			(Day) Reedley 1681
		(Night) 91 & 21-R			(Night) 732 or 523
		(Day) 13-J			Requa
		(Night) Send Word			Richmond 841
		Lodi 155			(Day) Rio Vista 45
		(Day) Loomis 32			(Night) 51-J
		(Night) 61-F-4			(Day) San Joaquin 28-W
		(Day) Los Altos 12			(Night) 49-W
		(Night) 175			(Day) Riverdale 7
					(Night) 42
					Crockett 801-F-2
					Roseville 203

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
SACRAMENTO	<i>Central Garage</i>	(Day) Main 9290 (Night) Capitol 765-R	SUTTER CREEK	<i>Oneto Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Sutter Creek 59 (Night) 52
SACRAMENTO	<i>Union Garage</i>	Capitol 3140	TAROE CITY	<i>Taern Garage</i>	Tahoe City 100
ST. HELENA	<i>Wheeler's Garage</i>	(Day) St. Helena 13 (Night) 185 or 14-W	TAHOMA	<i>Tahoma Garage</i>	Tahoma Garage
SALINAS	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Salinas 490	TOMALES	<i>Tomales Garage & Mach. Wks.</i>	Thornton 13
SAN ANDREAS	<i>Mother Lode Garage</i>	(Day) San Andreas 40-W (Night) Sheriff's Office	THORNTON	<i>New Hope Garage</i>	Tracy 11
SAN ANSELMO	<i>Durham Garage</i>	(Day) San Anselmo 3133 or San Rafael 944	TRACY	<i>Central Garage</i>	Tranquillity 147
SAN BRUNO	<i>Cabin Garage</i>	(Day) San Bruno 160 (Night) 650-R	TRINIDAD	<i>Benkeri Garage</i>	Trinidad 1
SAN FRANCISCO	<i>C.S.A.A. General Office</i>	Hemlock 3400	TRUCKEE	<i>McConnaha and Spinas Garage</i>	(Night) 122-W
SANGER	<i>William Epps</i>	Sanger 163	TUDOR	<i>Brander Bros.</i>	38-J-31
SAN JOSE	<i>San Jose Buick Co.</i>	Ballard 6600	TUOLUMNE	<i>Blair Garage</i>	(Day) 11-F. After 8 p. m. call Sonora 4-6-F
SAN JOAQUIN	<i>Chevrolet Garage</i>	(Day) Fresno 63 (Night) 118	TURLOCK	<i>Howard M. Tripp Garage</i>	Turlock 1440
SAN JUAN	<i>San Juan Garage</i>	San Juan 52-J	TWIN BRIDGES	<i>Twin Bridges Garage</i>	Send Word
SAN LEANDRO	<i>Palaca Garage, San Leandro</i>	San Leandro 930 or C. S. A. Office, Glencourt 4400	UKIAH	<i>(near Strawberry, on Placerville- Tahoe Road)</i>	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 126
SAN LEANDRO	<i>C.S.A.A. Oakland Office</i>	Glencourt 4400	UKIAH	<i>Stales Garage</i>	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 407
SAN MARTIN	<i>Hall's Garage</i>	Main 1	UPPER LAKE	<i>Upper Lake Garage</i>	Upper Lake Exchange
SAN MATEO	<i>Pattison's Garage</i>	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p. m. 895-M or 673-W	VACAVILLE	<i>Vaca Auto Supply Co.</i>	(Day & Night) Vacaville 2
SAN MATEO	<i>Hildebrand and Caldwell</i>	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p. m. 457-W or 2031	VALLEJO	<i>Levin Garage</i>	Vallejo 232
SAN RAFAEL	<i>Cebalo Garage</i>	(Day) San Rafael 268 (Night) San Anselmo 2851	VALLEJO SPRINGS	<i>Valley Springs Garage</i>	Valley Springs 8
SANTA CLARA	<i>San Jose Buick Co., San Jose</i>	San Jose 6600	VINA	<i>Wood Brothers Garage</i>	Vina Long Distance
SANTA CRUZ	<i>Marks & Leonard</i>	Santa Cruz 357	VOLLMER'S	<i>Vollmer's Garage</i>	Vollmer's Ranch
SANTA ROSA	<i>Central Garage</i>	(Day) Santa Rosa 133 (Night) 136-R	WALNUT CREEK	<i>L. G. Lawrence Garage and Service Station</i>	(Day) Walnut Creek 19 (Night) 146
SARATOGA	<i>G. E. Tarlton</i>	Santa Rosa 518	WALNUT GROVE	<i>Kammeyer & Crowell</i>	Courtland 272
SATTLEY	<i>Yuba Pass Garage</i>	(Day) Sattley Pay Station (Night) 368-R	WATERFORD	<i>Booth Motor Company</i>	1-W
SAUSALITO	<i>Rosa's Auto Repair Shop</i>	Scotia Operator Sebastopol 188	WATSONVILLE	<i>Appleton Garage</i>	164
SCOTIA	<i>Scotia Garage</i>	(Day) 20-W (Night) 20-R or 432	WATSONVILLE	<i>Inside Garage</i>	Watsonville 82
SEBASTOPOL	<i>Tough Bros. Garage</i>	3-Y	WEAVERVILLE	<i>Day's Garage</i>	Black 43
SELMA	<i>Eugene H. Mayer Garage</i>	Silver Fork	WEED	<i>Mountain Service Station</i>	(Day) Weed 9 (Night) 129
SIERRA CITY	<i>Service Garage</i>	Smith's River 171	WEOTT	<i>Wm. Fraser Service Station</i>	Weott Exchange
SILVER FORK	<i>Silver Fork Garage</i>	Soledad 17-W	WESTWOOD	<i>Westwood Garage</i>	Westwood 212
SMITH'S RIVER	<i>Buckner's Garage</i>	(Day) Sonoma 30-J (Night) 142	WEATLAND	<i>P. M. Ready</i>	Westland 31-J
SOLEDAD	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	(Day) Sonoma 221 (Night) 16-W or 397	WILLIAMS	<i>Central Garage</i>	Williams 8
SONOMA	<i>Gary Garage</i>	(Day) So. City 118-W (Night) 765-W	WILLITS	<i>Steele's Machine Works</i>	(Day) Willits 71-J (Night) 167
SONORA	<i>J. L. O'Neil Garage</i>	Toll Station	WILLOWS	<i>Willows Motor Sales Co.</i>	Willows 96
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO	<i>Service Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	Stockton 398 and 7121	WINTERS	<i>Winters Garage</i>	Main 2
STERLING CITY	<i>C. G. Wolohen Garage</i>	Stockton 124	WOODLAND	<i>Electric Garage Co.</i>	Woodland 123
STOCKTON	<i>Oranges Bros. Garage</i>	3-W, after 10 p. m. send word	WOODSIDE	<i>Woodside Garage</i>	Redwood 1378-W (Day and Night)
STOCKTON	<i>Tourist Garage</i>	332-B	YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK		Yreka 89
SUNNYVALE	<i>Sunnyvale Garage</i>		YOSEMITE ALL-YEAR		Yuba City 1165
SUNOL	<i>Temple Garage</i>		YOSEMITE ALL-YEAR		(Day and Night)
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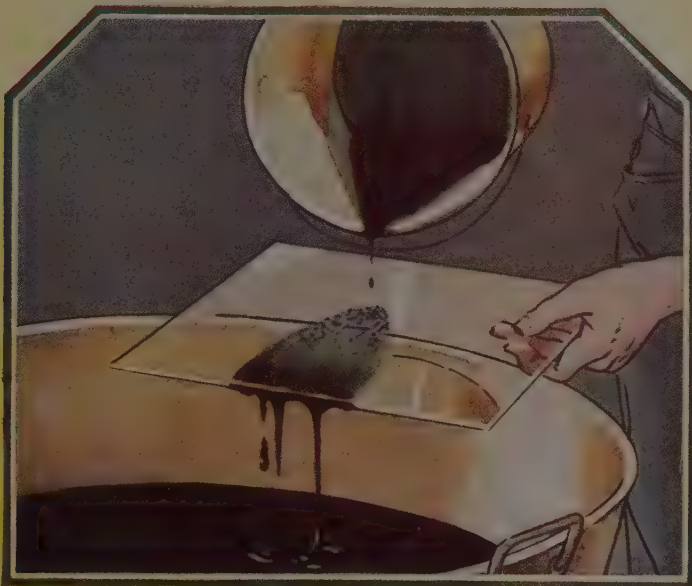
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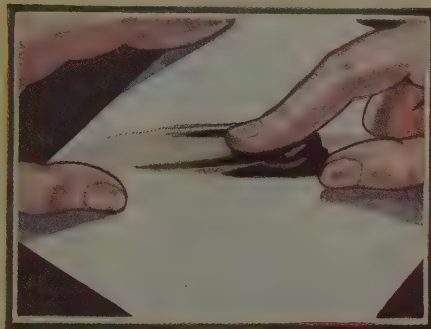
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Carl Oscar Borg

TOURING TOPICS

OCTOBER 1928



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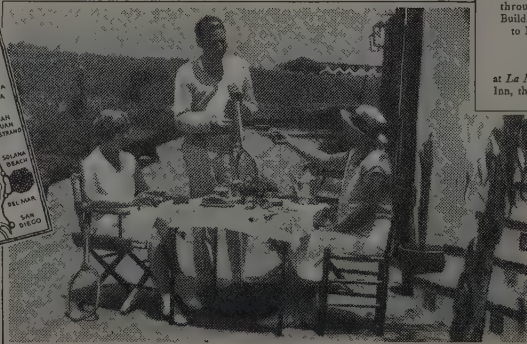
Eucalyptus groves on the gentle slopes of the mesas at Rancho Santa Fe are interspersed with thriving orchards.

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TOURING TOPICS

Volume 20
Number 10



October
1928

Published monthly by
The Automobile Club of Southern California

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION

1646 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California

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Klink, Bean and Company, and Lybrand Ross Brothers and Montgomery

Entered as second-class matter February 27, 1928, at the post office at Beverly Hills, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Formerly entered March 8, 1913, at the post office at Los Angeles. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscription rates: Members, first year, \$1.00; renewals, 25 cents for six months; non-members, \$1.00 per year.

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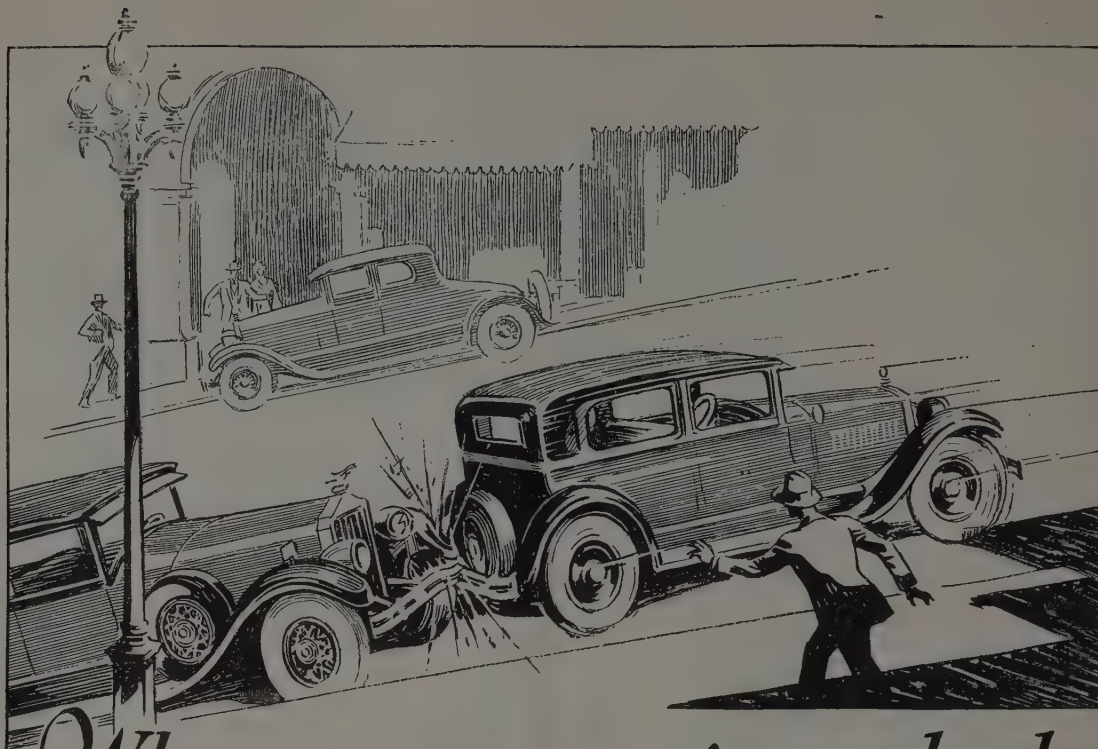
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TOURING TOPICS CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
COVER DESIGN— <i>Grand Canyon. Painted by Carl Oscar Borg</i>	THE SHOW CASE— <i>Presenting the new and novel in things for the motor car. By Gilland Mason</i> 31
THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE— <i>An intimate discussion of TOURING TOPICS contributors and contributions</i> 9	✓ THESPIS IN EL DORADO— <i>A sketch—and something of a defense—of Lola Montez. By Edna Buckbee</i> 32
HALLOWE'EN PASTORAL— <i>Frontispiece. Verses by Arthur T. Merrill. Photograph by F. Brown</i> 11	YOUR CLUB'S ACTIVITIES— <i>What the various service agencies of the Automobile Club of Southern California are doing</i> 35
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS— <i>An editorial</i> 13	✓ MEMOIRS OF A MERCHANT— <i>Being the recollections of life and customs in pastoral California by José Arnaz, trader and ranchero. Part II. Translated and edited by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez. Illustrations by George Alexander</i> 36
SOME OTHER AMERICANS— <i>Introducing certain sights and people encountered on a pioneering motor journey through Lower California and Sonora. By Phil Townsend Hanna</i> 14	SQUEAKS, SQUAWKS & SQUEALS— <i>Some notes on discouraging "musical" brakes. By Frederick C. Russell</i> 42
✓ ELEPHANT'S HEAD— <i>A legend of Vasquez Rocks. By Aldis D. Waltz</i> 21	THE TREND IN STYLES FOR WOMEN. By Opal Haynes. Drawings by Victor Mall 44
✓ MOUNTAIN MEN— <i>Part II: Social aspects of trapper life. By Joseph J. Hill. Drawings by Raymond P. Winters</i> 22	ROTAGRAVURE SECTION— <i>Seven pages of pictorial photographs, including a group of Mt. San Jacinto and surrounding region by Loyd Cooper</i>
✓ CATHEDRAL GORGE— <i>A symphony in stone. By Philip Johnston</i> 26	
✓ A MAN OF MANY WORLDS— <i>An outline of the life and works of George Ellery Hale, consort of the stars. By Harold D. Carew</i> 28	

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*What is more valuable
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ON the shoulders of the motorist of today weighs a great responsibility...the preservation of his own life and the lives of others, whether they be passengers in his own car, other motorists, or pedestrians.

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The Editor's Own Page



Carl Oscar Borg, whose painting of the Grand Canyon appears on the cover of this month's issue of *Touring Topics*

LIKE a true son of Sweden's rocky shores, Carl Oscar Borg ran away to sea, plowing blue-black water to Valparaiso, putting into tiny ports in sun-gold islands of the Sapphire Aegean, clinging aloft to icy lines when the white bergs clashed ominously off the bow. And there were dream-like days ashore in the tinted streets of Tangier watching the white-robed veiled women swaying gracefully down mediaeval lanes, looking in wonder at some bearded son of the prophet astride his Arabian courser, long flint-lock and date-cluster swinging from the horn of his saddle.

Small wonder this roving, adventurous youth looked across the sea with longing, romantic eyes at the great American desert, braved the Horn to see it and found there a virile peace as challenging as that induced by the vast, rhythms of elemental ocean.

But there is more than romantic longing in this artist, whose remarkable composition of *The Grand Canyon* beautifies the cover of this issue of *TOURING TOPICS*. Like most true adventurers he is a

student, a quiet man who penetrates what he sees and says little. He was early in Hopi Land and his paintings of the American cliff dwellers are among the best records of their life and art. His home in Los Angeles is a veritable museum of objects gathered during his desert days. He penetrated far into the deserts of Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada, bringing out paintings of long horizons broken only by red buttes or the tiny figures of lone riders and cattlemen with their dust-raising stock.

Then he turned to the more peaceful landscape of the California coast mountains, discovered its blue and gold beauties, its topaz skies sweetened by mist-clouds from the sea, the swelling, feminine curves of its stubble-coated hills; and this field he has ploughed with rich harvest.

It was natural that Douglas Fairbanks should turn to such an artist when he needed settings for gleeful buccaneers, for both the romance and the knowledge of ships and sea are graven in Borg's memory. Those days ashore in Morocco and Spain, those long, starlit nights in

the Western desert, aided Borg, not only to paint pictures, but to design the striking sets for such motion pictures as "The Gaucho," "The Black Pirate," "The Magic Flame," "The Night of Love" and "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

Borg's bold, rugged portraits of Indians, done in block-print, are known and esteemed the country over and more recently he has turned his attention to etching, his head of a Hopi Indian being one of the most praised prints in the recent great exhibition of American prints at the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris. Medals and prizes have come his way in profusion and he is rightly regarded as one of the most important among California's artists. —A.M.

MALIGNED in life and made the victim of innumerable attacks in death, Lola Montez, nevertheless, left her impress most forcibly on California life during the gold days. Danseuse and actress and a brilliant member of such society as then reigned in San Francisco and thereabouts, she made many friends and, probably, equally as many enemies, among the rough and ready, as well as the more genteel. Contemporary observers agree that none could be discursively tolerant about her. Those who knew her either liked her with a zealous partisanship, or cordially detested her.

Now the story of her life, with especial emphasis on her ventures in California, has been written by one of her sex, who has examined all available material recorded about her, and much more that has only recently come to light. The result is an entertaining and convincing defense of the mercurial Lola. The biographical sketch, written by Edna Buckbee, appears in this issue of *TOURING TOPICS* under the title, *Thespis in El Dorado*.

JUST 150 years ago this year Captain James Cook discovered the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands. Just 200 years ago this year the redoubtable officer of the royal navy was born. The present is, therefore, a propitious time to recall the eventful voyages of this gallant figure who contributed so much to knowledge of the Pacific and has become such a legend in maritime history.

Cook's voyages rank with the adventures of Marco Polo and the exploits of Drake in interest and have won a permanent place in the literature of discovery. In a forthcoming issue *TOURING TOPICS* will present *Cook the Voyager*, by Hinda Teague Hill, a study of the eminent captain's achievements from the modern viewpoint. The contribution will be accompanied by many old engravings illustrating the lands that Cook visited on his quest for the mythical Southern Continent.

EVERY Californian, native or adopted, it seems, regards Western Mexico with a sentimental attachment. Our Latin neighbors exhibit a similar fondness for Californians. They spend their vacations at our beaches and in our mountains and their children are educated in our schools. Their clothes come from our shops and they read our newspapers whether they be in our midst or in their own homes. Only recently an informal survey showed Los Angeles to be the second largest Mexican city in the world, with a population of more than 200,000. This, it is said, is exceeded only by the City of Mexico.

The traveler in Mexico rapidly becomes aware of this condition. He may not speak Spanish, but he is seldom unable to make himself understood. In any group there are some that speak English, and in Lower California, Sonora and



Guajome Rancho, of which Marjorie Wolcott writes in a future issue of *Touring Topics*, was one of the foremost in the days of Spanish California. It has been kept in excellent repair and this is how it appears to present visitors

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Sinaloa, one soon discovers that the language, more than likely, was learned in San Diego or Los Angeles.

Of late there has been a gradually increasing interest among Southern California motorists in touring in Mexico and the Club has sent several expeditions into the West Coast States to gather first-hand information on the region. From this two excellent maps have been drafted—one of Lower California, and the other of Sonora.

The people and the sights one may encounter in a circle trip through Western Mexico, the customs and manners, the antiquities and the curiosities, are detailed in this issue and the November number in an article entitled *Some Other Americans*. The information contained therein was gathered at the source during July last by a Club expedition and, it is believed, will prove valuable in correcting many erroneous impressions about Lower California and Sonora.

* * *

THE beaten path through Nevada reveals little to impress the motorist. Yet the Sagebrush State has innumerable attractions of a natural and cultural character. Some three years ago we presented a full and exhaustive discussion of Pueblo Grande de Nevada (The Lost City), and, somewhat later, a description of the strange Amargosa Desert. Now Philip Johnston has been prying about among its mysteries. In this issue he tells of *Cathedral Gorge*—

Symphony in Stone. Next month he will describe *The Hidden Forest*, an entrancing woodland in the barren wilderness. Later he will write on the Valley of Fire and half a dozen other little known regions of this sparsely settled commonwealth.

Nevada is one of the largest States in the Union; one of the least populated, and, from discoveries being made from time to time, demonstrating itself to be one of the most interesting.

* * *

THE stories of the old California ranchos never pall. New facts and legends about them reveal themselves constantly as descendants of the first families dig deeper into their archives. *TOURING TOPICS* has in hand and will publish shortly sketches of two of the less prominent of these. Rose Ellerbe, who has contributed to the publication on several occasions, has written a delightful story on *The Mother Vineyard*, a short history of the Cucamonga Rancho, and Marjorie Wolcott, who will be recalled for her *La Gobernadora—a New World Xantippe* which appeared herein not long since, has prepared an excellent description of Guajome Rancho, which will be published under the title, *The House by the Frog Pond*.

Both of these ranches exerted a profound influence upon the development of their adjacent communities and much of the subsequent history of the regions of which they were the center weaves itself about their beginnings and development. —P.T.H.



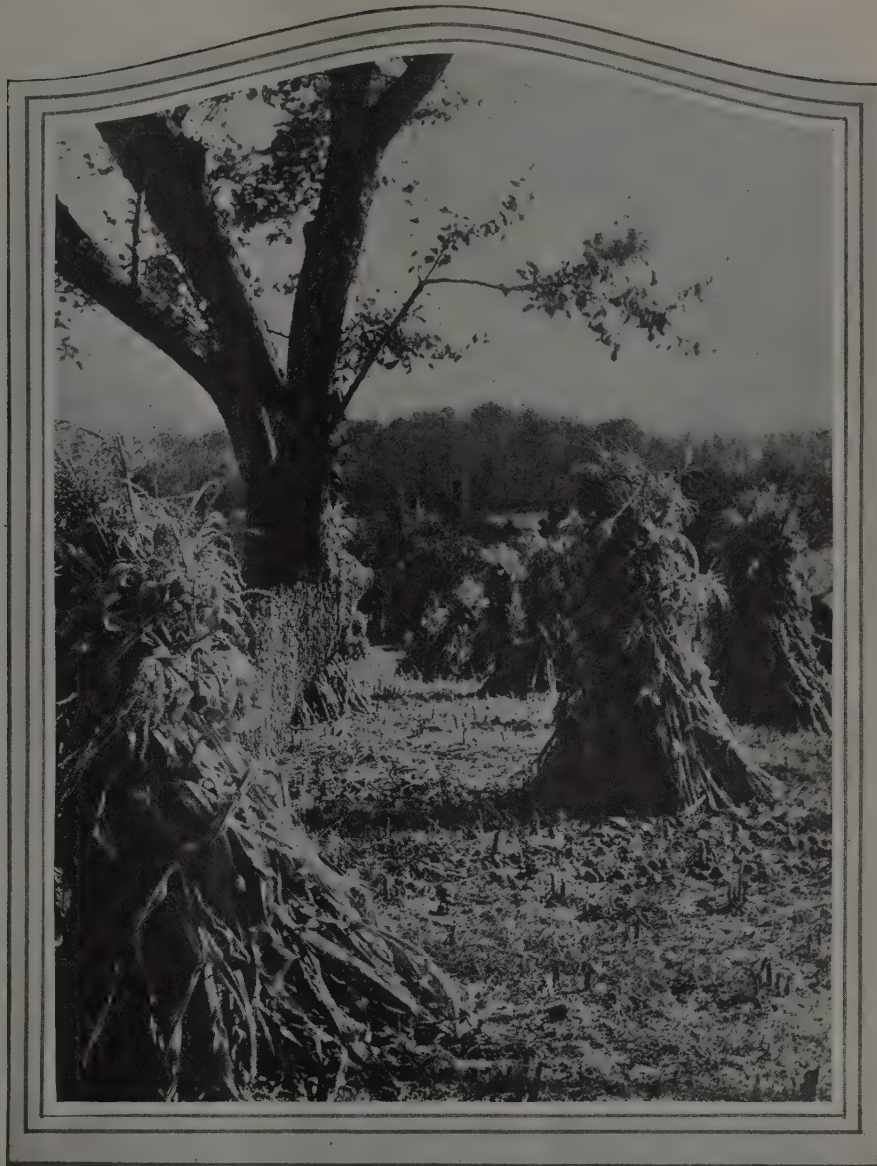
In the brooding silence of the Valley of Fire in Southern Nevada, which Philip Johnston recently explored and which will be described in a forthcoming number of *Touring Topics*, the shades of Indian outlaws found refuge from the white man's justice

TOURING TOPICS
OCTOBER MCMXXVIII

Hallowe'en Pastoral

By Arthur Truman Merrill

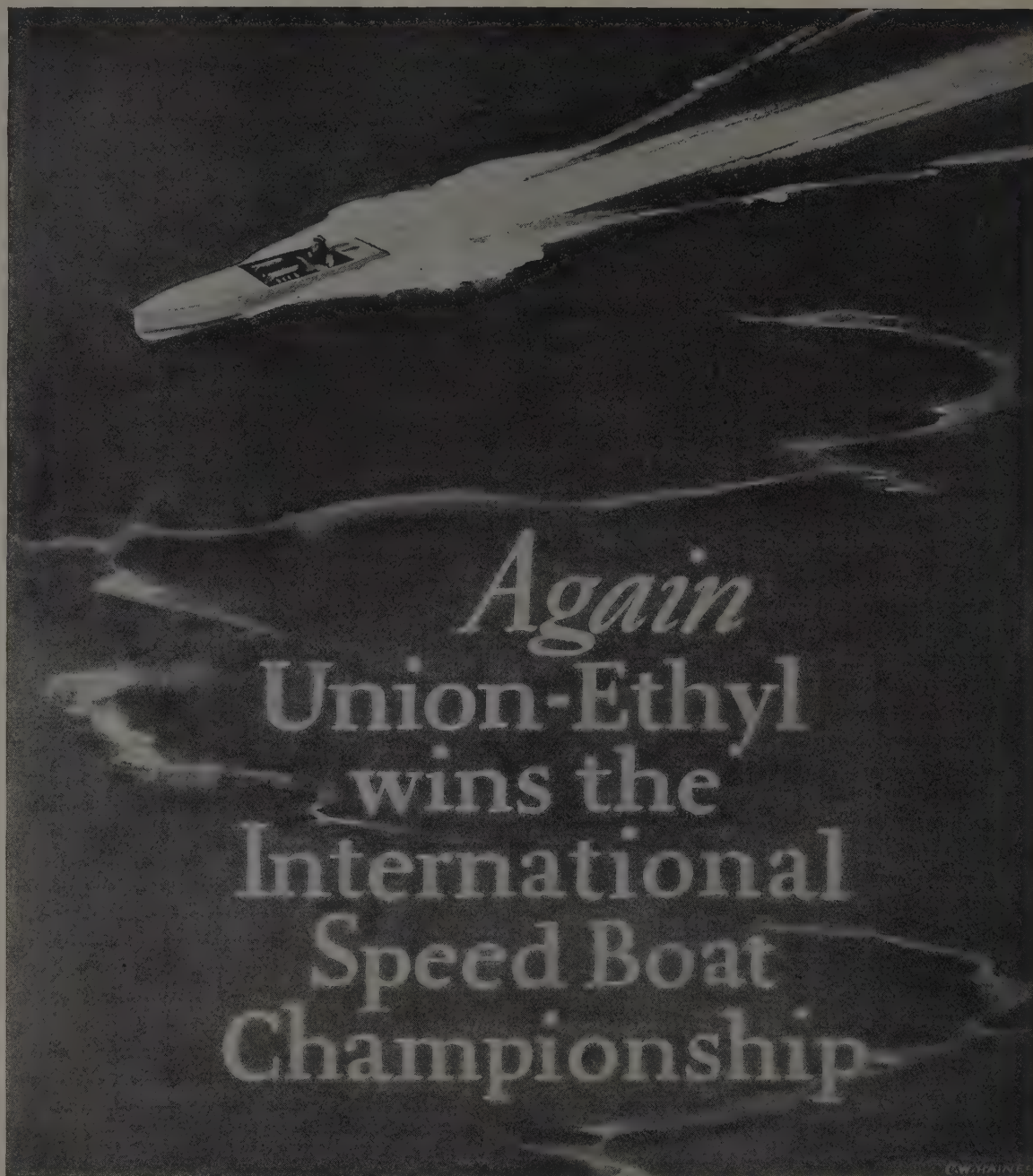
Photograph by J. Brown



*October brings its witchery again
Nor ever brings its witchery in vain,
Brings all the awesome wonderment of skies,
The olden rapture of stilled moon-rise,
The breathless advent of the evening-star,—
That sovereign stellar avatar.*

*At dawn the huntsman hears upon the winding trail
The autumn-berry whistle of the mountain quail,
And all the mellowed, golden days
Are bathed in blue-of-jacaranda haze.
From somewhere orchards spice the quivering air
With ungarnered quince and ripened pear;
From reddened vine the sun-steeped grape
Exudes a purple redolence of musk.
Autumnal days go soon. In the gathering dusk
Smoke rises from a camper's brushwood fire
Whose ever-widening circles drape*

*The vague and silent trees.
A fickle-hearted evening breeze
Frolics with the fragrances that drying grasses shed.
An after-glow of oriflamed sapphire
Gilds the rust of fine-spun witches-thread
Tangled on the sun-tanned stalks of gangling weeds
Where chattering migratory birds are gathering
seeds.
Awe-charged the twilight deepens. A weird marsh-
fire
Plays upon the reeded surface of the black quagmire;
Now, while the moon is at its perigee,
Climb high upon the hill above the marsh and see
The black bats circling from a hollow tree,
And behind the farmer's fodder shock
Where there is whispered Jack-o-lantern talk,
Hear small boys shudderingly declare
They saw a Witch-upon-a-Broomstick ride the air.*



DICK LOYNES clinched the world's hydroplane-racing championship for 1928 when he rolled up 450 points at the International Open Competition Speed Boat Meet at Long Beach, August 5th.

This is the third time the

UNION
ETHYL



UNION OIL COMPANY

United States has captured the cup. This is the second time Loynes has won. Both times he used Union Ethyl gasoline. In bringing another championship to America...we are glad that Union Ethyl played its part so well.

E · D · I · T · O · R · I · A · L



OCTOBER MCMXXVIII

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

WHEN Southern California was sparsely settled and little known, it had the same natural resources that it possesses today. The transformation into a great and thriving community with the highest record of civic growth in the history of the world has been brought about by those great natural advantages plus the efforts of man. Men have wrought with faith, courage and energy to build Southern California as a great world center and they have had the benefit of ideal conditions created by Nature in lavish mood.

More alluring still is the obvious fact that this community is yet in the vigorous stride of youth with even greater achievements to look forward to. Natural resources and advantages yet undeveloped continue to present new challenges to the citizenship. There is much to be done and it cannot be done by the few. It is everybody's business.

The power of transportation as one of the major factors in the upbuilding of Southern California was described in last month's issue of *TOURING TOPICS*. Facts available to all make it clear that the continued development of transportation facilities, particularly through a wise and progressive highway policy will have a tremendous influence on the continued growth and enrichment of Southern California.

Our highways and the matchless land they traverse have not only been convenient and profitable to the people of the community, but they have attracted people from other States and other lands by tens and hundreds of thousands. So many have come that, according to reliable statistics and estimates, they constitute one of the largest items of revenue, even greater than that produced by our great citrus crop. It is the part of wisdom, therefore, while we are building and improving a great highway

system to also keep that system attractive as well as utilitarian.

For this reason it is gratifying that organizations and individuals all over Southern California are rallying to the support of the Automobile Club of Southern California in its campaign to keep California's roadsides clean and beautify them. Specifically the campaign seeks to eliminate dilapidated shacks along the highways, to improve the appearance of roadside stands, to improve the character of advertising, to screen objectionable dumping grounds, to plant attractive shrubs, flowers, trees and hedges, to eliminate the careless strewing of refuse and to encourage a feeling of protective pride in the various communities through which major highways pass.

This campaign to clean and beautify California's roadsides is a worthy effort strongly supported throughout the whole community and the results should be so profitable and satisfactory that our visitors will rejoice and come in increasing numbers. It is everybody's business and everybody can help.

In connection with this effort to clean and beautify our roadsides it would seem to be timely to reiterate the appeal that has been made many times by *TOURING TOPICS* to make our highways safe from accidents. More than ninety per cent of accidents on the highways are avoidable if adequate caution is used, so it lies within the power of the drivers themselves to prevent nearly all accidents. That, also, is everybody's business, or at least the business of everyone who drives a motor vehicle.

If the Golden Rule should be practically applied on the highways with respect to driving, and if everybody concerned would do what he could to make the roadsides clean and beautiful, Southern California's fame as a motoring paradise would resound around the world.

Some Other A

9 *Introducing certain sights and people encountered on a pioneering motor journey through Lower California and Sonora—*

TIJUANA looked like a sub-deb, all dressed up for her coming out, with the hack late. Bands blared blatantly in dancehalls empty as a gourd. It was a blue Monday. If there was a new dollar in town, the gilded palaces of joy proposed to lure it into a till, however unwilling the pocket be that held it.

The Mexican customs officials looked over our papers and passed us on perfunctorily to immigration officers, one of whom spoke English with a Maine twang. Our "safe conduct" he examined intently. We were going to El Mulegé? Where was El Mulegé? His ignorance amazed us. Our placative mien changed to one of scorn as we informed him that El Mulegé was located on the very peninsula upon which he was then standing, some 670 miles to the south.

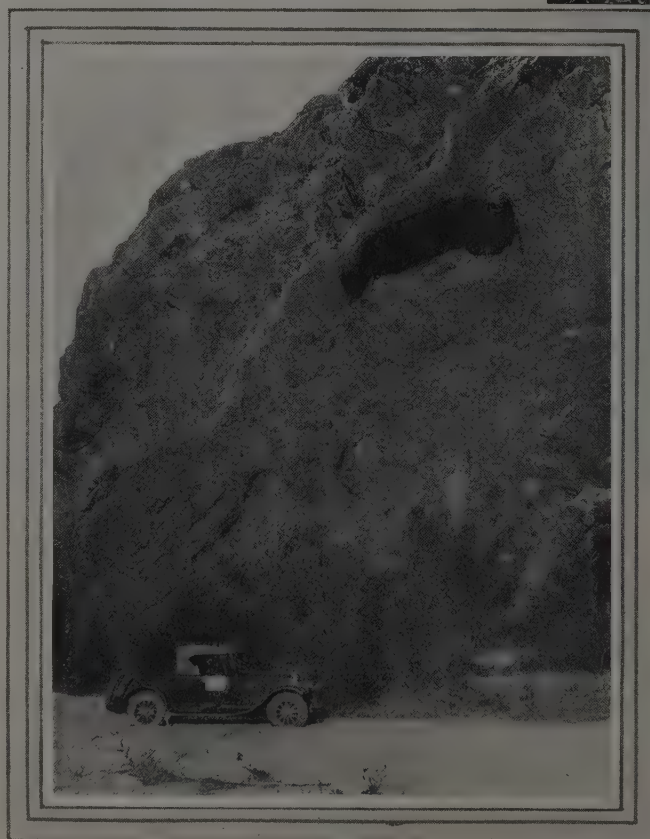
He thought us demented; his vacant glance as he stepped away and waved us on showed it. The bands seemed to play louder than ever as we passed down Avenue A, but we were impervious to their Circean charm. It was midday and the thought of revelry amid tinsel and tissue paper was repugnant. Had the shadows been longer we might have succumbed. *Quién sabe?*

At the outpost where the road climbs over the hill for Ensenada and points south a sleepy guard emerged from his cubicle, glimpsed the official signs of the Automobile Club of Southern California that decorated the sides of the car and, pursuant to telephoned orders from the boundary inspection station, bade us pass on. His only re-

mark was the familiar parting felicitation of the country: "*Vaya Vd. con Dios.*"

This friendly, "Go you with God," was reassuring, but failed to remove completely from our minds certain material apprehensions concerning our immediate future. We were two men in a modest roadster. We were destined for "the end of the trail" in Lower California. We were to gather essential data,

Below—One of the caves in Red Rock, near Hamilton's Ranch, which local tradition credits with having been occupied by the Dominican fathers while the mission of Santo Domingo was being constructed



for an accurate road map of the peninsula, examine into touring conditions, chart the nature of the road, note the location of supplies of gasoline and oil, housing accommodations and water holes, photograph points of scenic interest, inspect shipping facilities on the gulf, and determine, in brief, the feasibility of motorists traversing Lower California from Tijuana to Santa Rosalía, thence crossing the gulf to Guaymas and returning northward through Sonora and Arizona to California.

A glance at the map of Lower California and Western Mexico makes such a trip appear childishly simple. Here a red line, not so very crooked, wanders

mericans

By

Phil Townsend Hanna



Above—Palms and cactus of a score of varieties mingle on the terms of utmost neighborliness in this arroyo near Catavina

southward from Tijuana to El Mu-
legé, through Santa Rosalía. There
a dotted line and an imposing boat
(judged from the map scale to be
about three miles long) is the route
across the gulf from Santa Rosalía
to Guaymas. And over there on
the Sonora side, almost in a straight
line, leads the red road from Guay-
mas to Nogales.

The Story of Creation was told
in less than a hundred words. Of
course many of the details were
omitted. The story of the loop trip
through Western Mexico, from the
map, is equally succinct. But here,
too, many details are lacking, and
they happen to be rather important

details for the motor-
ist. Knowledge of
them may mean the
difference between
making the journey in
a safe and fairly com-
fortable manner, or
returning, perhaps, in
a pine box as common
freight. The initi-
ated will travel expe-
ditiously; the uniniti-
ated may languish for
an interminable time
in a native *cárcel*.
(Any period longer
than five minutes is
"interminable"). The
prompted will see and
understand many nat-
ural and cultural phe-
nomena; those who
have a go at it un-
guided will miss the
subtleties of a thou-
sand types and kinds
that make this region
such a captivating
one.

Hundreds of mo-
torists have manifest-

ed their interest in Lower California and
Sonora as motoring objectives. But infor-
mation about the country, its people, and
the facilities for touring were both meagre
and unreliable. It is one of the principal
functions of the Automobile Club of South-
ern California to furnish its members with
accurate and complete touring information
on any particular area in which any con-
siderable number of them may desire to
travel. To amass this intelligence, then,
was our task.

There was some foundation for our ap-
prehension as we left the customs outpost
at Tijuana. The literature available on
Lower California was antiquated and fan-
tastical. My *compañero*, Señor Jack, and
I, before we departed, had absorbed all the
written information, and talked with a
dozen men who knew Lower California
through long residence. Both the written
and oral intelligence revolved about these
disconcerting themes:

Item I: Lower California was as dry
as Kant's *Kritik of Pure Reason*. The
heat was insufferable, water was scarce,
and generally undrinkable when found.
Water holes were unreliable and, more fre-
quently than not, discovered to be dry just
when one needed them the most.

Item II: The fauna of the peninsula

The peninsular highway north of Ensenada skirts the sea for miles, and the
vistas of a jagged shore-line it affords are magnificent



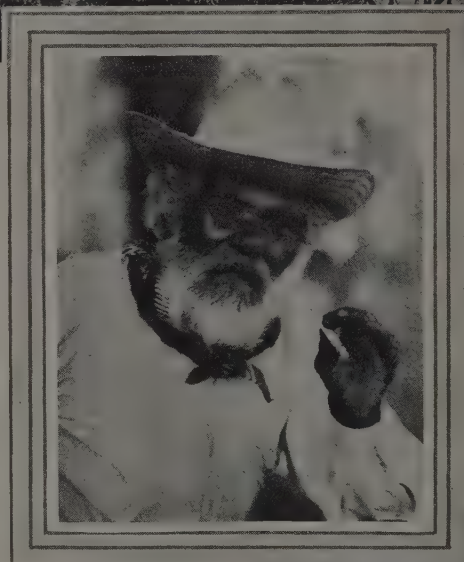


Giant cirio and su-warro cactus in bloom not far from San Vicente. The plumelike blossoms of the former and the crown of flowers of the latter may be clearly observed

was chiefly reptilian in character. The rattlesnake was the wayfarer's principal companion. One must never venture down the *camino* at night for then the sidewinder was abroad and an encounter would prove inevitable. If the little viper was successfully evaded on the road he would be certain to crawl into one's blankets and have his deadly way as one slept.

Item III: If one escaped the rattlesnakes and the numerous varieties of poisonous lizards he surely couldn't expect to be so fortunate as to be free from the vicious embraces of the army of scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes that march unimpeded up and down and across their little-disputed domain.

Item IV: Three principal diseases, and many minor ones, lurked about to seize upon the traveler. Smallpox was as prevalent in the pueblos as Sunday morning headaches among a bunch of college sophomores. Every well and stream was laden



This venerable patriarch of San Ignacio claims to be one of the few surviving Cochimi Indians, a tribe most plentiful when the missionary fathers arrived in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century

with typhoid and one must boil drinking water or treat it with sulphuric acid before guzzling it. Mosquitoes were numerous and each carried an inordinate load of malaria to deposit upon the first victim that appeared.

Item V: It was very dangerous to trust one-

self upon the gulf. Waterspouts, hurricanes and gales appeared almost miraculously to devastate all shipping that might be afloat—without trace.

Item VI: One must not, under any circumstances, venture below the line without firearms—a trusty revolver preferably. The Yaquis were on the warpath always and took particular delight in relieving Americans of the soles of their feet, their fingers or toes, or their scalps. The Seris, too, were a menace and more thorough. They esteemed "long pig" and weren't particular about whether one was short or tall, fat or thin, bald or otherwise. There might be some difficulty in securing permission from the State Departments of Mexico and the United States to take a revolver across the line, but one must take it even though smuggling be the last resort. Any other course surely must terminate disastrously.

This was the armament of advice we carried with us. Now, a month later, back in California we can chortle comfortably at our misgivings. We discovered to our delight:

I. That while water is none too plentiful the prudent motorist with carrying space for five gallons may

progress from one reliable water supply to another and may not be forced to have recourse to his reserve supply at all.

II. The fauna of Lower California is rich in reptilia, but no more so than in bird life, insect life and the smaller mammalia. We saw not a single rattlesnake, sidewinder or poisonous reptile, save one lone Gila monster that hissed us when we sought to pick him up. Nor did we find that, I fear legendary, creature, the hydrophobia skunk, an aggressive beast whose bite, we were solemnly assured, was fatal.

III. Search as we might we found neither scorpion or centipede. One lone tarantula, hairy and repulsive, crawled from Señor Jack's bedroll one morning in Sonora

Four thousand tons of pure salt awaiting shipment to the United States from the salt fields at San Quintin, Lower California



and scampered away, far more frightened than his bedfellow.

IV. Of necessity we drank freely from such clean wells and streams as we came upon and neither, apparently, imbibed a single typhoid germ. Nor did we see one case of smallpox among the natives, nor the slightest evidence of its sometime prevalence. The mosquitoes nightly made a Lucullan feast from our torsos, but they were honest mosquitoes seeking a square meal, and not the variety that, like our penny dreadfuls, purvey evil tidings. There is a certain honor among mosquitoes, as among snakes. The rattlesnake vibrantly warns one before he strikes. The honest mosquito stands on his head and has at one straight from the shoulders, as it were. The malaria mosquito, or *paludismo*, as the natives call it, goes at one obliquely. Thus are they most readily distinguished. Only at El Mulegé did we note any of



The rancho of Don Carlos Verdugo at Catavina, an entrancing oasis to the traveler who has traversed miles of rock and cactus-covered hills



Don Carlos Verdugo, a gentleman, a scholar, and something of a legend throughout the entire peninsula

the oblique-striking variety. We left town before sundown.

V. It was rough the night we crossed the gulf. For two days as we waited in Santa Rosalía for the boat that was to carry us to Guaymas not a ripple marred the surface of the peaceful *Mar de Cortez*. Only the faintest undulation of this great body of water attested to incalculable energy held in leash. And then the night we sailed a storm broke upon us. Despite high winds and a rough sea, the staunch *Korrigan III* carried us safely into the Bay of Guaymas little, if any, behind schedule.

VI. There may be unsocial Yaquis and bad Seris who occasionally attack those wanderers who come into their midst, just as there are bad Americans who poison their wives and murder their children.

would have proven a comfort.

But all these things we know a month later. Heading south only the megrims of our advisers loomed in our thoughts. However, our personal accident insurance premiums were paid up, the insurance policies on our automobile had been extended to cover operating in Mexico beyond a point 100 miles below the border. (Insurance written by the Club automatically extends itself to a region 100 miles below the border for a period of ten days. If the motorist stays longer or proceeds farther south special arrangements must be made). Our larder, stowed beneath the rear deck, carried food for ten days. Here, also, reposed cots, bed rolls, a pup-tent, cameras, and personal luggage. Compass, thermometer, altimeter and grademeter,

There may be, I say, I don't know. Certainly we never saw any. We carried no firearms into Mexico, regardless of the solemn adjurations with which we were regaled. We asked for no permit; neither did we feel constrained to attempt smuggling. At no time were they necessary for our protection, nor can I recall an instance when they

were arranged handily in the front compartment. And above all, we radiated the philosophy of fatalism, somewhat too obvious, I'm sure, to denote sincerity, but a defense mechanism that did serve to console us.

One of the important phases of our reconnaissance was to inspect such old missions as might remain in Lower California and Sonora—at least the readily accessible ones. Much of interest was found, but this is Señor Jack's thunder and I won't steal it from him. He'll write of these entrancing antiquities in a forthcoming issue.

From Tijuana to Ensenada one traverses a boulevard. If you're disposed to cavil at this highway, venture no farther. If, on the contrary, the nature of a road means little to you so long as it leads through new and different lands, and you're content to meander along at ten to fifteen miles an hour, call a hundred miles a good day's jaunt, camp beneath a giant cactus or a mesquite, remain undaunted by dust and sand, by heat and cold, then the Western Mexico loop will prove a journey of perpetual delight.

It is the last frontier. How often has this been said of so many lands? But here it is assuredly true. All communication ceases at San Quintín, twenty-four miles below Hattie Hamilton's Ranch. One doesn't gain any sort of contact with the outside world again until the little pueblo of San Ignacio is reached 385 miles to the south. As for transportation, there is none south of Ensenada. True, an average of four cars a day use the road to Hamilton's Ranch. With one exception no more than this number operate in any month south of that

point. I make the exception and it is an important one. A stage—to be exact, two stages,—run twice a month between Tijuana and Santa Rosalía. They are operated by J. M. Para, an intelligent, enterprising and friendly young Mexican. Remember the name, if you think of traveling south. He may be the means of assisting you if you're in distress. We met him one night while we were encamped at Rancho San Vicente. Eleven passengers occupied the car built to carry seven. He conversed with us for half an hour in faultless English. We had heard in Ensenada of the assassination of General Obregon and told him. He translated the news to his company. The women, as women are wont to do the world over, burst into tears; his male passengers into a babel of lamentations. As we talked his brother drove up with a similar cargo. His hand was bandaged. I inquired about it. On the previous trip, it appears, a passenger had imbibed too generously at the winery at Santo Tomás, involved himself in a belligerent altercation with Señor Para, drew a revolver and attempted to shoot the driver. Señor Para grabbed the gun and the bullet went through his hand instead of his head, much to his inebriated passenger's disgust. Such is the life of a pioneer stage driver on the last frontier.

The service station proprietor at Ensenada was most solicitous about our welfare. He treated our battery and radiator

with water, our tires with air and loaded our gasoline tank to the neck. We inquired about motor fuel farther south. He became expansive. We needn't fear; there was plenty. We could obtain it at Hamilton's Ranch, San Quintín, El Mármol, Calmalli, Punta Prieta and San Ignacio. We thanked him, tongue in cheek, for we were reasonably certain he was wrong. He was, very much, we discovered later.

The plunge into provincial Mexico is abrupt once Ensenada is left behind. Tub baths, service stations, ice water, electric lights, and telephones become fond memories henceforth. True it is that a telephone line runs down as far as San Quintín, but this is used chiefly for dispatching telegrams and not for those inconsequential conversations with which we burden it at home. And if one must bathe—well, here and there will be seen a *tinaja* or natural cistern in the rocks. Not as ideal as the baths of Pompeii, perhaps, but a welcome relief when the clinging dust of the road covers one from head to foot.

There is relatively little dust along the road from Tijuana to El Mulegé. But what there is makes up in quality for its lack in quantity. There is, I vow, real

character to dust. There's the type that flirts with one, settles gently and as readily blows away. There is the more annoying variety that rolls up about the rear end of an automobile, obscures the vision with its impenetrable cloud, discovers the presence of *Homo sapiens* and descends in a grimy veil to cling tenaciously as an intruding mother-in-law visiting for the winter. Nothing short of a wire brush such as butchers use to clean their meat blocks, and a liberal supply of the strongest soap will effectively dislodge it.

Now we were impressed with cleanliness as a virtue—second only in importance to godliness—and morning, noon and night for four or five days, religiously performed our tedious and tiresome ablutions. After crossing Lake Chapala, creeping along for miles hub-deep in a veritable mire of this impalpable dust, we acknowledged defeat. Thereafter we dusted ourselves with a whisk-broom, fore and aft, inside and out, and



Coyotes are almost as numerous as quail in certain sections of Lower California. This specimen was shot in Canyon San Juan de Dios

The problem of building a passable highway through such a rock-strewn terrain as this may well be imagined. It is a credit to the foresight and perseverance of Governor Abelardo Rodriguez



summoned a philosophical content.

The pueblo of Santo Tomás, 29 miles south of Ensenada, is but a turn in the road, but the valley in which it is located bears abundantly of agricultural products. Vineyards stretch for miles and the virgates of its winery—*seco* and *dulce*—are spoken of in tones of awe and admiration by the connoisseurs of the last frontier. Here, as in France, a happy combination of soil conditions, an adequate water supply and a friendly sun have served to give

the Santo Tomás wines an exquisite and distinctive bouquet.

Through a rugged cleft in the mountains we swooped down upon the *ranchería* of San Jacinto. A mite of a man, with the inevitable *cigarro* dangling from the corner of his mouth, eyed us pleasantly as we stopped. It was almost dusk, but not quite, and we thoughtlessly committed a gross error in salutation by greeting him with a "*Buenas noches, señor.*" He shrugged his shoulders, smiled quizzically and rebuked us with "*Buenas noches o buenas tardes, señores.*" I fancy that neither Señor Jack or I shall ever forget again that one should never say "good night" in Spanish until day has completely vanished.

We made our camp at Rancho San Vicente. A venerable *padrón*, wheezing and coughing from a severe cold, graciously bade us welcome and tendered us the facilities of his humble menage—the well and the woodpile. We inquired after fresh eggs and corn, but he shook his head sadly—"*muy pobre, señores, muy pobre.*"



Wild horses of Western United States may be faster but they are no more camera shy than these wild burros of San Vicente. They have become a hardy stock during their decades of exposure to the elements



The problem of transporting water in many of the smaller pueblos has been solved by this primitive contrivance—a rope attached to wooden pegs affixed to both ends of a barrel which becomes its own wheels

In the lee of an abandoned adobe we worked over our records, illuminated by the fitful glow from a mesquite fire. From the south appeared the lights of an automobile. It stopped beside us and an American alighted. He quickly made himself known, and, strangely, told us his business. He was a promoter and he proposed to cultivate a native pueblo far to the south. We listened to his dreams for hours, in the back of our minds memories of the sad fate of similar enterprises, but the castles he had builded remained, until we sought our several beds for the night, impervious to the penetrating shafts of logic.

Were I to fall heir to the entire peninsula of Lower California tomorrow, and be motivated by purely selfish, personal considerations I fancy I could cheerfully retain Hamilton's Ranch and the pueblo of San Ignacio, and relinquish the rest of the land to whomsoever would administer it justly and safely. I don't mean to evidence a diffidence about other sections of this mighty country, but I am merely reporting with the

candor of a veracious chronicler the inordinate spell these localities cast upon me. They seize one's imagination in a mighty embrace from which escape is difficult and really not desirable.

We came into Hamilton's Ranch of an evening. It was a slice of "the purple land" of Argentina that W. H. Hudson has so superbly classicized. The Santo Domingo River threads through the rancho. It's an interesting stream. One of its tributaries has the distinction of being the only trout water on the peninsula. The species is known as *Salmo nelsonii* and its habitat is San Antonio Creek. John O. Snyder of the Natural History Museum, Stanford University, who has studied this species, believes "it reached its present habitat when, because of favorable climatic conditions, the range of the trout, in common with many other northern species, extended farther south." The species was discovered and named by Dr. E. W. Nelson, chief of the United States Biological Survey several years ago.

The Santo Domingo River boasts the added distinction of passing over one of the highest waterfalls in the world. This is located in the Sierra San Pedro Martir, a rugged mountain chain, one to two days on muleback from Hamilton's Ranch. Geologically these mountains appear to be a continuation of the Sierra Nevada. They

are capped by high peaks, La Providencia, some 10,126 feet, having never been climbed prior to this year. Their exploration and a description of their many marvels would require weeks of strenuous travel—time that we couldn't spare, so we learned of their entrancing beauty, their Indian habits, and their missions second-hand from those about the ranch and feasted our eyes on their beautiful forms from afar.

The facile Hattie greeted us in person when we opened the barred gates and stopped before the ramada of the ranch house. Figs, grapefruit, peaches, grapes, and flowers were everywhere; a stately row of eucalyptus paralleled the road. To one side of the main ranch buildings was a quadrangular guest house surrounding a flower-strewn patio to which we were conducted. The ensemble recalled to us the early California ranchos of the '30s and '40s. This might have been Santa Ana del Chino, Camulos, or Santa Marguerita. The likeness was heightened when we sat to table with Doña Hattie presiding, in the full majesty of a mediæval duchess, at its head. Home-cured ham, chicken, sweet corn, biscuits, preserved fruit and fresh, and a mammoth strawberry shortcake disappeared mercurially. We adjourned to the patio. We were in Elysium with the indigo light of the heavens blessing us with a hypnotic benignity. The conversation shifted from the quaint aboriginal rites of the Santo Domingo Indians to the merits of various models of electric refrigerators. Our cogitations so precipitously snapped back to the realities we made our excuses and strolled disgustedly to bed.

Hamilton's Ranch furnishes sustenance for both man and beast. If the latter be of the four-footed variety, the corral is yon-

der; if it rolls on rubber tires one guides it to the gasoline house. Our beast took a long drink and an expensive one—60 cents for each gallon it gulped. But automobiles are something like people; if they're to work, they must be fed.

We departed with a cheer and a tear. A cheer for the little lady who has struggled so valiantly in a foreign land to maintain her captivating principality, and a tear because we must leave an atmosphere so conducive to a life of innocuous desuetude (thank you, Mr. Webster) which we, then and there, so thoroughly craved.

When Governor Abelardo Rodriguez, the enterprising and wholly competent administrator of the northern district of Lower California, and his able assistant, Miguel Gandara, built the road over which we were passing, a year or more ago, he very wisely designed it to connect every principal pueblo and rancho, so it might serve the scattered population of his sparsely settled jurisdiction. He succeeded admirably. In only one or two instances were *pueblitos* of necessity left stranded on side roads. Santo Domingo, two miles above Hamilton's Ranch, is one of these. San Quintín, forty miles below, is another. We visited Santo Domingo; we avoided San Quintín. Just outside the portals of the ranch we gazed upon Red Rock, a luminous vermilion pile, peppered with caves, large and small, which local tradition and Indian lore credit with having been the temporary homes of the Dominican friars while the mission of Santo Domingo was under construction. We were unable to examine the fissures, but our tentative conviction was that the legends were pure fiction or the padres were more like insects than men.

We came upon Rosário in the dazzling light of midday. White-washed *casas* annoyed us as they scintillated in the sun. It was siesta time, and not even a dog stirred in resentment over our intrusion. We made our way to the mission ruins, hard by the village *barberia*. We had barely stopped when a young hidalgo, lathered on one side of the face and visibly invigorated by artificial means, appeared to bestow upon us the keys to the city. Our reception was voluble and, I'm vain enough to believe, sincere, though we were to discover presently that the *barberia* was the pueblo *cantina* as well. In the days before Volstead there were *cantinas* in America, which we called saloons.

We thanked him in our best Spanish and asked several pointed questions about Rosário. What was its population? He was thoughtful and quiet—for a moment! It consisted, he happily informed us, of a hundred families. I nodded understandingly but Señor Jack was more importunate. How many people made a family? Ah, that was a poser. I smirked in anticipa-

tion of the answer. Our mentor reflected again—perhaps for two minutes in silence, and then came that deliciously naive non-committance with which the Mexican dismisses anything that may perplex him, however slightly. "*Quién sabe? Cinco—diez, quince—más o menos.*" (Who knows? Five—ten—fifteen—more or less).

We were reduced. Was there a restaurant in town where we might refresh ourselves? Of course. Did we want *la sandía* (watermelon) or *la comida* (a full meal)? We voted for the full meal. He excused himself politely, the barber took a swipe or two at his chin and he re-appeared, a child's straw hat, rubber chin strap and all, perched perkily on his head, to direct us to the *fonda*.

The meal was excellent. A cheerful Amazon, patterned after the heroic Colossus of Rhodes, busied herself over a modern wood stove and set before us a thick rice soup, fried eggs, meat with chile, beans—and a cup of the vile infusion that passes for coffee throughout the country. All over Mexico the coffee is execrable. I can't diagnose the difficulty, but my random impression is that the beans are roasted to the point of cremation.

Aside from that we brewed ourselves, the only palatable coffee we obtained was in Querobabi on the Sonora side. We had halted at noon to permit a torrential rain to pass. There was no shelter where we could light our gasoline stove. We were wet in the flesh and dismal in spirit. We revolted at the thought of cold canned food. A curl of smoke ascended from a little hovel beside the road though no one appeared to be about. We prospected and found the *señora* busy inside. Surely, she answered our inquiry, she would prepare us coffee. A baby burro was tethered to the door jamb and a score of chickens pecked about her feet. In an incredibly short time we

sat down to a clean tablecloth, spotless china, tortillas as big as a manhole cover, and coffee fit for Olympian deities. In the interim the storm had ceased, the sun re-appeared, and we proceeded with a new verve, upon our task. What Mexico needs as much as new schools and new roads, I'm convinced, is a good cup of coffee.

The road swings away from the coast at Rosário and strikes for El Mármol (Onyx) where it turns southward through the north and south axis of the peninsula, a course it maintains for 300 miles to San Ignacio, where it again makes an abrupt turn to the east and Santa Rosalía, on the gulf. Only once more, for a short distance, is the motorist within sight of the Pacific.

El Mármol is important. Here is located a mammoth onyx quarry. If you have an onyx knob on your gearshift handle, or an onyx base to your favorite reading lamp, or an onyx inkstand standard on your desk, the odds are ten to one that it originated here. The quarry is owned and operated by a San Diego company. The huge onyx slabs are drilled from the ground strata, squared by hand, loaded on trucks and transported to the beach at Santa Catarina Landing, probably seventy-five miles west, lightered to the company's own barges and towed to San Diego, where manufacturing operations are carried on.

But El Mármol is infinitely more important to the motorist in Lower California for another reason. It is the take-off, the supply head, as it were, for the nearly 300-mile desert journey, through virtually uninhabited territory, where gasoline in unobtainable, water scarce and assistance, if one be in difficulties, unobtainable. El Mármol bears the same strategic relationship to Lower California as does Lauda Khana to him who enters Abyssinia through the Khyber Pass, or Khartum to him who essays an overland journey from Cairo to the Cape.

The genial George Brown, manager of operations, escorted us through the quarry, extended us the hospitality of his tropical home, and related numerous entertaining incidents of his more than a quarter century residence in Lower California. At the power-house we calculated closely, filled our tank with gasoline and strapped two additional five-gallon tins to the running-board. This would see us through. We were glad we were getting twelve or thirteen miles to the gallon and thankful our motor was no larger nor more voracious. Shortly we were off, with redemption behind and the unknown before.

Between Rosário and El Mármol we were introduced to two of the most impressive features of the peninsula—the abundant and diversified cactus growth, and the equally plentiful rocks that ever and anon strewn our course with genuine abandon. Our introduction to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45)



Elephant's Head

*A legend
of
Vasquez Rocks*

By Aldis D. Waltz

ABOUT fifty miles from Los Angeles by automobile in a north-easterly direction is one of the clearest examples of the re-working of earth's material by the forces of Nature. It is known as Vasquez Rocks, named for one of California's most feared bandits who is said to have made his stronghold there. Really, the rocks form part of the great San Andreas Fault, that titanic slip in the earth's crust which can be traced from Cajon Pass to San Luis Obispo.

The outcropping here is jagged and slanting, sometimes reaching a height of fifty feet or more. It is sandstone in which are imbedded many kinds of rocks, some of which must have been washed down from higher mountains by rivers long since dried up. Some of the rocks are, themselves, sandstone conglomerates, showing that the material has been broken up, ground to sand, compressed again into stone, again broken up, and so on for two, three or perhaps four times before finally being thrust into the air along the earthquake fault.

The rocks form many imaginary animals, two of which, the "Sphinx" and "Elephant's Head," are striking masterpieces of natural sculpture. A little imagination and some history evolved the following legend of Elephant's Head, which might have been related by some early Indian yarn-spinner.

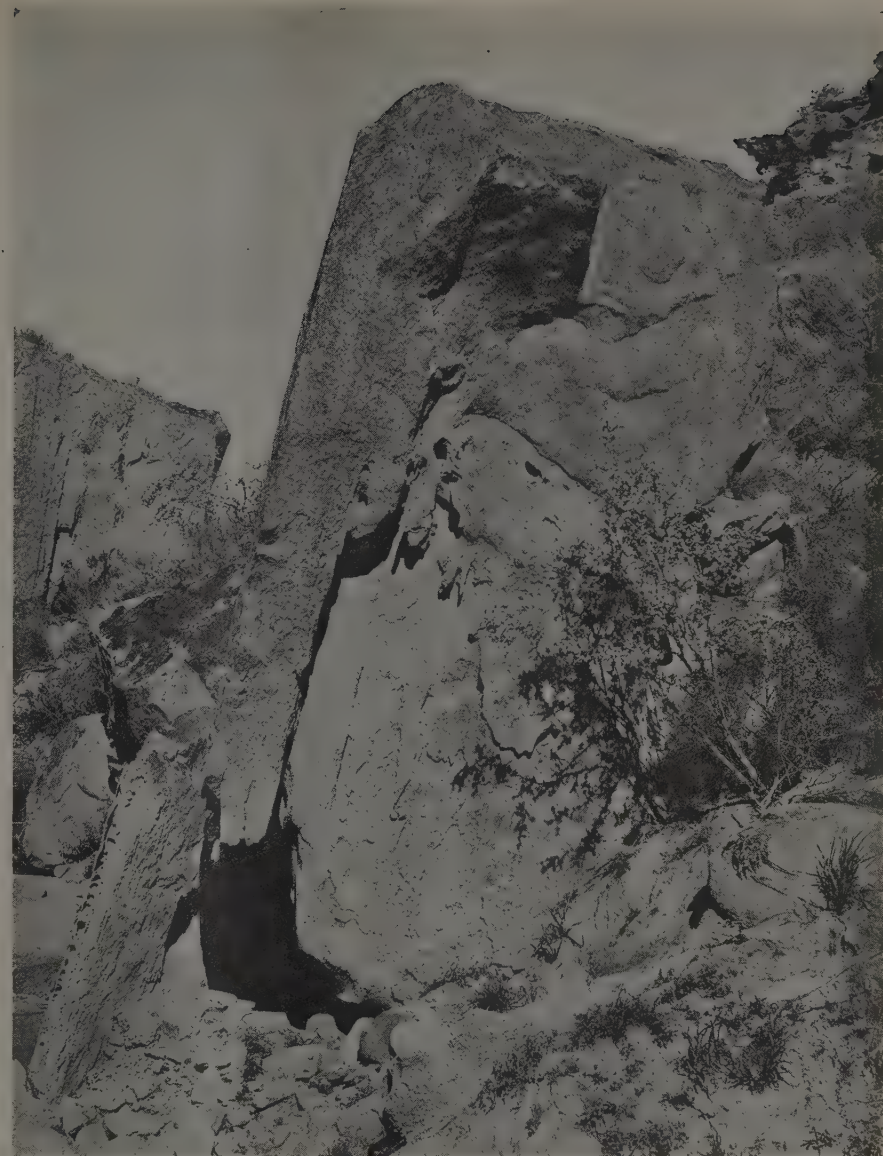
* * *

MANY, many moons ago, long before the memory of any man now living, or his father's memory, or that of his earliest known ancestor, there lived a mighty elephant called Wu.

He was so large that when he walked, mountains trembled and cliffs fell into the sea. Not one of the animals dared face him. The blood-thirsty dinosaur fled at his approach; sabre-toothed tigers leaped into tree tops and crafty men trembled in their caves when Wu trumpeted his battle-cry.

Many attempts were made to destroy him. Concerted attacks failed miserably. Spears glanced from his flinty hide. Stone hammers made no impression on his armor-plate skull. Fetters of swamp root parted like strands of hair.

These attacks resulted in an appalling loss



The elephant's head, one of the many strange formations at Vasquez Rocks. About it the accompanying fanciful legend has been written

of life. Instead of harming him, they only enraged Wu the more, feeding the flame of his wrath and his bitter hatred of all things human.

Traps also failed. Wu avoided pitfalls with their fire-hardened spear points below. Nets he tore asunder, scarcely noticing them. A huge tree, rolled from a cliff came nearest to killing him, but it took too long to fall and struck him a glancing blow.

One sharp limb, however, pierced his hide, making a wound which he nursed for many weeks before again venturing into the land of men. When he did return it was to wreak vengeance upon every unfortunate who crossed his path.

At last a great council of war was held. Tribes which ordinarily fought upon sight now united against the common danger, to plot for its destruction. Many ideas were suggested but all were found to be impractical. The hazards of a plan were never a drawback. Results were the sole consideration, but no one, not even the most power-

ful chiefs could guarantee results.

At last there stepped forth a youth whose beard scarcely darkened his face.

"Let me go forth unto Wu," he said. "Let me try my wits against his strength. If I fail, it will make only one more stone in the rock cave in memory of Wu's victims. If I succeed, it will bless every tribe from the mountains to the sea."

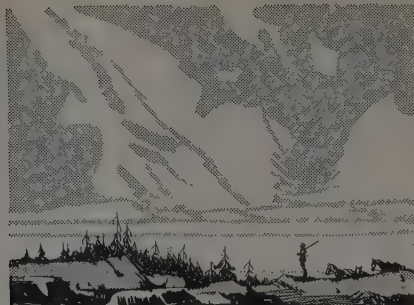
The mighty chiefs laughed. The little chiefs laughed. Even the boys fringing the council laughed.

"Ho! stripling, how can you match wits with Wu, the Terrible?" they said. "Go back to your mother, and delay not our war-council; this is no time for jesting."

But Tecacha, the Little One, persisted and at last gained permission to lay his plan before the council, which, when they heard it, so impressed them that they agreed to let him try it.

Now it happened that the summer before, Tecacha had speared a wild dog.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)



Mountain Men

Part II: *Social Aspects of Trapper Life*

NOT many became rich in the fur trade. A few fortunes were made, it is true, but only a few, and these were the result, largely, of fur trading rather than trapping. In other words, it was the man who bought the furs (in this category we should have to include those who hired others to trap for them) and took the furs to market who made the bulk of what profit was made in the industry.

If a single trapper secured a hundred and fifty pounds of beaver fur on a spring or fall hunt, he was regarded as having done well. This hundred and fifty pounds of beaver, when the price was high, brought the owner of it from \$600 to \$750 on the Missouri market. This does not seem an exorbitant amount for half a year's work, when the effort expended and the risk of property and life which accompanied that effort are taken into consideration. Frequently, it is true, a trapper had an extra good streak of luck and made a larger catch but, perhaps, more frequently he was, himself, caught by the Indians, and if he succeeded in getting away without losing his scalp he was considered very fortunate, indeed.

Trappers who hired themselves out to others by the month or year usually received from \$200 to \$500 per year for their time and trouble and the risks that they took. There is a written contract still extant between Wilson Williams and Jedediah Smith for Williams' services on Smith's fateful expedition to Santa Fé in 1831 in which it is stipulated that Williams was to receive thirteen dollars a month.

But regardless of what a trapper would make on a trapping expedition, be that much or little, it was usually all squandered within a few days after the expedition was at an end, either at the rendezvous in the mountains or at Taos or Bent's Fort or wherever he happened to spend his brief period of

By Joseph J. Hill

Drawings by Raymond P. Winters

relaxation from his arduous labors.

Ruxton, an English traveler who spent some time in New Mexico and the Rocky Mountains with the trappers in 1846, has left us a picture of the situation which was more or less general. He says "an old trapper, a French Canadian, assured me that he had received \$15,000 for beaver during a sojourn of twenty years in the mountains. Every year he resolved in his mind to return to Canada, and, with this object, always converted his fur into cash; but a fortnight at the rendezvous always cleaned him out, and at the end of twenty years he had not even credit sufficient to buy a pound of powder."

What then was the attraction in this mountain life with its exposure to winter storms and desert thirst, to hunger and cold and the ever-present danger of Indian attack? Why, to give a concrete case, did Kit Carson when upon a visit to the settlements of Missouri after an absence of sixteen years in the Rocky Mountains, find that after a short visit of only a few days at St. Louis that he was so "tired of remaining in the settlements" that he took the first opportunity to return to the mountains?

With all its hardships and risks there was something about this wild life which held the trapper spellbound once he had a taste of it. Not only was this true of the fugitive from justice—and there was a considerable number of such characters in the mountains—but it was true of almost all of the mountain men. There was something about the freedom of the mountain life, the grandeur of the mountain scenery, or the sweetness of the mountain air, or perhaps all combined, which tended to make

even the best of the trappers long for the mountains again as soon as they returned to the "settlements."

Far from the restraints of civilization the trapper knew no law but his own will and his power to enforce it.

This, as Jedediah Smith, one of the noblest of mountain men, said, had a tendency to ruin one "for anything else in life but such things as would be agreeable to the passions of a semi-savage." Indeed, owing to the conditions under which he lived the trapper became what was termed by Ruxton, a "white Indian." This noted writer has given us a picture of the trapper which is well worth quoting in full:

"The trappers of the Rocky Mountains," he says, "belong to a genus more approximating to the primitive savage than perhaps any other class of civilized man. Their lives being spent in the remote wilderness of the mountains, with no other companion than Nature herself, their habits and character assume a most singular cast of simplicity mingled with ferocity, appearing to take their coloring from the scenes and objects which surround them. Knowing no wants save those of nature, their sole care is to procure sufficient food to support life, and the necessary clothing to protect them from the rigorous climate. This, with the assistance of their trusty rifles, they are generally able to effect, but sometimes at the expense of great peril and hardship. When engaged in their avocation, the natural instinct of primitive man is ever alive, for the purpose of guarding against danger and the provision of necessary food. Keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts of prey in discovering the haunts and habits of game, and in their skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human as well as animal life with as little scruple and as freely as they expose their own. Of laws, human or divine, they neither know nor

care to know. Their wish is their law, and to attain it they do not scruple as to ways and means. Firm friends and bitter enemies, with them it is 'a word and a blow,' and the blow often first. They may have good qualities, but they are those of the animal; and people fond of giving hard names call them revengeful, bloodthirsty, drunkards (when the wherewithal is to be had), gamblers, regardless of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*—in fact, 'white Indians.' However there are exceptions, and I have met honest mountain-men. Their animal qualities, however, are undeniable. Strong, active, hardy as bears, daring, expert in the use of their weapons, they are just what uncivilized white man might be supposed to be in a brute state, depending upon his instinct for the support of life."

Such characters fitted perfectly with the conditions to be found in the mountains, and, needless to say, were out of place as soon as they left those haunts.

But trapping was no easy job, as may be seen by following the details of a trapper's daily work. As soon as the breaking up of the ice in the spring would permit, the trappers, in groups of three or four, or in parties numbering as high as forty or fifty, would set out on their spring hunt. If it was a large party it would break up into small groups upon reaching the prospective hunting-grounds. Here each individual trapper, more or less by himself, would follow the various creeks and streams, sometimes traveling many miles in a day, keeping a sharp lookout for beaver "signs." Any prostrate cottonwood tree would be examined to see if its fall was the work of beaver. The mud and sand along the bank would be examined for beaver tracks. Having found a place where beaver was in the habit of coming out of the water the trapper would set his trap in the beaver path, as far out in the water as it was convenient to place it, about four inches under water, attaching it by a stout chain to a stake driven into the bank, or to a bush or tree. It was frequently necessary, especially if beaver had been trapped there recently, to cover it with moss or something else to hide it from the beaver's sight. A little twig, dipped in dissolved castor, a particularly effective lure, was then placed just over the trap. The beaver, attracted by the smell of the castor, would get his leg into the trap,

when, in the language of the mountaineer, he was a "gone beaver."

Early in the morning the trapper would mount his mule and set out on his rounds to examine his traps. The captured animals would have to be skinned. The tails, which made very delicious food, were taken to camp; the rest of the meat was discarded. The pelts were taken to camp where they were stretched, cured and dried.

During all his wandering the fearless trapper must also be ever on the lookout for Indian "sign" as well as that of beaver. "His nerves," to quote Ruxton, "must ever be in a state of tension, and his mind ever present at his call. His eagle eye sweeps round the country, and in an instant detects any foreign appearance. A turned leaf, a blade of grass pressed down, the uneasiness of the wild animals, the flight of birds, are all paragraphs to him written in Nature's legible hand and plainest language."

The trapper's outfit and personal appearance is an item of no small interest. Here again we are favored by a first hand description by one who had traveled among them and had become personally acquainted with a number of them.

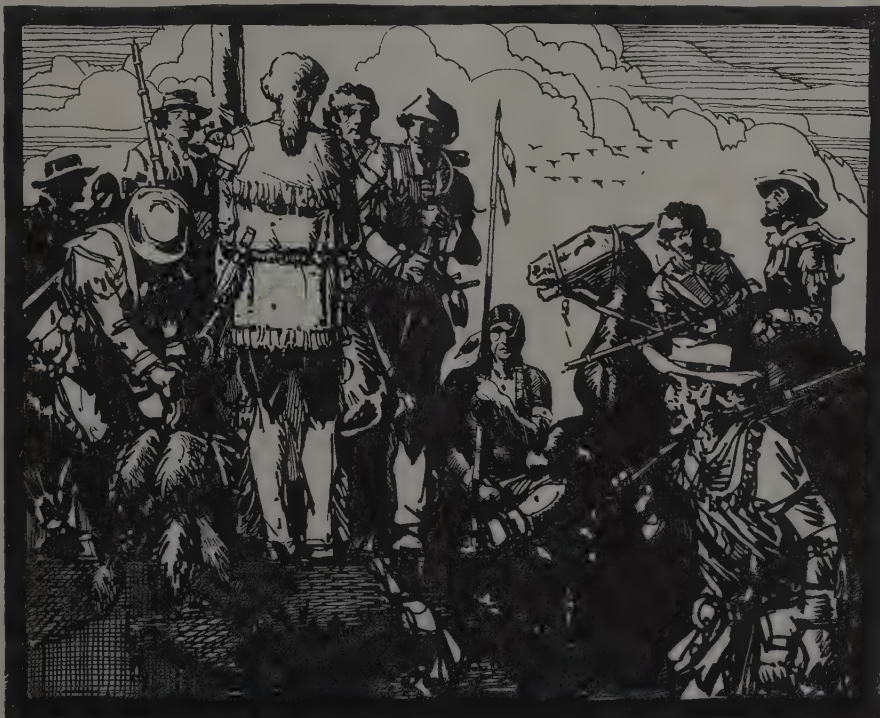
"On starting for a hunt," Ruxton says, "the trapper fits himself out with the necessary equipment, either from the Indian trading-forts or from some of the petty traders—*coueurs des bois*—who frequent the western country. This equipment consists usually of two or three horses or mules—one for saddle, the others for packs—and six traps, which are carried in a bag of leather called a 'trap-sack.' Ammunition, a few pounds of tobacco, dressed deerskins for moccasins, etc., are carried in a wallet

of dressed buffalo-skin, called a 'possible sack.' His 'possibles' and 'trap-sack' are generally carried on the saddle-mule when hunting, the others being packed with the furs. The costume of the trapper is a hunting-shirt of dressed buckskin, ornamented with long fringes; pantaloons of the same material, and decorated with porcupine-quills and long fringes down the outside of the leg. A flexible felt hat and moccasins clothe his extremities. Over his left shoulder and under his right arm hang his powder-horn and bullet pouch, in which he carries his balls, flint, and steel, and odds and ends of all kinds. Round the waist a belt, in which is stuck a large butcher-knife in a sheath of buffalo-hide, made fast to the belt by a chain or guard of steel, which also supports a little buckskin case containing a whetstone. A tomahawk is also often added; and, of course, a long, heavy rifle is part and parcel of his equipment. I had nearly forgotten the pipe-holder, which hangs round his neck, and is generally a *gage d'amour*, and a triumph of squaw workmanship, in shape of a heart, garnished with beads and porcupine-quills."

The trapper lived mainly on meat. Instances are common of his having gone for years at a time without tasting bread or vegetables. Coffee and sugar were obtainable at the rendezvous or at Taos or Santa Fé, but they were luxuries that he enjoyed for only short periods at a time. Meat was his staff of life—meat of all kinds "from the buffalo down to the rattlesnake, including every quadruped that runs, every fowl that flies, every reptile that creeps." Rattlesnake stew may not sound very appetizing, but it was resorted to frequently when emergency made it necessary.

Of the various kinds of meat, panther, "which surpasses every other and all put together," was given first place. The second place of honor was usually awarded to dog-meat, although the green-horn had to be initiated unawares. Beaver tail was considered a very great delicacy, but the rest of the beaver was discarded except when necessity compelled its use.

It is perhaps unnecessary to mention buffalo, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, rabbits, turkey, grouse, and all kinds of wild fowl. Of these various kinds of meat the trapper had his own way of cooking and serving them, nor was he lacking in his ability to select



The trappers were termed "white Indians." Their life in the mountains had given them many of the characteristics of the savage; knowing no law but their own desires they were always anxious to leave the settlements and return to their mountain rendezvous and beaver streams

the choicest parts of the animal when a choice was permitted. We have numerous accounts of feasts in the mountains, one of which might be worth repeating here. I draw, this time, from the writings of Thomas J. Farnham.

"We were in fine spirits, and in the enjoyment of a voracious appetite. Our expectations of having a shot soon at a buffalo were perhaps an accessory cause of this last. But be that as it may, we dodged along among the pines and spruce and hemlock and firs about ten miles, and rose over a swell of land covered with small trees in full view of a quiet little band of buffalo. Ye deities who presided of old over the trencher and goblet, did not our palates leap for a tenderloin? A halt—the creeping away of our famous old Kentuckian around a copse of wood—the crack of his deadly rifle—the writhing of the buffalo! He lays himself down; all is silent, intense anxiety if he will rise again and run, as they often do under the smart of a wound, beyond our reach among the hills. No! he curls his tail as in the last agony; he vomits blood and chokes; he is ours! he is ours!! Our knives are quickly hauled from our sheaths—he is rolled upon his brisket—his hide is slit along the spine and peeled down mid rib; one side of it is cut off and spread upon the sand to receive the meat; and the tongue wrenched from his jaws; the axe is laid to his ribs; the cavity opens; the heart—the fat—the tenderloins—the tepid blood—the intestines, of glorious savory sausage memory, are torn out—his legs are rifled of their marrow bones; all wrapped in the green hide and loaded on animals, and off to camp in a charming grove of white pine by a cold stream of snow water under a woody hill. Ah! yes! Who that had seen us stirring our fires that night in the starlight of bright skies among the mountain forests; who that had seen the buffalo ribs propped up before the crackling blaze—the brisket boiling in our camp kettles; who that had seen us with open countenances yield to these well cooked and dripping invitations to 'drive dull care away' will not believe that we accepted them, and chewed and swallowed against time, and hunger, and toil. Yes, we ate that blessed night, till there was a reasonable presumption that we had eaten enough. And when we had spent an half hour in this delightful employment that presumption was supported by a pile of gnawed bones, that if put together by Bufon in his best style, would have supported not only that but another presumption to the like effect.

"But our hearty old Kentuckian was at home, and we were his guests. He sat at the head of his own board, and claimed to dictate the number of courses with which we should be served. 'No, no,' said he, as we rolled away from the bare ribs strewn around us to our couches of dry pine leaves, 'no, no, I have eaten with you, fared well, and now you must put up courage while you eat with me; no, no, not done yet; mighty good eating to come. Take a rest upon it if you like, while I cook another turn; but I'll insure you to eat till day peeps. Our meat here in the mountains

never pains one. Nothing harms here but pills and lead; many's the time that I have starved six and eight days, and when I have found meat, ate all night; that's the custom of the country. We never borrow trouble from hunger and thirst, and when we have a plenty we eat the best pieces first for fear of being killed by some brat of an Indian before we have enjoyed them. You may eat as much as you can; my word for it, this wild meat never hurts one. But your chickens and bacon, etc., in the settlements, it came right near shoving me into the kenyon when I was down there last.'

"While the excellent man was giving vent to these kind feelings, he was busy making preparation for another course. The marrow bones were undergoing a severe flagellation; the blows of the old hunter's hatchet were cracking them in pieces and laying bare the rolls of 'trapper's butter' within them. A pound of marrow was thus extracted, and put into a gallon of water heated nearly to the boiling point. The blood which he had dipped from the cavity of the buffalo was then stirred in till the mass became of the consistency of rice soup. A little salt and black pepper finished the preparation. It was a fine dish; too rich, perhaps, for some of my esteemed acquaintances, whose digestive organs partake of the general laziness of their habits; but to us who had so long desired a healthful portion of bodily exercise in that quarter it was the very marrow and life-blood of—not Grahamism, for our friend Graham, I think, does not believe in marrow and fatness—the marrow and fatness and life-blood of whatsoever is good and wholesome for famished carnivorous animals like ourselves. It was excellent, most excellent. It was better than our father's foaming ale. For while it loosed our tongues and warmed our hearts towards one another, it had the additional effect of Aaron's oil; it made our faces shine with grease and gladness. But the remembrance of the palate pleasures of the next course will not allow me to dwell longer upon this. The crowning delight was yet in store for us. While enjoying the said soup, we believed the bumper of our pleasure to be sparkling to the brim; and if our excellent old trapper had not been there we never should have desired more. But how true is that philosophy which teaches that to be capable of happiness we must be conscious of wants. Our friend Kelly was in this a practical as well as theoretical epicurean. 'No giving up the beaver so,' said he; 'another bait and we will sleep.' Saying this, he seized the intestines of the buffalo, which had been properly cleansed for the purpose, turned them inside out, and as he proceeded stuffed them with strips of well salted and peppered tenderloin. Our 'boudies' thus made, were stuck upon sticks before the fire and roasted till they were thoroughly cooked and browned. The sticks were then taken from their roasting position and stuck in positions for eating. This is to say, each of us with as fine an appetite as ever blessed a New England boy at his grandsire's Thanksgiving dinner, seized a stick spit, stuck it in the earth near our couches, and

sitting upon our haunches ate our last course—the dessert of our mountain host's entertainment. These wilderness sausages would have gratified the appetite of those who had been deprived of meat a less time than we had been. The envelopes preserve the juices of the meat, with which while cooking the adhering fat, turned within, mingles and forms a gravy of the finest flavor. Such is a feast in the mountains."

Recently a little book was published by John C. Neihardt under the title of "The Splendid Wayfaring," which is "the story of the exploits and adventures of Jedediah Smith and his comrades—discoverers and explorers of the great central route from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, 1822-1831." This little work is quite properly called "The Splendid Wayfaring," but the same title could very appropriately be given to the travels of a great number of other trappers whose trails if placed on the map by the side of those of Jedediah Smith's would make his look somewhat less wonderful. If there be any doubt of the truthfulness of this statement try plotting the trails of Ewing Young, Kit Carson, Dick Wootton, Bill Williams and various others of the noted mountain trappers beside those of Jedediah Smith. If this be done it will very soon be discovered that "splendid wayfaring" was a more or less general characteristic of trapper life. A trip of a thousand or two thousand miles was looked upon as a matter of small concern. It may be added that this splendid wayfaring—this love of exploration and adventure—was another of the ties that bound the trapper to his mountain life and made life in the settlements seem so tame and unbearable upon his return to civilization.

Nor was the trapper's time devoted entirely to such long expeditions. The character of his work made it necessary not only for him to know the larger streams of the West in a more or less general way but he must be intimately acquainted with all the little tributaries of these main streams. It was on the small streams that the major portion of his trapping was done, and he was ever on the lookout for some new branch of a stream which had not been trapped. As Ruxton puts it: "Not a hole or corner in the vast wilderness of the 'Far West' but has been ransacked by these hardy men. From the Mississippi to the mouth of the Colorado of the West, the beaver-hunter has set his traps in every creek and stream. All this vast country, but for the daring enterprise of these men, would be even now a *terra incognita* to geographers, as indeed a great portion still is; but there is not an acre that has not been passed and repassed by the trappers in their perilous excursions."

This intimate acquaintance with all the water courses of the West made the trappers most valuable guides and scouts for government expeditions and emigrant parties. Illustrations are perhaps unnecessary to prove a point so obvious as this, but they may serve to make it stand out more prominently. We can only mention a few, however.

S. H. Long was guided on his expedition

to the Rocky Mountains, 1819-1820, by Joseph Bessonet, who "had formerly been resident in these regions [the upper waters of the Platte and Arkansas], in the capacity of hunter and trapper, during the greater part of six years." He had previously been a member of the Chouteau De Mun expedition to the upper waters of the Arkansas and the Rio del Norte.

The government expedition for the marking of the Santa Fé trail, 1825-1827, was guided by Stephen Cooper and Joseph R. Walker (more commonly known as Joe Walker), who had been over the trail several times in the capacity of trappers and traders.

Henry Dodge, in his survey of Indian conditions along the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, 1835, was guided by the well-known trapper and fur trader, Captain Gantt. As guides for emigrant parties the names of Joe Walker, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Joe Meek and Jim Bridger are perhaps the best known.

But, perhaps, the most noted of all the trappers in the capacity of guide and scout was Kit Carson. With Frémont on his various expeditions, and with Kearney and other officers in the Mexican War he has won a place of lasting renown. Joe Walker also served as guide to Frémont, and Antoine Robidoux was Kearney's guide.

The relation of the trappers to the Indians was a somewhat complicated one. In the first place the Indians were not all alike; neither were the trappers; and the question of the relationship between the two classes was frequently a personal matter. A trapper might be taken into a tribe, adopted, and even made chief of the tribe because of his personality or because of some special act of his in his dealings with the tribe or some of its members. But there were no rules which could be laid down by which someone else could do the same thing. However, there are a number of general principles and characteristics which may properly be considered as such.

It might be well to point out first that there was generally a decided difference between the relation of the trapper and the trader with the Indian. Contact with the white race created a new set of wants in the Indian. To supply these, the Indian trader came into being. With his packs of merchandise consisting of beads and other trinkets, knives, guns and ammunition, cloth, etc., he made long journeys to the homes of the various tribes. To obtain these much desired articles the Indian developed new industries, chief of which was trapping, in order to secure something with which to trade. This is the story of the fur trade from the Atlantic Ocean to the

Rocky Mountains. Needless to say the trader with his wares was usually a welcome guest with most of the Indians whom he visited. He sometimes made enemies of a tribe when trying to pass to their enemies farther on, but usually as long as he would bring his goods to a tribe and remain with that tribe he was regarded with great esteem, frequently being given the chief's daughter as wife.

By the time the fur traders' frontier had reached the Rocky Mountains, however, a new system was developed. In order to obtain greater quantities of furs the whites began to do their own trapping. Large companies of white trappers scoured the country from one end of the Rockies to the other. They caught the beaver which was the Indians' chief article of trade. They killed the game on which the Indians depended for their food. They even frequently killed the Indians themselves without excuse. It is natural that the Indians would not have the same regard for the trappers that they had had for the traders.

But they soon learned to have considerable respect for the trapper's rifles. Then again the trappers frequently carried some merchandise suitable for Indian trade. They frequently made friends with certain tribes by going to war with them against

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 49)



Although the Indians of the Southwest usually regarded the trappers as intruders, there are instances where a trapper by some valued act became a member and even chief of an Indian tribe. Nearly all of the trappers had Indian wives

Cathedral Gorge

*A symphony
in stone—*

By Philip Johnston

for its densely populated cemetery, where many of the notorious firebrands who played violent roles in its melodramatic history were laid to rest without benefit of clergy.

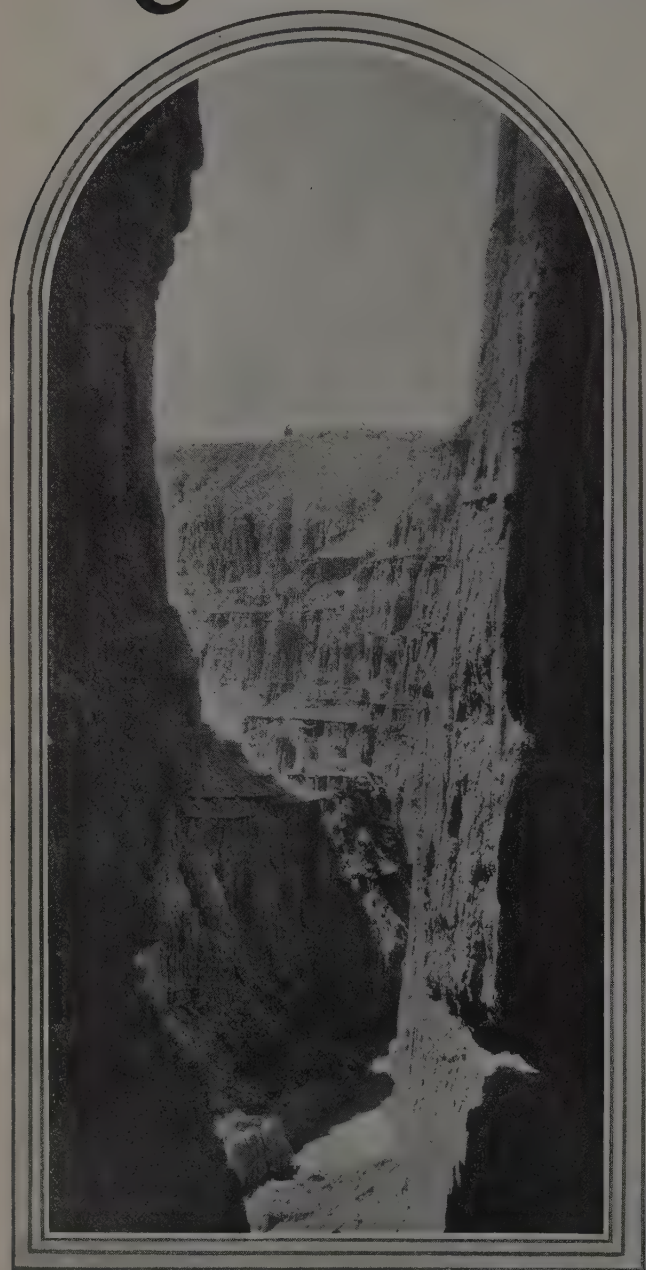
Coincident with the decline of mineral production in Nevada has been an awakening of interest in her little-known scenic wonders; a natural corollary of the rapid

development of the automobile which has made them easily accessible. Obscure corners of the State, once *terra incognita* to all save an occasional prospector or roving bands of Indians, are at last yielding their secrets to those members of the motoring fraternity who, like their nomadic forebears, long to pass over the horizon into new regions. To such adventurous spirits the mass of motorists are indebted for astounding revelations which have augmented the significance of the oft-

Left—Many of the winding corridors that have been cut by streams of water terminate in vaulted chambers

Right—Bounded by walls of serried cliffs that are eroded into strange and beautiful forms, this side canyon is typical of many found in Cathedral Gorge

Below—Looking through the Gateway of Apollo, Celestial Tower strikingly resembles a man-built structure



ARATHER subtle irony is apparent in the location of Cathedral Gorge. Its name, suggestive of the sacrosanct, would indicate that its environment was one of ineffable calm—yet it lies near Pioche, noted half a century ago as the wildest and wickedest town in the State of Nevada. Vicissitudes of the mining industry have reduced this one time city of several thousand to a quiet hamlet of a few hundred, noted principally





The cliffs of Cathedral Gorge are composed of myriads of sandstone prisms, a formation that is unique and spectacular

repeated slogan, "See America First." Conspicuous among these patrons of the great out-of-doors is former Governor James G. Scrugham of Nevada, explorer and nature-lover, who has sought those little-known regions in his State where features of unusual interest have remained in obscurity.

More than a generation ago, the existence of the marvelous formations in Cathedral Gorge was known to prospectors who discovered the fabulous mineral wealth that resulted in the spectacular rise of Pioche. But that region to the south was consistently avoided by them as "only a gulch of white sandstone that carries no values." Scenic beauty had no market value, nor could it be exchanged at the general store or the saloon for life's necessities or luxuries. Thus the silence of Cathedral Gorge remained unbroken, and the sand between its cliffs continued to be an untrodden expanse until Governor Scrugham disclosed to the world the marvel of its erosion-formed architecture, which is unique and unapproached, even in a land where wind and water have combined to carve many weird and sublime effects in weathered stone.

One can almost imagine the musings of the Great Architect as He made the plans for Cathedral Gorge:

"Chasms and gorges have I wrought from the bones of this continent, mighty works that shall bear witness of my power to unnumbered races; but here will I fashion a temple of sublime beauty, where the children of men shall marvel at the handiwork of their Creator!"

Even the traveler of mature experience who has long been accustomed to the unusual in natural phenomena will gaze in astonishment at the bewildering variety of the formations at Cathedral Gorge. We are accustomed to seeing sandstone that has been carved into conical forms, a conspicuous example of which is found in the Magic Silent City of Red Rock Canyon, occurring in a formation quite similar to that of Cathedral Gorge; indeed, it would seem that the cone is a basic design of eroded sandstone of this nature, yet here

the *motif* is one of prismatic structure. Basaltic dikes, typified by the Devil's Causeway in Ireland, and the Devil's Postpile in our own Sierra Nevada, are noted for this type of formation, but its occurrence in sandstone is unusual. The individual prisms vary in height from a few inches to more than twenty feet, and many of them are marvelously symmetrical, appearing almost as if they had been placed by skilled artisans. It is difficult to realize that the process responsible for the beautiful effects of Cathedral Gorge has been one of disintegration rather than one of building-up.

Modifications of the general scheme are apparent where the prisms are less pronounced, resulting in an effect that is reminiscent of Gothic architecture—a feature that has suggested the name

bestowed upon this remarkable gorge. Two conspicuous examples are seen in The Gateway of Apollo, and The Celestial Tower. The former is a breach in a wall of rock that strongly resembles a passageway into a vast compound occupied by ornate structures; the latter is a truncated cone of remarkable symmetry, elaborately sculptured, rising to a height of forty feet.

The larger streams of water have cut winding galleries and corridors which in many cases extend far into the cliff, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45)



The natural amphitheatre of Cathedral Gorge has been equipped with stands for the accommodation of an audience of several hundred persons

A Man of Many Worlds

*An outline of the life and works
of George Ellery Hale, consort
of the stars—*

By Harold D. Carew

A LITTLE more than an hour away from the hectic, throbbing life of Southern California's great metropolis there is a lonely citadel in which men keep silent tryst with the stars. Though only a scant dozen miles, as the crow flies, from the twinkling, clustered lights of Broadway, these men are living in a realm millions of miles removed from the fret and wear of this workaday world. And, paradoxical as it may seem, their days and nights are spent in distant journeying to discover how this old earth of ours was formed.

Ascend a winding, tortuous trail on the face of the Sierra Madre Mountains to the top of Mount Wilson, and step into a great steel building surmounted by a revolving dome 100 feet in diameter, and you will be on the very threshold of those far-off worlds into which the modern astronomer goes adventuring. It is here in the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory that a group of distinguished scientists is seeking the answers to some of the questions which have puzzled man ever since the beginning of time. And while no single individual working here may hope to contribute, within his own brief span of life, more than a small share toward the ultimate solution of the problems he is studying, he is, nevertheless, helping to speed the day when we shall have a newer and clearer comprehension of the processes of evolution by which the earth and its inhabitants came into being.

We know, of course, that the earth is only one of several members of the solar system which are moving harmoniously about a great central sun; but the astronomer is not concerned with this accepted fact. He wants to get back of that. "How," he asks, "was the earth formed? What is the nature of the central sun on which our lives depend? What is its relationship to other stars, and what part does it play in the universe? How is this universe organized, what bodies does it comprise, what is its structure, and what are its bounds?"

It is to help in finding the answers to these questions, and many others, that George Ellery Hale, founder and emeritus director of the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, is giving a lifetime of study. The complete, authoritative answers will not be known to the present generation, nor to the next; but man's genius is on the way to

finding out, and every possible astronomical observation is helping toward the final solution.

We who know nothing of pure science, or who at best have only a smattering knowledge of the subject, are curious about the men of genius whose discoveries every little while are startling the world. We are curious to know something about their processes of thinking, to get a close-up picture of their mental life, so that by knowing the men themselves we may better understand what they are doing. But even though their work still remains to us mysterious, even miraculous, we feel ourselves a little nearer the genius that is in them.

The genius in George Ellery Hale might have been thwarted, and he might never have become the man he is today in the scientific world if he had not had a father who made it his business to understand the boy. Whatever we may think about the theory of predestination, the fact remains that many a boy has been cheated out of what life intended to give him because his father didn't want a dreamer in the family. William Ellery Hale might have insisted that his son "get down to earth" and "stop all this nonsense and foolishness" and "come into the firm and carry on the business." He might have done so, but he didn't; and because he had the good sense to forget his own plans for the boy's future, the world is deeply his debtor.

William Ellery Hale was a successful business man in Chicago, a pioneer manufacturer of elevators, when his elder son George was born there in 1868. "Come, let us live with our children," Froebel once counseled, and the elder Hale's life with his children, two sons and a daughter, exemplified the wisdom of the advice. He

formed the kind of intimate contact with his boys that made him their chum. It was the kind of interest that goes beneath the surface of every-day family life, the personal contact that makes a father's understanding of the child's point of view an inspiring influence in the heart and mind of youth.

William Hale knew that life is a series of choices, and he knew also that not all choices are conditioned upon experience. He had a theory that a growing boy required no hard-and-fast rules of conduct; that the matter of choosing how a boy's time should be spent should be left largely for the boy himself to decide;

though of course there was always the strict proviso that time should not be mispent or wasted. He believed above all things that sympathy with a boy's interests is the surest way of winning his confidence and companionship. Inhibitions and repressions found no fertile ground in the Hale household. The children were taught to be self-reliant, and what was of interest to one became a subject of discussion for all.

George Ellery Hale's earliest recollection of his happy childhood is of a kit of tools which his father gave him. "I was fired with a desire not only to build something with them," he says, "but also with a desire to do something with what I had constructed." And that seems always to have been his aim: not merely to create something, but to make that something serve a purpose after it was created. One boyhood birthday his father gave him a cheap little microscope and some books on the marvelous life of ponds and streams. As the boy read, he was seized with an overpowering desire to behold all these marvels with his own eyes. Before the ice was out of the ditches he began to collect the infusoria and rotifers. But he wanted to see them more perfectly, and soon he asked his father for a microscope of a better make.

Did the boy really want the microscope for a purpose, or was the idea merely the result of a hankering for possession of the thing? William Hale was not given to pampering unworthy whims and fancies. If the microscope was worth having, it was worth working for, and the father had no doubts as to the salutary effect of such a provision. I think that of all his material possessions today Dr. Hale values most the



Dr. George Ellery Hale observing the image of the sun under the dome of the National Academy of Sciences, Washington, D. C.
The ball of the Foucault pendulum, to show the rotation of the earth, appears at the right

London microscope with its brass mounting that stands atop the book shelves in his Pasadena study.

"My father promised it if I would systematically collect, study, and describe the objects shown with my little microscope," he said smilingly as he swung around in his chair and pointed to the first fine instrument that opened the beautiful structure of new worlds to his youthful eyes.

There was a note of boyish enthusiasm

in his voice which sixty years could not conceal. But why talk of years? There is as much of the boy in him today as there was back in 1883 when he rigged up his first "observatory" in the suburban back yard in Chicago. And it is the eternal boy in him that strikes you the moment you meet him. Empty formalism is not in his line at all. You don't find his personality concealed by the barriers of ceremony which some men have to erect to keep the world

from discovering how really unimportant they are. He does not talk vaguely about the mysterious things which the average man thinks is the scientist's stock-in-trade. Astrophysics is not with him a subject for incantation but a study which he thinks would be of general interest if people only knew how romantic it really is. It is not the dry-as-dust study we have supposed it to be but an adventure as real and exciting as the magical adventures of old.

The reader might naturally expect me to report that on the day I dropped in to chat with Dr. Hale I found him engaged in writing an impressive paper on something or other that only the technically trained minds of the National Academy of Sciences could comprehend. Not at all. He was at work on a series of articles entitled "Solar Research for Amateurs," in which he is endeavoring to convey to youth a glimpse of the expanding horizons that await the novice in astronomy. He is telling, in language that everybody can understand, how to build a simple but effective solar observatory, and is seeking to arouse wider interest in the limitless possibilities of discovery in solar and stellar physics. It is the amateur he wants to help and inspire, the recruits who tomorrow will be leading the battalions of Science to new victories and achievements.

The world's debt to the amateurs of the past is greater than we realize; for many of the most important scientific advances are attributable to their sheer love of adventure, their enthusiasm and persistence. The amateur (not the dilettante) studies and experiments with no thought of fame or financial reward, but simply because he has an insatiable desire to discover a hidden truth. More often than not, he takes up the work purely as a hobby, and then finds his experiments so fascinating that they become the ruling passion of his life.

Scan the list of names of men famous in science and you will be startled to find that most of them were at one time identified with other pursuits. Galileo in his youth thought of becoming a priest; Copernicus was a physician and painter; Tycho Brahe, the Dane, was a law student when a total eclipse of the sun changed the whole course of his life; Kepler studied for the ministry; Schwabe was a pharmacist in Dessau; Herschel an organist and music teacher at Bath; Faraday, a blacksmith's son, was a bookbinder's apprentice; Lockyer a clerk in the British War Office; Schumann a machinist in Leipzig; Bond a watchmaker and jeweler in Maine; Barnard a photographer in Nashville, and Burnham, working as a stenographer in the courts of Chicago from six to eight hours a day, set up a six-inch telescope in his back yard and reported through years of unrelenting amateur investigation and research more than 600 new double stars. Though Faraday and Rayleigh and Darwin spent all their working years in research, their interest in their respective subjects was at first largely the interest of the amateur.

The year George Hale was born, Lockyer and Janssen succeeded in making visible through the spectroscope the flames on the disk of the sun. These red solar prominences ordinarily are obscured by the brilliant light of the sky, and before 1868 could be studied only when the sun was in eclipse. Young George Hale heard of these experiments, and at fifteen was avidly reading every book on astronomy he could find. Some of the books he read he couldn't understand, but that made no difference; he was fascinated by the experiments they outlined, and the more they puzzled him the

greater was his curiosity. He read somewhere that important discoveries are not necessarily dependent upon expensive instruments but often result from the skillful use of the simplest means.

"One dark winter's day," he says, recalling those early years, "I was reading a book entitled 'The Young Mechanic's Workshop,' and even now I can feel the thrill of excitement which came with the sudden resolve to follow the example set in the book. The young mechanics, in an earlier volume, had begun the construction of a workshop, which was fully described and illustrated. Why should I not build one myself? The snow lay deep on the ground; many weeks of winter were yet to come, and clearly it was too soon to begin work out of doors. But the resolve had been kindled, and the impulse would not be quieted. I could see the shop completed, with its long benches equipped with vises and tools, and my recently acquired lathe. Surely such a dream must come true, snow or no snow.

"At once I began work on the scale drawings, trudged through the snow with my small sister and brother to the lumberyard, and invested my slender savings in water-soaked timbers. Hauling these home on our sled was a heavy task, but when they were finally there we lowered a rope from the narrow window of a dark and lofty attic and hoisted them up into its friendly shelter. Here the work of framing was pursued after school hours and on those joyful Saturdays, and before spring had really come, the dismantled skeleton was lowered to the ground and the work of erection begun. Finally the shingles were all laid, and we looked with satisfaction upon our combined shop and laboratory. Though only ten by fifteen feet in size, it gave us immense pleasure and prepared the way for later buildings of more ambitious kind."

Five years later, when young Hale was a student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he spent his vacation equipping a small brick structure on a neighboring site. It was here, a year before his graduation in 1890, when he was barely twenty-one years old, that he conceived the idea of the spectroheliograph which was destined four years later to bring him the Janssen Gold Medal of the Paris Academy of Sciences.

The spectroheliograph is an instrument for photographing the sun in monochromatic light. With this it is possible to make a complete picture with the light of one spectral line representing a single chemical element, the impression being made on the photographic negative by employing a mechanism which moves the entire spectrograph across a solar image after the sun's light has been passed through a train of lenses and prisms and spread out into a long band of color. Professor Edward C. Pickering of Harvard permitted the youthful scientist to conduct some of his experiments at the Harvard College Observatory, but these early attempts to demonstrate the practicability of his invention were only partially successful. It was not until Feb-

ruary, 1892, that the difficulties confronting him were fully overcome and he was able to obtain fairly good images of the sun. This service opened a new field of research, marked an advance in astrophysics, and gave him, at the age of twenty-four, an important place among the astronomers of the world. During the next three years, with the aid of his friend and assistant, Ellerman, more than 3000 photographs were made at Kenwood, a prodigious and painstaking work when one considers the number of cloudy and rainy days he found it impossible to experiment.

The fact that the principle involved in the spectroheliograph had been stated by Janssen as early as 1869 in no way detracted from the credit which was accorded to Hale. Others had tried to develop the principle and had failed. In 1872 Braun designed an instrument which he was unable to build for want of funds. Lohse, at Potsdam in 1880, experimented with a spectroscope in an attempt to obtain pictures of the sun with the light of one spectral line, but getting no results abandoned his investigations altogether. The one had merely stated the principle, the second speculated on the theory only to the extent of designing a device, and the third lacked the perseverance to go on experimenting. A twenty-year-old boy came along and actually invented an instrument and continued to experiment with it until it did exactly what he wanted it to do.

It is a matter of record that few inventions are ever made that have not already been anticipated by others, sometimes many years before the event. More than sixty years ago children were reciting John Townsend Trowbridge's poem, "Darius Green and His Flying Machine"; yet not until December 17, 1903, did Orville and Wilbur Wright make the first successful flight in an airplane. Seventy-three years ago, in an address at Plymouth, Mass., Wendell Phillips prophesied that one day there "would be telegraphs without wires, able to send messages both ways at the same time, and where only he who sent and he who received should know what the messages were." But forty-six years elapsed before Marconi, in December, 1901, succeeded in transmitting a message any considerable distance by wireless telegraphy.

In 1892 President Harper, at the opening of the University of Chicago, called Hale to its faculty as associate professor of astrophysics, and in the summer of that year the young astronomer attended a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Rochester, N. Y. At the close of one of the sessions, he was standing on the sidewalk conversing with a group of friends when Alvan G. Clark of Cambridge, well known in his day as a maker of telescopes, asked if any of the group wished to purchase the largest telescope lens in the world. Inquiry elicited the information that several years before a number of Southern Californians sponsored a movement for the erection of an observatory on Mount Wilson. The old-time rivalry between Los Angeles and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)



AMONG THE SAN BERNARDINOS

With the opening of new roads and the improvement of existing ones, the San Bernardino Mountains come closer and closer to Southern California motorists, making a vast recreation area readily accessible. *Photograph by Karl Struss*

THE CRAGS OF San Jacinto



Lily Rock with its dome-like head is the dominant feature of the landscape overlooking Strawberry Valley and Idyllwild in the San Jacinto Mountains. The group of trees in the foreground are red cedars, commonly found throughout the higher canyons of the Southern mountains



A view of Marion Peak from the beginning of the Tahquitz trail from Strawberry Valley, an entrancing beauty spot of the San Jacinto Mountains



Looking down Snow Creek from San Jacinto Peak. The black, snaky line in the center is the water-course, marked by thick alders, while beside it is the dry wash from Four Falls Creek. On the floor of the pass may be seen a ranch and above it is White-water Wash, coming down from the foot of "Greyback"

The top of San Jacinto Peak is a mass of shattered granite, 10,805 feet high, with a precipitous drop-off toward San Geronimo Pass to the north. In the distance is "Greyback," 11,485 feet high, the highest point in Southern California





Cornell Peak as seen through the Alpine framework of lodgepole pine branches, from a bench high up on the slope of San Jacinto



A glimpse of Hidden Lake, concealed behind a gateway of granite boulders near the trail to Round Valley. A short distance back of the lake the escarpment of gray granite drops away precipitously to the Colorado Desert. Palm Springs is beneath and so close to the base of the mountain that it cannot be seen



AUTUMN COLORS

The vivid color of dying verdure now may be observed by those who venture forth. Especially delightful at the Autumn season is the eastern slope of the High Sierra, shown above in the photograph by C. J. Marvin, and the region about Zion National Park, pictured below by Bert Lynch





AN UPLAND PASTURE

Some more of those "contented cows" grazing in a grass-strewn meadow of Santa Barbara County.

Photographed by J. Walter Collinge

WHEN WE were speaking of the diversions at San Diego, I forgot to relate a case which proves the great fondness of the Diegueños for amuse-

ments.

Shortly before our ship reached San Diego (I believe that was in 1841) on one of our voyages along the coast, the brigantine *Juan José*, supercargo Don Miguel Pedrorena, had been in port. Upon our arrival the Diegueños informed us that Pedrorena had given a ball, the best that had ever been seen there up to that time, lasting three days and nights. Piqued by these words, our Captain Walker and Don Eulogio Célis invited me to contribute to a ball which should outshine the one given by Pedrorena. We did it, in fact, for this entertainment lasted eight days. At night there was dancing in the town, and by day the families went aboard to eat. After having slept a little they danced a while or amused themselves in conversation, and then returned to the town to continue the dance the whole night long. On the next day and the day after that, etc., for eight days, they did the same. Nevertheless, it all cost very little. It was interesting to see the procession of *carretas* conducting the families, first to the ship, and then to the town.

Commerce in San Francisco was very troublesome; for moving the cargo as well as for collecting the produce it was necessary to make use of small boats and launches; and in order to reach the different ranchos one had to enter by the various creeks, taking many chances of running the launch aground, and when the tide was low the supercargo often had to land in the mud, sometimes at midnight and in winter, sometimes in the midst of cold rain. The supercargo had to do this himself in order to set the example for the sailors, so that they also would throw themselves into the mud and open a canal by which to come out with the next high tide. If this were not done the launch would be completely mired for eight or ten days, until an extra high tide would come in. All of this made traffic in the bay of San Francisco very tormenting.

The inhabitants of the town of San José were in a greater state of backwardness than those of other points on the coast, which was instantly noticeable in their manners, and still more so in their fiestas and diversions. It was the custom there, the same as on the whole coast, to make a great feast for marriages. For this purpose they prepared an arbor, with a board floor, having, as they did, plenty of timber near by. Let it be understood that in the arbors of which I have spoken previously in which public dances were given at Los Angeles and other points, the floor was the earth.

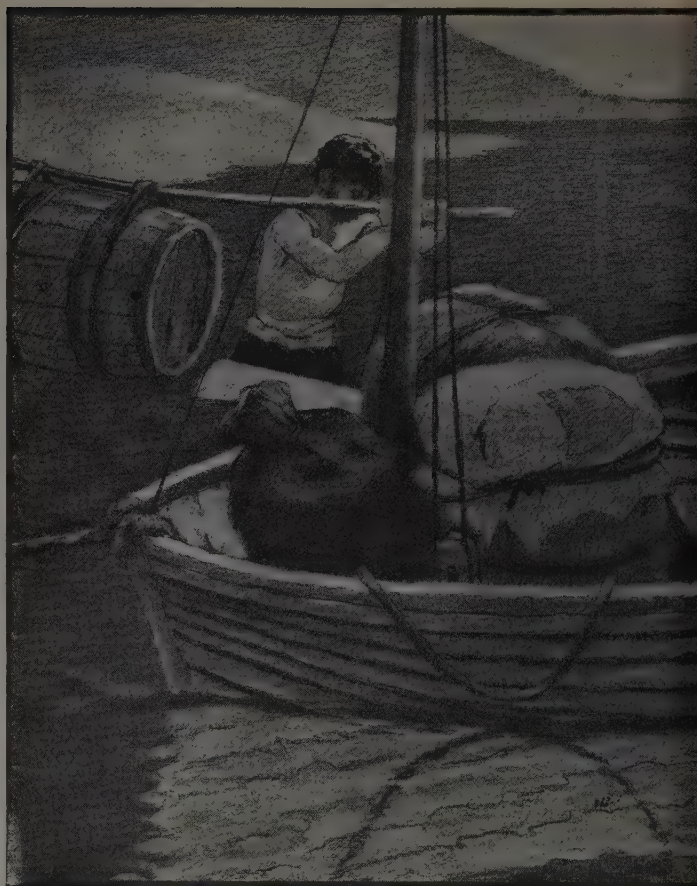
At San José the board floor was usually built about two or three feet above the ground, laid in a temporary manner. In

these salons, with walls and roofs of branches, the balls were given, sometimes lasting many days. The men indulged in the rude custom of riding their horses up on the platform where the people were dancing, where they made them give turns and dance also. In spite of the example set by some families of foreigners in their orderly entertainments, and the balls given on the opening of the first legislature of the State in 1851, this rude custom prevailed even at the ranchos. In this same epoch I witnessed it at Valentin Higuera's rancho, at the marriage festival of one of his sons, to which I was invited with my wife and family. Higuera had taken the precaution to fence in the salon with strong wooden posts and six-by-three bars. Notwithstanding this, shortly after the dance began, the horsemen, who were watching the dancing, rushed their mounts against the posts and broke them down, then climbed on the platform. At this same

fiesta I witnessed acts that bordered on insanity, as when the women snatched off their rich embroidered Chinese shawls, valued at \$200 or \$300 each, threw them on the wine-soaked floor and danced on them.

The most prominent families in San José were those of Don Antonio Suñol, Don Antonio María Pico, and Bernal. There were no social or family reunions there except among those families, to which we should add that of the Spaniard, Señor Noriega, married to a daughter of the Mexican, Don José Zenon Fernández.

In the practice of my business on the



Memoirs of

Being the recollections of

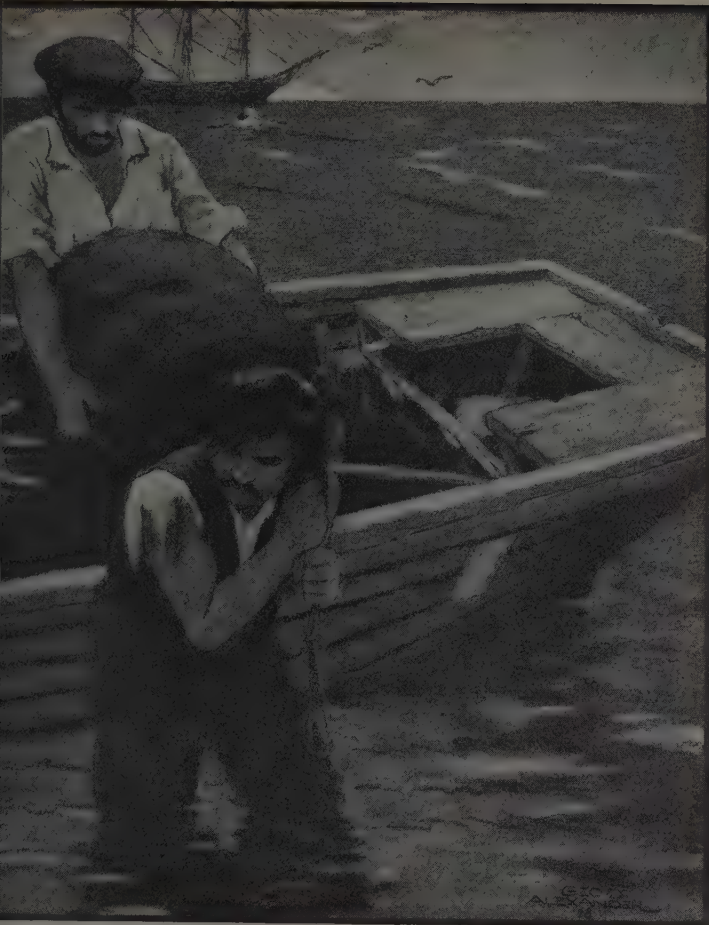
by José Arnaz,

Translated and edited

By Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez

coast I had opportunity to become acquainted with all the rancheros and their families who inhabited it, as well as all the missionary fathers. In the northern part the missions were occupied by the Mexican fathers of the College of Guadalupe de Xacatecas. The southern missions were in charge of such of the Fernandine fathers as still remained, and who for the most part were old Spanish missionaries, venerable old men, many of whom had contributed to the settlement of California.

With reference to the rancheros and their families I ought to say that I had the opportunity to frequently experience the



"Ships carrying foreign flags, before presenting themselves at Monterey for appraisal, approached some of the islands along the coast and landed merchandise"

Merchant

*customs in pastoral California
and rancho—*

Part II

Illustrations by George Alexander

proverbial hospitality of which I had heard so much, and I must admit that there was no exaggeration in what I had been told. When I arrived at a rancho those who dwelt on it received me with signs of satisfaction, and offered me the best that they had, even furnishing me with horses and servants if I had need of them, sometimes giving up their own beds to me. It is not to be understood by this that it was a special mark of distinction for my person, although it was true that captains and supercargoes enjoyed general consideration. But I saw the same system followed toward any stranger whatever who arrived at their

Joven Guipuzcoana. But it seems that it was true that ships carrying foreign flags, before presenting themselves at Monterey for appraisal, approached some of the islands along the coast and landed merchandise. After the appraisal had been made, they returned to the island where they had left the merchandise and again took the goods on board.

As I said before, when I was in San Francisco, I left the employ of Virmond and took charge of Aguirre's business. This was in the middle of the year 1842. While on the way to Santa Bárbara and San Diego in the bark *Joven Guipuzcoana*, we

rancho.

I had heard it said that in California a traveler was conducted from mission to mission, from San Diego to San Francisco, without it costing him a cent, being given horses, servants, food, and everything that he might need during his stay, and that the same practice was observed by the rancho after the decay of the missions.

It has been said that there was at that time, and previous to it, a great deal of smuggling on the coast. At least in the case of the House of Virmond there was never any occasion for smuggling, for the goods brought to California were Mexican or nationalized at Acapulco. Neither was it done by the House of Aguirre in importing foreign goods from Callao, or, at least, I can assert that it was not done in the expedition that I made to Callao in the bark

touched at the port of Monterey, and on leaving this port for San Luis Obispo, while tacking off Santa Cruz in order to turn Point Pinos, we encountered a large war frigate flying the English flag. As it drew near us it fired a cannon shot, and, hauling down the English flag, raised the American, which caused us to put the bark about. The warship lowered a boat with an officer and many sailors, all armed. Those in the boat came aboard of us and took possession of our ship, returning us once more to Monterey, where the bark *Clarita*, also Mexican, was anchored. After anchoring our bark the official returned to the war frigate, which had accompanied us to the port, leaving orders that we were not to put out a boat to go ashore. I, looking for a subterfuge, called to Captain Walker of the *Clarita* to send me his boat, since we were prohibited from launching one. In the boat that he sent me I went to land and directed myself to Governor Alvarado's house, where I found assembled all the employees, civil and military, and the principal citizens of Monterey, for the reason that Governor Alvarado had received from Commodore Jones, whose insignia flew on the frigate, a communication asking for the surrender of the plaza. The entire night was spent in discussing projects and arguing about what was best to do. Finally the decision was reached to transfer the government to Mission San Antonio de Padua, taking the archives in *carretas*. This plan was put in execution the following morning, and afterward the plaza was surrendered without resistance, for there was no means with which to resist. The commodore landed his men and took possession of the government house and the barracks and fort. Before this Señor Alvarado had left Monterey.

But Commodore Jones, a few hours after taking possession, learned that no state of war existed between Mexico and the United States, and therefore returned the plaza with all its appurtenances and the rest, and, lowering his flag and raising the Mexican, he saluted the latter with the proper number of cannon shots. This was followed by a festival of rejoicing that I did not attend, for on the same afternoon, when we were set at liberty, we sailed from the port for San Luis Obispo, in the prosecution of our voyage. On arrival at San Luis Obispo I disembarked and continued my journey to the various ports by land, as was my custom nearly always in order to avoid seasickness, and because of the necessity of visiting the rancho to collect the produce they might have on hand. I touched at all the ports as far as that of San Diego, and returned to that of San Francisco in the same way.

In October or November of that same

year of 1842 I sailed from San Diego in the *Joven Guipuzcoana* for Callao, with the intention of going from there to the Philippine Islands and never returning to California; but, not finding the means in Callao after two months of residence, I returned on the same ship to California, bringing invested in merchandise the small funds that I had. We reached Santa Bárbara in 1843, and after taking on Don José Antonio Aguirre went on up to Monterey. There I landed and remained ashore for several months. During my stay in that capital, General Micheltorena came up from the South, bringing with him a considerable part of his "artisans." It is true that in the battalion there were men versed in nearly all trades, but all, or the greater part, were persons taken from the prisons, or even from the presidio of Chapala. The troops continued their depredations in Monterey the same as in Los Angeles, and very soon made themselves detested. It seemed that Señor Micheltorena made very little effort to restrain the misbehavior of his men, perhaps because he feared them.

Happening to be at the door of the house of Don José María Castañares, where I was lodging, in company with Castañares and Captain Noriega, the latter one of Micheltorena's officers, I witnessed the following occurrence.

A soldier, wrapped up in a *sarape* and carrying a bundle under one arm, passed by in the street. On seeing him, Captain Noriega asked him what he was carrying, and the soldier coolly replied, "My captain, a guitar," at the same time showing the head and neck of a turkey which he had undoubtedly stolen at some house further up. Captain Noriega burst out laughing, and we also laughed at the soldier's jest.

I also was one of the victims of General Micheltorena's "artisans." On the 16th of September, 1843, a grand ball was given to which I was invited; and while I was happily dancing, the "artisans" of Micheltorena cleaned out my trunk and room so thoroughly that they left me without any clothes except what I had on. I informed some of the officials of it, but I did not recover anything, nor did I learn that they had taken any steps to ascertain the whereabouts of my property, or who were the perpetrators of the robbery.

Later I was again a victim (in the year 1844), being then established in Los Angeles, where I had started a store. On the birthday of Don Eulogio de Célis I was invited by him to dine at his house. After dinner we went to take a walk in the country, and on our return, rather late, I was going to my house, but, on the repeated urgings of Señor Célis to play a game of chess, I decided to stay a while longer. This game saved my life, as I shall explain.

After it was finished I went to my house. When I put the key in the lock of the street door it opened of itself. Surprised, I struck a match, and saw that all the shelves were empty. All of the merchandise, without exception, had been taken, but, remarkable to say, the trunk containing my clothing, which was in the room next to the store, standing near my bed, and which contained

some money, had not been touched.

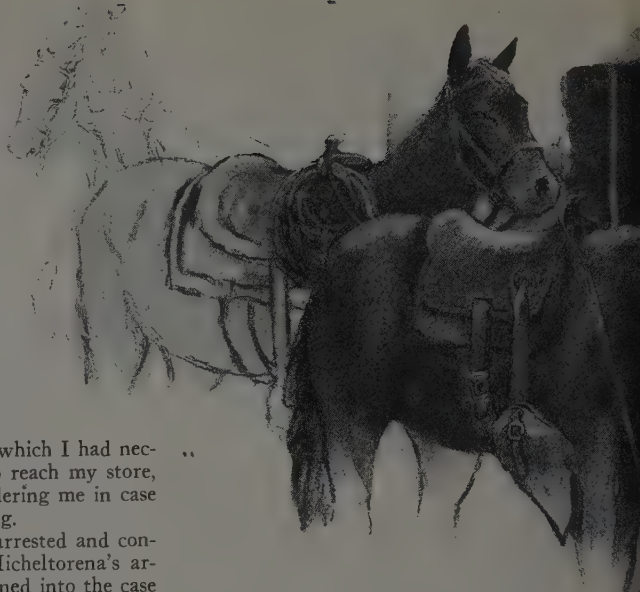
I went immediately to see the *alcalde*, Don Manuel Requena, and he came out at once with me. He asked Colonel Segura for guards, and with them we proceeded to search some out-of-the-way houses in the town, where some of the goods were found. The owners of these houses were arrested, and through them it was learned who the thieves were. Through the declarations of the latter it came out that while part of them were sacking my house others were posted in a narrow alley through which I had necessarily to pass in order to reach my store, with the intention of murdering me in case I arrived during the sacking.

The thieves, who were arrested and convicted, were soldiers in Micheltorena's army. Judge Requena examined into the case until it was all made clear, and, when General Micheltorena was informed of it, he ordered that these soldiers should be sent to Monterey, and offered to pay me for the losses that I had suffered, for a portion of my goods had not appeared. This promise he never fulfilled, and the soldier thieves were set at liberty, that is, he added them to his service in other companies of his battalion.

I will relate another case which happened in my own house at Los Angeles after I went to live at San Buenaventura, having rented to Don Gaspar Oreñas, nephew of Captain Don José de la Guerra, my store, in which I had placed merchandise brought from Lima. In the absence of Oreñas, the store was robbed one night of a small quantity of goods. He then posted Juan Pablo Ayala to keep watch and see if he could catch the thief, in case he should return. This was in 1845, during the rule of Governor Pico.

On the following night the thief came back, and when Ayala tried to seize him, he attempted to leap over the wall of the corral, which was made of adobe and was quite high. At this juncture Ayala fired a shot at him and killed him, the thief falling dead on the other side of the wall. An examination showed him to be one of the "artisans" of Micheltorena.

If I were to relate all the petty robberies of those rascally "artisans," I would have to fill many pages. It is enough to know that the word *cholo* was the cry of alarm for the women, who immediately ran to look after their washing, kitchen utensils, domestic articles, etc. Even to steal fowl these *cholos* had found a sure and silent method. They tied a grain of corn to the end of a cord, threw it a little way from the bird, and as soon as it swallowed the grain, swiftly drew in the cord, drawing with it the bird, which kept its bill closed and allowed itself to be dragged along, fluttering its wings but making no noise.



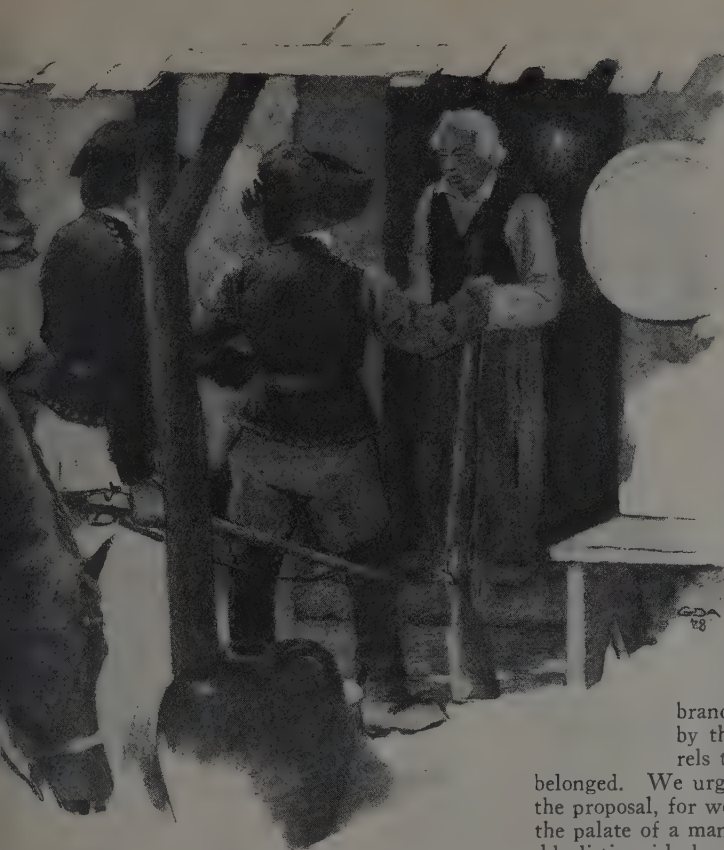
"With guards we proceeded to search some out-of-the-way houses in the town, where some of the goods were found."

I must admit, in deference to the truth, that from the year 1840 to 1843 one enjoyed absolute personal security in California, in the towns as well as along the roads, and it never occurred to any traveler to fear being assaulted by malefactors on the roads, unless it might be by wild Indians in the most deserted parts, such as were Nacimiento, Asunción, Paso de Robles, Las Pocitas, etc.

The only case of robbery and murder which I call to mind happened in Los Angeles, on the person of a German named Frink, who kept a small tavern along with a shoe-shop, or at least I believe he was a shoe-maker. This act angered the people, but they respected the law, and the criminals were soon taken up and tried. They were sentenced to death, and the execution took place in front of the same house in which the crimes were committed. Here they were shot.

The names of the criminals were Alipaz, Valencia, and another whose name I do not recollect. Captain Santiago Argüello was *prefect* at that time, his secretary being Don Narciso Botello. I do not remember the name of the judge who tried the case. This happened in the year 1841, or perhaps at the very beginning of 1842. I recollect that Don Eulogio Célis and I witnessed the execution from the top of a hill, and we were much astonished at the strength of Padre Tomás de Esténeza's voice, for when he came out of the chapel, giving spiritual consolation to the criminals, the words "*Soberana reina de los Ángeles*" came to our ears, in spite of the long distance at which we were, as though we had been no more than four feet away.

When I was living in Monterey the Superior Tribunal of Justice was still in existence. Those constituting it were Don Juan Malarín, president; Don José Antonio



Carrillo and Don José Antonio Estudillo, ministers; Don José María Castañares, fiscal; and Don José Mariano Bonilla, secretary.

I believe that neither the president, nor the ministers, nor the fiscal had ever studied law in their lives, not, at least, sufficiently to discharge their high duties with accuracy. Señor Bonilla, so I understood, had had the advantage of these studies in Mexico before coming to California with the colony in 1834, and, although he had not reached the point of obtaining the degree of licentiate in laws, he was a lawyer.

In the times when I was engaged in practicing my office as supercargo I had very little opportunity to direct my attention to the politics of the country or the acts of its governors, notwithstanding that they did in some degree affect the operations of commerce. I do not doubt that many of the measures taken by the government came to my knowledge, but, as they did not touch me nearly, I did not take the trouble to preserve them in my memory, hence it is that I cannot give account of them with the proper certainty, at least not as I should desire. But I do recollect that General Micheltorena issued a decree for the return of the property of the missions existing before that time to the missionary fathers. At that time several of the missions were still held to be landed property. This did not prevent the governor from granting concessions of lands to individuals, for the fathers held no other position than that of administrators of the establishments, and so continued until the time of Pío Pico.

Before I forget the following story I am going to relate it, although it is out of place here. Don José Antonio Carrillo was a great user of liquor. When he was in Monterey as judge of the Superior Court, one day Don Eulogio Célis and I met him in James Watson's store. In conversation Carrillo made a bet with Watson that he could recognize the different kinds of brandy in the store and tell from what orchard in Los Angeles each one came. We, who had sold the

brandies to Watson, knew by the marks on the barrels to what orchard each belonged. We urged Watson to accept the proposal, for we did not believe that the palate of a man who drank so much could distinguish by the taste the liquor from different orchards. But it caused us the greatest surprise to see that Señor Carrillo did not make a mistake in a single one, although he had to judge between six or eight different orchards. Señor Carrillo was a man who could drink, and drink every day, a very large quantity of pure brandy of 22 to 25 degrees proof, and the remarkable thing about it was that it was not noticeable in his appearance, or his voice, or his walk. He was the first to wake us up in Los Angeles, and the first to present himself at the door of the taverns—that was at daybreak—and from that moment he began to swallow drinks, which he repeated with great frequency until the advanced hour of the night when he retired, and each drink was of considerable size, perhaps three or four ounces of liquor. There was never at any time in California any one who could compete with him; several tried it and were vanquished.

When I spoke of the taking of Monterey by Commodore Jones, I forgot to give the names of the individuals who composed the *junta* which had gathered in Señor Governor Alvarado's house. The *junta* consisted of the governor; his secretary, Don Manuel Jimeno; Don Antonio María Osio, administrator of the custom house; Don Rafael González, commander of the guard; Don José Ábrego, departmental treasurer, and various officials and employees.

That night Señor Alvarado once more urged me to select the rancho which suited me best, assuring me that he would give me cattle from the missions to stock it. He called my attention to the fact that that would be the last day that he would be

governor of California, and that I should take advantage of it. I thanked him courteously, but refused his offer. I had not yet abandoned the idea of leaving the country; on the contrary, I held it even more strongly, being interested in the expedition that I was going to make to Perú, and in the cargo which I was to bring back on my return.

In the beginning of 1845 Captain Don Joaquín de la Torre presented himself in Los Angeles with a force of Californians, fell upon the guard and took possession of their arms.

In explanation of this I will briefly state that at the end of 1844 the Californians of Monterey started a revolution against General Micheltorena, giving as a pretext the abuses and evil acts of the *cholos*. The Californians, with Don Manuel Castro, Don Francisco Rico, and other prominent men at their head, left Monterey, seized the horses belonging to the government, and carried them off. They were pursued by one of Micheltorena's chiefs, but he could not overtake them, and he had to return to Monterey, taking with him all the cattle that he could gather up on the road. Later, Don José Castro joined the insurrectionists, with some twenty-five or thirty men of the presidial company of Monterey, who up to that time had been maintaining a military post at the headwaters of the San Joaquín River. After they were augmented by this force, Micheltorena himself went to meet them with a respectable number of troops. They met at the Alvires lagoon, but did not come to a fight, the affair resulting in an agreement between Micheltorena and Castro.

According to what I was told, the Californians recognized Micheltorena, on the express condition that he should discharge his *cholos* and some of his officers and send them out of the country; but, as Micheltorena alleged that he had no authority to send out of the department troops that had been placed there by the superior government, they agreed that the general should write to the government and recommend that those troops should be taken out. It is certain that Micheltorena retired with his forces to Monterey, and that Don José Castro went to camp with his Californians at Mission San José, there to await the decision of the superior government.

Since Castro's Californians were nearly all rancheros, they soon began to go back to their houses, but were ready to return to the fray in case it should be necessary. Castro was left with very few men when, a short time after the agreement, he learned through his spies that General Micheltorena was about to fall on him with a formidable force. He then retreated hastily to the south and did not stop until he reached Los Angeles, pursued by General Micheltorena, though with the infantry troops alone, and, I believe, a couple of pieces of artillery. It has been said, and is firmly believed by many persons, that this affair did not go beyond the pretense of a campaign, and that the revolution had been promoted by Micheltorena, who desired to return to Mexico and to have a pretext for abandon-

ing the country. The progress of the revolution would seem to prove it, for, although the forces met several times, they never fought. Just as fast as Micheltorena advanced, Castro and his men retreated, without interfering in any way with the march of the former and his troops, although they could have done so in such difficult passes as that of La Gaviota, or that of Rincón. It was only in the Valley of San Fernando that some cannon shots were fired, but at a great distance.

When Don José Castro arrived in Los Angeles he explained to Don Pío Pico and others the situation in the north, and, since the desire to free themselves of the *cholos* was general in the whole department, old rancors were forgotten for the moment, and the Angeleños united with the northerners, making common cause with them. Don Pío Pico, as chief member of the *asamblea*, convoked it, and it was resolved to send a committee to General Micheltorena, who was then, I believe, in Santa Bárbara, demanding that he should not come down from there until conferences and negotiations had been held, for in the judgment of that body it was believed that the difficulties could be solved pacifically. Micheltorena received the committee with bad grace and declined to accede to what was asked of him. The members of the committee returned and reported the result of their commission. The *asamblea* then resolved to refuse acknowledgment of the authority of General Micheltorena, and called upon Pío Pico, its chief member, to fill the office of governor *ad interim*, recognizing at the same time Don José Castro as *comandante* of the troops.

The forces of the insurrectionists being now organized, they stationed themselves at San Buenaventura, where Señor Castro built a sort of stone wall, which cut off the road leading from Santa Bárbara, but did not prevent its passage, for the enemy force could come by way of the hills or by the beach, especially as it was entirely made up of infantry. There some shots were exchanged, but at such a long distance that they resembled salutes rather than fighting.

Castro continued his march in retreat, leaving the passage free for General Micheltorena, who marched without molestation as far as the plain of San Fernando, where the united forces of north and south appeared to be preparing for the combat with those of Micheltorena. There some cannon shots were exchanged, also at long range. The foreigners who accompanied Micheltorena abandoned him; negotiations were opened, and General Micheltorena announced his capitulation. He marched with his force and armament, without entering Los Angeles, directly to the port of San Pedro, where the ships were ready to conduct them to one of the Mexican ports, after touching at Monterey to take on the rest of his army and his wife and personal property.

Thus terminated the revolution, with the departure of Señor Micheltorena and his "artisans," leaving in the country the impression that it had all been the work of Micheltorena himself, carried to an end after the collection of duties from the ships

of Limantour and the house of Machado, of Mazatlán, which came to be appraised at Monterey instead of Mazatlán, where it should have been done, that being the point of their destination. Duties were also collected from the other ships which carried on the trade of the coast, for the pay of Micheltorena's troops was very much in arrears.

Shortly afterwards the government of Mexico confirmed Don Pío Pico in the office of governor, and Don José Castro in that of *comandante-general*, I believe in this same year of 1845. Castro established himself at Monterey, and Governor Pico set up his government in Los Angeles, which was the capital by law.

At this time the Government of Mexico informed the governor and *comandante-general* of the possibility of a declaration of war against the republic by the United States of America.

Castro, following his old custom, took possession of all the funds that came into the treasury, without giving Pío Pico any money at all for the support of the government. This produced strained relations between the governor and the *comandante-general*, and resulted in the expedition organized by Governor Pico to go and restrain Castro and take possession of the custom house and treasury.

Previous to this the departmental assembly undertook to stop as far as possible the complete destruction of the missions, considering them as historical monuments of the foundation of California, which ought to be preserved, and also as the only resource from which to obtain funds with which to pay the expenses of the government, and lastly those of the expedition to which I have alluded above.

For the purpose, it named a commission composed of Señores Don Juan Manso, a Spaniard, and Don Andrés Pico, to make an inventory of the missions, without loss of time, and give account of the state of each one. The commission visited all the missions in the South and North, and in consequence of their report the assembly and government resolved in accord to sell at public auction some of the missions, that is, those which had no lands, and were in part ruined or threatened with early ruin, under the conviction that if they should pass into private hands the latter, for their own interests, would better attend to their preservation than the government, which lacked means for it and had other claims to attend to. At the same time it was resolved to rent out those which had lands. To this effect public notices were posted up for the space of four months in all the towns on the coast, and when the time was completed the auction was held in the City of Los Angeles, on the 24th of December, 1845, in the office of the Judge of First Instance, Don Vicente Sánchez, in the presence of Governor Pío Pico and Government Secretary Don Juan Bandini, also of the Secretary of the Assembly Don Agustín Olvera.

Some were sold and others rented. Among the sales that I recollect were the following:

San Diego, to Captain Santiago Argüello.

San Juan Capistrano, to Don Juan Foster.

San Gabriel, to Workman and Reed.

La Purísima, to Francisco Malo.

San Luís Obispo, to Wilson and Scott.

San Miguel, to John Reed.

La Soledad, to Feliciano Soberanes.

Those in the north were neither sold nor rented because there were no bidders for them. The rented ones were:

San Fernando, to Juan Manso and Andrés Pico.

San Buenaventura, to the narrator and Narciso Botello.

Santa Bárbara, to Don Nicolás Den.

Santa Inés, to Joaquín Carrillo and José María Covarrubias.

San Luís Rey, to José Antonio Pico and José Antonio Cot.

The assembly and the government in common accord sent the man who was then secretary for the government—on account of the retirement of Bandini—Don José María Covarrubias, French by birth but naturalized a Mexican, a man of good capacity, who came in the colony of Híjar and Padrés in 1834, to Mexico, with the end of obtaining the approbation of the superior government in respect to the acts of the departmental government in regard to the missions, and that of obtaining a decision upon other matters, especially the means of securing resources, since the country was threatened with invasion by the North Americans. The chief official, Don José Matías Moreno, took the office of secretary.

Governor Pico, finding himself in greater and greater straits because of the lack of resources, proceeded, with the authorization of the assembly, to form the expedition of which I made mention before. To obtain funds for this purpose, he sold the missions that had previously been rented. By this time the governor and also the *comandante-general* had been invested with legal powers by the superior government, issued by the respective ministers, to dispose of all national property and even of that of individuals in the department, with the object of providing funds for the common defense in case of the foreign invasion which the government believed was about to occur. Other reasons were added to that.

That document was shown to me by Don José Castro. I held it in my hand, I read it with care, and in virtue of it I made a deal with the *comandante-general* and bought the uncultivated lands of Mission Santa Clara, which claim was refused to me afterwards by the Land Commission and the District Court of the United States.

One of the powerful motives which Governor Pico had (besides the lack of resources for the support of the government) to proceed to violent measures against Señor Castro was that the latter despised his authority, and even conspired to overthrow him from his position, as was made apparent in various ways. In the first place, by refusing to permit the departmental treasury to be transferred to Los Angeles, and afterwards refusing to permit the treasurer, Don Ignacio del Valle, named by the governor, to take possession of the treasury, which had been resigned by Don José Ábrego, even at

Monterey. To this we must add the revolutionary movements in Los Angeles by partisans of Castro to deprive Pico of his position.

Here I must be permitted to mention an act which filled the families of Los Angeles with panic. It is as follows:

Alcalde Vicente Sánchez had put in the jail a Spaniard named Faustino—a carpenter by trade, who had been only a short time in the country—on account of some affair of women. This Faustino was a very determined man, of a restless spirit, and, wishing to avenge himself upon the *alcalde* who had proceeded against him in a matter which did not concern him, he won over the other prisoners who were in the jail, among whom were some who did not bear a very good reputation, such as the said Alipaz, Ritillo, whose true name I do not remember, one Valencia, and others. One night, I do not recollect the date, but perhaps it was near the end of 1845, while I was at a ball in the house of Don Abel Stearns, Don Pio Pico arrived to inform us that the prisoners had surprised the guard and were threatening the town. He asked our aid, and immediately all of us who were at the dance ran to our houses, took our arms, and returned to Stearns' house, where several companies were formed to lay siege to the prisoners, who had lighted a bonfire outside of the guard house and had turned on the principal street a cannon, which they discharged from time to time. I, accompanied by the Spanish Vice-Consul, Don Cesáreo Lataillade, and ten or twelve more, formed the company under command of Don José María Covarrubias, who had not yet started to Mexico. Don Ignacio Palomares commanded the company of Californians. We were posted in the left corner of the plaza in front of the guard house, sheltered behind the walls of the corral of Colonel Segura's house.

Don Ignacio Palomares and his men were placed in the old jail, which was also on the left flank of the guard house. There was another company behind the guard house, but I do not remember who commanded it. Still another was in the right angle at the corner of the house of Doña Venancia Domínguez.

It appeared that the prisoners were ignorant that they were being surrounded, and they continued to fire off the cannon in the direction of the principal street. From time to time the voice of Faustino was heard shouting encouragement

to his comrades: "Courage, boys! Either we will burn in hell or we will eat breakfast like the governor!"

We were about a hundred yards off, in front of them, and by the light of the bonfire we could see them distinctly. We wished to fire on them several times, feeling sure that our shots would hit the mark, but Señor Covarrubias would not consent, and kept calling us continually to order. We spent the rest of the night on guard, and at dawn, without our knowing how they got possession of horses, the prisoners passed on horseback in front of us, not knowing that we were there, although they passed perhaps only twelve or fifteen *varas* from us. They took the direction of Arroyo Seco, or San Gabriel, and, being pursued the next day by the forces of Californians, they were

promptly arrested, made prisoners, and returned to Los Angeles, destined for the Prison of Acapulco.

For this purpose Governor Pico had contracted for a schooner, which had arrived on the coast shortly before, belonging to a Spaniard named Beleinstáin, but the latter afterwards refused to receive the prisoners. Comandante-general Don José Castro, who arrived in Los Angeles at that time, took charge of the prisoners and took them north with him. Faustino was given his liberty at San Luís Obispo, where he settled and married the daughter of another Spaniard, named Cané, of the ship *Asia*. The rest of the prisoners Castro set free at Monterey. The person who relates this had a very principal part in saving the prisoners from being taken to Acapulco, for he voluntarily defended Alipaz, Valencia and Ritillo, with the sole object of protecting Faustino, whose unjust imprisonment won in his favor the sympathy of the whole town, and contributed to the prompt coming of the *comandante-general* to take the prisoners away with him.

Señor Castro left at that time in charge of the military command Don José Antonio Carrillo, to whom he had given the office of *comandante de escuadra*. Carrillo and the brothers Cérbulo and Hilario Varelas made, with some others, an attempt to overthrow Señor Pico. The latter discovered it in time, and put Carrillo and the other leaders in prison in irons. Carrillo was Pico's brother-in-law twice over.

Afterwards Castro showed his hostile spirit against Pico by giving Carrillo a military command in the north.

I forgot to say that a little after the departure of General Micheltorena, Don José María Híjar arrived at Los Angeles in the character of commissioner of the superior government. It was said that the government of Mexico had named General Iniestra *comandante-general* of California, and that the said chief was to come with a considerable force, for which purpose provisions and other resources had been collected in Acapulco. But an insurrection occurred there, and the insurrectionists seized those resources, for which reason neither Iniestra nor the expedition came.

I knew Señor Híjar well, and he honored me with his friendship. Señor Híjar was well educated and well mannered, of a lively character, a good singer, and a good performer on the guitar. Al-



"General Micheltorena marched with his force and armament, without entering Los Angeles, directly to the port of San Pedro"

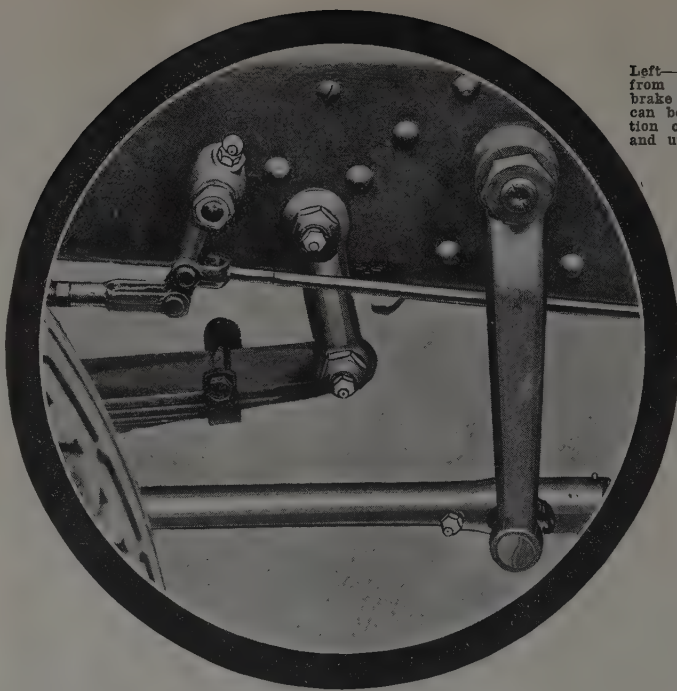
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NECESSITY may be the mother of invention but there is much to be said for the theory that many an accomplishment comes about by mere accident. All of which explains how it happens that when you and I engage in the important process of stopping our cars, our brakes often play us musical compositions in the most modernistic manner.

It has come as a shock to many car owners to find their more modern cars lapsing into the habit of offering brake noises without invitation. When all braking systems were completely exposed it was simple enough to understand how the elements might adversely affect brake action, but with the coming of the completely enclosed brake, motordom thought that it was rid of this nuisance. How could the elements affect an enclosed system? How could there be noises if there was nothing to disturb the brake lining? How could the drums accumulate dirt if they were protected?

As usual the unexpected happened. While much more dependable and thus safer, the internal type of brake, or even the external type properly shielded, has turned out to have a surprisingly persistent inclination toward jazz. Engineers have had to scrap many of their pet theories regarding brake noise and start all over again. Fortunately much has been learned during the past year so that if the troubled motorist will slow down for a few minutes he can get the new slant on the subject and save music for those hours that are spent before the dials of his radio.

This is not going to be such an easy matter for the average motorist, however. When I state, in truly radical fashion, that all brake noises at the present time are the result of vibration, he will be inclined to suspect that he is in for a dose of theory. He may slumber along through the preliminaries, thinking he can wake up and listen just in time for the salient point regarding the cause of brake squeaking and



Left—Much brake noise comes from vibration due to unequal brake adjustment which, in turn can be traced to lack of lubrication of brake levers, clevis pins and universal joints in the brake assembly

Squeaks, Squawks & Squeals

Some notes on discouraging
“musical” brakes—

By Frederick C. Russell

squawking. Or he may even go so far as to walk out on the show. Whatever he does, or whatever he thinks, will not change the situation, however. Brakes are noisy because of vibration. There are no two ways about it.

This vibration is caused by a number of conditions, many of which are the result of new ideas in braking practice, mistakes in

design, inferior materials and inexpert handling of the brakes. But first let us get this vibration matter settled so that it will be the first thought to flash into our minds when the brakes burst into discord and, logically enough, the clue to the right remedy.

It is the wood shell of the violin that serves to amplify the vibrations of the violin strings. A piano is useless without its sounding board and even the wind instruments have their horns. In the case of a brake we have a natural amplifier in the shape of a brake drum. Even the brake band or shoe, depending upon the type, has its amplifier action. Thus if vibration is set up at any one of a number of points in the vicinity of these parts, noise is the inevitable result.

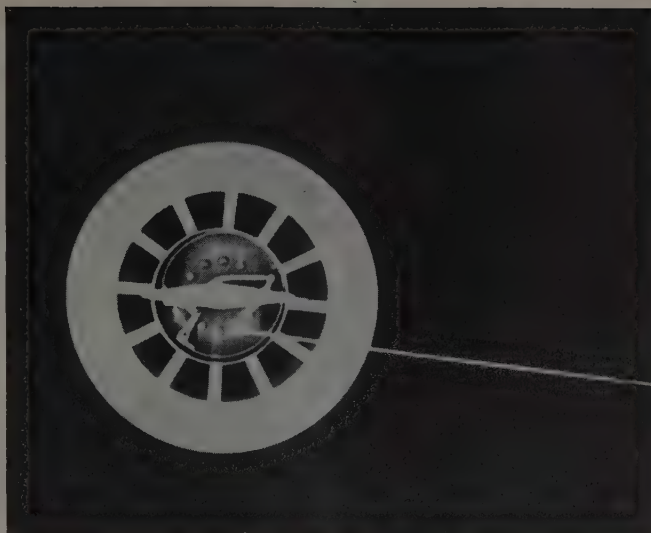
Obviously the thinner the brake drum or the lighter its construction the more effective it will be as an amplifier. This does not mean, however, that a car with light brakes is certain to be a noise maker. Other factors are to be considered. I have in mind one low priced car with light brakes that are showing up remarkably well in actual service for the simple reason that the manufacturer is especially careful how brake lining is applied and is very particular in his specifications with respect to the manufacture of the lining itself.

Just the opposite situation also holds. There are some cars with brakes that are inclined to set up vibrations but the brakes themselves are so heavy the amplifying is weakened. Just as the musician puts a mute over his instrument so the designers of some cars, frequently by chance, have put a mute on brake vibrations. This accounts for the fact that you will find some people who take very little care of their brakes and who do not appear to be troubled with the embarrassment of driving a musical car.

It is getting to be quite common to hear drivers of internal expanding brakes explain that the noise from their brakes is of a temporary nature and that the trouble usu-

ally follows wet weather. "Just a few stops and the noise seems to vanish," runs the usual comment. How dampness or moisture could affect brakes that are shielded from the elements, however, is a puzzle which they do not attempt to explain. Here it is necessary to take a new view of shielding. Enclosing brakes does prevent water and dirt from the highway from upsetting conditions but the brakes still are subject to weather conditions. The metals contract and expand. Moisture not only penetrates from the outside, but is generated through condensation on the inside. There is internal heat as well, and since washers are not leak-proof, lubricant can get into the brakes from the wheel bearings (in the case of front brakes) and from the axles (in the case of rear brakes). All these conditions affect the brakes and alter the situation sufficiently to bring about what appears to be mysterious self-disturbance of the brakes themselves.

Let us say that in a mechanical system of brakes the constant use of the car in wet weather results in affecting the linings of two of the internal brakes. The driver starts out again when the weather clears, and is annoyed to find one of his rear brakes squeaking. This, then, is purely a case of vibration caused by one of the rear shoes not holding as tightly as the ones in the front brakes and the shoe on the rear brake that is quiet. The linings of the front brakes, we will suppose, have swelled a little, thus reducing brake clearance. There may be a little grease on the quiet rear brake so that while its shoes may be vibrating the noise is deadened at the outset. This leaves only the shoes of the trouble-



It is impossible to determine by visual inspection if shoes and bands are concentric with their drums. Some may be eccentric when idle but become concentric when applied

some brake to break into song.

Under such circumstances the remedy is to step on the brakes more vigorously. And this is exactly what happens in most cases, only the driver does it unconsciously and spreads out the stopping on the installment plan. Mere use of the brakes tends to dry out the damp front brake linings and restore the brakes to their normal condition. The noise vanishes and the driver goes his way. Even with hydraulic internal expanding brakes the same thing can happen, even though equalization is automatic. This happens because there is often a difference in the clearance of the bands themselves. With this type of brake, however, most of the noise comes from high spots in the lining which, in turn, may result from the lining not fitting properly to the brake shoes.

Noises have been particularly common in cars equipped with brakes of the mechanical

self-energizing type. Such brakes call for the use of a third shoe in each assembly. Because of its self-action this shoe is of a floating type and is thus prone to vibrate if the brakes happen to be unequalized. If drivers would simply apply such brakes a little more vigorously when the noise commences there would be little to worry about. What aggravates the trouble is the average driver's habit of trying to "spare" the brakes the minute they become noisy.

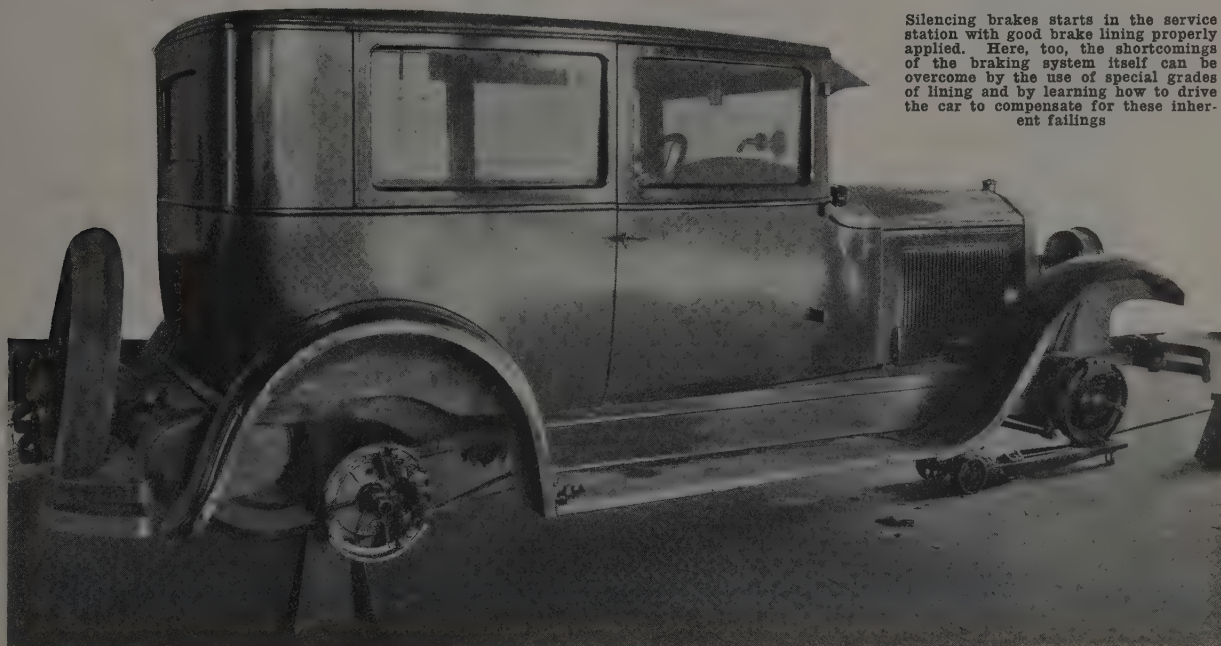
Manufacturers of brake lining constantly strive to make their products impervious to moisture and much has been accomplished recently through more modern methods. If the average motorist could view a good grade of lining in process of manufacture he would insist upon the best when he has his brakes relined and he would

also be more appreciative of the effect of the weather on the lining of his car even though he may have brakes that offer every known protection against the elements. Good lining is very carefully dried in steam ovens before it is given the process that saturates its asbestos texture with the dark fluid treatment, the ingredients of which vary for different brands of brake lining and which usually are considered trade secrets. Considerable drying takes place after this treatment yet moisture may, under exceptional and unforeseen conditions, get the better of it.

Most motorists know that when linings become so worn that rivet heads come through noise cannot be avoided without relining the brakes. But comparatively few owners know why their brake linings wear flat in spots when the car has not been driv-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

Silencing brakes starts in the service station with good brake lining properly applied. Here, too, the shortcomings of the braking system itself can be overcome by the use of special grades of lining and by learning how to drive the car to compensate for these inherent failings



THE TREND IN STYLES FOR WOMEN

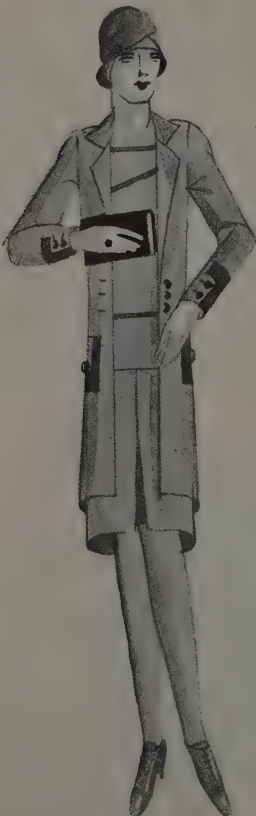
By Opal Haynes
Drawings by Victor Mall

TORN between two opposing desires, the modern woman, with her customary elasticity of mind and her penchant for getting what she wants, grasps at two straws and saves the day. The result is that we now have more desirable sport togs, practical in their cut and style, adaptable to the sports for which they are intended, and yet carrying a note of elegance heretofore undreamed of in this type of costume.

The pencil silhouette is in the discard along with the boyish form, and in its stead appear flares, side pleats, tiers and many other little telltale touches which show the way the feminine heart is turning. She will have her way, in spite of everything, and so one sees her attending outdoor events attired in stunning costumes deliciously colored and marvelously designed. The fabrics themselves are of unusual richness; transparent velvet and woolens shot with glistening metal threads; silks which have the effect of tweed; sporty jerseys embel-

lished with printed designs, and rich wool mixtures showing blendings of blue and violet with beige and grayish tints which rival the hues of Scotch heather on a misty morning.

Brown is having quite a vogue. Among the many aspirants in this family race for first place are tête de negre, chocolate brown and a brilliant rust, each with a sporting chance to win. One hears so much of "blues" that it would seem neglectful of an opportunity if the numerous members of the blue family did not attempt to compete



A tweed ensemble with the coat slightly longer than three-quarter length and the jaunty skirt showing an inverted box pleat in front is worn with matching or similar tweed shoes



The sweater shown above is one of the newest interpretations, showing an inlaid yoke and a knitted tie made of the same material as the sweater but of a slightly darker shade

for favor. Therefore, we have blues of many kinds, violet and purple mixed with blue, a brilliant flower-like blue, plum and even prune.

Red is represented by many entrants—the old favorite American beauty, the brilliant "incarnate red," garnet, mahogany and a version of red which has a feeling of magenta.

Color is rampant, so it is safe to choose one's most becoming hue and use it in its many tones and overtones to the great satisfaction of one's complexion. Whatever is done, one should disdain to wear an impossible color just for style's sake.

The woman who takes an active part in the various sports of today, delights in masculine togs, that is to say, she likes them for what they are worth and in their proper places. She selects them with a thought for comfort first and then she adds a dash of sheer beauty for femininity's sake.

The new sweaters are by far the loveliest that have been seen for many seasons and at the same time the most practical. If



This coat-dress of dark blue rep covert has a series of pockets on one side only—the pockets forming the principal decoration

the fair sportswoman would save her neck from sunburn, let her select one of the new high necked interpretations which have style and chic as well as protective qualities. One perfectly delectable model boasts a tiny drawstring which ties in front, giving a trig effect as it snuggles close to the wearer's neck in a charming manner.

Another, which finds favor with those who delight in youthful modes, has an inlaid yoke in contrasting color and a smart attached tie knitted from the same yarn as the sweater and in the same two shades. Others affect little bow ties, and some have long scarf-like ends hanging loosely down the front or thrown carelessly round the neck in swagger fashion. Borders are the outstanding features in others, borders of stripes, of plaids and of conventional designs applied at the hip line and sometimes on the sleeves.

A sleeveless sweater which appeals to the golfer is worn off the links with a cardigan coat sweater in harmonizing colors, the accompanying skirt being in either silk or jersey. Daring, indeed, is the new lisle sport shirt which many women prefer to sweaters—its decided mannishness, its soft silkiness and luscious pastel colorings give it an arresting swagger impossible to resist. While this shirt is in reality a summer mode in the East, Californians will adopt it for warm days in winter as well.

The ensemble idea has taken such a hold on the fancy of women in general that it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

Cathedral Gorge

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

frequently terminate in vaulted chambers. The largest of these, known as Moon Cave, graphically illustrates the versatility of the power that has wrought the marvels of Cathedral Gorge. Through a maze of eroded prisms the visitor must make his way to the obscure entrance which might easily be overlooked by a casual observer. After a descent of a few feet, the interior of this strange cavern is revealed by the dim light that filters through the small passageway. Megalithic columns, rising to a vaulted roof, give the impression of a huge temple submerged in darkness—a majestic edifice dedicated to the worship of a Plutonian deity whose ways are recondite beyond mortal understanding. The farther reaches of the cavern are veiled by a stygian gloom that effectually smothers the futile beam of an electric flashlight; therefore, it is well to proceed with caution, for deep pitfalls lie in wait for the unwary.

If Moon Cave can be regarded as the domain of the King of Darkness, then the amphitheatre a short distance away must be the home of the Spirit of Light and Beauty. A cove in the hillside having the form of a great horseshoe is located to the east of the Celestial Tower. Channeled cliffs are carved into an intricate, bewildering mass of detail. The expanse forming the stage floor is of white sand, impalpably fine, compacted almost to the hardness of cement, and nearly as smooth as the floor of a ballroom. Several galleries extend into the cliff, the longest being located near the apex of the horseshoe: two of these terminate in chambers which have been fitted as dressing rooms for the players who take part in pageants that are presented in this unique amphitheatre.

John Armstrong Challoner, a philanthropist who is an ardent

disciple of visual education, donated a considerable sum of money to be expended for that purpose. Under the direction of the governor, who was named as custodian of the fund, a stadium was constructed at the amphitheatre, and

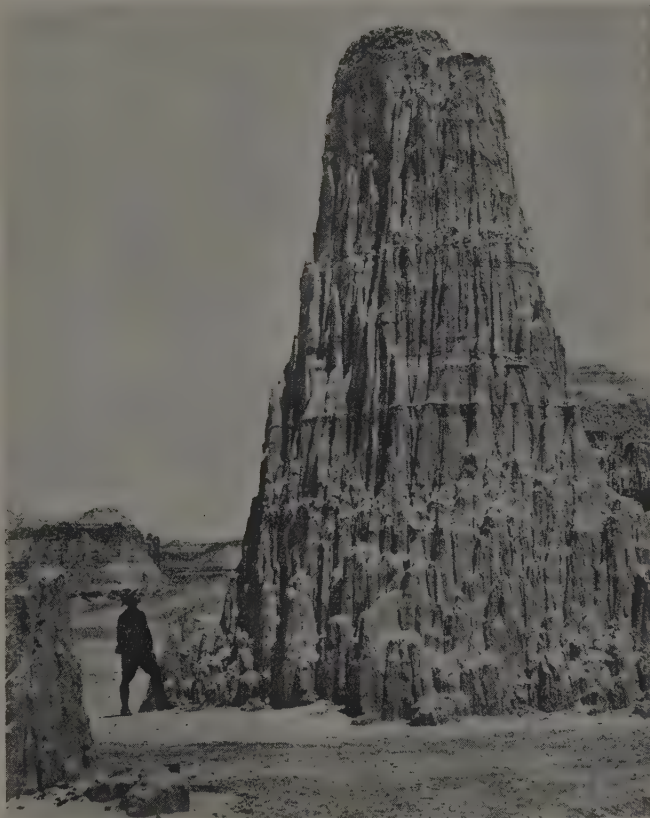
facilities provided for lighting, which would make it possible to stage plays by night. The actors have been pupils from the schools of Pioche, Caliente and Panaca, who have presented several pageants at which the governor was

the guest of honor. One of these dealt with the early history of the State, portraying the life of the intrepid pioneers who explored it.

Unusually effective was a pageant which depicted the evolution of terpsichorean art. Lighting was so arranged as to throw into sharp relief the weirdly sculptured rocks of the amphitheatre, greatly augmenting the bizarre effects apparent even by daylight. In such a setting, the dancers created a scene which was pronounced unique by beholders who had viewed many examples of spectacular staging.

In the shadow of the serried cliff a short distance from the amphitheatre, a cross has been erected for Easter services. To this temple "made without hands" come scores of worshippers every year to sing carols in the roseate dawn that tints the sculptured rocks with a phosphorescent glow. Truly, here is a sanctuary in which all the innate spirituality of mankind can have full expression.

Cathedral Gorge is easy of access from the route between Pioche and Caliente. Twelve miles south of the former town, a road branches to the west, and leads two miles to this little known masterpiece of elemental sculpture. Notwithstanding its isolation from the main highways of transcontinental travel, this is obviously destined to become a Mecca for great numbers of wayfarers who seek the beautiful in natural phenomena. True, it lacks the vastness of the Grand Canyon, Bryce's Canyon or Zion Canyon, and in this respect is in no way comparable to them. The very greatness of those abysmal chasms compels us to view them in perspective; their details are so vast as to preclude an intimate contact. But in Cathedral Gorge is found an opportunity to view at close range the handiwork of the Master Sculptor.



The Celestial Tower, in Cathedral Gorge, is one of the most beautiful examples of erosion-carved sandstone in existence

Some Other Americans

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)

the cactus was merely a formality. We didn't become well acquainted until later. I haven't seen all the curious sights this globe has to offer, so I hope I may not be regarded as too cocksure when I voice the notion that there isn't, anywhere, such a spectacle.

How many species of this desert vegetation we saw I wouldn't have the temerity to hazard a guess. Their number passes M. Voltaire's bounds of probability. From the giant cirio and suwarro stretching straight into the heavens for as much as fifty feet they ranged down to the tiny pincushion cactus, not much larger than an egg. Both cirio and suwarro were in bloom, the former tossing their white plumes grandly in the breeze; the latter bearing their crowns of flowers with a more profound stateliness.

The cactus of the peninsula supports its vast bird life, furnishing nesting places and food, and the

skulking coyote, clever fox, galloping jackrabbit and tricky skunk, once within its cover, are as safe as if in a moated citadel. One passes wraith-like figures, now hideous as Caliban, now graceful as Isadora Duncan in her best days, but one never seems to tire of the changing form and pattern, and when the moon casts eerie shadows upon the road one recalls the fantastic canvases of Gauguin, and Jurgens' eventful journeys.

We topped a rise and gazed into the arroyo at Cataviñá. The floral aspect changed. Here were tall palms living on the most neighborly of terms with the multitude of cacti. Deep in the canyon and immediately adjacent to the road, we came upon a *ranchería*—a small plot of corn, a forlorn grape arbor and half a dozen fig trees, struggling valiantly to grow. Three scattered adobes told us humans lived thereabouts.

It was a perfect camping spot

and we sought the proprietor's permission to spend the night. Beneath the thatched ramada of one of the structures we discovered two men to whom we deferentially directed our request. We were welcome, thrice welcome. The estate was ours. All this was conveyed in a few words and one of those expressive gestures that are so meaningful among the Latins. The *padrón* was not at home, but he would be glad to see us when he returned, we were told.

One of the two, it developed, was the traveling *zapatero* or shoemaker. He was engaged in making shoes for the establishment. Over hand-carved lasts he drew and fitted the leathers with a craftsmanship that excited our envy. It is the custom of the *rancheros* to tan their own hides, when once or twice a year the traveling *zapatero* appears to make from them shoes for the entire family.

The *zapatero* and his companion,

who later proved to be the son of the *padrón*, watched us prepare our supper with vast interest. One of the chief reasons for this intense interest we learned next morning—the ranch had been without sugar or coffee for three weeks and our stock of both seemed enormous to these hungry souls.

But it was our gasoline stove that held the attention of the *zapatero* most. Never had he seen one and he thought of it immediately as a substitute for the indifferent and feeble fires he must depend upon to prepare his food in his journeys from rancho to rancho. We explained its working to him in full detail, its cost, and gave him an advertising tag, picturing it, which we hadn't theretofore removed. He must make many shoes, I fancy, to amass sufficient capital to acquire one, but I know, from the covetous light he had in his eyes, that the first extravagance he indulges in will be one of these compact and handy domestic contraptions.

The bacon was in the pan when down the wall of the ravine rode a bronzed figure on muleback, driving before him two laden burros. He stopped at our camp, made, perforce, near an improvised corral. Dismounting and with never a thought to his animals he marched straight to us, hand outstretched, and with a regal bearing. His "Good evening" was gruff but the piercing shafts from his eyes left never a question as to its sincerity.

He was the *padrón*. He introduced himself in Spanish with that exquisite, but so little heard phrase, "*Don Carlos Verdugo, servidor a Ud.*" (Don Carlos Verdugo, your humble servant). In an instant he had seized our imagination and won our admiration.

We asked him to break bread with us. He accepted with alacrity and "*con mucho gusto.*" The scene underwent a transformation. Two youngsters appeared from nowhere to care for the stock. The *zapatero* and the oldest son scurried up the hill to the main ranch building and returned with bench and table. A second trip and they bestowed an armful of sweet corn upon us. We put two spoonful more of coffee in the pot.

Don Carlos, we learned through our spasmodic conversation, had lived at Cataviña for twenty-seven years; prior to that at Rosário. But beyond that time he cared not to remember. Discreet inquiry brought only respectful evasion. Somewhere among his forebears were conquerors, sages and courtiers, for in him we saw a man among men, a gentleman and a scholar. Not one who studies books, but one who knows the vagaries of nature in her many moods, and the ways of wild things. Only recently had he shot a giant mother bobcat. Next morning he showed us the

playful kitten tied to a bedpost in his own chamber. This was all we saw of his own domicile. We didn't see the idol of his sequestered life, a young daughter—an orphan, we understood—reputed up and down the peninsula to be a gorgeous creature, quite as handsome as any sylvan coryphee conjured from the

fertile brain of Bosschere or Rackham. Some men guard their gold in an insane frenzy of suspicion. Don Carlos spread his protection thusly over her who was his chiefest treasure.

It was time to retire. Our beds were made upon our cots. And again the voice of the master spoke.

Log of the Circle Tour Through Baja California and Sonora

Points	Intermediate Mileage	Total Mileage
LOS ANGELES	00.0.....	
SAN DIEGO	130.9.....	130.9
TIJUANA	17.0.....	147.9
DESCANSO	30.5.....	178.4
ENSENADA	38.0.....	216.4
SANTO TOMAS	28.5.....	244.9
SAN JACINTO	15.8.....	260.7
SAN VICENTI	8.6.....	269.3
JOHNSON RANCH	15.8.....	285.1
HAMILTON RANCH	37.9.....	323.0
SOCORRO	37.0.....	360.0
ROSARIO	22.3.....	382.3
SAN AGUSTIN	55.6.....	437.9
EL MARMOL	9.7.....	447.6
CATAVINA	30.2.....	477.8
CHAPALA	35.5.....	513.3
PUNTA PRIETA	40.6.....	553.9
MESQUITAL	63.8.....	617.7
CALAMALLI	31.5.....	649.2
LOS ANGELES	45.4.....	694.6
SAN IGNACIO	32.3.....	726.9
SANTA ROSALIA	48.8.....	775.7
GUAYMAS (boat)	85.0.....	860.7
HERMOSILLO	89.6.....	950.3
CARBO	46.6.....	996.9
LLANO	53.1.....	1050.0
SANTA ANA	14.3.....	1064.3
NOGALES	76.0.....	1140.3
PHOENIX	199.5.....	1339.8
YUMA	200.5.....	1540.3
LOS ANGELES	270.0.....	1810.3

Down the hill came a bed. We gazed upon it and realized we were in for a hard night. It had head and foot and side-pieces, but in lieu of springs there had been nailed across the side-pieces a smooth but unyielding surface of rough boards. Two youngsters—perhaps Don Carlos himself—were due for the ground that night, and we for an equally restless eight hours. To decline the bed was unthinkable. It was the crowning gesture of hospitality. Greater love hath no man than this; that he give up his bed for a friend.

We felt like a pair of pounded steaks when the sun, peeping over the rim of the canyon, gave us an excuse for arising. It was to be a long day and we dallied no longer than was necessary over breakfast. Don Carlos was present to lend assistance and give us his Godspeed. As we passed out of this vale of contentment I glanced back to see him watching us, the hunger for intellectual companionship burning in his eyes.

I'll see you again some day, Don Carlos, and we will talk long beneath your vine-covered cot. You will teach me the ways of the *wiboras*, and the manner of the mother quail with her fledglings; how to know when the *tunas* are ripe and the *pitahayas* are sweetest. And I will tell you of the miracles of the modern world that you, fortunately, know nothing of, and try to stir from the recesses of your mind the memories of those brighter and grander days I know you are reluctant to reveal. We will drink much coffee—good coffee—with sugar, and the world may pass by on its hectic, hurried way without hindrance from us.

[The concluding section of "Some Other Americans" will appear in an early issue of TOURING TOPICS.—Ed.]

Memoirs of a Merchant

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

though he was old, it was plain to be seen that at one time he had been very gallant in love affairs. This señor brought—according to what he himself told me—private instructions from the superior government to take command if he should consider it necessary. Señor Hajar did not make use of these powers, because he considered it unnecessary, for the governor and chief officials applied to him for advice, which made him head of the department without appearing to be. About four or five months after his arrival, Hajar died in Los Angeles, in the house of Don Abel Stearns, where he had lodged since his coming. His death was greatly felt by the whole society, by whom he had made himself liked. I believe that his death was caused by an aneurism of the heart. If I remember correctly, his remains were given official honors, and the funeral was attended by all the principal persons, including the ladies.

Finally, in the latter part of June, or the beginning of July, Governor Pico left Los Angeles with the forces that he had organized, some 200 or 300 men, for Santa Bár-

bara, with the object of marching north and putting the bridle on Comandante-general Castro, alleging that the last named was proposing to come to the South with seventy or more well armed men to take possession of the political government. I was at that time in San Buenaventura, now proprietor of the mission by the purchase which I had made of Governor Pico, after having bought for \$1000 the rights which Narciso Botello held as renter in company with me.

The military command of the expedition, I believe, was held by Don Andrés Pico, accompanied by several Mexican officials. The expedition passed through San Buenaventura without stopping, on the way to Santa Bárbara. From there Governor Pico issued a violent proclamation against the United States, being moved thereto by the taking of Sonoma by those called the party of the Bear Flag.

After some delay in Santa Bárbara, Pico and his force went on to the ranch of Santa Margarita, belonging to Don Joaquín Estrada, which had formerly been a part of the mission of San Luís Obispo.

There he met Don José Castro and a small force which he had with him, and there he was informed by Don Manuel Castro, prefect of the first district, who had come with José Castro, of the taking of Monterey by Commodore Sloat on the 17th of July, and of other events that had occurred in the North. The prefect intervened with his good offices to prevent the two rival chiefs from hurling their forces against each other, and he succeeded in reconciling them by convincing them of the necessity of working together against the common enemy in defense of the country.

Pico and Castro embraced each other and promised mutual support in defending the integrity of the territory and the honor of the Mexican flag, and thereupon started on their return together to Los Angeles. As I was at San Buenaventura, I could not inform myself of the details of what occurred there. I only know that when Don José Castro received news that Colonel Frémont was marching against him from San Diego and Commodore Stockton from San Pedro, each with a considerable force, he resolved to

dissolve his troop and march to Sonora. Of this determination he gave notice to Governor Pico, who, after consulting the assembly, embraced the same decision, with the idea of going to Baja California, but he did not succeed in doing this until after remaining secreted for some time on the Santa Margarita Rancho. His secretary, Moreno, also concealed himself for some time at the rancho of San Luís Rey. Both ran the risk of being taken prisoner by Frémont's forces, which had been augmented by some native Californians from San Diego. They succeeded in escaping at last, and did not return to California until the cession of this country to the United States by virtue of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

Stockton and Frémont took possession of the entire South, as they had previously done of the North. When they retired, Captain Gillespie was left as commandant at Los Angeles with a small force of Americans.

Gillespie was there only a short time when there was an uprising of Californians, instigated by the Mexican officials who were in the city. Captain José María Flores,

ogist endeavoring to translate an unknown language. A bilingual inscription, containing an expression of the same fact in both celestial and terrestrial characters, is what he requires, and this a suitably equipped laboratory is often capable of supplying.

"In the solar spectrum we can photograph about 20,000 lines, distributed irregularly from the red to the violet, and throughout the invisible regions beyond. Perhaps some of these are due to iron. To settle this it is only necessary to vaporize some iron between the poles of an electric arc and photograph its spectrum beside that of the sun. Some 2000 solar lines are found to coincide in position with lines of iron. As these lines are given only by iron, we may conclude at once that this element exists in the solar atmosphere."

Thus the work of the solar physicist is carried on slowly and carefully. Changes in the relative intensity of the lines, it was believed, are due to a reduced temperature of the vapors in sun-spots. How was this conclusively proved? By photographing at varying temperatures the spectrum of iron vapor in an electric arc. Thus it was found that some of the lines strengthened or weakened as the temperature was reduced, and as the experiments continued, magnesium hydride, titanium oxide, and calcium hydride were identified. Later, through more complex changes in the lines, the magnetic phenomena of sun-spots and of the whole sun were discovered.

Gradually the solar physicist is forming a new picture of this body 93,000,000 miles away. The sun being nearest the earth, it is furnishing, as it were, the laboratory materials to enable the astronomer to determine what is the nature of much more distant stars. To the

eye at the telescope the flocculi of the sun are invisible; but the spectroheliograph, by excluding all light save that caused by calcium or hydrogen, brings them out prominently on the photographic plate. Recently, in his Pasadena laboratory, by his newly-devised spectrohelioscope, Dr. Hale has succeeded in rendering them visible to the eye.

Thus the importance of some of Dr. Hale's discoveries may be glimpsed by the lay mind. The astronomer no longer finds it impossible to register what is happening when the previously unknown phenomena of the sun are changing, and the physical laboratory is his ally in helping him to discover and interpret what lies beyond the earth.

At Mount Wilson, as at Yerkes, a distinguished group of astronomers and physicists has aided Dr. Hale, and from time to time, other eminent scientists, notably Dr. Albert A. Michelson, have used its great laboratories for experiments. Five years ago Dr. Hale retired from the directorship and became honorary director, while Dr. Walter Sydney Adams, a member of the staff since the observatory was founded, succeeded him. Dr. Hale still continues his experiments but is free from administrative work. In addition to the spectroheliograph he has invented and developed other astrophysical instruments, including tower telescopes, solar and stellar spectrographs, the heliometer, and the spectrohelioscope. His principal discoveries, besides the phenomena of the solar atmosphere and magnetic fields in sun-spots, include also hydrogen vortices above sun-spots, the proof that the whole sun is a magnet, and the law of sun-spot polarity.

I have said nothing of this man's multifarious activities in other directions. I have not touched on his

work as a member for twenty-five years of the council of the National Academy of Sciences, nor on the splendid service he rendered during the World War as organizer and chairman of the National Research Council, sponsored by the Academy. Nor is there space within the limits of this article to enumerate the thirty-odd scientific societies throughout the world in which he holds honorary membership. These include the Paris Academy of Sciences of the Institute of France, the Italian Society of Sciences, the Academy of Vienna, the Royal Academy of Turin, the Physical Society of London, the Royal Astronomical Society, and the Royal Societies or Academies of Rome, London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Amsterdam, Belgium, Norway, Sweden and Russia.

He was for ten years foreign secretary of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington, which he has represented at many international meetings, and in 1922 was the first American representative on the Committee on Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations. For more than twenty years he has been a trustee of the California Institute of Technology, and in 1919 was named one of five trustees of the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery in the deed of trust by which the late railway executive bequeathed to the nation the \$30,000,000 foundation at San Marino. Indeed, it was Dr. Hale who was largely instrumental, by his vision and his faith in the future of Southern California, in bringing about the invitation which was extended in 1921 to Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan to become the executive head of the Institute.

He loves the charm of Egypt, which he has visited twice: once with his life-long friend, Dr. James

Harvey Breasted, the Orientalist and historian, when the tomb of Tut-ank-amen was opened in the Valley of the Kings. He is fond of biography, of the drama, and of music, and tells you why he prefers Henry James to Arnold Bennett as readily as he will tell you why he prefers the poems of Keats or Shelley to those of Byron or Lamartine. An extremely modest man, he prefers to talk of other men's achievements, and is always among the first to sing their praises. A man greatly beloved by all who know him, his attitude is that of one who finds it difficult to comprehend why so many honors have been heaped upon him by the scientific world. "My work has had far more recognition than it deserves," he says; and no one can hear him say it without being instantly aware of the self-effacing spirit of the man. "My life is a great adventure," he observes humbly, "and I am still trying to find my way in a world of marvels just as I did as a boy." And to prove, if further proof be needed, that the boy in him is still adventuring, let it be said that he likes adventure tales and is a mystery-story "fan." Once, when sojourning in a quiet retreat on the California coast, he wrote a friend: "I have found here in this house one of the greatest favorites of my youth—'Frank at Don Carlos Rancho'—and am reading over again the tale that I know by heart, which first aroused my desire to live in Southern California." He enjoys nothing better, after a busy day, than to follow the exploits of Charlie Chan, the hero of an Earl Derr Biggers story, and he confided before I took my leave that the Chinese sergeant of the Honolulu police, like a solar eruption, is interesting because nobody knows what he is going to do next.

Mountain Men

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

their enemies, in this way securing the privilege of trapping in certain regions unmolested. In the Southwest, the fact that the trappers were Americans rather than Mexicans frequently led to friendly relations with the Indians who were always more or less on hostile terms with the Mexicans. In the Northwest, the rivalry between the Hudson's Bay trappers and the Americans created a contrary situation by making of Indians under the influence of the British traders enemies to American trappers.

On the whole, it might be said that the trappers were generally considered as intruders by the Indians who frequently attempted to assess some sort of tribute for the privilege of trapping in the streams which the Indians considered theirs. The trappers resented all such levies and whenever they were attempted there was trouble, and frequently some scalping to be done, either by the Indians or by the trappers or, perhaps, by both.

In spite of these generally unfriendly conditions, the trappers usually had friends among the Indians and nearly all had Indian wives. These latter were some-

times only temporary attachments and were abandoned when the trapper left the tribe to whom the wife belonged. Frequently he took no interest in the children which were the result of such union. There were exceptions to this general rule, however, and cases are on record where the Indian marriage was held just as sacred as any marriage among whites, and the children were educated and cared for as properly as possible.

Later, as emigrants pushed over the frontier into the Indian Territory and the government extended its operations among the Indians of the Far West, it was soon discovered that the one-time trappers and traders made by far the best Indian agents. They understood the Indian character; they knew his methods of fighting and his habits during peace. They could meet him on his own level, enter his wigwam and enjoy his dog-feasts. They could talk to him in his own language about subjects which were of common interest. Moreover, as we have already indicated, the trapper's children were frequently as much Indian as white, and so the trapper himself might almost be

regarded as the Indian's brother. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to give illustrations, but a few noted cases of trappers who served as Indian agents may be mentioned, such as William Bent, Kit Carson and Thomas Fitzpatrick.

The trappers were usually of that arrogantly independent attitude of mind which cared little or nothing for international boundaries so long as beaver could be caught. They jeered at the idea that Mexican officials had any right to assess a tax on the catching of beaver in Mexican waters, or in any way regulate the industry by means of licenses or otherwise. In fact, they openly said that in spite of the Mexicans, they would hunt beaver wherever they pleased. This they proceeded to do, paying no attention to the fact that, according to international agreement, practically all of the region referred to now as the Far Southwest was actually Mexican territory, subject to Mexican law.

Nor were the Mexicans always anxious to dispute this right when it came to the point of actually driving the American trappers from Mexican waters. So far as official correspondence was con-

cerned, that was another matter. There they upheld their prerogatives with considerable valor. But when within the range of the trappers' rifles it was considered best to let circumstances alter cases and they allowed the trappers to pass unmolested.

As regards the Mexican women, however, the trappers had quite a different attitude, and strange as it may seem these *señoritas* and even the *señoras* had a decidedly different reaction towards the trappers than did their male companions. This was very clearly shown at the *fandangos* which occurred at Taos whenever a company of trappers from the mountains would visit that frontier settlement. Many of the *señoritas* finally accompanied their trapper heroes into the mountains as companions for life.

Some of these marriages finally resulted in the trappers becoming settlers and abandoning more or less completely their trapping activity. A number of settlements in this way sprang up along the upper waters of the Arkansas; and Taos, Santa Fé, and the various towns of California counted in their population a considerable sprinkling of American trappers.

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You pay for time and materials plus a nominal percentage of profit. The total is amazingly reasonable, yet,—at Carter's—the best of all, you get FREE OF CHARGE!



Bob Knows How

Carter Auto Works
Complete Reconditioning Plant
241 W. Adams, near Grand Ave.
LOS ANGELES
Westmore 3461

Slidetite SLIDES DOORS INSIDE

Where they are away from snow and ice

No garage is better than the doors which enclose it. That is why *Slidetite* equipped doors are such a good investment.

And they not only assure your car the protection it deserves, but they save you an endless amount of time, trouble and annoyance.

Because they slide *inside* the garage, *Slidetite* doors are not exposed to wind, rain, sleet, ice or snow. They won't blow shut. They won't stick. They won't sag, shrink or rust.

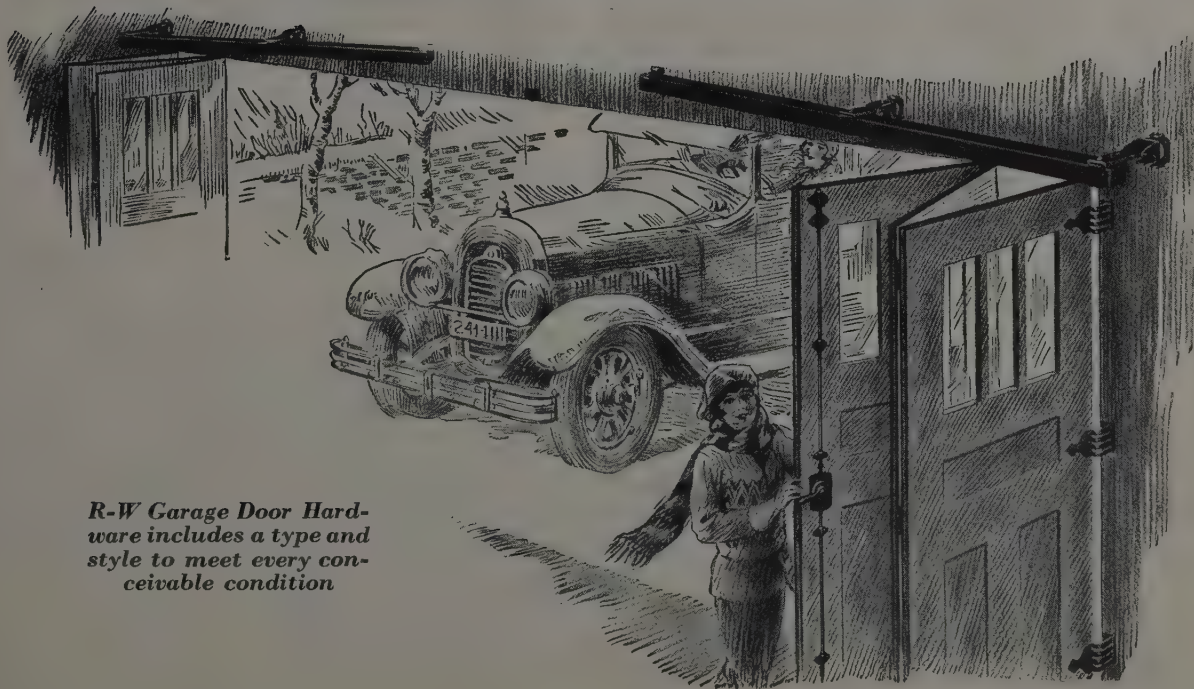
Another advantage of *Slidetite* garage doors is that they do away with dangerous center posts, and thus give you an unobstructed, full-width opening.

Slidetite, with lock-joint brackets, is packed in complete sets for 3, 4, 6 and 8 doors. To insure satisfaction buy complete sets only.

Richards-Wilcox Mfg. Co.

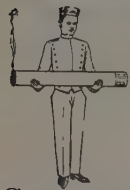
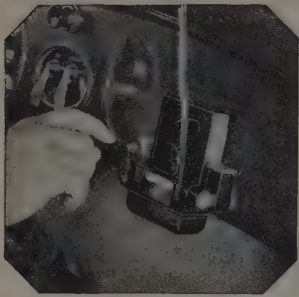
"A Hanger for any Door that Slides."

New York . . . AURORA, ILLINOIS, U.S.A. . . . Chicago
 Boston Philadelphia Cleveland Cincinnati Indianapolis St. Louis New Orleans Des Moines
 Minneapolis Kansas City Los Angeles San Francisco Omaha Seattle Detroit
 Montreal . RICHARDS-WILCOX CANADIAN CO., LTD., LONDON, ONT. . Winnipeg



R-W Garage Door Hardware includes a type and style to meet every conceivable condition

Cig-A-Lite



delivers
your
cigaret
LIT!

SAY good-bye to fussing over matches and fighting the wind. You're through with bother and danger, too, when your car is equipped with Cig-A-Lite. All you do is tug a flap and touch a lever; your cigaret is lit and ready.

Attractive, Cig-A-Lite is made of bakelite with nickel silver trim. It includes a removable pocket case, ash tray and snuffer. The lighting unit may be passed around the car for cigar or pipe.

An ideal gift for the motorist

Cig-A-Lite will solve your gift problem for father, brother (maybe sister) or friends. Anyone who drives and smokes will be mighty pleased with it.



***** Mail the Coupon *****

Cig-A-Lite Products Co., Dept. T
(Div. Gat-Gun Lubricating Corp.)
Builders Exchange Building,
Oakland, California

Gentlemen:

I would like to buy Cig-A-Lite on a ten days' trial basis, with the understanding that I can have my money back promptly if I am not absolutely satisfied. Please send me Cig-A-Lite in:

(Mottled Walnut, \$10.00) ☐

(Polished Black, 8.50) ☐

If my check or money order is not enclosed I am to pay the postman, in which case I will also pay parcel post C. O. D. charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

My car is a _____ (make)

_____ (year) _____ (model)

428

JOBBERs and RETAILERs, write for our attractive sales proposition.

Styles For Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

keeps the style arbiters busy thinking up new and diverting ways of presenting it to the public. Since tweed is being shown in such a variety of charming color combinations, it lends itself readily to this type of costume. Thus we have a tweed two-piece jacket suit with shoes and hand bag fashioned from the same material. If this is not feasible, the accessories may be made of a tweed as nearly like that of the costume as possible, and the hat and gloves made to harmonize. With the ensemble idea in mind,

kodaks are now being made in red, blue, green and several other shades to blend in with the colors of the various costumes, while hand luggage has long since been acceptable in bright colors.

The one-piece coat dress of light tweed is one of the newer things for fall and will also be seen during the winter months accompanied by a smart fox fur. A feature of this dress is the pocket which appears on one side only and may be in double or triple fashion. A convertible neck line is noticeable in this type of dress; it may be worn with the lapels turned back or buttoned up snugly around the neck with military precision.

Pockets are decidedly fickle this season—one never knows just

TOURING TOPICS

where to look for them! Here is one, for instance, at the waistline of a one-piece frock, another is just below the hip belt and still another posed low on the skirt of a coat dress. They are utilitarian and arresting at the same time—which speaks worlds for our style designers. They well know that for street and sports wear the American woman likes her wardrobe practical and beautifully harmonious at the same time.

Your Club's Activities

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

scouting Northern California gathering information for new game bulletins, maps and incidental details of interest and necessity.

One of California's greatest assets is the giant redwood forests in the northern part of the State, but this is by no means all that it can boast. There are fascinating lakes, the charming brooks, quiet meadows, and the lofty Sierras, all with a generous share of game birds and animals. The Outing Bureau is constantly inspecting new locations and traveling conditions, and can always supply information regarding the State game laws. Hence every member contemplating a hunting or fishing trip, a cruise, or even a pack trip into the Sierra, should first get in touch with this department and be advised of the exact conditions which he is likely to meet, thus possibly eliminating many minor mishaps.

Thefts Decreasing

It is gratifying to note that the total number of cars stolen in the vicinity of Los Angeles during August of this year is little more than half the number stolen during the same month of 1927. According to the Club Theft Bureau seventy-five cars were stolen last month with a recovery of seventy-one machines. Cooperation between the Police Department, the Sheriff's office and the Club is fast curbing the taking ways of automobile thieves, through swift and efficient work, not only in retrieving the stolen machines, but also in punishing the criminals. Pursuant to its policy of befriending the motorist in every way possible, the Club, through its Theft Bureau, monthly returns many stolen cars to non-members as well as members.

Protect Your Spare Tire

For Many Makes.
Why Take a Chance?
Johnson Locks are "Stronger Than the Law."

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Bakersfield—Peerless Tire Service, Inc.
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Riverside—Tire & Rim Service Co., Inc.

San Bernardino—Irwin Bowman.
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For Chevrolet 1928 Cars.

For Ford Model A Cars.

Piston Slap, Oil Pumping, Carbon Deposits, Fouled Plugs--- STOPPED!

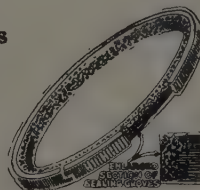
Cork Sealed Piston Rings Do These 4 Things for All Motors

INCREASES power by eliminating piston slap, keeping spark plugs clean and carbon from forming. SAVES fuel by stopping oil pumping. Be sure to tell your mechanic to install Cork Sealed Piston Rings.

Also Complete Gasket Service.

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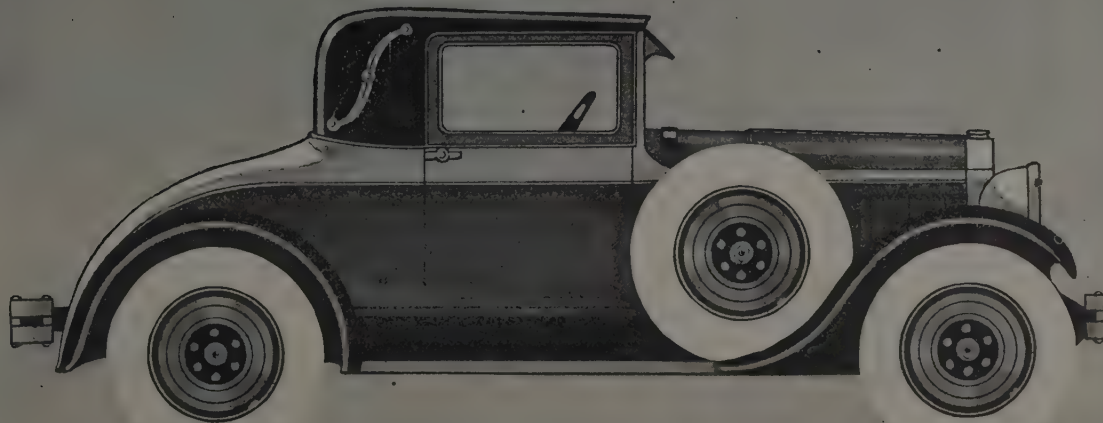


PART OF THE PICTURE

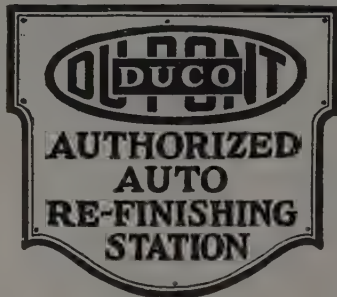
You won't be surprised at the excess miles you get from Fisk Tires—you may not be surprised at the way they improve the riding qualities of your car.* You *will* be surprised to see how these big, good-looking tires improve your car's appearance. Fisks are made in all sizes and types for all sorts of cars, service and pocket-books. But to get the best in both performance and appearance, ask for the Fisk Heavy Duty "Rugged Tread" Balloon.

**"Fillerless Cord" construction, a Fisk patented process, builds extra miles of cushioned comfort into Fisk Tires.*

FISK TIRES



DON'T FORGET



That if you buy a new car this fall, the **FIRST CITY BLOCK YOU DRIVE WILL COST YOU FIVE TIMES AS MUCH AS IT WILL COST TO MAKE YOUR PRESENT CAR LOOK LIKE NEW.**

And when you trade your car in next fall for a 1930 model, the small price you pay for our wonderful high gloss Duco Finish **WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU—** and then some—**IN INCREASED TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE.**

Just stop and think a moment: Can't you see that this year's changes in body lines are purely experimental? Ask any automobile manufacturer what is going to happen next year, and you will wait for a 1930 car. You know things are happening fast now in the automobile industry.

And we can make your car like new at a lower cost for the quality of work **THAN ANY SHOP IN THE WEST.**

WHY?

We are the largest and oldest exclusive Du Pont Duco plant in Los Angeles.

We do approximately 80% of the first quality Duco work done in Los Angeles.

We have retained our same crew of **FORTY HIGHLY TRAINED REFINISHERS FOR SIX YEARS.**

We do all of our own work under one roof, paint removing, straightening fenders and bodies, upholstering, seat covers, new tops and building up seats.

CALL, LOOK US OVER, AND BE CONVINCED.

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(Just west of Alvarado Street)

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Pacific Duco Auto Finishing Co., 2217 Beverly Blvd.
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Without obligation furnish me with cost of a 15-coat

Glossy Duco finish on my.....

(Name of car)

Name.....

Address.....

Elephant's Head

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

When he picked her up, he found that she was followed by two puppies, barely old enough to walk.

He took the puppies home, fed them and trained them to hunt; rarely did his spear come home unstained.

The next morning after the council had given him permission, he took his dogs, not as large or as strong as our dogs, but small, wiry and wonderfully agile, and went in search of Wu. He had not far to go, for Wu was even then engaged, with loud trumpeting and stamping of feet, in shoving over a tree in which Tecacha's eldest brother had taken refuge.

Unleashing his dogs, Tecacha slipped out of sight behind a boulder. The dogs made straight for the elephant, barking with short, high-pitched yaps. Wu paid no attention to them until one nipped the end of his trunk.

Wu therefore trembled with pain and anger. He charged madly at the small, yapping pair, intending to crush them with one swing of his trunk or stamp of his ten-ton foot. But the dogs moved with the speed of arrows, twisting and dodging ever just out of reach.

With Wu's attention diverted to the extermination of the dogs, Tecacha moved farther up the canyon. Gradually Wu followed the dogs, and as they enticed him closer, Tecacha moved on, keeping out of sight.

At last, toward evening, they

came to the Land of Slanting Rocks, where Tecacha knew of a canyon stream with a bed of clay. He guided his dogs to where the canyon walls narrowed and the water deepened, then stood waiting.

Wu was so occupied that he came almost within striking distance before he scented his most dangerous and most hated enemy. Pausing in the middle of a rush, he turned piggy little eyes toward Tecacha, then threw back his trunk with a screaming trumpet.

Just as Wu charged, Tecacha dove into the pool, swimming under water. Wu saw him disappear and lunged at the spot with all his might. When he hit bottom, his tremendous weight, with all the force of his charge behind it, drove his ponderous tusks so deeply into the clay that he could not budge.

With his head under water and unable to withdraw his tusks, Wu soon drowned, whereupon Tecacha informed his clan.

All the tribes for many miles around assembled at the body. They spent days feasting and dancing, while Wu's meat roasted in the camp fires. Loud were their praises and many their gifts to Tecacha, the Little One, who was now called Wawachino, the Clever.

Not being able to remove Wu's head from the clay, they let it stand where it was and it may be seen to this day, turned to everlasting stone by ages of time, in the canyon of the Slanting Rocks.

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Duco is a specific product of the du Pont Company. No other finish is Duco. There is a standard method of using it to refinish automobiles, called the du Pont Process. Only at Authorized du Pont Duco Refinishing Stations can you be sure of having your car refinished in genuine Duco by the du Pont Process.

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Highland Auto Works,
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Woodward Automotive Engineers,
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Master Service Co.,
811 Whittier St.
Hollywood Duco Company,
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DUCO Authorized Auto Refinishers

The Show Case

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

going up to the next floor in a modern garage."

One party had a notion that the ramp part of the jack would be in the way when the tire was being removed from the wheel. It proved to be just a notion, however. As the car gets up and on its handy jack, the ramp part remains far enough away from the wheel to make tire changing far handier than with the usual jack that does not always raise the car far enough off the ground to accommodate the spare tire with its fully blown shoe.

This fellow's car was a show case in itself. The accessory hunter was quick to note that it carried a new type of shock absorber and, upon asking a few questions, found himself learning about a set of devices known as hydro-checks. The

owner explained that he bought them because they promised to save him all the annoyance of running around to have things adjusted.

It seems that hydro-checks solve the problem of how to keep a spring control device from exerting an undesirable control over the springs when the car is running over normal pavements. Here is where the balloon tires and the springs themselves should be allowed to flex naturally in order to provide an easy, cushioned ride for passengers.

To eliminate undesirable control in what is known as the neutral zone these devices allow the springs to work against air. This is yielding and in no way destroys that easy riding so eagerly sought for in today's motoring. Yet the air check prevents looseness in the mechanism and provides a smooth approach to the genuine control which is provided by causing the springs to work against oil for the more acute deflections.

Squeaks, Squawks And Squeals

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

en any great distance. It is here that the process of discouraging the musical brake's inclinations calls for an understanding of the importance of having drums true. If the bands are not concentric with the drums there will be high spots and the spot contacts that result are certain to cause squeaks, squawks and squeals.

One reason for a large percentage of jazzy brakes is faulty brake lining installation. Lazy workmen are apt to anchor lining to the ends, or toes, of the shoes or bands and work toward the center. Naturally this results in making the lining wavy.

Where brakes are of the external contracting type, and not shielded, it does not necessarily follow that the owner must continually clean the linings and the drums. While more dirt can get in between the drums and linings of such brakes it is also true that the dirt can make a speedier exit. A frequent cause of noise with this type of braking

TOURING TOPICS

system is the catching of small pebbles between the linings and drums. As the pebble scratches over the drum it sets up vibrations, the drum itself attending to the matter of translation into noise.

If there is an accumulation of dirt at the linings a good spraying with water from a hose will prove valuable as a remedy. Because completely exposed linings are subject to weather influences to a greater degree it is permissible to use a few drops of castor oil or brake dressing if the noise cannot be stopped in any other convenient way. Such remedies are, at best, only temporary.

Automobiles have been stopping ever since they started, but only recently has there been serious study of the subject; and it is largely the squeaks, squawks and squeals that brought about the change. More has been learned about brakes in the past year than in all the years preceding.

If your brakes are not noisy at times you may be wrong in counting yourself lucky. From the standpoint of a clearer understanding of brakes and their care there is much to be said for the theory that a few high "c's" are good for a motorist.

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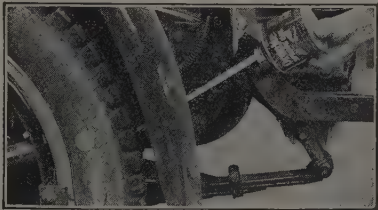
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Oronite Spring Oil is a new rapidly penetrating oil. Dissolves rust—cleans the springs—and forms a protecting film of oil between the leaves. Reduces strains and shocks—lessens the danger of broken springs—and improves your car's riding qualities.

Eliminates chassis squeaks, too. And frees engine valves stuck by carbon or gummed oil. Oronite Spring Oil is easily applied—its long-spout can reaches the underneath places—no soiled clothes or hands.

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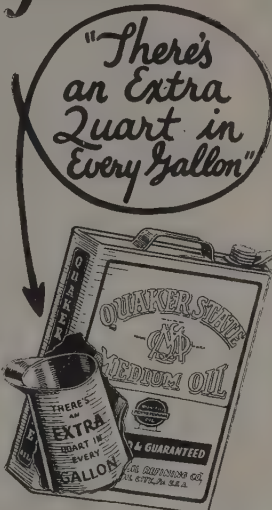
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Super refined

The dealer who displays the Quaker State sign gives you the best possible motor lubricant offered for sale. Ask for "Quaker State" by name. It's refined from Pennsylvania crude, and Pennsylvania crude alone. It's not "blended" nor combined with any other grade. The exclusive super-refining process removes the 25% to 30% of carbon-forming, inert non-lubricating elements found in ordinary oils.

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DANGER AHEAD

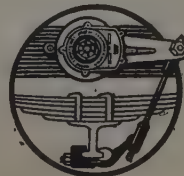
One of the greatest dangers of mountain driving is the possibility of a car "galloping" when brakes are suddenly applied on a turn. Guard against this danger by the installation of a set of

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Routes and Rules for the Highway Patrol



THE HIGHWAY PATROL SERVICE CARS are not subject to call—they patrol daily the main thoroughfares of Southern California and service is rendered to Club members in distress on the highways when encountered.

¶ Mechanical first aid available for members consists of the following:

¶ Emergency repairs to a car disabled on the highways when it is possible to start same within a reasonable length of time. Patrolmen will not go into garages, private or public, to render service.

¶ Towing a disabled car (without dollies) free of charge to the nearest Official Garage, preferably on the particular route in the direction the patrol car is traveling, if it cannot be started on the road.

¶ In the event that the disabled car must be floated on dollies, patrolmen will arrange with the Club's nearest Official Emergency Road Service Station to tow same without expense to the member. (Refer to regulations printed elsewhere herein for Emergency Road Service.)

¶ Changing spare tires from rack to rim when car is operated by a woman driver unaccompanied by male companion. This service will not be rendered a man physically fit.

¶ Gasoline and oil will be carried by patrol cars and sold without profit to members.

¶ Patrol cars will not be permitted to deviate from their designated routes.

¶ Only competent mechanics, qualified to render mechanical aid, are employed on these cars.

¶ Medical first aid to injured persons consists of applying splints and bandages, and arranging for removal of injured persons from the scene of accident to the nearest hospital. Complete medical kits for emergency use are part of the equipment of each car. The patrol drivers have all undergone special training in Medical First Aid Work.

¶ Members are requested not to tip patrolmen for services rendered. Members are kindly requested to show their Club membership card when service is rendered, and to sign service report.

Where the Patrol Cars Operate

Patrol Car No. 72

This car patrols the highway between El Centro and San Diego daily—and covers the important roads in the Imperial Valley.

Saugus and Santa Paula to Ventura, returning to Los Angeles via Moorpark and Santa Susana Pass.

Patrol Car No. 64

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the route via Glendale, San Fernando,

Patrol Car No. 71

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. via Alvarado Street and Glendale Blvd. to Glendale; Verdugo Canyon to La Canada, Flint-

ridge, Devil's Gate Dam, thence to Pasadena and via Colorado Street to the San Gabriel Blvd., thence south to Downey, Norwalk, Buena Park and Garden Grove into Santa Ana; thence to Balboa and north over the Coast Highway through Huntington Beach, Seal Beach and Long Beach to Los Angeles, returning to Los Angeles via Wilmington and the Harbor Blvd.

Patrol Car No. 63

Leaves Visalia daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Inland Route south via Tulare and Delano to Bakersfield, retraces to Delano, then patrols the highway via Ducor, Porterville, Lindsay and Exeter to Visalia.

Patrol Cars Nos. 61 & 69

These two cars patrol the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. One car leaves Los Angeles and the second leaves San Diego daily at 8 a.m.

Patrol Car No. 73

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Valley Blvd. through El Monte, Puente, Pomona and Ontario to Riverside, then to Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, returning to Los Angeles via Foothill Blvd. and Pasadena.

Patrol Car No. 68

This car patrols the Highway between Los Angeles and Bakersfield—(off each Monday).

Patrol Car No. 70

Leaves San Luis Obispo daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Coast Highway north through Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel to the Monterey County line. Retraces to San Luis Obispo, then patrols south to Santa Maria and returns to San Luis Obispo.

Patrol Car No. 66

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the highway via South Figueroa Street, Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park and Long Beach Blvd. to Long Beach; thence to San Pedro, Wilmington and Redondo; returning to Los Angeles via Western Avenue, thence to Venice via West Adams Street, Washington Blvd. and Culver City, thence to Santa Monica, returning to Club Headquarters via Wilshire Blvd., Vermont Avenue and West Adams Street.

Patrol Car No. 67

This car operates on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Maria—(off each Monday).

OFFICIAL CAR FORWARDERS



The following forwarders have been carefully selected and have agreed to receive and distribute automobiles shipped from the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to them and to receive automobiles for shipment in consolidated consignment to the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN

CALIFORNIA at the lowest costs obtainable. Members and motorists contemplating shipment of automobiles to or from Southern California are advised to communicate with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA or the appropriate forwarder.

Alabama

MOBILE
Walker Storage Warehouse Co.,
926 Conti Street.

Arizona

PHOENIX
Automobile Club of Arizona,
217 East Adams Street.

TUCSON
Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Co.

California

LOS ANGELES
Automobile Club of So. California,
Adams and Figueroa Sts.

Colorado

DENVER
Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.,
1790 15th St., (and Denver Motor
Club, 1448 Tremont St., for infor-
mation only).

Florida

JACKSONVILLE
Laney & Delcher Storage Co., Inc.,
657 East Bay Street.

MIAMI
John E. Withers' Transfer & Stor-
age Co.,
1000-1012 N. East First Avenue.

Hawaii, T. H.

HONOLULU
Honolulu Automobile Club

Illinois

CHICAGO
Currier Lee Warehouse Co.,
427 West Erie Street.

PEORIA
Federal Warehouse Co.

Iowa

CEDAR RAPIDS
Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.

DAVENPORT
Ewert & Richter Exp. & Storage Co.

DES MOINES
Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.

FORT DODGE
Brady Transfer & Storage Co.,
Central at Sixteenth Sts.

SIOUX CITY
Dougherty Storage & Van Co.,
409 Douglas Street.

WATERLOO
Iowa Warehouse Co.

Additional forwarders are being constantly added.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS
Indiana Terminal Warehouse Co.,
230 So. Pennsylvania St.

Kansas

WICHITA
Bryan Transfer & Storage Co.

Kentucky

LOUISVILLE
O. K. Storage & Transfer Co.,
801 West Main Street.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS
Importers' Bonded Warehouse Co.,
340 Bienville Street.

Massachusetts

BOSTON
Quincy Market Cold Storage Ware-
house Co.,
178 Atlantic Avenue.

Michigan

DETROIT
Michigan Terminal Warehouse Co.,
Brandt Ave. and Wyoming Road.

Minnesota

DULUTH
Duluth Van & Storage Co.

MINNEAPOLIS
Great Northern Warehouse Co.,
714 Washington Ave., North.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY
Southwest Warehouse Corporation,
Nineteenth and Campbell Streets.

ST. LOUIS
Automobile Club of Missouri,
4228 Lindell Boulevard.

Nebraska

OMAHA
Terminal Warehouse Co.,
702 South Tenth Street.

New York

BUFFALO
Larkin Co., Inc.,
680 Seneca Avenue.

NEW YORK CITY
Tooker Storage & Forwarding Co.,
281 Eleventh Avenue.

SYRACUSE
Great Northern Warehouse, Inc.,
350-360 West Fayette Street.

Ohio

AKRON
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

CINCINNATI
E. J. Robben, 954 West Fifth St. (and
Cincinnati Automobile Club, 8th
and Race Sts., for information
only).

CLEVELAND
Interstate Terminal Warehouse, Inc.,
1200 West Ninth Street.

COLUMBUS
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA CITY
O. K. Transfer & Storage Co.

TULSA
Tulsa Transfer & Storage Co.

Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA
Union Shipping & Forwarding Co.,
356 Drexel Bldg. (and Keystone
Automobile Club, 250 S. Broad
St., Keystone-Shubert Bldg., for
information only).

PITTSBURGH
Keystone Storage & Warehouse Co.,
600 Second Avenue.

Texas

DALLAS
Dallas Transfer & Terminal Ware-
house Co.

EL PASO
El Paso Fireproof Storage Co.

FT. WORTH
Binyon O'Keefe Firep. Storage Co.,
Eighth and Calhoun.

HOUSTON
Westheimer Transfer Co.

SAN ANTONIO
Scobey Fireproof Warehouse Co.
(Receiving only).

Utah

SALT LAKE CITY
Jennings Cornwall Warehouse Co.,
337 West Second South St.

Washington

SEATTLE
Automobile Club of Washington,
1109 Pine Street.

OFFICIAL

The Hotels listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices. Members are advised



HOTELS

to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show cards. (A) American Plan. (E) European Plan.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LOS ANGELES			
Alexandria Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Chelsea Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 4.00	1.50 to 2.00
Coliseum Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	2.00 to 3.00
Westlake Olympic Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Rosslyn	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel St. Paul	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
Hotel Savor	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Stillwell Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Hotel Stowell	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Hotel St. Regis	(E)	2.00 to 3.00, single	1.50 to 2.00, single
Ambassador	(E)	2.00 to 3.00, double	1.50 to 2.00, double
Hotel Trinity	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	2.00 to 2.50
Van Nuys Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	2.00 to 2.50

HOLLYWOOD			
Hotel Christie	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Gilbert	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	1.50 to 2.00
Hollywood Plaza Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Village Inn	(E)	2.00 to 4.00 per day	1.50 to 2.00 per day

HUNTINGTON PARK			
La Fonda Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00

PASADENA			
Hotel Constance	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up

MT. WILSON			
Mt. Wilson Hotel	(E)	4.00	1.50 up

GLENDALE			
Hotel Brand	(E)	1.50	1.00

SANTA MONICA			
Hotel Windermere	(A)	7.50	6.00
Miramar Hotel	(E)	4.50 up	3.00 up

Inland Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

BAKERSFIELD			
Hotel El Tejon	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Euclid	(E)	2.00	1.00 up
Hotel Moronet	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Tegeler Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
Hotel Billford	(E)	2.00 up	1.25 up
Hotel Willis	(E)	1.50 up	1.00 up

DELANO			
Hotel Kern	(E)	2.50	1.50

LEBEC			
Hotel Lebec	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00 to 3.00

PORTERVILLE			
Hotel Porterville	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00

SAN FERNANDO			
Porter Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
TULARE			
Hotel Tulare		2.50	1.50
GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK			
Giant Forest Lodge	(A)	8.50	6.00 to 15.00
1 person		6.00	10.00 to 11.00
2 persons		6.50	11.00 to 12.00
VISALIA			
Hotel Johnson	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	2.00 to 2.50

Coast Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

ATASCADERO			
New Atascadero Inn	(E)	6.00 up	2.50 up
BUELLTON			
Buell Tavern	(A)	3.50 per day up	1.50 per day up
Hotel Buellmore	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up

LOS ALAMOS			
Hotel Los Alamos	(E)	3.00	2.00

LOS OLIVOS			
Mattie's Tavern	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up

OJAI			
El Roblar Hotel	(A)	6.00 per day up	4.00 per day up

PASO ROBLES			
Hotel Taylor	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up

PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS			
Hotel Taylor	(E)	6.50 up	5.00 up

PISMO			
Hotel Olsen	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00

SAN LUIS OBISPO			
Anderson Hotel	(E)	2.50 per day up	2.00 per day up

SANTA BARBARA			
Hotel Andrews	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

SANTA BARBARA			
Hotel Blackstone	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

SANTA BARBARA			
Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

SANTA BARBARA			
Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

SANTA BARBARA			
Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

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Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

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Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

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Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

SANTA BARBARA			
Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

SANTA BARBARA			
Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

SANTA BARBARA			
Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
OCEANSIDE			
Hotel Keisker	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
ORANGE			
Sunshine Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA ANA			
St. Ann's Inn	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	2.00 to 2.50
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO			
Hotel Capistrano	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

SAN DIEGO			
Admiral Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up

SAN DIEGO			
El Cortez Hotel	(E)	5.00 up	2.00 up

SAN DIEGO			
Albany Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up

SAN DIEGO			
U. S. Grant Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	2.00 to 3.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Churchill	(E)	3.00 to 4.00	2.00 to 3.00

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Knickerbocker	(E)	1.50 to 3.00 per day	1.00 to 2.00 per day

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Sanford	(A)	4.50 up	3.00 up

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel St. James	(E)	2.00 to 6.00	1.50 to 2.00

SAN DIEGO			
San Diego Hotel	(E)	1.00 to 4.00 per day	0.50 to 1.50 per day

SAN DIEGO			
Maryland Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

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Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

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Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

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Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

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Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

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Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

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Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

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Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

SAN DIEGO			
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	1.00 to 1.50

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Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Big Bear Lake	(A)	6.00 up	5.00 up
Tavern	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Highlander Hotel	(A)	6.50	6.00
FOREST HOME P. O.			
Big Falls Lodge	(E)		1.50 up

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO			
Monkbridge Manor	(A)	5.00	4.50
AMBOY			
Amboy Hotel	(E)	1.50 up	Cottages 2.00, up
BARSTOW			
Hotel Melrose and Annex	(E)	2.50	1.50 up
KINGMAN, ARIZ.			
Hotel Beale	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 to 2.00
Commercial Hotel	(E)	2.00	1 to 1.50
LUDLOW			
Hotel Oasis	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
SOCORRO, N. M.			
Hotel Val Verde	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
VICTORVILLE			
Hotel Smith	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

BRIDGEPORT			
Bridgeport Hotel	(E)		1.50
	(A)		4.50
BISHOP			
Kittie Lee Inn	(E)	3.00	2.00
INDEPENDENCE			
Winnemumah Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
JUNE LAKE (BISHOP P. O.)			
June Lodge	(E)	8.00	4.00
Housekeeping			2.00
Gull Lake Lodge	(A)		5.00
LANCASTER			
Lancaster Inn	(E)	2.00	1.50
LONE PINE			
Dow Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
MONO LAKE			
Tioga Lodge	(A)		6.25
MOJAVE			
Hotel Alton	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley

(Salton Sea Route)
Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix.

BANNING			
San Geronio Inn	(A)	6 to 7.50	5 to 6.00
	(E)	3 to 4.00	2 to 2.50
BRAWLEY			
Planters Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Dunlack	(E)	2.50 up	
		(Air cooled and fireproof)	
COLTON			
Anderson Hotel	(A)	5.00	3.50
	(E)	2.00	1.50
INDIO			
Hotel Indio	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
The La Quinta	(A)	15.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Open November 1st)	
PALM SPRINGS			
Desert Inn	(A)	10.00 up	
El Mirador	(A)	10.00 up	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	
RIVERSIDE			
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
REDLANDS			
Casa Loma Hotel	(A)	4.50 up	4.00 up
	(E)	2.00 up	1.50

San Jacinto Mountain Resorts

IDYLLWILD			
Idyllwild Inn	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 up

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway

(Borderland Route)

San Diego—El Paso and Points East.

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
THE WILLOWS, SAN DIEGO CO.			
The Willows		5.00 up	4.00 up
DESCANSO			
Hulburd Grove Inn	(A)	5.50	4.50
	(E)	2.50	1.50
		Housekeeping Cottages	15.00 per week up
PINE VALLEY, SAN DIEGO CO.			
Pine Valley Cabin	(A)	6.00 up	5.50
	(E)	4.00 up	3.00
		(All modern conveniences)	Housekeeping Cottages.
EL CENTRO			
Hotel Barbara Worth	(E)	2.50 to 5	2 to 3.50
CALEXICO			
Hotel Reeder	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
EL PASO, TEXAS			
Hotel Sheldon	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
YUMA, ARIZ.			
Hotel Del Ming	(E)	3.50 up	2.50 up

Miscellaneous Hotels and Resorts

TEHACHAPI			
Juanita Hotel	(E)	1.50 per day up	
HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS			
Alexander Young Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	2.50 up
RAMONA			
Kenilworth Inn	(A)		3.50
RYAN			
Death Valley View Hotel	(A)	5.00 to 7.00	
	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	
		(Closed for Season)	
DEATH VALLEY			
Furnace Creek Inn	(A)	10.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	
		(Closed for Season)	

District Offices of the California State Automobile Association

When touring in Northern California members of the Automobile Club of Southern California are cordially invited to call at any office of the California State Automobile Association for service. Reciprocal arrangements between California's two great motoring organizations assure members of either Club of state-wide service.

GENERAL OFFICES: 150 VAN NESS AVE., SAN FRANCISCO

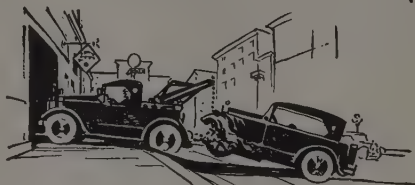
AUBURN—934 Lincoln Way, Nevada, Placer and Sierra counties.
CHICO—Second and Salem Sts., Butte County.
EUREKA—608 Fourth St., Humboldt and Del Norte counties.
FRESNO—660 Van Ness Ave., Fresno County.
HANFORD—316 N. Irwin St., Kings County.
HOLLISTER—379 Fourth St., San Benito County.
MADERA—114 North F St., Madera County.
MARTINEZ—407 Ferry St., Contra Costa County.
MARYSVILLE—1015 Fifth St., Yuba and Sutter counties.
MERCED—El Capitan Hotel Bldg., Merced and Mariposa counties.
MODESTO—Ninth and "Eye" St., Stanislaus County.
NAPA—1017 Third St., Napa County.
OAKLAND—399 Grand Ave., Alameda County.
PLACERVILLE—Main St., El Dorado County.
RED BLUFF—608 Main St., Tehama County.
REDDING—313 Yuba St., Shasta, Trinity and Modoc counties.

SACRAMENTO—1416 K St., Sacramento County.
SALINAS—334 Main St., Monterey County.
SAN JOSE—1034 The Alameda, Santa Clara County.
SAN MATEO—100 El Camino Real, San Mateo County.
SAN RAFAEL—401 Fourth St., Marin County.
SANTA CRUZ—21 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz County.
SANTA ROSA—544 Mendocino Ave., Sonoma County.
STOCKTON—929 North El Dorado St., San Joaquin, Amador, Calaveras, Alpine and Tuolumne counties.
SUSANVILLE—Mr. Lassen Hotel Bldg., Plumas and Lassen counties.
UKIAH—415 S. State St., Mendocino and Lake counties.
VALLEJO—501 Georgia St., Solano County.
WILLOWS—249 Tehama St., Glenn and Colusa counties.
WOODLAND—818 Main St., Yolo County.
YOSEMITE VALLEY—Touring Bureau (May 1 to Oct. 15)—Park Supt. Office.
YREKA—Main near Miner St., Siskiyou County.

Official Garages and State-wide Emergency Road Service

for Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Automobile Association

The Garages listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices.



Members are advised to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show their cards

How to Obtain Free Emergency Road Service

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Southern California are designated by star and phone number

MEMBERS with their disabled cars on the road outside of Los Angeles are requested to call the nearest Emergency Road Service Station—listed here and in each issue of *TOURING TOPICS*. In or near Los Angeles City call Club headquarters, BEacon 8600—always open.

☐ Give your name, address, membership card number, make of car, license number, location, and nature of trouble.

☐ The mechanics on arrival will either start your car in 30 minutes mechanical labor or tow car to the Official Garage. (Elsewhere at your expense.)

☐ This is an emergency service only for members whose cars are disabled on the highways. Calls cannot be answered at the Club's expense to start cars in garages.

☐ Service cannot apply to employees or friends of members who do not belong—even when such employees or friends are operating the member's cars, as Club service follows the member and not the car.

☐ Be sure to carry your membership card. No free service will be extended to persons who fail to carry paid-up membership cards.

☐ The service will be extended to owners of firm or commercial cars only when the drivers thereof can produce a Club member-

ship card in their own names. This service does not apply to trucks of any make.

☐ This service is for emergencies when disabled while actually on the road, and does not apply on mechanical or repair work at garages, nor include supplies or parts.

☐ Tire service—changing spare tires from rack to rim—will be extended when car is operated by a woman member unaccompanied by male companion, or a man physically unable to change tires.

☐ Carry the current issue of the Club magazine, *TOURING TOPICS*, containing list of appointed garages in your car.

☐ *The Club's Emergency Road Service, as above outlined, applies only to the territory embraced by the thirteen Southern Counties of California. As a member of our organization, however, you are entitled to Emergency Road Service in Central and Northern California through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association (Northern Club) in accordance with rules and regulations established by them for their own members.*

☐ *Members cannot be reimbursed for services secured from garages not under contract with the Club as Emergency Road Service Stations.*

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NOTE: This list is complete to date of publication. A revised list will be published monthly in *Touring Topics*. Carry the latest list in your car so it may always be available.)

Los Angeles

*A-1 Auto Sheet Metal Works, 3701 Moneta Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Arrow Garage, 1016 W. Fernon Ave.
Auto Centre Garage, 746 South Hope Street
Bernard & Johnson Garage, 1317 Wilshire Blvd.
*Beverly Drive Garage, 439 Beverly Drive, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Biltmore Garage, 525 West 5th St.
Bozzani Motor Car Co., Cor. Sunset Blvd. and Broadway
Buick Garage, 1000 West Washington St.
Burlington Garage, 517 South Burlington St.

Clark-Wall Garage, 634 Wall St.
Clinton L. Clark Garage, 2219 West Pico St.
Clippinger Garage, 708 Merchant St.
Eddy's Fireproof Garage, 816 So. Grand Ave.
Ellsworth Cadillac Service, 1105 West Pico St.
Fifth Street Garage, 221 East 5th St.
Penn-Shelton Super Service Station, 1832-50 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.

*Gagen's Motor Service, 218 North Virgil, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
C. W. Giles' Garage, 2828 Whittier Blvd.
*Gold Arrow Auto Works, 2714 South Figueroa St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Granada Garage, 526 S. Western Ave.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

*Grand-Adams Garage, 2525 S. Grand Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Harris-Davenport Super Service Station, 1600 So. Western Ave.
 Heller's Garage, 4165 Beverly Blvd.
 Hotel Clark Garage, 4th and Olive Sts.
 H. & S. Garage, 2415 South Vermont Ave.
 *Herdina Garage, 12518 South Main St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Jack McArley's Garage, 4421 South Western Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Kreutzer Garage, 1801 South Hope St.
 *Lloy's Garage, 3412 West Pico St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 L. A. Motor Service Garage, 2524 South Hill St.
 *Larchmont Garage, 241-243 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Love & Love Garage No. 2, 232 So. Figueroa St.
 Manhattan Wilshire Garage, 606 S. Manhattan Place
 Master Service Co., 811 So. Whittier St.
 The May Co.'s Patrons Garage, 9th & Hill Streets
 *Montclair Garage, 4321 W. Adams, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Ready-Go Service Garage, 2701 South Figueroa St.
 *Reliable Mechanical Works, 320 Venice Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Schuler Auto Service Garage, 4708 W. Washington St.
 Security Garage, 430 South Los Angeles St.
 *Snyder's Garage, 2450 Brooklyn Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Sonoma Motor Sales Co., 636 Maple Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Speer-Dodge Works, 1827 South Hope St.
 *Stewart's Garage, 4917 Whittier Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 260 So. Vermont Super Service Station, 260 South Vermont Ave.
 Robert Thompson Garage, 1015 So. Grand Ave.
 Washington Park Garage, 18th and Grand Ave.
 *Welcome Garage, 329 Glendale Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Western Avenue Garage, 226 South Western Ave.
 Witmer Garage, 528 Columbia Avenue
 *Woodward Garage, Pico and Alvarado Sts., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Wilshire Garage, 6th and Kenmore
 Wolfe & Allen Super Service Station, 7726 S. Vermont Ave.

Los Angeles—San Diego Coast Route

*ANAHIM—Frahm's Garage. Phone: 799 (Day) 703-R (Night)
 *CORONADO—Guarantee Garage. Phone: Coronado 518
 *CORONADO—Pioneer Garage. Phone: Coronado 56
 *CORONADO—Hotel Del Coronado Garage.
 *CARLSBAD—Standard Garage. Phone: 12-J-1
 *CYPRESS—Cypress Garage. Phone: Anaheim 8711-R-4 (Day) 941-W (Night)
 *DEL MAR—Hotel Del Mar Garage. Phone: Del Mar 38
 *DOWNEY—Faulkner's Garage, Mach. Shop. Phone: Downey 432-60
 *FULLERTON—Bill's Garage. Phone: 607
 *FULLERTON—Lillian Yeager Garage. Phone: Fullerton 115 or 114
 *LAGUNA BEACH—Coast Garage. Phone: Laguna Beach 32
 *LA HABRA—Missouri Garage. Phone: La Habra 8-176
 *LA JOLLA—Pacific Garage. Phone: La Jolla 768
 *MONTEBELLO—B. & H. Garage. Phone: Montebello 345
 *NATIONAL CITY—Tutwiler's Garage. Phone: National 528 (Day) Randolph 3922 (Night)
 *NORWALK—Central Garage. Phone: 5582 (Day) 5361 (Night)
 *OCEANSIDE—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 27-J
 *OCEANSIDE—Herb Schwarz Garage. Phone: 123
 *ORANGE—Acme Garage & Machine Shop. Phone: Orange 80
 SAN DIEGO—Savoy Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Sixth Street Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Adair's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Elite Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Dupree's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Hi-Ho Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Miller Super Service Station.
 *SAN DIEGO—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5101
 SAN DIEGO—Price Motor Car Co.
 *SAN DIEGO—White Front Garage. Phone: Hillcrest 2562
 *SAN DIEGO—San Diego Garage. Phone: 3-1622
 SAN DIEGO—Crescent Garage.
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Congdon Motor Car Co. Phone: 131
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—White Garage. Phone: 4
 *SAN JUAN ANA—Grand Central Garage. Phone: 2457
 *SOLANO BEACH—Cochran & Weiss Garage. Phone: Del Mar 93-J
 *TUSTIN—Tustin Garage. Phone: Tustin 11-J (Day) Tustin 155-R or 155-M (Night)
 WHITTIER—J. W. Cox Motor Sales Co.
 WHITTIER—Terquist & Olson. Phone: Whittier 423-249
 WHITTIER—L. G. Rinderknecht Garage.
 *YORBA LINDA—Liberty Garage. Phone: Placentia 8705-R-1

Los Angeles—San Diego Inland Route

*BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage. Phone: Covina 64853
 *EL MONTE—Commercial Garage. Phone: 216
 *ELSINORE—Graham & Graham Garage. Phone: 72 (Day) 162 (Night)
 *ESCONDIDO—Escondido Garage. Phone: 406 and 157
 *ESCONDIDO—Guarantee Garage. Phone 68
 *FALLBROOK—Fallbrook Garage. Phone: Fallbrook 11-W
 *ONTARIO—Dietz Garage. Phone: 818 (Day) 1052 (Night)
 POMONA—Opera Garage.
 POMONA—Liberty-Reynolds, Jr. Inc.
 POMONA—Wurla Garage. Phone: 1424
 *PUENTE—Puente Garage. Phone: 532-21 (Garage) 554-91 (Residence)
 *PUENTE—Service Garage. Phone: 532-33
 *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
 *VISTA—Vista Garage. Phone: Vista 10W

Los Angeles—San Francisco Coast Route

*ARROYO GRANDE—Barcellos & Morgan Garage. Phone: 15
 *ATASCADERO—Ward's Garage. Phone: 136
 *BUELLTON—Buellton Garage. Phone: 31-F-13
 *CALABASAS—Calabasas Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 115-R-11 (Day) 115-J2 (Night)
 *CAMARILLO—Knob Hill Garage. Phone: 956-M-2
 *CAMBRIA—Service Garage. Phone: Cambria 11-F-2
 *CARPINTERIA—Rincon Garage. Phone: 20-W
 *CAYUCOS—Cayucos Garage. Phone: Cayucos Garage.
 *CHATSWORTH—Alamo Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)

*ENCINO—Encino Garage. Phone: Van Nuys 428-J
 *HOLLYWOOD—East Hollywood Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Classic Garage, 1262 No. Western Ave.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Mission Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Sierra Vista Garage.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Southern Garage, 5731 Sunset Blvd.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Fred R. Winnett Garage.
 *LOMPOC—Ruffner & Ruffner Garage. Phone: 74 (Day) 41-R or 169-W (Night)
 *LOOPARK—Mission Garage. Phone: 20
 *NORTH HOLLYWOOD—Huffaker Garage. Phone: Lankershim 290
 *OJAI—City Garage. Phone: 4
 *ORCUTT—Orcutt Garage. Phone: 593-J-2
 *OKNARD—Carner's Garage. Phone: 73 or 285
 OKNARD—Buick Garage.
 *PASO ROBLES—Pioneer Garage. Phone: 247
 *PISMO BEACH—Pismo Garage & Mach. Shop. Phone: 6-W
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Berkemeyer Garage. Phone: 3
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Stuebker Service Garage. Phone: 601
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Kamm's San Luis Garage. Phone: 162
 *SAN MIGUEL—Tucker's Super Service. Phone: San Miguel 6-W
 *SANTA BARBARA—Huff's Garage. Phone: 5111 or 7530
 *SANTA BARBARA—Johnson's Garage. Phone: 3054 or 3252
 *SANTA BARBARA—Carrillo Hotel Garage. Phone: 3900
 SANTA MARIA—California Garage.
 *SANTA MARIA—Automotive Garage. Phone: 3
 *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage. Phone: 233
 *SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage. Phone: 85
 *SATICOY—Saticoy Garage. Phone: 41
 *VAN NUYS—J. R. Wardlaw Super Service Station. Phone: Van Nuys 150
 *VENTURA—Neiderhauser Garage. Phone: 620-W
 *VENTURA—Ventura Garage. Phone: 1142
 *VENTURA—Reid's Garage. Phone: 176 (Day) 642 (Night)
 VENTURA—Union Garage.

Los Angeles—San Francisco Inland Route

*BAKERSFIELD—Class A Motor Company. Phone: 133
 *BAKERSFIELD—John R. Huff Company, Phone: 3322
 BAKERSFIELD—Chester Avenue Garage.
 *BAKERSFIELD—East Side Garage. Phone: 990
 *BAKERSFIELD—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: 702 or 703
 *BAKERSFIELD—California Garage. Phone: 621
 *BURBANK—Patterson's Garage. Phone: Burbank 268
 *DELANO—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: Delano 1
 *DINUBA—Biswell, McDonald & Biswell. Phone: 12 (Day) 307 (Night & Sun.)
 *EXETER—Square Deal Garage. Phone: Exeter 46-R (Day) Exeter 27-W (Night)
 *FELLOWS—Roy's Garage. Phone: Blue 522 (Day) Red 442 (Night)
 *FILLMORE—Rudkin Motor Service. Phone: 42 or 15
 *GLENDALE—Pellegrini Garage. Phone: Glendale 5080
 GLENDALE—Dotson's Super Service Station.
 *LEMON COVE—Lemon Cove Garage. Phone: Lemon Cove Garage
 *LINDSAY—Cate & Woolhomes Garage. Phone: Lindsay 60
 *MARIPOSA—Maricopa Garage. Phone: B-463
 *MCFARLAND—King Garage. Phone: McFarland 13 (Day) 4-F-3 (Night)
 *MCKITTRICK—McKittrick Auto Supply Co. Phone: Main 61
 NEWHALL—White Star Garage.
 *PIXLEY—Swanson-Howard Motor Co., Phone: 17-J (Day) 17-W (Night)
 *PORTERVILLE—Dick's Automotive Service. Phone: 574 (Day) 414-R or 574 (Night)
 RIDGE ROUTE—Ridge Road Garage, 15 miles from Saugus on Ridge. (Castaic P.O.)
 *SAN DIEGO—Sanderberg's Garage. Phone: Sanderberg Toll Station.
 *SAN FERNANDO—Cascade Garage. Phone: Main 184
 *SAN FERNANDO—Willis A. Rowe Auto Supply House. Phone: Main 41
 *SAUGUS—Midway Garage. Phone: Newhall 28-J-2.
 *SHAFTER—Miller Bros. Garage. Phone: 4-W
 *TAFT—H. R. Kanode Garage. Phone: 220-J (Day) 109-W (Night)
 *TULARE—Central Garage. Phone: Tulare 102
 *TULARE—Graham's Department Store Garage. Phone: 15
 *VISALIA—Main Garage. Phone: Visalia 980
 VISALIA—Studebaker Garage.
 *WASCO—Wasco Garage. Phone: 12

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

ALHAMBRA—Eagle Garage.
 *ALHAMBRA—Harry T. Moore Garage. Phone: Alhambra 242 (Day) 3027-J (Night) and 4195-J
 *ALHAMBRA—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 4386 (Night)
 *CLAREMONT—Foothill Garage. Phone: Claremont 4961
 *COLTON—Taylor's Electric Service Garage. Phone: 90
 *COVINA—Webber Garage. Phone: Covina 12111
 *FONTANA—Fontana Garage. Phone: Fontana 257
 *GLENORA—Rowe Motor Service Garage. Phone: Covina 42004
 *HIGHLAND—Coy & Sewell Garage. Phone: 35
 *MONROVIA—Ruechel Garage. Phone: Green 70 (Day) Black 389 (Nights, Sun. and Holidays)
 *RIALTO—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 7 (Day) 170 (Night)
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Nights, Sundays and Holidays)
 EAST SAN GABRIEL—Barlow's Automotor Service.
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Central Garage. Phone: 271-82
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Draper's Garage. Phone: 271-63
 *SAN BERNARDINO—California Garage.
 *UPLANDS—Waterman Garage. Phone: 116-J

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Central Garage & Machine Works.
 ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Oden Buick Co.
 AMBOY—Amboy Garage. No phone.
 *BARSTOW—Barstow Garage. Phone: 26-M.
 FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—Babbitt Brothers Garage.
 KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Kingman Motor Co.
 KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Farrow Stackpole Auto. Co.
 *LUDLOW—Murphy Bros. Tourist Garage.
 MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO—Stendel's Garage.
 *NEEDLES—Old Trails Garage. Phone: Main 28
 *SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Becker's Transcontinental Garage.
 *VICTORVILLE—Victorville Garage. Phone: 8-J
 WINSLOW, ARIZ.—Bazel Motor Co.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway (Borderland Route)

- *ALPINE—Alpine Garage. Phone: El Cajon 342-3
- *BOSTONIA—Bostonia Garage
- *EL CAJON—J. R. Dall Motor Co. Phone: 101 (Day and Night)
- *EL CENTRO—C. E. Cogging Garage. Phone: El Centro 166
- *EL CENTRO—Barbara Worth Garage
- *JACUMBA—J. R. Fowble Garage. Phone: Fowble Garage, Jacumba.
- *LA MESA—R. & W. Garage. Phone: La Mesa 291
- *YUMA, ARIZ.—Super Service Garage.

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

- *BISHOP—Smith Auto. Co. Phone: Bishop 81 (Day) Bishop 91-J (Night)
- *BISHOP—Bishop Auto Service Garage. Phone: 48-R (Day) 69-W (Night)
- *BISHOP—Noldeke Brothers' Garage
- *BIG PINE—Glacier Garage. Phone: 121
- *BRIDGEPORT—Bridgeport Garage. Phone: Bridgeport Store
- *INDEPENDENCE—Independence Garage. Phone: Bishop 25-4
- *LANCASTER—Inn Garage. Phone: 1001
- *LONE PINE—Mt. Whitney Garage & Livery Co. Phone: Bishop 21-1
- *LONE PINE—Square Deal Garage. Phone: 11-Ring
- *MINT CANYON—Baletier's Garage. No phone.
- *MOJAVE—Andy Smith's Garage. Phone: 221
- *MOJAVE—Paul's Garage
- *MONO LAKE—Tioga Lodge Garage. Phone: Tioga Lodge
- *PALMDALE—Mission Garage. Phone: 17-W

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix

- *BANNING—Dickinson Motor Car Co. Phone: 96 (Day) Main 82 (Night)
- *BLYTHE—Valley Garage. Phone: 26
- *BEAUMONT—Brown & Sons Garage. Phone: 774
- *BEAUMONT—Beaumont Garage. Phone: Beaumont 782
- *BLOOMINGTON—Bloomington Garage. Phone: 8715-R-2
- *BRAWLEY—Plaza Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 709 (Night)
- *BRAWLEY—White Garage
- *COACHELLA—Union Garage. Phone: 138
- *INDIO—MacKenzie Motor Co. Phone: Indio 531
- *PALM SPRINGS—Bunker's Garage. Phone: Bunker's Garage.
- *PALM SPRINGS—Garage El Mirador
- *REDLANDS—T. N. Gibson Garage. Phone: Main 909
- *REDLANDS—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5
- *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
- *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
- *WESTMORELAND—W. E. Gullett's Garage. Phone: Bravely 1099 F-3

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars.

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Northern California

CALIFORNIA STATE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

(NOTE: Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California when touring in Northern California are advised to get in touch with the nearest office of the California State Automobile Association for their rules and regulations pertaining to this service.)

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ADIN	Adin Garage	Adin Exchange	BUCK MEADOWS	Buck Meadows Garage	Buck Meadows
ALAMEDA	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, on Park St. Garage	Glencourt 4400	BURLINGAME	Hillebrand and Caldwell	(Day) Sun Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031
ALBANY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	BURLINGAME	Pattison's Garage, San Mateo	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 895 or 673-W
ALBION	Johnson & Larson	Send Word	BURLINGAME	El Camino Garage	Burlingame 4480
ALDER POINT	Alder Point Garage	Altamont Toll Station	BURNLEY	Tourist Garage	Tourist Garage
ALTAMONT	Summit Garage	(Day) Red 272	BYRON	Byron Garage	Byron 1
ALTURAS	Modoc Machine Shop	(Night) Black 622	CALISTOGA	Wilber R. Snow Elec. Garage	Calistoga 50
ALVARADO	Alvarado Garage	Alvarado 28-W	CARL INN	Carl Inn Garage	Carl Inn
ANGELS CAMP	Central Garage	(Day) Angels Camp 32	CARMEL	Carmel Garage	(Day) Carmel 112
ANGWIN	College Garage	(Night) Angels Camp Exch.			(Night) 568 or 570
ANTIOCH	W. A. Christiansen	St. Helena 79-F-5			Rangers Station at Big Creek
ARBuckle	Atran Garage	Antioch 123	CASCADA	Solomon Garage	
ARCATA	Sacchi Service Station	(Day) Arbuckle 4-K	CASTROVILLE	Kings Garage	Castroville 4-J
ASPEN VALLEY	Aspen Valley Garage (Tioga Pass)	(Night) 28-W	CEDARVILLE	Western Garage	Cedarville Exchange
AUBERRY	Auberry Garage	(Day) Arcata 88	CHESTER	Juniper Service Corp.	Mt. Lassen Stage Office
AUBURN	R. & D. Service Shop	(Night) 363-J, 148-J or 164	CHICO	Service Garage	Chico 311-W
AUBURN	White's Garage, Newcastle	Aspen Valley Lodge, Yosemite National Park	CHINESE CAMP	Chinese Camp Garage	(Day) Chinese Camp Exch. (Night) 5
BASS LAKE	The Pines Garage	Auberry Hotel	CHOWCHILLA	Chowchilla Garage	Day & Night Chowchilla 4
		(Day) Auburn 220	CLEMENTS	Service Garage	Clements Exchange
		(Night) 296	CLOVERDALE	Tire Shop Garage	(Day) Cloverdale 41
		(Day) Newcastle 110			(Night) Cloverdale 118-J
		(Night) 118	CLOVIS	H. B. Owens Garage	Day & Night Clovis 4
		1 long, 2 short rings, (Gov- ernment line), or Shaw line,	COALINGA	V. F. Oyster Auto & Mach. Shop	(Day) Coalinga 165
		1 long, 1 short ring			(Night) 326-J
BAY POINT	Bay Point Garage	Bay Point 22	COLFAX	McClary Garage	Main 20
BECKWITH	Sierra Valley Garage	10-W	COLMA	Bill's Garage, Daly City	Randolph 940
BEEGUM	Beegum Garage	Beegum Garage	COLUSA	Universal Garage	Colusa 53-W
BELMONT	Belmont Garage	Belmont 6	CONCORD	Concord Auto Service Co.	Concord 87; after 9 p. m. call 319
BELVEDERE	Belvedere Garage	Belvedere 37-J	CORCORAN	Corcoran Garage	Corcoran 441
BENICIA	Benicia Garage	Benicia 214-W	CORNING	The Corning Garage	Corning 75
BEN LOMOND	Ben Lomond Garage	Ben Lomond 23; after 9 p.m.	CORTE MADERA	Community Garage	(Day) Corte Madera 305
		Ben Lomond 4-W			(Night) 147 or 395
BERKELEY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	COTATI	Fox Garage	Cotati 20-F-11
BIEBER	Oak's Garage	Bieber Exchange	COTTONWOOD	Cottonwood Garage	(Day) Cottonwood 7-J
BIG CREEK	Solomon Garage	Rangers station at Big Creek			After 8 p. m. send word
BIGGS	Biggs Garage	Biggs 34	COURTLAND	Hrsgoe's Garage	Courtland 457
BLAIRSDEN	Mohawk Valley Garage	Blairsdan 4	COVELO	Covelo Garage	Covelo 8-F-21
BLUE LAKE	Blue Lake Garage	13-J (Day only)	COVOTE	Kruse's Garage	San Jose 119-J-1
(Humboldt Co.)			CRESCENT CITY	Crescent City Garage & Mach. Works	Crescent City 441
BLUFF CREEK	Gephart Bros. (Via Weitchpec)	1 long, 2 short & 1 longring	CRESSENT MILLS	Crescent Mills Garage	Crescent Mills Exchange
BODGA	Bodega Coast Garage	Bodga Pay Station	CROCKETT	Community Garage	Crockett 326, 206-W or 206-J
BOLINAS	Bolinas Garage	Bolinas 3-W. If no answer, call Bolinas 12.			Laytonville 3-F-4
BOONVILLE	Live Oak Garage	Phone 8; after 8 p.m. send word	CUMMINGS	Redwood Empire Garage (2 miles south of Cummings)	Randolph 940
BRIDGEPORT	Bridgeport Garage	Bridgeport, Mariposa Exch	DALY CITY	Bill's Garage	

Miscellaneous

- *ARLINGTON—Arlington Garage. Phone: 9008-W (Day) 9315-W (Night)
- *BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage. Phone: Covina 648-53
- *BELLFLOWER—Bellflower Garage
- *BIG BEAR LAKE—McCroskey Garage. Phone: Pine Knot P.O. 36
- *BIG BEAR LAKE—Jack Preston's Garage, Pine Knot P.O. Phone: Bear Valley 41
- *CHULA VISTA—C. V. Brown's Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 35 (Day) 34-W & 79 (Night)
- *CHULA VISTA—Helm Bros. Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 319-J (Day) 231-J (Night)
- *CULVER CITY—Walker's Complete Auto Works. Phone: Empire 2072 (Day)
- *Culver City 2535 (Night)
- *COMPTON—National Garage. Phone: 491
- *CORONA—Mission Garage. Phone: 2024 (Day) 1312-R-2 (Night)
- *CORONA—Coplen Motor Co.
- *CRESTLINE P. O. (Crest of Waterman Canyon) Crest Garage. Phone 3 or San Bernardino 29200
- *EAGLE ROCK—Dahlia Motor Service Co. Phone: Garfield 5291: (Night) Albany 2948
- *FALLMORE—Rudkin's Motor Service. Phone: 42 or 45
- *HEMET—Monte Vista Garage. Phone: 1030 (Day) 497 (Night)
- *HIGHLAND PARK—Highland Auto Works. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *HUNTINGTON BEACH—Security Garage. Phone: 2391
- *HUNTINGTON PARK—Owl Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *HYNES—Schillings Garage. Phone: 2332
- *INGLEWOOD—Honaker-Nash Motor Co. Phone: 339
- *JULIAN—Julian Garage. Phone: Julian 1-J
- *LONG BEACH—Park Garage. Phone: 322-62
- *LONG BEACH—K. & S. Garage
- *LONG BEACH—El Camino Garage
- *LONG BEACH—Loynes Garage. Phone: 652-76
- *LONG BEACH—Long Beach Motor Sales
- *LONG BEACH—Forbes-Curtis & Warren Garage
- *PASADENA—Eddie Motor Works. Phone: Terrace 1745
- *PASADENA—Paramount Garage. Phone: Terrace 8787
- *PASADENA—Pasadena Storage Garage
- *RAMONA—Ramona Garage. Phone: 35
- *REDONDO BEACH—Redondo Auto Works & Garage
- *REDONDO BEACH—Pacific Garage. Phone: Redondo 1521
- *SAN JACINTO—Record Garage. Phone: 120
- *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage. Phone: 233
- *SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage. Phone: 85
- *SOUTH PASADENA—Mission Garage. Phone: Elliott 2661 (Day) Sterling 7618 (Night)
- *SAN PEDRO—William Lever Garage. Phone: 478 (Day) 946-W or 1648-J (Night)
- *SANTA MONICA—Santa Monica Garage. Phone: 21523
- *SAWTELLE—Slater's Garage. Phone: Sawtelle 31452 (Day) 31222 (Night)
- *SIERRA MADRE—Sierra Madre Garage. Phone: Main 110
- *TEHACHAPI—Bartlett's Garage. Phone: 55-W
- *TORRANCE—Ed's Service Garage. Phone: Torrance 161
- *WILMINGTON—Wilmington Garage
- *WILMINGTON—Rex Garage. Phone: 557-M
- YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK—Call Yosemite Park & Curry Co. Garage; pay for service; ask for member's service receipt; send receipt to Auto Club of Southern California, Los Angeles, for reimbursement.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
DANVILLE	<i>Olsson's Garage</i>	Danville 10-J	LOS BANOS	<i>Kaljian Garage</i>	Los Banos 85
DARDANELLE	<i>Dardanelle Garage</i>	2 long, 3 short rings on P G & E "Relief Line" or thru U S Forest Service, Sonora (Day) Davis 50 (Night) 50-W	LOS GATOS	<i>Gateway Garage</i>	Los Gatos 271
DAVIS	<i>Davis Garage</i>	(Night) 50-W	LOS MOLINOS	<i>Los Molinos Garage</i>	Los Molinos 30
DELTA	<i>Vollmer's Garage</i>	Vollmer's Ranch	LOWER LAKE	<i>Morrell Garage</i>	Morrell Garage
DIAMOND SPRINGS	<i>Diamond Springs Garage</i>	332-F-4	LOYALTON	<i>White Garage</i>	(Day) Main 1-J (Night) 1-W
DIXON	<i>Rosri Bros.</i>	(Day) Dixon 115 (Night) 141-R	LUCERNE	<i>Country Club Garage</i>	Send Word
DORRIS	<i>Dorris Garage</i>	(Day) Dorris Exchange (Night) send word	MACDOEL	<i>Macdoel Garage</i>	1 long ring
DOS PALOS	<i>Ford Garage</i>	(Day) Dos Palos 63 (Night) 4405	MADERA	<i>Standard Garage</i>	Madera 240
DOWNIEVILLE	<i>Downieville Garage</i>	Downieville J	MANTECA	<i>Manteca Garage</i>	(Day) 385 (Night) 136-W
DUBLIN	<i>Hansen Bros.</i>	Pasanton 82-F-2	MARTINEZ	<i>Allen's Garage</i>	(Day) Martinez 395 (Night) 748-W
DUNSMUIR	<i>Dunsmuir Service Station</i>	(Day) Dunsmuir 177 (Night) Dunsmuir 54	MARYSVILLE	<i>M. & K. Garage</i>	Marysville 468
DURHAM	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Durham 811-J-4 (Day & Night)	MARYSVILLE	<i>Sutter Garage, Yuba City</i>	(Day) Yuba City 1165 (Night) Yuba City 891-W and 628-J
ELK	<i>Mason & Dearing</i>	Elk 5-F-2	McARTHUR	<i>Highway Garage</i>	McArthur Exchange
ELK GROVE	<i>Mack's Garage</i>	Elk Grove 62-F-3	McCLOUD	<i>McCloud Garage</i>	McCloud Garage
EMERYVILLE	<i>C. S. A. A. Oakland Office</i>	Glencourt 4400	MENDOCINO CITY	<i>S. & E. Garage</i>	Mendocino City 14-J
ESCALON	<i>Jess A. Seaman Garage</i>	(Night) 49	MENDOTA	<i>Mendota Garage & Mach. Shop</i>	Mendota 5-J
ESPARTO	<i>Central Garage</i>	Esparto 5-W	MERCED	<i>Lounsbury's Garage</i>	Merced 107
EUREKA	<i>Eureka Garage and Service Sta.</i>	Eureka 2300	MERCED FALLS	<i>Barrett's Garage</i>	6
FAIRFIELD	<i>Solano Garage</i>	(Day) Fairfield 227 (Night) 147-W, 147-J	MERIDIAN	<i>River Garage</i>	Kent Exchange (Day only) (Day) Middletown 8
FAIR OAKS	<i>Fair Oaks Garage</i>	(Day) Fair Oaks 15 (Night) 21-R	MIDDLETOWN	<i>Herrick Garage</i>	(None after 10 p.m.)
FALL RIVER MILLS	<i>Pioneer Garage</i>	Pioneer Garage	CAMP MIDPINES	<i>Camp Midpines Garage</i>	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4
FERNDALE	<i>Peterson's Service Station</i>	(Day) Ferndale 102-W (Night) 72-R	MILL VALLEY	<i>Eveready Garage & Elec. Co.</i>	(Day) Mill Valley 407 (Night) 155-J
FIREBAUGH	<i>Valley Garage</i>	Firebaugh 1-J	MILLVILLE	<i>Fawner & Bartell</i>	Central at Millville
FOLSOM	<i>People's Garage</i>	(Night) send word (Day) Main 49 (Night) Main 1187	MINERAL	<i>Mineral Garage</i>	Mineral
FORESTVILLE	<i>Forestville Garage</i>	Forestville 8-F-2	MODESTO	<i>Silva Motor Car Co.</i>	Modesto 1130
FORT BIDEWELL	<i>Fort Bidwell Garage</i>	No Phone	MOKELEUMNE HILL	<i>Mokelumne Hill Garage</i>	(Day) 10-W; (Night) 3-W
FORT BRAGG	<i>Pacific Garage</i>	(Day) and (Night) 174	MONTESANO	<i>Monterey Garage</i>	Monterey 224 and 225
FORT JONES	<i>Scott Valley Garage</i>	122	MONTGOMERY CREEK	<i>Young's Garage</i>	Bas Telephone Line
FORTUNA	<i>Fortuna Garage</i>	Fortuna 22-W	MORGAN HILL	<i>Jos. J. Verge Garage</i>	Morgan Hill 291. If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South.
FOWLER	<i>Baxter Bros. Garage</i>	Day and Night 711	MT. SHASTA CITY	<i>Northern California Garage</i>	(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W (Night) 4-F-3
FRESNO	<i>Auditorium Garage</i>	Fresno 551	MORGAN HILL	<i>Jos. J. Verge</i>	Morgan Hill 291
GALT	<i>Service Garage</i>	Galt 21-J	MOSSDALE	<i>Moore Bros. Garage</i>	Stockton 27-R-1
GARBERVILLE	<i>Redwood Garage</i>	Redwood Inn	NAAPA	<i>Hugo A. Zeller</i>	(Day) Napa 202 (Night) 683-R, 950-W and 362-R
GAZELLE	<i>Gazelle Garage</i>	(Night) Call Res. Gerber 24	NAVARRO	<i>Navarro Garage</i>	No phone
GERBER	<i>Chapman's Garage</i>	(Day) Geyserville 25-W (Night) 12	NAVATO	<i>Cheda's Garage</i>	Point Reyes Station 4-J; after 8 p.m. send word Nevada City 133
GEYSERVILLE	<i>Lampson's Garage</i>	(Night) 12	NEVADA CITY	<i>Nevada City Garage</i>	Grass Valley 119
GILROY	<i>Pacheco Pass Garage & Super Service Station</i>	Gilroy 32	NEVADA CITY	<i>Kneebone Motor Sales Co., Grass Valley</i>	(Day) Newark 6-W (Night) Send Word
GOLD RUN	<i>Pine Grove Service Station</i>	Paystation, Gold Run	NEVADA CITY	<i>Newark Garage</i>	(Day) Newcastle 110 (Night) 118
GONZALES	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	Gonzales 41-W	NEWARK	<i>White's Garage</i>	R. & D. Service Shop, Auburn
GRASS VALLEY	<i>Kneebone Motor Sales Co.</i>	Grass Valley 119	NEWCASTLE	<i>Patchetts & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	(Day) Auburn 220 (Night) Auburn 296
GRASS VALLEY	<i>Nevada City Garage, Nevada City</i>	Nevada City 133	NEWMAN	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage, Gustine</i>	Newman 6 and 7 (No Night Phone)
GREENFIELD	<i>Greenfield Garage</i>	Greenfield 8	NEWMAN	<i>American Garage</i>	(Day) Gustine 6 (Night) Gustine 60-J
GREENWOOD	<i>Mason and Dearing</i>	Elk 5-F-2	NILES	<i>Brownie's Auto Repair Shop</i>	Niles 67
GRENADA	<i>Grenada Garage</i>	Grenada 18	NORTH FORK	<i>Carlson's Garage</i>	1033
GRIDLEY	<i>Vance's Garage</i>	(Day) Gridley 211 (Night) 223	NORTH SACRAMENTO	<i>Anderson Motor Co.</i>	(Day) Main 3240 (Night) Main 5350-W
GROVELAND	<i>Sierra Garage & Service Station</i>	11	NOVATO	<i>Pederson's Garage</i>	(Day) Novato 302 (Night) 72 & 433
GUERNEVILLE	<i>Guerneville Garage</i>	Guerneville 15-J	OAKDALE	<i>Oakhurst Garage</i>	194
GUNDA	<i>Gustine Garage</i>	Brooks Exchange	OAKDALE	<i>Oakhurst Garage</i>	Call Oakhurst Garage
GUSTINE	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Gustine 6 (Night) Gustine 60-J	OAKLAND	<i>C. S. A. A. District Office</i>	Glencourt 4400
GUSTINE	<i>Patchetts & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	(Day) Newman 6 & 7 (No Night Phone)	OCCIDENTAL	<i>Occidental Garage</i>	6
HALF MOON BAY	<i>Liadore Garage</i>	Half Moon Bay 9-W	ORANGE COVE	<i>Orange Cove Motor Company</i>	(Day) Orange Cove 8 (Night) 28 & 44-J-4
HANFORD	<i>Erwin Motor Co.</i>	Hanford 400	ORICK	<i>Pickwick Garage</i>	Call Orick Operator
HAYFORK	<i>Hayfork Garage</i>	Hayfork	ORINDA	<i>Orinda Parke Garage</i>	C. S. A. A. Dist. Office
HAYWARD	<i>Doherty & Galbraith</i>	Hayward 26	ORLAND	<i>Nock Auto Company</i>	Oakland 688
HEALDSBURG	<i>Standard Machine Works</i>	(Day) 41; (Night) 112-294-J	ORVILLE	<i>Bradley Auto Works</i>	(Day) Orland 89 (Night) 194-A
HELM	<i>Helm Garage</i>	Fresno 2-J-3	PACIFIC GROVE	<i>Pacific Grove Garage</i>	(Day and Night) 162
HILT	<i>Hilt Garage</i>	15-W and 15-J	PALO ALTO	<i>Davison Sales</i>	Pacific Grove 6
HOLLISTER	<i>Tiffany Motor Co.</i>	Hollister 143	PARADISE	<i>Paradise Super Station</i>	Palo Alto 2820
HOPLAND	<i>Central Garage</i>	Hopland 21	PATTERSON	<i>Patterson Garage</i>	Paradise 9F-12
INDIAN FLAT	<i>Indian Flat Service Station</i>	(5 miles west of El Portal Indian Flat via Merced) (Day) Ione 41 (Night) 7	PASCADERO	<i>Pescadero Garage</i>	(Day) Patterson 45 (Night) 133
IONE	<i>Tonzi's Garage</i>	(Day) Ione 41 (Night) 7	PETALUMA	<i>Hill Plaza Garage</i>	Pescadero 7-J
IRVINGTON	<i>Corey's Garage</i>	(Night) Send Word	PETROLIA	<i>Shell Service Station and Garage</i>	Petaluma 55
ISLETON	<i>Owl Garage</i>	Isleton 258	PIEDMONT	<i>C. S. A. A. Oakland Office</i>	Glencourt 4400
JACKSON	<i>Davies Garage</i>	Jackson 104-W	PITTSBURG	<i>W. & W. Garage</i>	Pittsburg 150
JAMESTOWN	<i>J. L. O'Neil's Garage</i>	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) Sonora 16-W	PLACERVILLE	<i>Placerville Garage</i>	(Day) Placerville 153 (Night) 250
JANESVILLE	<i>Janesville Garage</i>	1223	PLACERVILLE	<i>Tahoe Road. See listing under from Placerville</i>	Twin Bridges, 44 miles
KELSEYVILLE	<i>Waite & Voss</i>	Kelseyville Exchange	PLEASANTON	<i>Hanson Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Pleasanton 108 (Night) 203 or 82-F-2
KENWOOD	<i>Meads Garage</i>	Kenwood 2-F-3	PLYMOUTH	<i>Alpine Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	(Day) Plymouth 21 (Night) 18-J
KERMAN	<i>Service Garage</i>	(Day) Kerman 263 (Night) 25	POINT ARENA	<i>Point Arena Garage</i>	Point Arena 41-W
KING CITY	<i>El Camino Garage</i>	King City 31	POINT REYES STA.	<i>Silacci & Cheda</i>	Point Reyes Sta. 4-J
KINGSBURG	<i>Wilson & Shering</i>	(Day) Kingsburg 71 (Night) 249, 174-W	POPE VALLEY	<i>Pope Valley Garage</i>	St. Helena 4-F-3
KNIGHT'S LANDING	<i>Knight's Landing Garage</i>	Call Lakeport Operator	PORTOLA	<i>Portola Garage</i>	Portola 7-W
LAKEPORT	<i>Dunbar Chevrolet Co.</i>	(Day) Laton 37 (Night) 34	QUINCY	<i>Erwin's Garage</i>	(Day) Quincy 99 (Night) 77
LATON	<i>Laton Garage</i>	Laytonville 10-J	RED BLUFF	<i>Paul's Garage</i>	(Day) Red Bluff 186 (Night) 128-A and 245-M
LAYTONVILLE	<i>Thilford's Garage</i>	Le Grand 11	REDDING	<i>Hersey's Garage</i>	Redding 45
LE GRAND	<i>Jones Garage</i>	Lemoore 223	REDWOOD CITY	<i>Service Garage</i>	Redwood 516
LEMOORE	<i>Sillano Motor Co.</i>	34	REDFIELD	<i>Osborn Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Redfield 1681 (Night) 732 or 523
LINCOLN	<i>Saugstad Garage</i>	Litchfield 502	REQUA	<i>Ocean View Garage</i>	Requa
LITWILFIELD	<i>R. Q. Deal Garage</i>	(Day) Livermore 106 (Night) 197	RICHMOND	<i>(1 Mi. So. of New Klamath River Bridge)</i>	Richmond 841
LIVERMORE	<i>Valley Garage</i>	(Day) 25 or 33 (Night) 91 & 21-R	RIO VISTA	<i>Seventh Street Garage</i>	(Day) Rio Vista 45 (Night) 51-J
LIVINGSTON	<i>Shaffer Motor Co.</i>	(Day) 13-J (Night) Send Word	RIPON	<i>Madsen's Garage</i>	(Day) San Joaquin 28-W (Night) 49-W
LOCKFORD	<i>Central Garage</i>	Lodi 155	RIVERDALE	<i>L. H. Byron's Garage</i>	(Day) Riverdale 7 (Night) 42
LODI	<i>Tourist Garage</i>	(Day) Loomis 32 (Night) 61-F-4	RODO	<i>Rodero Garage</i>	Crockett 801-F-2
LOOMIS	<i>Loomis Motor Co.</i>	(Day) Los Altos 12 (Night) 175	ROSEVILLE	<i>Saugstad Bros.</i>	Roseville 203
LOS ALTOS	<i>Depot Garage</i>				

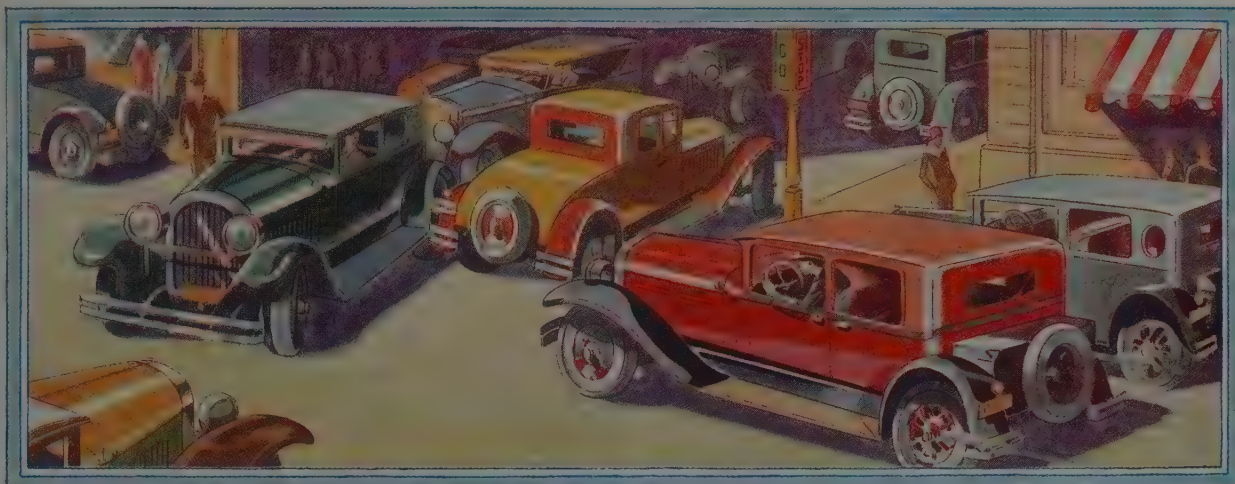
OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
SACRAMENTO	Central Garage	(Day) Main 9290 (Night) Capitol 765-R	SUTTER CREEK	Oneto Bros. Garage	(Day) Sutter Creek 59 (Night) 52
SACRAMENTO	Union Garage	Capitol 3140	TAHOE CITY	Tavern Garage	Tahoe City 100
ST. HELENA	Wheeler's Garage	(Day) St. Helena 13 (Night) 185 or 14-W	TAROMA	Tahoma Garage	Tahoma Garage
SALINAS	Highway Garage	Salinas 490	TOMALES	Tomales Garage & Mach. Wks.	Tomales 3-W
SAN ANDREAS	Mother Lode Garage	(Day) San Andreas 40-W (Night) Sheriff's Office	THORNTON	New Hope Garage	Thornton 13
SAN ANSELMO	Durham Garage	(Day) San Anselmo 3133 or San Rafael 944	TRACY	Central Garage	Tracy 11
SAN BRUNO	Cabin Garage	(Day) San Bruno 160 (Night) 650-R	TRANQUILLITY	Berkert Garage	Tranquillity 147
SAN FRANCISCO	C.S.A.A. General Office	Hemlock 3400	TRUCKEE	McConaha and Spinas Garage	Trinidad 1
SANGER	William Epps	Sanger 163	TUDOR	Brander Bros.	(Day) Placer 123 (Night) 122-W
SAN JOSE	San Jose Buick Co.	Ballard 6600	TUOLUMNE	Blair Garage	38-J-31
SAN JOAQUIN	Chevrolet Garage	(Day) Fresno 63 (Night) 118	TURLOCK	Howard M. Tripp Garage	(Day) 11-F. After 8 p. m. call Sonora 4-6-F
SAN JUAN	San Juan Garage	San Juan 52-J	TWIN BRIDGES	Twin Bridges Garage	Turlock 1440
SAN LEANDRO	Palaca Garage, San Leandro	San Leandro 930 or C. S. A.A. Office, Glencourt 4400	UKIAH	(near Strawberry, on Placerville-Tahoe Road)	Send Word
SAN LEANDRO	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Main 1	UKIAH	E. Neuhaus Garage	Scales Garage
SAN MARTIN	Pattison's Garage	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p. m. 895-M or 673-W	UPPER LAKE	Upper Lake Garage	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 126
SAN MATEO	Hildebrand and Caldwell	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031	VACAVILLE	Paca Auto Supply Co.	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 407
SAN RAFAEL	Cebalo Garage	(Day) San Rafael 268 (Night) San Anselmo 2851	VALLEJO	Lewis Garage	Upper Lake Exchange
SANTA CLARA	San Jose Buick Co., San Jose	San Jose 6600	VALLEY SPRINGS	Valley Springs Garage	Vallejo 232
SANTA CRUZ	Marks & Leonard	Santa Cruz 357	VINA	Wood Brothers Garage	Valley Springs 8
SANTA ROSA	Central Garage	Santa Rosa 518	VOLLMER'S	Vollmer's Garage	Vina Long Distance
SARATOGA	G. E. Tarlton	(Day) Saratoga 133 (Night) 136-R	WALNUT CREEK	L. G. Lawrence Garage and Service Station	Vollmer's Ranch
SATTLEY	Yuba Pass Garage	(Day) Sattley Pay Station (Night) 368-R	WALNUT GROVE	Kammeyer & Crowell	(Day) Walnut Creek 19 (Night) 146
SAUSALITO	Rosa's Auto Repair Shop	(Day) Sausalito 408 (Night) 368-R	WATERFORD	Booth Motor Company	Courtland 272
SCOTIA	Scotia Garage	Scotia Operator	WATSONVILLE	Appleton Garage	1-W
SEBASTOPOL	Tough Bros. Garage	Sebastopol 188	WEATONVILLE	Inside Garage	Watsonville 82
SELMA	Eugene H. Mayes Garage	(Day) 20-W (Night) 20-R or 432 3Y	WEAVERVILLE	Day's Garage	Black 43
SIERRA CITY	Service Garage	Silver Fork	WEED	Mountain Service Station	(Day) Weed 9 (Night) 129
SILVER FORK	Silver Fork Garage	Smith's River 171	WEOTT	Wm. Fraser Service Station	West Exchange
SMITH'S RIVER	Buckner's Garage	Soledad 17-W	WESTWOOD	Westwood Garage	Westwood 212
SOLEDAD	Johnson's Garage	(Day) Sonoma 30-J (Night) 142	WHEATLAND	P. M. Reedy	Wheatland 31-J
SONOMA	Gary Garage	(Day) Sonoma 221 (Night) 16-W or 397	WILLIAMS	Central Garage	Williams 8
SONORA	J. L. O'Neil Garage	(Day) So. City 118-W (Night) 765-W	WILLITS	Steel's Machine Works	(Day) Willits 71-J (Night) 167
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO	Service Garage and Mach. Shop	Toll Station	WILLOWS	Willows Motor Sales Co.	Willows 96
STIRLING CITY	C. G. Woloken Garage	Stockton 398 and 7121	WINTERS	Winters Garage	Main 2
STOCKTON	Oranger Bros. Garage	Stockton 124	WOODLAND	Electric Garage Co.	Woodland 123
SUNNYVALE	Sunnyvale Garage	Sunnyvale 150	WOODSIDE	Woodside Garage	Redwood 1378-W (Day and Night)
SUNOL	Temple Carae	3-W, after 10 p.m. send word	YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK	Call Yosemite Park & Curry Co. Garage; pay for service; ask for member's service receipt; send receipt to C. S. A. A. general office, San Francisco, for reimbursement.	Yreka 89
SUSANVILLE	Smith Auto Co.	332-B	YOSEMITE ALL-YEAR HIGHWAY	See listings under Merced, Bridgeport and Mariposa	Yuba City 1165 (Day and Night)
			YREKA	Traveler's Garage	Yreka 468
			YUBA CITY	Sutter Garage	
			YUBA CITY	M. & K. Garage, Marysville	

"Man, Oh, Man! That's what I call a real job of rebuilding. When I think what this bus looked like after the crash, it's amazing... no foolin'. If the amount of the bill didn't prove different I'd think it was a complete new body but that would be impossible at the price."

Western Mechanical Works
3221 S Figueroa St. *Buck · Nat · Ham - Proprietors* **LOS ANGELES** **HUMbolt 4155**

Stop pouring gasoline into your oil!



You don't do it deliberately—you wouldn't think of doing it! But drop by drop you are wasting fuel, drop by drop you are diluting your oil with "wet" gasoline!

Down the cylinder walls it goes—every time you use the choke or thrust open the throttle or shift gears in traffic. And who can drive today without doing these things? Yet you can stop the waste and danger of "wet" gasoline, very simply.

Use a "dry" gas. Shell 400, refined to an exact point for highest efficiency, goes completely vaporized—dry—into your motor. All of it is used; none

of the heavy "wet" droplets of ordinary gasoline are left to run into the crankcase.

And in a thousand miles of driving, instead of finding your oil half gasoline—ruined—there'll be only traces of gasoline in it; not enough to seriously harm the oil.

Knowing these things about Shell 400 you can better appreciate its just claim to greater power, more mileage!

The same price you pay for ordinary gasoline will buy "dry" Shell 400 at the thousands of yellow and red Shell pumps everywhere. Let it be your next filling station purchase.

Shell 400, the "dry" gas, reduces oil thinning to a minimum. Notice this diagram—only 0.2% in a thousand miles of ordinary driving



An example of what a thousand miles of ordinary driving with ordinary gasoline can do—oil 51% "gasoline"—thinning caused by incomplete burning of "wet" gas



The "DRY" GAS

Shell Motor Oil, a new lubricant that forms less carbon, soft carbon, is the ideal running mate for Shell 400. Don't offset the good effects of Shell 400 by using an oil less fine than improved Shell Motor Oil

*Anti-
knock*



**RED CROWN
GASOLINE**

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA



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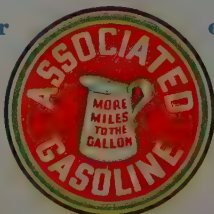
NOVEMBER 1928



FOLLOW FOOTBALL AT THE GAMES — ON THE AIR

The whistle blows. Opposing lines surge forward in a thrilling flash of color. The game is on. Get your tickets early and be there for the kickoff. † And as you drive to the game, stop in and get one of the new football booklets we have for you. Free at any Associated red, green and cream service station.

You can follow the game in detail with this free booklet. † If you can't be at the game, listen in on the air. We're broadcasting again this year over the lines of the leading broadcasting stations of the coast. You'll have, by radio proxy, a seat on the fifty-yard line, right in the cheering section.



Winter

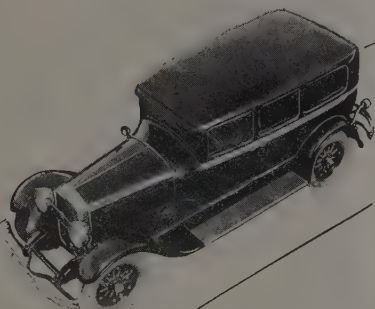
Grade

ASSOCIATED GASOLINE

Gracefully Slender as Style Demands

THE new President Eight possesses those gracefully slender lines demanded by fashion and which accent the unprecedented fleetness of the car.

Fender, hood and body lines have been deftly restrained to avoid any possible suggestion of extra weight or unnecessary bulk. Such details as the flat radiator cap and the polo vizer add that touch of smartness which makes the President a style leader.



There is champion leadership, too, in the President's speed and endurance. The world's highest automobile authority — the A.A.A. — certifies that four strictly stock President Eights each went farther and faster than anything else on earth has travelled. Each of these four cars went 30,000 consecutive miles at considerably faster than a mile a minute!

Style leadership, coupled with such unequalled records of stock car speed and endurance, tell why the President is the fastest selling eight-cylinder car made.

*[[The Car Illustrated is the
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Hollywood - 6116 Hollywood Blvd.
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Inglewood - 240 North Market St.

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Rancho Santa Fe



Mr. C. F. Pease transferred his interests from a successful manufacturing business in Chicago to Rancho Santa Fe. Having a keen business mind, he established an avocado nursery, interplanting his orchard. The venture has been highly successful.

Mr. Pease inspects all trees himself and directs all operations.

A Challenge To Creative Minds

OUTDOOR SPORTS you can take for granted, where there is such a flair for enjoyment of life as at Rancho Santa Fe. The important thing is that there are other, more lasting satisfactions. Here you may dig and cut and trim and plant, with your own hands, or vicariously. Here you may create new beauty, new productive wealth. Here you may plan new wonders, in home, garden, orchard and grounds. There is plenty of room, and lavish materials, to do these creative things that bring actual contentment. Especially appealing to

the creative imagination are the new **Golf Course Estates**. These vary in size from less

than an acre to several acres. Conforming in shape to contours. Artistically laid out by Chas. H. Cheney to make the most of gentle slopes overlooking the \$200,000 golf course now building. Many have abundant growths of native shrubbery. All have intriguing views of mountains, or sea, or mesas. Surrounding orchards give a park-like setting. Winding roads already built. Utilities mostly underground. Bridle trails adjacent. Village nearby. Prices less per acre than a 50-foot city lot. Environment protected by careful restrictions on architecture and uses of land. Send coupon below for estate owner's monthly magazine.

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TOURING TOPICS

Volume 20
Number 11



November
1928

Published monthly by
The Automobile Club of Southern California

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION

1646 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California

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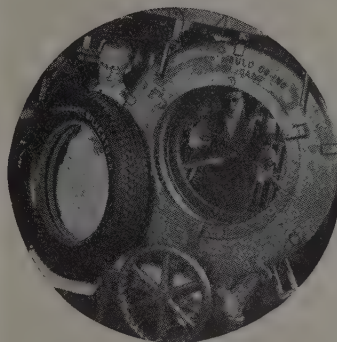
Auditors

Klink, Bean and Company, and Lybrand Ross Brothers and
Montgomery

Entered as second-class matter February 27, 1928, at the post office at Beverly Hills, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Formerly entered March 8, 1913, at the post office at Los Angeles. Single copies, 20 cents. Subscription rates: Members, first year, \$1.00; renewals, 50 cents per year; non-members, \$1.00 per year.

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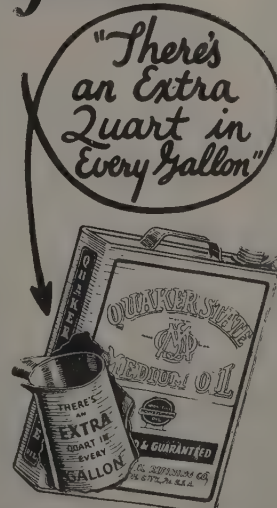
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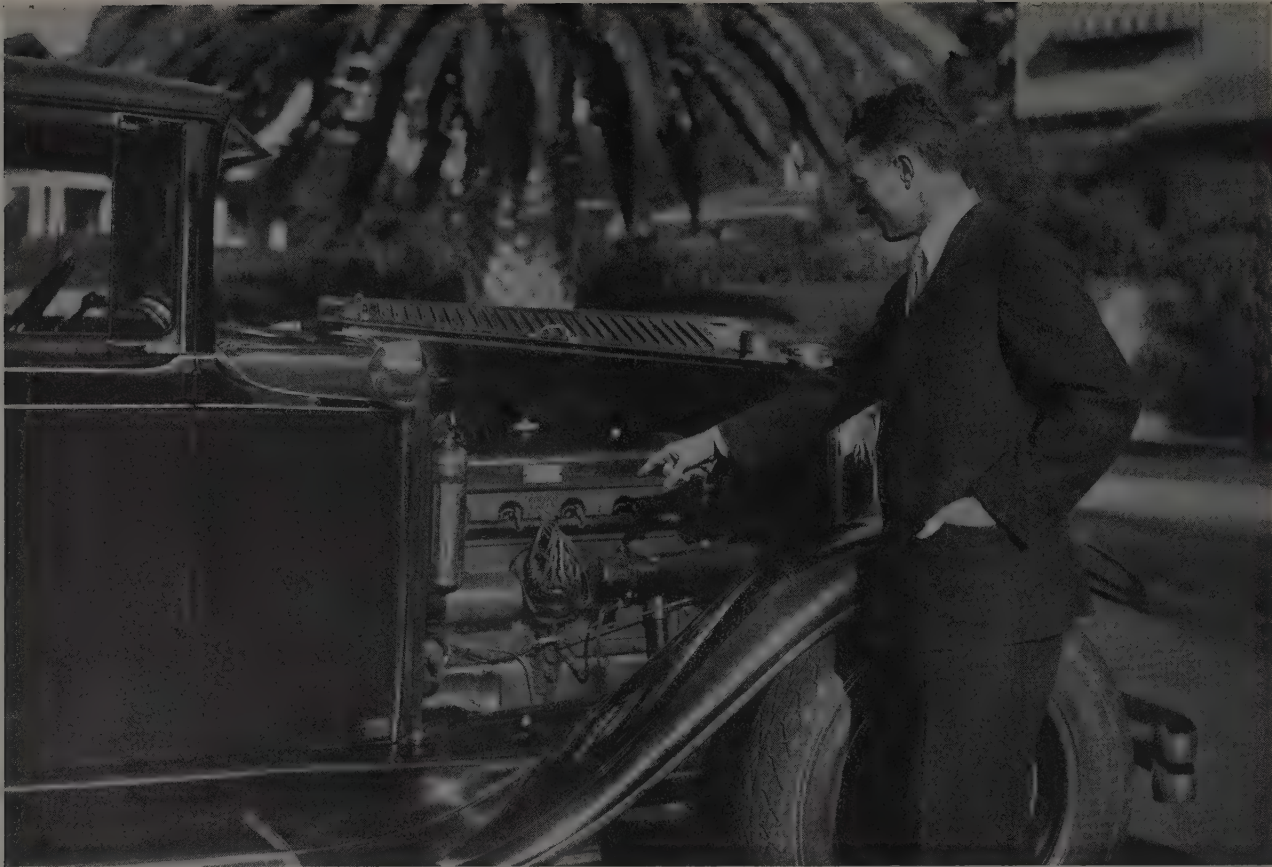
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TOURING TOPICS

VOLUME XX *A Magazine for Motorists* NUMBER 11

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1928

	PAGE
COVER DESIGN— <i>Santa Barbara. Painted by Douglas Parshall</i>	
THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE— <i>An intimate discussion of TOURING TOPICS contributors and contributions.</i>	9
SUNSET— <i>A frontispiece. Verses by Dalnar Devening. Photograph by Karl Struss.</i>	11
CALIFORNIA HOSPITALITY— <i>An editorial</i>	13
ACROSS THE ATLAS— <i>The story of a Santa Barbara woman's journey through the Algerian Sahara. By Eleanor Hoffman</i>	14
✓ THE MOTHER VINEYARD— <i>A glance at the hectic history of Cucamonga Rancho. By Rose L. Ellerbe.</i>	18
PLAZA NIGHTS— <i>Verses by Katherine Elspeth Oliver. Drawings by Raymond P. Winters</i>	21
SOME OTHER AMERICANS— <i>Introducing certain sights and people encountered on a motor journey through Lower California and Sonora. Part II: By Phil Townsend Hanna</i>	22
✓ BOLTON OF THE BANCROFT— <i>A college professor who has devoted his life to reviving California's misty beginnings. By Harold D. Carew</i>	28
YOUR CLUB'S ACTIVITIES— <i>What the various service agencies of the Automobile Club of Southern California are doing</i>	31
COLOR AND STYLE IN MEN'S WEAR— <i>By Jack Worthington. Drawings by Victor Mall</i>	33
✓ THE HIDDEN FOREST OF NEVADA— <i>Surrounded by barren deserts exists a woodland oasis of exquisite beauty. By Philip Johnston</i>	34
THE BIRTH OF A CAR— <i>All America is in the business of creating the modern automobile. By Frederick C. Russell</i>	36
✓ TO THE SUMMIT OF THE PALISADES— <i>Recounting an ascent of various lofty peaks of the High Sierra. By Norman Clyde</i>	38
THE IDEA KIT— <i>New kinks in the science and sport of caring for the automobile. By Gilland Mason.</i>	39
ROTAGRAVURE SECTION— <i>Seven pages of pictorial illustrations, including a two-page illuminated poem, "Desert Sketches." Verses by Snow Longley. Drawings, done in the modern manner, by Grace Marion Brown</i>	



Commander Richard E. Byrd, U.S.N. (Retired) pointing to the Twin-Ignition distributor of the new "400" Nash Advanced Six

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The Editor's Own Page

A GREAT painter and the son of a great painter, Douglass Parshall, whose painting of Santa Barbara appears on the cover of this issue of *TOURING TOPICS*, is making a distinctive contribution to the art of California and winning the *kudos* that genius always deserves but seldom receives.

There is a quality consistently evidenced in his work that defies cataloguing. The best definition I can find for it is to characterize it as rational modernism. Parshall gazes upon the California scene and records his impressions as the eyes of youth see it. He surveys the prospect wisely and with a certain sophistication and yet discovers its essential ingredients and proceeds to render them into image form.

I call him a modern for he shows a keen appreciation of the new spirit—of the value of life and movement, and the dynamic attributes of Nature. This failure to perceive the kinesthetic basis of all existence and to present it understandingly is, I'm convinced, the chief deficiency of many technically, and otherwise, notable compositions. The criticism is equally applicable to painting, music, sculpture and literature.

In an effort to record this kinæstheticism the cubists, and others of the so-called modern school, have reverted to a crude symbolism and to geometrical patterns. Parshall, on the contrary, achieves the same result with forthright painting. There is more gusto and vigor and less trickery in his painting of St. Anthony's Seminary, which is reproduced on this issue, than I've seen in any similar composition in many a year.

THE scholar of prodigious valid accomplishment holds me in awesome admiration. I marvel at James G. Frazier's *Golden Bough*; Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Dostoevsky's magnificent novels. Before Pepys' *Diary* and Burton's translation of the *Arabian Nights* I stand enthralled. The hours of toil and the days of pain that have gone into the birth of these great documents none but one who has engaged in infinitely meaner and more humble literary enterprises can appreciate.

This is the essence of my esteem for Herbert Eugene Bolton, the subject of Harold Carew's biographical sketch, *Bolton of the Bancroft*, which appears in this issue. Bolton, as Carew relates, has done more to unlock the misty story of the beginnings of Southwestern America than any other one man. The more one delves into the literature of the professional historians, seeking to mosaic together the annals of California since aboriginal days, the more one finds himself constantly returning to some critically important opus by the direc-



Douglass Parshall, whose painting of Santa Barbara adorns the cover of this issue of *TOURING TOPICS*

tor of the Bancroft Library. His hand and his thought are everywhere apparent. Where and how he has found the time to achieve his illuminating works is incomprehensible. But he has done it, and Californians, seriously interested in the movements of men and events in the days when this State was young (and even, as a matter of fact, before it had begun), will find Bolton's books and maps the most reliable of mentors.

THE influence of the missions of Lower California on the development of Alta California is little appreciated by even the

most devoted among us who have been captivated by the romance and glory of the similar establishments that stretch from the Bay of Saint James to the Bay of Saint Francis. Almost seventy-five years before Jun'pero Serra and Gaspar de Portolá planted the cross and flag at San Diego, the first of the Lower California missions was founded. Under the most adverse circumstances this lone establishment eventually blossomed into a chain of thirty-two missions reaching 1200 miles from Cape San Lucas to San Diego.

The land was sterile, water was scarce and the natives were hos-

tile. Yet the labors of the devout friars proceeded. During their career of almost 150 years, the missions passed through the hands of three religious orders, the Jesuits, the Franciscans, and the Dominicans, and when the missions in Alta California first were established they furnished untold quantities of food and supplies. They were, in short, the beginnings of culture on the extreme west coast of North America.

Recently John S. Gorby visited the northern-most of these establishments. He has written a short history and a report on the present state of the Lower California missions from El Mulegé north, under the title, *Cathedrals of the Wilderness*. With the opening of a road down the peninsula and the signing of this highway by the Automobile Club of Southern California, many motorists will venture into this region. Mr. Gorby's contributions, which will appear in early issues of *TOURING TOPICS*, I'm sure will be of intense interest to those who essay a journey down the long finger of land that forms the first California.

* * *

THE making of the modern automobile that you and I drive is the business of all America. A platitude, I grant you, but one that seldom occurs to us unless we analyze the business of motor car manufacturing. How true it is, Frederick Russell points out in his contribution to this issue—*The Birth of a Car*.

He emphasizes, for instance, that while the modern automobile may be designed, in the main, by engineers in Detroit or Indianapolis, the refinements are dictated by Mr. Average Motorist. The next time you complain because the seat-back of the automobile you drive is too low, or I protest against the shortness of the emergency brake lever, we may depend upon it that if there are enough "you's" and "me's" complaining of the self-same errors, they will be corrected. Our automobiles, in their design as well as their manufacture, have come to be the business of all of us.

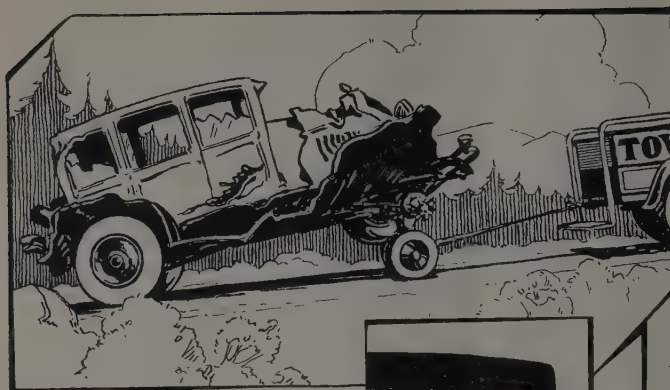
* * *

I AM confronted on occasion with indisputable evidence of the appositeness of Mr. Locke's philosophy of the association of ideas. A proud parent, discoursing on his only infant son thinks of "progeny" and talks to me of his "prodigy." He knows better, and so do I when I sit down to write of the Khyber Pass as the gateway to "Abyssinia." I meant Afghanistan, of course. All of which is apropos of a miserable error in the first section of *Some Other Americans* in the October issue, which I regret and for which I make an humble and apologetic bow. P.T.H.

Book Stores to Sell *TOURING TOPICS*

TO make *TOURING TOPICS* more readily accessible to members who desire extra copies each month and to such non-members as may have an interest in its contents, arrangements have been made with several of the larger book stores in metropolitan Los Angeles to sell this publication. Hereafter they will be available in the book sections of J. W. Robinson's and Bullock's, and at Dawson's and Fowler Brothers' book stores. The magazine will appear on or about the first of every month.

Increased costs of production occasioned by the better grade of material appearing therein, and the larger size, make necessary an advance in the single copy price to 20 cents. The yearly subscription rate, for the present, remains as formerly.



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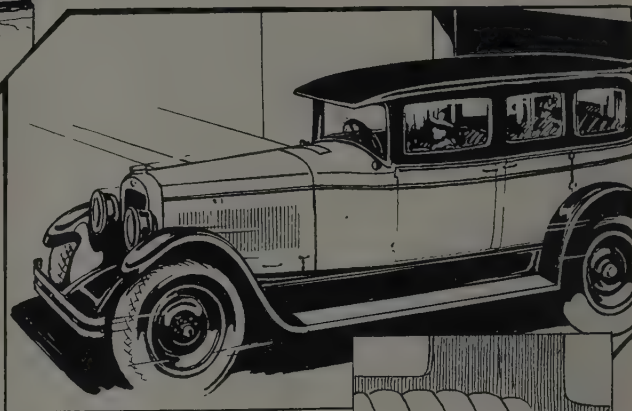
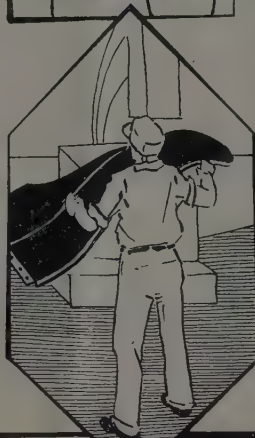
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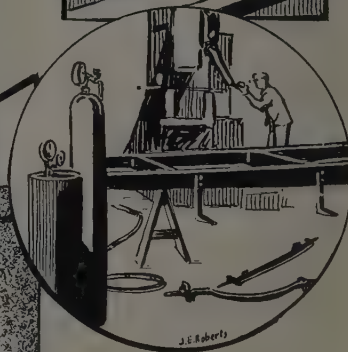
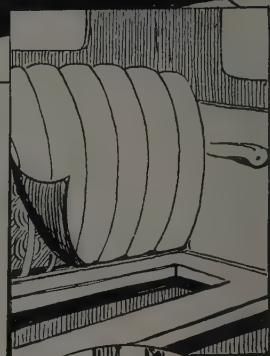
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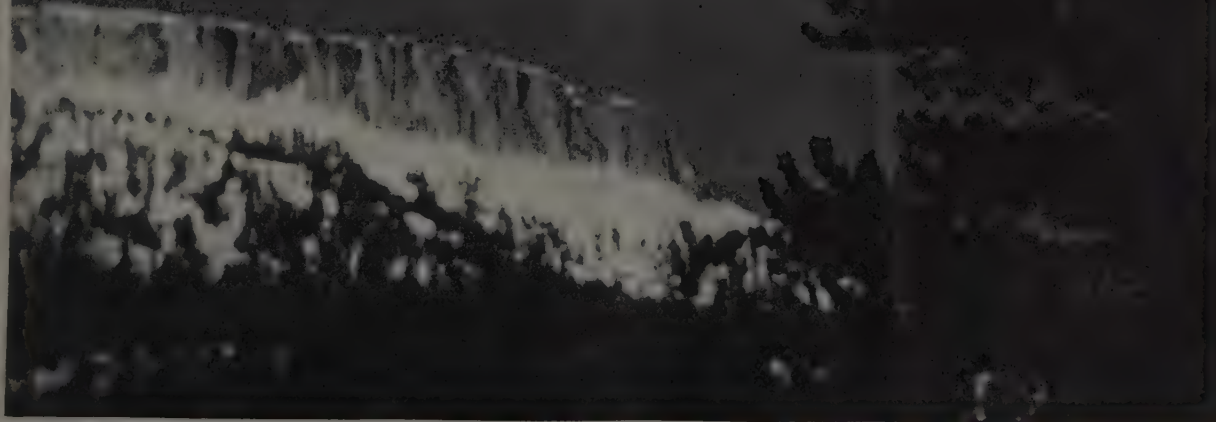
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SUNSET

By Dalnar Devening

Photograph by Karl Struss

Blue haze and the sinking sun;
 Ten thousand little clouds all edged with gold;
 One snow-capped peak standing above them bold
 Down whose broad flanks the darkening canyons run.
 A pause, a hush, and lo! Purple the peak above;
 The little ghast of a wind; the voice of a homing dove.



500,000 saw it...



2,000,000 *heard* it THRILL *by* THRILL

OVER 325,000 people paid admission to the National Air Races at Mines Field, Los Angeles, Sept. 8 to 16th. At least another 175,000 watched the meet from adjoining fields. ¶ But this is not all. ¶ Conservative estimates indi-

cate that at least 2,000,000 people tuned in on a Pacific Coast Network Station to hear many of the events described by radio. ¶ The Union Oil Company, manufacturers of Union-Ethyl Gasoline, Union Non-detonating Gasoline and Aristo Motor Oil, was glad of the opportunity to contribute this broadcast in the interest of aviation.

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TOURING TOPICS

NOVEMBER, 1928

CALIFORNIA HOSPITALITY

WE FRET and fume about the ceaseless scurry of our modern age. We deplore the thralldom of a frenzied mechanical era that seizes us and mocks our puny efforts to escape. And we overlook the truth that this self-same maelstrom has delivered us from the drudgery of our fathers' and our father's fathers. Gears and wheels have brought us a certain leisure and granted us the time to be kindly.

We have been given the opportunity to become acquainted with our fellows, learn to love them almost as much for their vagaries as for their virtues, and discover that they're quite as human as ourselves. We are finding, of a certainty, that the close of every day brings a better and a brighter world. Even the corporations we have cursed as "soul-less" are shedding their mantle of aloofness and intangibility and giving generously of their substance to the service of humanity.

The policy of the Automobile Club of Southern California—which has been in effect since the Club's beginning—of extending its facilities to the visiting motorist affords a graphic example of the growing friendliness of man toward man.

Let a motorist signify his intention of journeying from wheresoever he may be to California and he becomes, to all intents and purposes, a guest of the largest automobile club in the nation. He is furnished with maps and complete touring information, a selected list of hotels or public camp grounds, and is told the requirements of California's motor vehicle laws. When he arrives he is aided in meeting these requirements and is directed to such points of interest as he may fancy seeing

whether they be in California or elsewhere on the Pacific Coast.

Every reasonable effort is made to insure him a happy, safe and comfortable holiday while he sojourns west of the Rockies. He is the "stranger within our gates" and gains the courtesy and consideration of every employee of the Club. He becomes the recipient of attentions reminiscent of the traditional hospitality current in California a hundred years ago when every rancho was the abiding place of the passing traveler and the tender of compensation was regarded as an insult. This spirit, somehow, never has quite died in the Golden Land.

Strange to relate, the Automobile Club of Southern California is the only similar organization in the United States that extends this helping hand of friendship, without charge, to the wayfarer. Perhaps this earnest of the Club's thoughtfulness about the welfare of fellow-beings may, in a measure, explain its unprecedented success and its phenomenal influence for good.

It seems vulgar to ask what dividends these simple courtesies return. It is positively indecent to weigh the material benefits that accrue against such efforts as may be expended. The recompense is to be found in the hundreds of voluntary letters of appreciation in the Club's files, from motorists thus served, many of whom eventually became residents of California. It is enough to know that in this magic land is perpetuated the policy of the open door, and the helping hand, responsible, as much as anything else, for the high character of its citizenry and the stable prosperity of its institutions.

Across the Atlas

The story of a Santa Barbara woman's motor journey through the Algerian Sahara—

By Eleanor Hoffman

NO ONE has to be told the joys of driving one's own car in a foreign country, and yet many think twice before doing it in Europe, and few indeed are those who attempt to motor independently in North Africa. It is only after they have tied themselves up, in true tourist fashion, with the luxurious motor car system of the French Line that they realize how much more enjoyable it would have been to have had the independence that their own car would have given them. Mine was a six-horsepower Renault, costing about \$800. After eight months of hard use I sold it in Tunis for \$370.

The best boats sail from Marseilles to Algiers. The crossing takes twenty-six hours. The price of shipping the car is determined by the weight. Mine cost \$24. So did my own ticket. I hope that that, too, was not determined by weight. If one drives from Paris to Marseilles, one will slip into North Africa gradually. Marseilles has a touch of the east. Greek and Phoenician left their mark there as well as on the other side of their inland sea. The red fez of the colonial troops is not uncommon along the Cannebière.

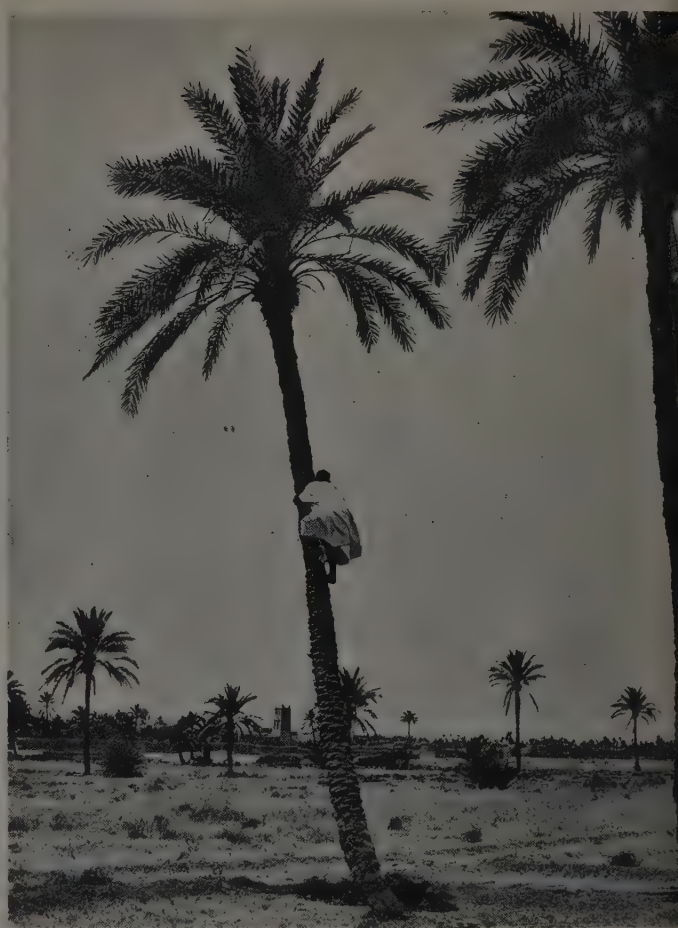
It is better to explore Algiers on foot. In the native quarter the dark, steep alleys are so narrow that one cannot pass a burro with panniers on his back and must wait in a side street until he has gone by. In the French quarter it is not much better. The city lies on a steep hillside. The roads come down in such hairpin curves that on some

of them it is necessary to back several times before getting around. But when it comes to seeing the sights of the rambling outskirts the car will be valuable.

With east and west and south to choose from, it was hard for us to decide on a direction, but finally the south, which meant the desert, proved most alluring. Ghardaia, 500 miles south of Algiers in the land of the Beni M'Zab, was our goal.

I had had some doubts as to two females taking the road that wound through the lonely stretches of the Atlas and the even lonelier desert until it merged into the caravan trails to the Niger. I asked the American consul's advice. He said two sensible women were safe motoring anywhere in Algeria, but he advised us not to stay out after dark.

When the road has climbed above Algiers to Mustapha, it starts across the Tell, a level plateau that stretches for about twenty miles to the base of the abrupt blue wall of the Atlas. It is magnificent farming land. Here it is the French colonial, not the Arab, who is in evidence. Part of the land has been seized from the latter, part has been reclaimed by the thrifty French from land that was worthless. Many of the farmers emigrated from the northern shores of the Mediterranean when the plant lice attacked their vineyards. Here they found unpolluted soil and dis-



Wherever the Sahara has sufficient water to give plant life half a chance there are rich crops. These date palms grow in fields used mainly for grain. The photo shows a native Berber climbing one of the palms for dates. Photo by Ewing Galloway

covered also that grafts onto American stock were immune from the disease. Royal Kebir, Medea, Mousse d'Islam and many other Algerian wines are becoming as popular among the French as among the colonials in whose cellars they have matured. Besides vines, every familiar vegetable is grown—artichokes and cauliflowers of a size that would put even the largest Californian ones to shame. Real estate booms on the Riviera have pushed much of the market gardening across the sea. Towards the foot of the Atlas, the citrus gardens of Blida begin. Her oranges and tangerines are famous throughout Europe. And here, too, are large fields of geraniums, carnations and jasmine—puzzling until you learn that some of the perfume houses of Grasse have branch gardens and distilleries here.

Blida is now a tiny garrison town. Once it was the country seat of the Turkish Janissaries who came there to relax from the business worries of piracy. They called it "Ourida" (little rose). In 1825 an earthquake destroyed it. In 1830 the French seized it. Beyond Blida the road turns sharply into the Atlas, following the Gorge of the Chiffa River. Black and white storks stand on one red leg in the green

meadows. Then the road begins to climb. The scrub-covered hillsides and the blue grey agaves recall California. Lions, I was told, have roamed these regions within the memory of man. Monkeys are still common. A hotel where the Ruisseau des Singes (Monkey Brook) joins the Chiffa River owes its existence to these animals. It is the proper tourist thing to do to drive out from Algiers, lunch at the Monkey Hotel, present a lunch of peanuts to the monkeys who come swinging down by the tail in chattering groups from the hillsides above, then drive back to Algiers, feeling that one has seen the wild animal life of darkest Africa.

Beyond the wooded summit the road drops a bit to Medea, famous for its wine and its automobile racing. Here, too, is the high, cold grain country. The road then makes a winding descent, called "The Snail" over juniper-covered hillsides. The moist, rain-drenched slopes of the Atlas have been left behind. The first town is Boghari, in a certain sense the desert's edge. It is strongly garrisoned in order to guard the pass over the mountains. The native quarter crowds about 2000 beings into hovels on a sharp hilltop, while the 200 French spread out over the flat region below. This is no longer the land of the colonist, but

the form of gold and silver jewelry, they return to their villages, buy a husband with their hard-earned dowries, and bear daughters to carry on their profession.

Beyond Boghari the camel caravans begin and the dreary, desolate upland plateaus where the *alfa* grass is harvested. This is, indeed, the desert, but not the yellow, rippled sand dunes that we expect of the Sahara. The low, black tufts of *alfa* grass are the only form of vegetation and the only sign of human life are the low, black goat-hair tents of the nomads who pull this wild grass, stack it in huge bales, and then load it onto camels. By caravan and rail it goes to the coast, where it is again loaded on to freighters for the paper factories of the north. The horned viper, a serpent somewhat similar to our sidewinder rattlesnake, and scorpions, lurk in these coarse clumps. In winter, even in late spring, these steppes are swept by a cruel wind; in summer they are scorched by a hot, cloudless sun. We were there in March. I thought I had never seen such desolate country. It was what I imagined the plains of Mongolia or Siberia would be like. The hard surfaced road was built up a few feet above the level of the ground to keep the coarse, gravelly soil between the grass clumps from drifting over it. The wind blew so hard I did not dare take either hand off the wheel even for a second. Black was the dominating color—the long beards of the nomads, the shaggy fur of the camels, the goat-hair tents and the grass tufts stretching to the distant horizon.

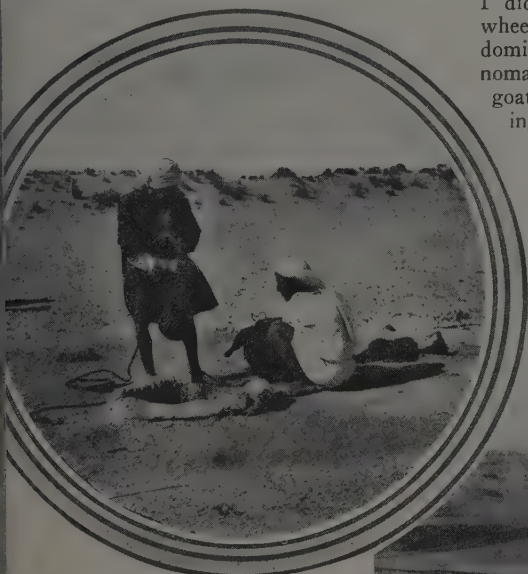
After four hours of it came the town of Djelfa, the end of the railroad. At a distance it seemed charming. Almonds, peach and cherry were in full

bloom against the brown soil. The town itself, though, had a drab, wide main street and a hotel where we had six eggs, bread and a bottle of wine for ten cents. Djelfa is the centre of the Ouled Nail country. We wondered why the daughters of the tribe ever came back, having once known any other part of Algeria. Beyond Djelfa the *alfa* grass had given way to coarse sand, and on the outskirts of Laghouat it was fine and drifting. Men were continually sweeping the road clear. There the hateful cold of the steppes was left behind and the desert warmth began.

Laghouat is the first oasis. Here the date palms begin—30,000 of them. It is the French part of the town that one sees first. The native quarter, as usual, covers a hilltop for defensive purposes. Now a mosque decorates one peak, the garrison another. From either summit one looks off into the flat, limitless desert to the south. At sunset it is very beautiful; by moonlight even more so. From the world to the north one is cut off by a jagged line of hillcrests.

With the car safely locked up for the night, it is amusing to stroll about and get one's first pleasant impressions of the desert and its people. Outside the ramparts of the town caravans are camped. The camels are either standing hobbled, a back leg doubled up and tied, burbling and grunting, or are lying down munching their supper of alfalfa with supercilious sneers. Children are tying *alfa* grass into loosely woven bags. Blue-robed women are grinding grain for *couss-couss*, or cooking it mixed with mutton and vegetables over a charcoal fire. Small boys are playing a game with the vertebrae of some ani-

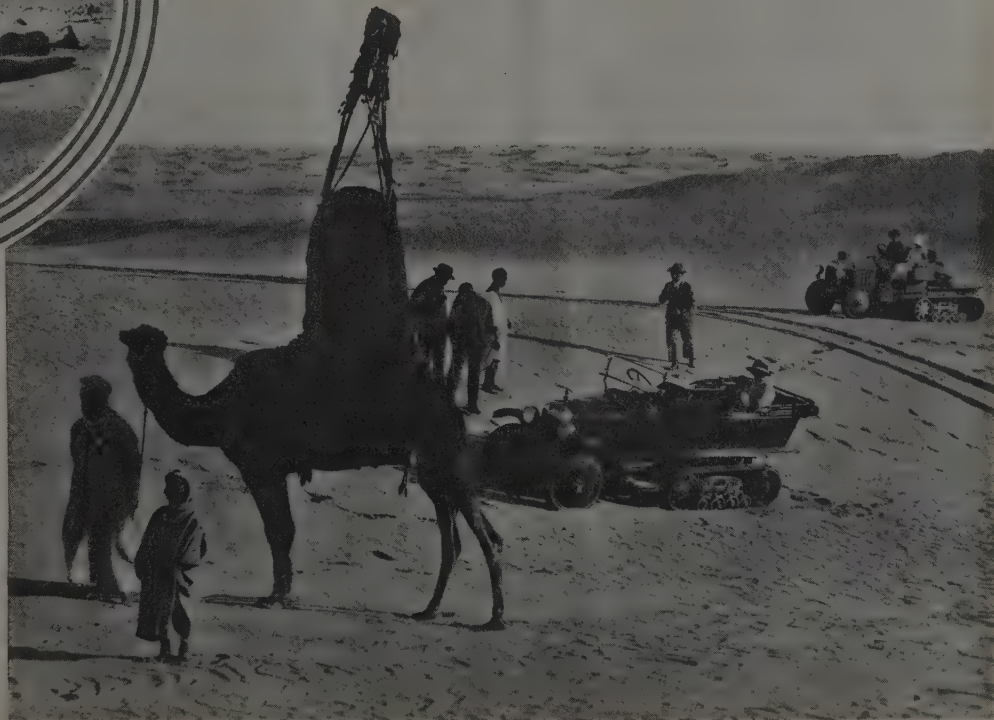
A contrast in desert transportation—the familiar old camel and modern motor cars with caterpillar tread. The lofty hood on the camel conceals a native woman. Photo by Ewing Galloway



This well is typical of many in the Algerian Sahara. They are dug twenty to fifty feet to reach water from underground streams, a leather bucket being used to raise the water. The coping is of gypsum to keep out the sand. Photo by Ewing Galloway

the land of the nomad, the desert Arab.

It is the beginning of the territory of the tribe of the Ouled Nail, whose daughters are the dancing girls of North Africa. Trained from their infancy in the intricate muscular control demanded by the *danse du ventre*, they leave their dismal mountain villages for some city nearer the coast. When their earnings have accumulated in



mal, the original "roll dem bones." In a tiny hole in the wall a silversmith is blowing his fire with goatskin bellows. In the "palmeries" the petals of peach and pear blossoms are scattered over the brown paths or floating down the little irrigating brooks.

One climbs up the hill to watch the sun set, and the sky shifts from pink to orange to green. Quickly the sun drops below the tawny horizon. Darkness falls. Suddenly a cannon is fired. From the minaret of the mosque opposite a figure appears chanting the call to prayer. It is the month of Ramadan, the month of fasting and abstinence from all sensuous delights, from daybreak to sunset. The French fire a gun for the benefit of those who cannot hear the muezzin's call, but the orthodox Arab waits patiently for it as he has waited many centuries before the French invaded his territory.

Walking back through the town there is now a cheerful bustle. Cigarettes are lighted and *narghiles*, or water-pipes, and the *couss-couss* is being devoured. One goes back to the hotel to stand on the balcony as a squad of native cavalry clatter by below playing their wailing desert music on reed pipe and tom-tom, and one forgets that he has come into this strange corner of the orient by anything as modern as an automobile.

Beyond Laghouat the road turns into a *piste*, or trail; that doesn't sound hopeful, but the garage swears it is good desert road. One remembers some of our desert roads, perhaps the old one from Yuma to El Centro, and then come doubts. Perhaps it might be safer to proceed on the daily bus. But no. One proceeds, agreeably

surprised to find the road excellent. Shortly the flat region known as the *daya* is left behind, and the sandstone region of the *chebka*, with its rises and depressions begins; still the road is good as it cuts its way through the soft sandstone, or curves in and out between low outcroppings of rock.

From Laghouat to Ghardaia is a stretch of 130 miles. Halfway is the only habitation, the caravanserai of Tilrempt, a hollow square where food, shelter and gasoline are obtainable. Beyond that is nothing until one reaches the first oasis in the desolate country of the Beni M'Zab. Berrian is the first of its seven cities. Ghardaia, its capital, is the end of the *piste*; after that it merges into a caravan trail. It is foolhardy to try going farther. A venture on the only road that branches off will prove equally disastrous. It is signed "Ouargla and Touggourt," but should one follow it without military permission, one's car will be confiscated.

To me this seemed unfair since there was nothing on the sign to indicate that the road was not open to the public. I was told sternly that, from Laghouat south, I had been under military, not civil law; that the public rarely ventured so far south into the desert, and if it did, it was supposed to inform itself what the military regulations were. To get permission for this road, two cars must go together so that in case of accident to one, the other can come to the rescue.

Even the great dunes themselves can be crossed, but with a very different kind of car. The "Transat," with the aid of M. Renault, has evolved a species of truck with six pairs of wheels, six forward gears and four reverse, and an anchor and cable arrangement by which the car lifts itself to the top of the highest sandhill and slides down safely into the pocket below.

The French are doing everything in their power to lure the tourist to North Africa. They know that a death in the desert, even of some incautious idiot, would give the country a bad reputation, so they exert all their authority to prevent it.

Until one has seen other oases, it is impossible to realize that Ghardaia is probably the strangest of them all. Nowhere outside the territory of the Beni M'Zab will be found such a long, tapering minaret, crude and primitive, savoring of the Soudan and yet distinctly M'Zabite. It first ap-

The main street in Blida, one of the larger towns of northern Algeria and Tunisia.
Photo by Ewing Galloway



A Berber with his camel and her white infant resting by the roadside not far from Laghouat.
Photo by Ewing Galloway

pears on the drive down from the surrounding cirque of hills where the town pours down the slope of its own hill. It is a minaret and watchtower in one, and is more than 300 feet high. The scene is unforgettable. Nor will one forget those funny white Berbers who seem so much less erratic than the fierce, lean Arabs, but who, in reality, are the greatest religious fanatics of North Africa. Persecuted and driven south to the desert years ago by the Arabs, they kept on till they came to a land so unproductive that they knew they were in no danger of being robbed of it. Then by the most amazing energy and ingenuity, they sank deep wells and made the barren land support them.

Ghardaia is the capital, but the holiest city of the seven is Beni Gerara Isquen. Aside from Berrian, which one passes, and which is on the forbidden Touggourt road, it is the only one that can be reached by motor. But one can walk. It is only a little over a mile from Ghardaia, at



Boy shepherds driving their flocks to town at the oasis of El Kantara, in the heart of the Algerian Sahara. El Kantara is visited by many tourists from America. Photo by Ewing Galloway

the spot where the dry river bed of the Ntissa joins the dry river bed of the M'Zab. Here, every evening at five, market is held. The Caïd appears, splendid in pale blue broadcloth, and sits on a raised platform covered with old Persian rugs. About him is a hospitable group of chairs for any outsiders that may have walked or driven over from Ghardaïa. No stranger is allowed to spend a night in Beni Isguen. It is a temptation to fill the car with some of the strange things for sale. Among them are camel's-hair burnouses, rugs, the male blossoms of the date palm to tie with the female ones for fertilization, and hedgehogs. The hedgehogs have two uses; in the first place—or rather in the second place—they are eaten, and in the first place they themselves eat horned vipers and scorpions. Another strange animal for sale was a palm-rat without his skin. Beyond the fact that alive he gnawed the young dates, and that dead he was of medicinal use, I could learn nothing about him.

Ghardaïa itself has its main market on Friday. (It is wise to plan one's traveling in North Africa with respect to market days). These are always indicated by the "Guide Bleu," sometimes by the name of the town itself. Souk el Arba is an example. Souk means market, "arba" is four (also the fourth day in the week, or Wednesday). The Ghardaïa market is an almost impenetrable throng of men, merchandise, camels, goats and sheep. Caravans from across the desert come to their last trading before they turn back again. In return for dates and other products of a sedentary tribe, they leave ostrich feath-

ers, gazelle hides, lynx furs, the leather work of the warring, veiled Touaregs, camels and horses, and not so long ago, slaves. In the little holes in the walls beyond the market sit the silversmiths fashioning crude rings. The women of the M'Zab wear not one wedding ring, but four, large silver things with a simple geometrical design. Like most all North African women, they hold their garments together with large triangular silver pins. Here the pins are not as large as in Tunisia, nor are they covered with the colored enamel of the Kabyles. In the schools run by the White Fathers and the White Sisters no religious propaganda is spread unless it be of an exceedingly subtle variety. The girls are taught to use the old designs and the vegetable dyes in their weaving; the boys are taught the hammering of brass and leather work.

It is not necessary to retrace one's steps all the way on the return trip. Unless arrangements have been made with the military, it is necessary to pass through Laghouat again and, to quote a French author, that "*damnée pays Djelfa*." There one can turn east over an empty road seventy miles long. We did not meet a single living thing on it from beginning to end. A few nomads passed in the distance, nothing else. It was also the only road in Algeria that I met where the kilometer posts were not clearly marked. The "Guide Bleu" gives fair warning that it is only fairly good, that there are no recourses along it, and that for any slower method of transport than by car provisions are necessary.

We came into Bou Saada the evening

before market day. As we approached the town we had to thread our way through herds of sheep, goats and camels. Already they were establishing themselves in the huge square. It was a teeming mass of the dirty white of sheep and burnouses bordered by the brown camels hobbled about the edges.

Bou Saada is the nearest oasis to Algiers. It is called a Saharan oasis outside the Sahara. Unlike all others dependent on seasonal rains, it lies on a river which flows the year 'round. To the south are juniper- and pine-covered hills, but to the southeast it is licked by a yellow tongue of the desert. The great French writer, Edgar Dihnet, has his studio on the banks of the *oued*. Younger men have settled about him till Bou Saada has become the Barbizon of the Sahara. The gardens are in luxurious contrast to the water-starved ones of the M'Zab. Apricots, pears, almonds, pomegranates, peaches and figs find shelter under the tall palms. Covering the ground are artichokes, tomatoes, peas, alfalfa and tobacco.

We were driven indoors soon after our arrival by a sandstorm. The sheep huddled close together. The camels snarled. The Arabs pulled the hoods of their protecting burnouses far down over their faces. As we hurried back to the hotel outlines were blurred in the swirling, stinging yellow air. Under my door sill and through the closed window enough sand had drifted to leave it a quarter of an inch thick on the floor.

There are two ways of leaving this oasis; one is by an utterly deserted road east to Biskra, so lonely that the "Guide Bleu" says to telegraph the commandant at the other end that one is en route. But we decided to return the shortest way to Algiers so we could go east through the beautiful mountains of the Djurdjura, the "Grande Kabylie." For the time being we had had enough of these lonely desert roads. We picked up a superb stretch of concrete and speeded along it across a friendlier plateau than the one between Boghari and Djelfa. Along it were curious outcroppings of rock called from the shape "billiard tables." And there were occasional hamlets along the road. The wall of the Atlas ahead seemed nearer in the high, clear air than it really was. Mirages deceived us. At last the grain-covered hills began. There the road winds up and up to Aumale, a town of Roman origin, called by the Arabs Sour ez Ghazlane (Rampart of the Gazelle). It is now famous for its horses.

Beyond, the road drops down again into a river valley, then up and up and up to a second summit along the mountain crest over the Sakamody Pass and down the rain-drenched slopes to the Tell. After the hostile desert, the glimpses of the sea, hazy in the distance, and the fresh green were very welcome. Once down out of the hills, the road ran flat under planted rows of eucalyptus or sycamores, between fields of grey-green artichokes, vineyards with their pink buds beginning to unfold, till it reached the cobblestones of Maison Carree. For the remaining ten miles into Algiers, the cobblestones unfortunately continue.

The Mother Vineyard

A glance at the hectic history of Cucamonga Rancho—

By Rose L. Ellerbe

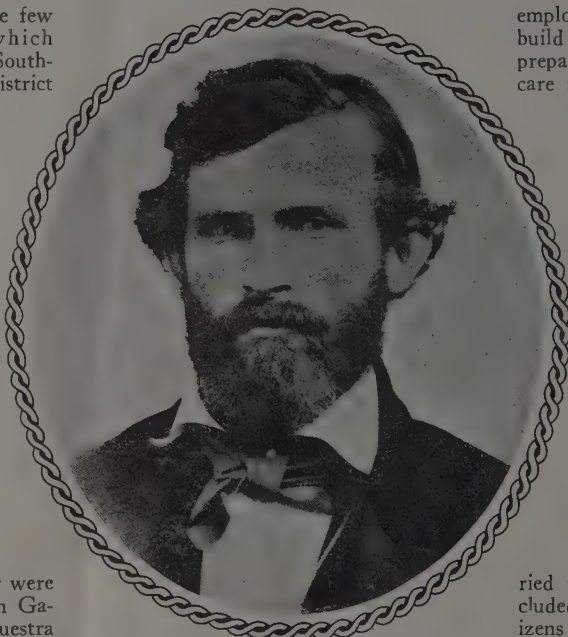
CUCAMONGA is one of the few Indian place names which have been retained in Southern California. This district has been known since the Spanish first trekked through the country. Coués, translator of Father Garcés, diarist of the Anza expeditions, quotes: "At a little distance from its foot (a high hill) I found another ranchería of Indians who received me very joyfully. Having traveled three leagues along the skirt of the sierras, I halted in the Arroyo de los Alisos." This Coués says "is a tributary of the Santa Ana and on it is Cucamonga, or Cocomonga, which was merely a rancho when I passed in 1865." He adds, "It was called Arroyo de Osos, or Bear Gulch, on Anza's expedition of 1774."

Tradition says that the Cucamonga Indians were unusually intelligent and industrious. While they were visited at times by the padres of San Gabriel, who called this locality "Nuestra Señora del Pilar," this tribe remained in their own fertile hills and valleys, gradually acquiring cattle and horses and raising crops of melons and corn.

In 1839, Tibúrcio Tapía, one of the leading citizens of Los Angeles, and one of the owners through inheritance of the Topanga-Malibu grant, petitioned Governor Alvarado for a grant to the lands of Cucamonga. This petition, after the usual formalities, was granted, provided that a house be erected, stock installed on the place, trees and vines set out, etc.

Three leagues of land, more or less, were allotted to Señor Tapía and on March 2, 1840, he was put into judicial possession by ceremonies and proceedings which are fully set forth in the *expediente*. The *expediente* was the collection of documents referring to a given subject which, according to Spanish law, must be kept by the authorities. These legal documents, covering the ranchos finally confirmed by the United States, were filed in the archives of the land office at Washington. Recently, G. W. Beattie, of Highlands, has secured photostat copies of the papers concerning the grants located in the counties of Riverside and San Bernardino, copies of which are now on file in their county libraries.

Tibúrcio Tapía, in compliance with his agreements, at once set about building a house on the crest of the highest of the Cucamonga hills. This is described as



John Rains, who purchased the Cucamonga Rancho from the heirs of the Tapias, and was responsible for its extensive development. In 1859 he set out 125,000 grapevines, thus starting the vineyard on its way to prominence

"massive as a fortress, facing south, with east and west wings and a gateway on the north side." It was covered with brea, or pitch, brought from La Brea Rancho, near Los Angeles. The walls of this building long since returned to the earth from which they came. But the site can still be traced, and bits of brea remain on the ground.

At first, Don Tibúrcio, who was a man of many affairs, seems to have left the place largely to the care of José María Valdez, his *mayordomo*, who is credited with having set out the "Mother Vineyard," containing "twelve rows of forty-seven vines each." This was undoubtedly one of the first large plantings of grapes—probably secured from San Gabriel Mission. From that day to this, the history of the Cucamonga district has centered about the vine and its products. Valdez also built a "winery" and supplied his patron and his *compadres* with wines of the country.

From that little patch of grapes, set upon a hillside, to the far-spreading acres of the present-day "Italian Vineyard," claimed as the "largest vineyard in the world," is a far cry.

But Don Tibúrcio did not maintain his Cucamonga estate without difficulties. He

employed the Indians of the vicinity to help build his fortress on the red hill, and to prepare the fields for his plantings and care for his herds. But when the Cucamongas began to realize that their rich grazing and hunting grounds were being taken from them, they retaliated as they retreated to the foothills and the canyons by stealing stock and making occasional raids on their neighbor. Also the desert Indians frequently swept through the mountains to pick up a bunch of cattle or drive off the horses they needed. Many thrilling tales of raids and battles, even of attacks upon the Tapía fortress, are told by old residents, although much of this lore is tradition which cannot be counted as history.

When rumors of American aggressions and of war began to circulate in California, Don Tibúrcio is said to have removed to his Cucamonga residence and to have carried with him a chest of coin. This included not only his own pesos, for other citizens had entrusted him with their stores of coin, as there were no banks in those days. Also it is said that money had been collected to build a chapel at Cucamonga Rancho.

The tradition runs that Don Tibúrcio became uneasy lest his wealth be discovered; so one night he loaded his chest on a *carreta*, with the aid of a trusted Indian servant, and went away into the darkness. When he returned toward morning, the *carreta* was empty.

Soon afterward, in 1845, Señor Tapía suddenly died. His grandson, C. J. Prudhomme, now guide and lecturer in the tower of the new city hall, says that it was supposed Don Tibúrcio was poisoned through handling poison used for killing coyotes. No one had been told of the location of the chest; the Indian who alone knew its hiding place was bound by an oath so terrifying that he would never tell anything except that the chest was buried under a big tree with three branching roots.

Some years later, the daughter of Señor Tapía, María Merced, who had married Leon V. Prudhomme, an early French resident of Los Angeles, moved with her husband to the house on the hill. She, of course, knew the story of the buried riches. She occupied the room of her father and one night she saw a mysterious light moving across the wall until it stopped at one particular point. This vision repeated itself, it is related, and so disturbed her that

her husband, to prove how foolish was her fancy, located the spot and plunged his knife into the adobe wall. To his own surprise it sank into a hollow place. When he thrust in his hand he drew out a purse containing silver pesos and a scrap of paper with faded lines and words upon it. This, the daughter was sure, was a key to the hidden chest. But after careful study of the paper and much search, the coin was not found. From that day to this the hunt for the treasure has been pressed. Freshly dug holes are still frequently found, residents of the vicinity say.

In confirmation of this story, Charles Prudhomme shows the purse found in the wall—of worn and tattered buckskin, lined and covered with faded silk and embroidery, and wrapped in a ragged bit of fine leather.

In 1858 the Prudhommies sold the Cucamonga grant to John Rains and his wife, daughter of Col. Isaac Williams, of Chino Rancho, for the stated sum of \$16,500. Later, in order to clear the title to the place, an almost equal amount was paid to José Valdez, who had set out another vineyard in San Antonio Canyon and claimed an interest in the property on his own account. The money for this purchase came from the estate left to his daughter by her father.

An unpublished history of this district, written probably in the nineties by an unnamed author, says:

"The coming of John Rains to this place marked not only a new but a

progressive epoch in its history. The old Tapia residence on the hill was abandoned and a new one built at the highest point of the east bank of the arroyo, north of the vineyard. Labor and expense was not spared in its construction. The usual style of architecture was followed; two large east and west wings to the main south frontage, having a spacious patio in the center. The walls were built of heavy brick made of the red clay dug from the hills and roofed with thatches covered with brea mixed with tallow. The brea for this purpose was obtained at great expense, from the La Brea Rancho, southwest of Los Angeles, and transported the entire distance of about fifty miles in crude two-wheeled carts, by oxen driven by Andrew A. Rubio, then a young lad.

"A little to the east of the Valdez residence was built the store and nearby a blacksmith shop, stables and several dwellings. In these and other improvements the sum of \$75,000 was expended. The rancho was stocked by Mr. Rains with sheep, horses and cattle; and 160 acres was set to vines. The small still and winery were proportionately enlarged and improved. The road from Los Angeles to San Bernardino by way of the Chino having been abandoned by the stage for the Arroyo San José route to Bear Valley and the mines, this became a regular station, where the horses were

mistress, the sparkling wines and festivities, here frequently gathered the representative wealthy and elite of the south."

According to the *Los Angeles Star*, Rains in 1859 set out 125,000 vines, "laid out in ten-acre lots, with roads two yards wide traversing them. In the center of the vineyard is a lot two acres square to be reserved for winepress, cellars and necessary buildings. This square is planted along its sides with fruit and ornamental trees. The work of planting and building is in charge of Mr. F. P. Dunlap."

Whether this winery stood on the site of the first one does not appear. But a substantial adobe structure, with vats, still and storage rooms was erected and still remains in a very fair state of preservation, although for many years abandoned. For many years this Cucamonga winery was known throughout the State for the excellence of its wines and was a rendezvous for all lovers of good cheer. Back of the winery stands the residence long occupied by Dunlap. Magnificent walnut, sycamore, eucalyptus and other trees still surround what is a most interesting landmark, which might easily be saved for the future if properly restored now.

The house built by Rains has recently been repaired and is now occupied as a residence, the walls under a new roof, being apparently as solid as when first put up. This place is also overhung by fine old trees, dating to the days of John Rains. The store, long known as "Ritchies," with

changed and the traveler enabled to obtain refreshments.

"With the vaqueros in charge of the flocks and herds, the laborers in the vineyards and winery, the stable hands in charge of stage relays, mechanics at work on buildings, teamsters, the blacksmiths and a trader and postmaster, the place became not only a hive of industry, but noted as the chief trading post and assembly point for all classes and nationalities east of Los Angeles. The Rains home was a center of social life and attracted by the hospitality of its master, the beauty of its



Maria Merced Prudhomme, daughter of Tibúrcio Tapia and Maria Francisca Villalobos who succeeded to her father's grant. Legend credits her with having discovered the secret hiding-place of her father's riches



Mercedes Williams de Rains, daughter of Colonel Isaac Williams and Maria M. Lugo, who, with her husband, directed the destinies of the mother vineyard during its most spectacular years

the house of Valdez and the blacksmith shop, have disappeared, although traces of them can still be found.

Rains was a young southerner of ability and energy. In 1860, with John Bidwell, he was a delegate to the Democratic national convention in Charleston; he was also nominated on the Democratic ticket for State senator for his district, but was beaten by Don Andrés Pico. The murder of John Rains, November 17, 1862, is a tragedy which will probably never be fully explained. Stories without end are told of the motives that led to one of the most brutal crimes known in California history.

It is known that Rains set out from the rancho, alone, to drive to Los Angeles. When his team, without the wagon, came home, a search was instituted. For several days the country was scoured by excited citizens, until the body was found near "Mud Springs," stabbed or shot in the back, evidently dragged through brush and cactus and left to the coyotes. Intense indignation was aroused at this discovery. The funeral held in the Bella Union Hotel was "one of the most impressive ceremonies ever witnessed in the city of Los Angeles," according to the *Star*.

One José Ramón Carrillo, with whom Rains had previously had trouble, was arrested and twice brought to trial, but evidence was not sufficient to convict him.

Some time later, Manuel Cerredel, ill with smallpox and thinking he was going to die, confessed that he had been one of several men who were concerned in the murder of Rains. Cerredel got well, was tried and sentenced to San Quentin. In charge of the sheriff, he was on the steamboat *Cricket*, about to sail for the north, when he was

taken from the officers by a party of vigilantes from Los Angeles and hanged. Another Mexican, executed for another crime, claimed that his conviction was due to the belief of the jury that he was also one of Rains' murderers.

In June, 1864, Ramón Carrillo was shot in the back from ambush, near the Cucamonga winery. Some claimed one man, some another American, were the assassins, and that whoever it was acted at the instigation of Bob Carlisle, Rains' brother-in-law. No one was ever brought to trial for the crime.

Stories about

Carrillo are numerous and conflicting. However, it was current gossip that he was a highwayman, who had committed many robberies and that, shortly before his death, he had buried three boxes of ill-gotten treasure in a wash somewhere between Cucamonga and San Bernardino. He was assisted by an Indian who was bound to secrecy. Some time after Carrillo's death, the Indian confided the secret to the Trujillo boys—sons of a New Mexican settler at Agua Mansa, a settlement near Colton. These young boys were superstitious also and did not reveal the story for a number of years. But they finally told it to an American, who at once set out on a search—which so far as known, has never ended. To this day credulous *paisanos* or Americans dig under trees and in washes in the hope of unearthing wealth.

The young widow, Mrs. María Merced Williams de Rains, left with four little children and heavy obligations to meet despite her rich heritage, must have found life hard and perplexing after she was left alone. Fortunately Mr. Dunlap remained as superintendent of the rancho. In the fall of 1864, she married José C. Carrillo (sometimes called a half-brother of Ramón—a relationship denied by other authorities). Several years followed when the gay life of the rancho was revived and the young couple spent lavishly, the money being supplied by bankers of Los Angeles at ruinous rates of interest.

Americans had come in and some of them had settled on lands claimed as part of the rancho, hoping that this might finally belong to the United States government. In 1870, Mrs. Rains-Carrillo sold part of the rancho lying along the San Antonio Can-

yon, to San Francisco capitalists, who planned to found a colony. After securing a water right from San Antonio Canyon, they sold several lots, with the indefinite provision of "water enough," or in some cases, "sufficient water for semi-tropic cultivation."

About 1872, Captain Joseph García purchased an interest, at least, in the Cucamonga vineyard. He joined with him Pierre Sansevain, pioneer wine merchant of Los Angeles, who is said to have established the first California wine house in New York. It is said that Sansevain procured cuttings from France and greatly improved the product of the winery. Tales are told of the busy scenes here during the vintage time, when many Indians were employed in picking the fruit and in pressing out the juice—with their feet—in the huge vats.

Considerable litigation over the land and water of the rancho, the boundaries of which were indefinitely defined, had already taken place. Mrs. Rains, after the death of her husband, had the place made her separate property. On December 9, 1872, the United States Land Commission finally confirmed Cucamonga Rancho to L. V. Prudhomme, as 13,045 acres and thus boundaries were finally fixed. In 1874, the Cucamonga Homestead Association was formed to "subdivide, irrigate and sell several thousand acres of Cucamonga Rancho, lying next to the mountains and in part adjacent to the canyon." This company, after the common difficulty over water rights, secured water and constructed a flume and ditch but, it is said, never provided for distribution of the water upon the land. Later land owners formed the Cucamonga Vineyard Company to irrigate the lands of the old vineyard property.

Ultimately through the foreclosure of mortgages and purchase of land and water rights, a large part of the rancho passed into the hands of the Hellmans and their associates, while Mrs. Carrillo, having lost all title in the rancho, moved away.

In the sixties, especially, many stories of horse thieves, land grabbing and other disorders, are told concerning this community. Altogether, the early residents of Cucamonga had a hectic time.



The "mother vineyard" has borne abundantly for many years. This photograph made in 1898 is typical of the harvests still garnered from this fruitful land. Photo by C. C. Pierce

PLAZA NIGHTS



*N*IGHTS, in the Plaza,
I can always dream.

The cafes twinkle,
The theatres debouch their throngs.
The cars circle by. Sitting in my
Shaded niche, by the fountain's
Dripping bells, I am too far
Gone to be waked.



The present hath
Receded; the past hath let down all about.
A curtain—a curtain fragrant and
Olden from whose folds hath
Fallen at my feet
A Castilian rose:



The pavement is
Staccato with the heels of
Caballeros—bespangled and gay—
Stalking pleasure.
Now they pause under
Some balcony, coaxing
Velvet glances.
Or they have turned
Into a beckoning stairway
Bright with lights
And music.



Across the square
I hear voices: El Jefe
And his party starting gayly
To el baile. Alas, they pass
The other way, but she, his
One-Child—the beauty
Of them all—

VERSES BY
KATHERINE ELSPETH OLIVER

DRAWINGS BY
RAYMOND P. WINTERS



One may catch
The twinkle of her silver
Slippers beneath her swaying
Skirts and hear her
Trilling laughter.



Far down the
Street whence they have gone,
The guitars begin, but
Here, quiet: Above in the
Cypress trees, birds stir drowsily.
A goldfish moves the pool
To ripples; a padre
Somber, with murmuring lips,
Passes noiselessly.
The odor of a cigarette floats
Through the trees—some
Drowsing trabajador
On a near-by bench.



Those brisk steps
Can only be those of
Un Americano!



The silken curtains
Quiver; they are shouldered rudely
Aside by a Cop on his
Nocturnal rounds,
Who ruthlessly disturbs
The dreams of him with the
Cigarro, sending him,
With official gusto
On his way.



I am an
Unimpeachable citizen.
I may tarry as long as I please
On my bench. But I shall go!
I am not one to stupidly
Linger and grope my way down
Deserted aisles, after the
Play is over.



Again, for me
Tomorrow night, the little
Balconies will bloom with lights
And Favorita will trip
With swaying steps across
The moonlit square.

* * * * *

*N*IGHTS, in the Plaza,
I can always dream.



The long estero that penetrates from the gulf directly through the pueblo of El Mulege, furnishing a magnificent scenic investiture, as well as an excellent breeding ground for the dread "paludismo"

WE WERE well within the desert now, the friendly cactus all about as dense as a Shropshire thicket. The Sierra of San Borjas hemmed us in on the left; the Sierra Colombia on the right. The scene, of a torrid summer day, could hardly be called inspiring. We approached Lake Chapala, a dry lake like those of our own Mojave Desert, over an interminably rough and dusty road, and we left it over a similar way. But in between we sped over two miles of its alkali encrusted bottom at sixty miles an hour. The exhilaration of this short dash was a tonic to our ragged spirits.

Lower California has the faculty, possibly its chief lure, of springing unlooked-for surprises upon one. This particular area, we were informed, had had no rain for two years. Therefore the dust. A friend told us later that he once had spent the night on Lake Chapala. Its smooth, clean surface invited him to repose thereon. When he awoke in the morning he found himself half buried in an understrata of ooze.

Punta Prieta had no gasoline. Strike one for our Ensenada service station friend. It did have water—water even the most timorous could have bathed in, had it been in the form of an ocean at one's feet, for it was loaded with salt. A single Spanish family constituted the pueblo, its sole task to guard the inactive mines, owned by former governor Cantu. They thought the water fine and appeared to be in excellent health.

The average Mexican shows little concern over the nature of the water he must drink. We later approached an artificial cistern on the Sonora side to replenish our depleted supply. A lone countryman was stretched on its concrete walk in siesta. Was the water good and *limpia* (clean) we



Santa Rosalia has an atmosphere of modernity and plan, exemplified by this orderly group of habitations erected by the Eoleo Company for their miner employees

asked? Of a certainty, he replied in reproach. We gazed into the pool. Its edges were lined with algae; tadpoles darted here and there; in fine the water was vile. We departed sadly, convinced that between that langorous *poblador* and ourselves there must have been a lack of understanding.

The ocean sprang upon us again at Bahía

Some Other Americans

Introducing certain sights and people encountered on a motor journey through Lower California and Sonora—

Part II:

By Phil Townsend Hanna

de Santa Rosalía. Our transport from the torrid uplands to the bitter wind of the shore was as shocking as it was incredible. Bahía de Santa Rosalía forms one horn of the long crescent-shaped Bahía de Sebastián Vizcaino. To the south and east of the latter stretches the great Vizcaino Desert. Its parched sands draw the cooler air from the Pacific and the result is a constant frigid wind. This wind is a menace to the navigator who ventures too closely to the coast in these latitudes. Along the beach we saw spars, cargo and rigging—some old and some new—mute stories of many vessels fallen prey to it. Whale skeletons there were, too,

and seashells by the millions.

We had pulled out of the traveled ruts that comprised the road. It was unnecessary but it was our way at home. We found ourselves in soft sand—with a slip-

we set up our pup-tent and started our meal. The gasoline stove wouldn't stay lighted and the sand sprinkled our food.

We ate drearily and reflected. How long we might be here if we were unable to

make repairs was problematical—at the most two weeks before relief could come and another week before necessary parts could be returned. It had been the height of folly to venture down here alone. We should have followed our first inclinations and brought two cars. No motorist should penetrate farther south than Hamilton's Ranch without a companion car. So ran our thoughts and even in the light of the pleasant denouement of this unpleasant experience that conviction, in those depressing hours, remains with me. One takes the worst sort of a gamble to go it alone in this country.



Above—The campanile of the mission, a white-washed adobe here and there, and the blue lagoon emerging from the forest of palms are all that testify to human occupation at San Ignacio, as one views the pueblo from the heights

Left—The volcano of "The Three Virgins," near Santa Rosalía. It is reported that this volcano still is active and emits gases and smoke on occasion



ping clutch. We tried every expedient short of filling it with sand. We simply couldn't pull out. There we were for the night. It was bitter cold. We set about to build a barricade of flotsam from the beach, behind which

We tossed on worried, windswept beds. Señor Jack had computed the distance to the closest known habitation. It was too far. One couldn't carry enough drinking water on one's back to get through. We must await the return journey of Señor Para and his *diligencia*.

We inspected our water supply in the rosy light of a calm, cold dawn. Enough for a week, if we hoarded it. Unthinking, I poured a basinful to wash. Señor Jack raised a warning finger. It went into the coffee pot instead. We had eaten canned ham for supper the night before. Our thirst was consuming us. We quenched it

on a cup and a half of coffee, a tantalizing quantity when one's vitals are afire.

I was in revolt. No water in which to wash; not even enough to drink. The inability to gratify my hedonistic desires gave me notions—and added strength. That car was coming out—now—if the principles of Archimedes and his fulcrum and lever would work. I sat in the car, stepped on the starter and with a foolish smirk dropped the transmission lever into reverse, tramped on the throttle and let out the clutch, in what I thought was to be an idle effort.

Mirabile dictu! In a cloud of flying shells we moved, slowly at first, and finally with a grand roar, back on to the road. Between the heat and necessarily frequent de-clutching, this essential component of our horseless chariot had simply become hot and tired and declined to function. A night of rest had remedied the difficulty automatically. We threw our dishes into the rear deck without washing and stowed our paraphernalia as best we could. We were off before our beast could change its mind.

Mesquital was another tawdry ranchería. Strike two on our Ensenada service station friend. There was no gasoline here either. At Calmalli we passed the time of day with the garrison—colonel, private and cook. He was glad to see us and we to see him. We asked for "a drink." He knew only one interpretation for the request. In came a tray of crystal—we gulped it feverishly—mescal! Our eyes popped out, our throats closed up. After an age of torment we were able to renew our request—for water. We never let him realize his mistake, nor taught him that "drink" in English doesn't always mean liquor. Our friend the Ensenada service station man

went out on the third strike at Calmalli. There was no gasoline here either.

It was not far to San Ignacio now—one of our goals—and we hurried forward. Calmalli reminds one of Bodie or Aurora or Rhyolite or any of a half dozen of the other of our own deserted mining camps and we were glad to leave its depressing solitude. Copper, silver and gold have been taken from here in quantities in years past and will be again. The peninsula has given generously of its inexhaustible supply of mineral wealth and, in the future, may become an important oil producer. Geologists believe that oil sands underlie the upper strata in many sections and that producing wells are certain to be developed. Exploration now is proceeding near Descanso and at Rancho San Antonio del Mar, and only a few weeks before we passed through there was completed an extensive oil survey from San Fernando north.

From Calmalli one soon enters a volcanic region, chiefly noted for its numerous boulder-strewn mesas. One stays to the road, but one might as well be passing through the chapparal. The road is well located, but its rough surface—apparently irremediable—makes a speed of more than ten miles an hour impractical. From a point fifteen miles to the north into San Ignacio, the road was built by Liu Mindo, the unofficial oriental mayor of the pueblo. He did a good job, at an unbelievably low cost, and when the road was finished a year ago it doubtless afforded an excellent surface. But, since, the rocks

have worked through, as they will continue to work through for centuries to come, and one must be a prestidigitator to dodge them.

We came into San Ignacio after dark. We missed the spectacle of the pueblo as seen from the mesa above at sundown, but our entry, in other particulars, was quite as dramatic as the entry of the Floradora Sextette must have been in those dear, departed days. San Ignacio sees few automobiles, fewer outlanders, and still fewer gringos.

Chickens scattered, dogs howled, and children gathered from every nook and cranny. Our patronage was solicited from half a dozen quarters before we had come to a stop, much as one is harangued by taxi drivers when one alights from the Lark at Arcade Station. Small boys felt our car from end to end and side to side. Their elders speculated on its make, where we had come from, our business, where we were going and a score of other questions we couldn't have answered ourselves had they been put to us directly.

We became the guests of Señor Mindo. When "the tumult and the shouting" died



Above—Along a palm-lined road in San Ignacio. Note the rock fences, laid up with precision and obvious toil, lining the highway

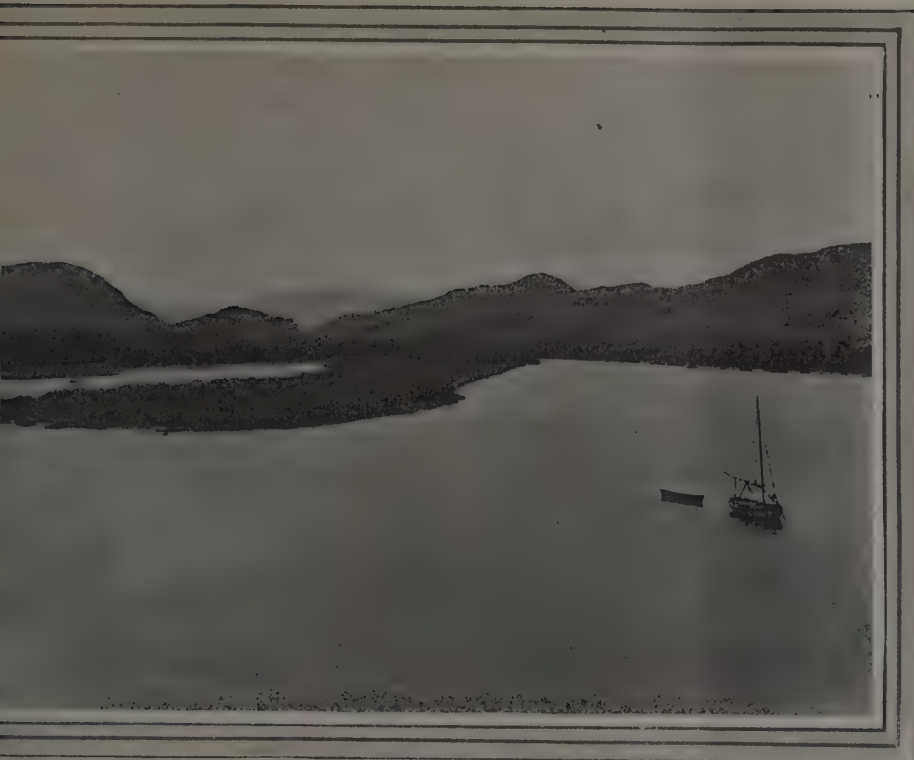
Below—The lagoon at San Ignacio not only adds to the aesthetic charm of the mellow old city, but serves more practically as the bathing resort of the natives



we were shown to our rooms, in a *casa para huéspedes* (boarding-house) that faced the little plaza. The doorway, as is the custom, opened on the sidewalk. The night was warm and, there being no other means of ventilation, we slept with the doors flung wide apart.

The native is an early riser. Save to strum a few moments on his guitar he has nothing to do when night falls except to go to bed. If he were disposed to occupy himself with some other diversion there's the cost of candles, or oil for his lamp, to be considered. Consequently he retires early and arises early.

In the dim light of dawn, it seemed to us, we became aware of a passing multitude. As consciousness gradually returned we realized that we were being inspected by the curious vil-



Above—Where the estero at El Mulegé meets the waters of the gulf. The pueblo is secluded in the thicket in the distance. The mountains dimly discernible in the background constitute the Sierra Giganta which has proven the obstacle to the construction of the peninsular road farther southward

lagers. I'm sure the entire town passed by once, and at least half the town two or three times, to gaze upon the sleeping gringos. Their friendly smiles and clearly audible sniggers told us that we had been accepted. We shaved for the first time in a week, with a feeling of self-sufficiency and poise.

It is easy to become rhapsodical about San Ignacio. It is difficult not to become maudlin, for here are all the ingredients for a sentimental debauch. The setting of the pueblo is exceedingly picturesque. (I dislike that word. It is banal, but no other will serve as well). There is a hollow in the hills—a gash in the surrounding mesas and one tumbles into a surprising valley. Down its bottom there is a stream which has been dammed by the provident villagers to form a reservoir. From this reservoir radiate in all directions countless irrigating ditches to water the little plantations of fruits and vegetables.

But this isn't the first impression gained. One first sees a far-spread forest of huge date-palms—a dense mat of verdure obscuring everything except the campanile of the old mission, an adobe here and there situated in a clearing, and the sapphire-hued waters of the lagoon or reservoir.

The Jesuit fathers who established San Ignacio two centuries ago brought the first



Testing the waters of a rushing arroyo near Llano, Sonora. They are treacherous and may sweep away the motorist who ventures into them without testing their depth, the force of their waters and the character of the ford

palms and gave the heathens their culture. The palms have multiplied in their happy surroundings and the culture has mellowed through the years. Now, it is estimated, this huge palm forest consists of 50,000 trees. It is reminiscent more of the South Seas than semi-tropical Mexico. Adobe and ocotillo and sod give way here, as a rule, to products of the palm for building material and a tidy sum accrues to the natives each year from the sale of dates. These ripen in the fall. They are harvested by youths who climb, barefooted, up the tall, rough trunks of the trees, and attach a rope to the crown. The other end of this rope is affixed to the ground at an angle. The youths cut the mammoth stands of dates, greatly resembling huge bunches of bananas, and slide them down the improvised tramway to the ground. Fallen

trees furnish excellent building material and the dried fronds are worked into roofs and sidings for habitations, interesting as much to the visitor for the beauty of the patterns into which they are woven, as to the native for the effectual protection they afford against the elements.

The kindly villagers grip one's heart like a baby's smile. Eagerly they took us about to see such sights as they thought would interest us. To the youth of the town we were more or less heroes, and their soft brown eyes—youths and maidens alike—drank in our exotic costumes and strange mannerisms.

We wanted to bathe. The *barbero* suggested the lagoon. Half a dozen of our self-constituted guardians offered to guide us. We were overwhelmed, and a bit impatient at so much attention. We chose one bright youngster and proceeded. It was necessary, and customary, we found, to bathe in the altogether. Before our shirts were off we had numerous spectators, none of whom was in the slightest discomfited at our appearance. Where life is stern and illusions about the habits and processes of being rare, there is no room for prudery.

An American wayfarer passing through some time before had sown seeds of desire to learn English among the more cultivated. We came upon a night school in progress when we arrived. A Swiss prospector who spoke fair English, had been engaged as *maestro*. The attempts of the pupils were as ludicrous to us as our poor Spanish must have been to them. But they were persevering, and progress, as exemplified by the ciné and electric lights and all that sort of thing, I fear, will soon have San Ignacio in its tentacles, to the eventual ruination of one of the most engaging spots conceivable.

One might spend days about the old mission, the best preserved of any such establishment in either of the Californias. No services now

are held within it as a result of recent religious proscriptions. Its attendant antiquities, such as the workshops and missionaries' quarters, are used as domiciles by the townsfolk. In one of the oldest, a bland and complacent oriental dispenses sundry and divers beverages not legally obtainable in these United States. In a niche against one wall where once reposed a crucifix and candles and where a succession of pious friars knelt at lauds and matins a garish gal gazed forth from an abominable calendar advertising Carta Blanca beer! Such is Mexico.

The entire town had received us; the entire town was present to see us away. Out of the valley we rolled, destined for Santa Rosalia, forty-nine miles to the east. The volcano of the Three Virgins loomed ahead as our north star. It is one of the most

recently active volcanoes in the Southwest. Its triple-peaked summit still emits smoke and noxious gases now and then.

Each mile grew hotter—the sultry, oppressive heat of the gulf. We were being introduced to several days of misery, when the most amusing scenes failed to excite one's risibilities, and the most alluring failed to generate a pleasant reaction. We were in a material limbo; emotionally we were flaccid and unresponsive.

Not far north of Santa Rosalia we dropped into El Infierno, a jagged and scarred configuration of mountains and valleys, reminding one principally, although not altogether on account of the heat, of Death Valley. The road descends over innumerable spirals and switchbacks. The surface is good but the corners are sharp—so sharp one must back and fill to get around. Out of El Infierno we were on the gulf with Santa Rosalia but a short distance away.

We had traveled 630 miles from the border without questioning, but now we were to experience frequent petty annoyances at the hands of officials, civil and military, who were concerned with our destination, our origin and the business that took us among them. They are efficient, these chaps, and quite rightly so, but the average American accustomed to come and go, wheresoever he will, without let or molestation, may be irritated momentarily by the pointed inquiries, and frequent requests from *comandantes*, customs officers, immigration inspectors and rurales, to see one's "papers." There is a lesson in this close scrutiny for those who make the trip, and that is to be sure and provide oneself with a properly viséd passport. The American seal will gain for one more respect and cordiality in Mexico than anything else I can think of unless it be American greenbacks.

Santa Rosalia is the largest city in Lower California, and likely the most hideous. It is primarily a mining town supported by the activities of the Boleo Company, a French concession operating in the vicinity what is said to be the largest copper mine in the world. The company's grant embraces the mineral rights on a degree of land entirely across the peninsula, but it has within the immediate vicinity of Santa Rosalia sufficient ore to keep it in continual, profitable production through the lifetime of all those who read this—and it has merely tapped the available supply. The ore is mined in the stifling



fastnesses of the surrounding mountains where men's hearts and souls and bodies wilt almost as rapidly as a bride's corsage. From the mines the ore is conveyed to the smelter, just north of town, and converted into ingot copper. The ingots then are transported by boat to Tacoma, Washington, where the final refining process takes place, the gold and silver being retrieved. The pure copper finds a market in the States and Europe.

be justified therein. The Boleo Company operates the largest boats on the gulf and holds the key to the transportation situation which is so vital if one is to derive the fullest benefits from the Mexican jaunt.

We were fortunate in securing passage on the *Korrigan III*, a 1500-ton vessel which was to leave two nights hence. M. Nopper tendered us the courtesies of the French hotel, reserved generally for Boleo Company officials. It was a generous and valuable courtesy. We merely suffered—and not too badly—there, whereas I'm sure we'd have perished in the town below. As it was we slept on clean, cool canvas cots on the hotel balcony and dined on the best that a versatile French chef can create.

The only other permanent guest was a fellow-Angleno, Frank Davis—a member of the Club, of course. He is a mining engineer engaged in specialized exploration work for the Boleo Company. He had been engaged for a year, had been there two when we saw him, and expected to remain another. So fruitful had been his endeavors that he has won a high place—and I know a high remuneration—from his appreciative employers. And he has become, too, an influential figure among Santa Rosalia's ten thousand.

I can think of him only as a happy, clever, smiling American ambassador of good will, without a portfolio, but certain to be singled out as the target for all the troubles of all his fellow-countrymen who appear period-

Log of the Circle Tour Through Baja California and Sonora

Points	Intermediate Mileage	Total Mileage
LOS ANGELES	00.0	
SAN DIEGO	130.9	130.9
TIJUANA	17.0	147.9
DESCANSO	30.5	178.4
ENSENADA	38.0	216.4
SANTO TOMAS	28.5	244.9
SAN JACINTO	15.8	260.7
SAN VICENTI	8.6	269.3
JOHNSON RANCH	15.8	285.1
HAMILTON RANCH	37.9	323.0
SOCORRO	37.0	360.0
ROSARIO	22.3	382.3
SAN AGUSTIN	55.6	437.9
EL MARMOL	9.7	447.6
CATAVINA	30.2	477.8
CHAPALA	35.5	513.3
PUNTA PRIETA	40.6	553.9
MESQUITAL	63.8	617.7
CALAMALLI	31.5	649.2
LOS ANGELES	45.4	694.6
SAN IGNACIO	32.3	726.9
SANTA ROSALIA	48.8	775.7
GUAYMAS (boat)	85.0	860.7
HERMOSILLO	39.6	950.3
CARBO	46.6	996.9
LLANO	53.1	1050.0
SANTA ANA	14.3	1064.3
NOGALES	76.0	1140.3
PHOENIX	199.5	1339.8
YUMA	200.5	1540.3
LOS ANGELES	270.0	1810.3

ically within those precincts, whether those troubles derive from the fact that they are without passports or without pantaloons.

Arbiter elegantium at the numerous fetes, he had introduced two epochal fashions to the Santa Rosalians—the white flannel tuxedo and the grand American game of poker. The one had won him the plaudits of the feminine population who found new charms in their beaux thus attired, and the other had given the *gente de razon* a new reason for existence. What miracles the ingenuity of an American can work—anywhere, any time—when the hours hang heavy and the mere need of living palls!

We set out for El Mulegé, forty-one miles south of Santa Rosalía, on the morrow. For some miles the road rims the bay, passing eventually Rancho San Bruno, a Boleo Company project where employees seek recreation, and fresh fruits and vegetables are grown for the company store.

There is a more profound antiquity, I think, to El Mulegé than one feels at San Ignacio. Staid government buildings have the effect of removing one from the primitive atmosphere of the inland pueblo. El Mulegé straddles a long, finger-like estuary that penetrates upland two miles from the sea. The estuary furnishes a pretty investiture for the pueblo and a perfect breeding place for the mean malaria mosquito, whose victims we noted parading lethargically about town like so many cadaverous caricatures out of *Jugend*.

When we left Los Angeles we had cherished the secret desire to proceed from El Mulegé back into the interior of the peninsula to La Purísima, some eighty miles, whence we could travel to Comondú, La Paz and the tip of land at Cape San Lucas. We had made discreet inquiries all along the way, but by now had become convinced that the high and rocky Sierra Giganta offered an impenetrable barrier for wheeled vehicles. Some day this "missing link" of road will be supplied. Surveys have been made, but it appears probable that instead of following this location it will pass southward from El Mulegé to Loreto, thence across the mountains to Comondú. In fact, twenty-two kilometres of road on this line already have been completed south of El Mulegé.

An adventure-

some party, so Señor Para who knows the terrain suggested, could, by making its own road (not a very difficult job) pass from San Ignacio southwesterly to the coastal plain and thus reach La Purísima. But we were not commissioned to build roads or essay the extra-hazardous, so we were forced to vent our desires on a long, reflective visual survey southward. It was late afternoon. An enterprising mosquito, at work early, landed on my arm. I didn't attempt to classify it as good or bad. We simply left.

The relativity of time is seldom so adequately realized as when one travels in Mexico. We consulted our watches but seldom. Boats and railroad trains nonetheless have the habit of leaving on schedule. So as we passed the Boleo clock tower we glanced upward. The hands pointed to eight. We looked at our own timepieces. They testified to the fact that it was five. We chuckled at the foolish clock and let the innkeeper in on our joke. The clock was right! Time advances one hour when Mexico is entered, another hour when the 115th degree of longitude is crossed, and a third hour to comply with daylight saving prevalent in the republic. We were due south of Salt Lake City.

The *Korrigan* sailed at 9:30 p. m. (*hora oficial*). Davis was present to give us his benediction and gain for us such perquisites as the captain might be able to dispense. These consisted of certain watchful ministrations, a cup of coffee at dawn, and two canvas cots on the upper deck forward. The freight on our car had amounted to \$20 for the crossing and our own passage came to \$5 each. This was first-class and had we been earlier in making reservations would have entitled us to one of the vessel's

four staterooms. As it was, we had to content ourselves with our makeshift sleeping accommodations.

July and August are the worst months in the year for this journey, but we who were pioneering it had to make it when other considerations would permit. Consequently it was hot and dusty on the peninsula and stormy across the gulf and on the mainland. Our car was lashed to the main deck forward. We wondered when it was taken over the rail in slings why its back was turned to the prow. We weren't out of the harbor five minutes until we saw there was method in't. White-caps were spitting about angrily and we were in for a heavy sea.

The captain, as all righteous captains with guiltless consciences could and do do, retired when we were well out of port. So did I. When things got to knocking about, an hour later, the captain arose—and so did I. I kept his company the night through, although he didn't know it. I looked forward and below. Now and then we'd ship a heavy sea that would break about the rear of our car. Had it been loaded otherwise the water would have passed through the radiator and over the motor. That captain knew his boat, his sea, and how to convey automobiles.

The wind bore up the gulf with the roar and speed of a draft furnace. It is ninety miles from Santa Rosalía to Guaymas. For the first half we wallowed through heavy seas beneath a tropical moon that smiled sardonically at our woeful plight. Our several score of fellow voyagers who had sought sleep and security on the broad flat hatches forward rushed for shelter in such crannies and crevices as they might find. The little dining saloon was suffocating

with the odor of many perspiring bodies. One youth was stretched out in the galley. The floor became the pallet of half a dozen who twisted the gay maroon rug about to pillow their heads. An old woman nodded in a corner, one arm guarding a basket of pineapples, mangoes and tortillas, the other thrown over the cage of a parrot which had started out blithely singing *La Paloma*, but which now drooped its chamois covered eyes in a vain effort to woo the sleep that wouldn't

(CONTINUED ON
PAGE 40)



This branch of the Magdalena River near Imuris, Sonora, barred the way for a dozen or more cars for the best part of a day, until its waters receded. Even then, the aid of four mules was necessary to negotiate the crossing

Bolton of the Bancroft

A college professor who has devoted his life to reviving California's misty beginnings—

By Harold D. Carew

TO BE a successful teacher of history in a great university is no inconsiderable achievement in itself; but to be also eminent as an historian, well-known as an ethnologist, and distinguished as an archæologist, explorer and cartographer gives a man more than passing claim to the attention of his fellows. There are times in every man's life when, in pursuit of play, he wants to forget about his business or profession; but seldom does one man have so many professions that he can switch from one to another and call that other his hobby. Yet that is precisely what Dr. Herbert Eugene Bolton, head of the department of history at the University of California at Berkeley, has been doing for nearly thirty years. His professions are so interchangeable with his hobbies that he hasn't, in fact, had a vacation for a quarter of a century, though all the arguments in the world couldn't convince him that this is so.

There are thousands of tired business men, and others not so tired, who would give a fortune, if they had it, to find as much fun in their work as Herbert Bolton has found in his. Romance did not come to him: he went out and searched for it; and because he learned how to find it, his life has been one adventure after another. And lest you think that Romance can be bought, let it be put down here that Bolton has achieved more—with the fun thrown in—on less money than has any other man I have ever met.

Bolton's ambition when he matriculated at the University of Wisconsin in the fall of 1893 was to become a lawyer. In fact, this plan had become firmly fixed in his mind during his high school days, and he had already done some desultory reading in the law. With this end in view, Bolton wanted to get a thorough grounding in history and economics. Wisconsin, in an effort to broaden its curricula and to get away from the strictly classical requirements, had instituted what was then known as a "civic-historic" course, and Bolton elected to major in this under a group of distinguished teachers which included Frederick J. Turner, Richard T. Ely,

Charles H. Haskins and William A. Scott. A year or two earlier the young student had read Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" for the first time, and his coming under Turner's influence so soon after may be said, though Bolton himself did not then realize it, to have marked the turning point in his career.

Graduating in 1895, he taught school a year and returned in the autumn of 1896 for post-graduate work, becoming one of Turner's assistants in the conduct of an extension course. In 1897 he won a Harrison fellowship in history at the University of Pennsylvania, where he completed his studies for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. There he came under the influence of John Bach McMaster, whose faculty associates included such noted teachers as Edwin Potts Cheyney, Dana C. Munro, Herman V. Ames, Simon Patten, Henry R. Seager, Emory R. Johnson and Joseph French Johnson. McMaster was then at the very zenith of his career as an historian.

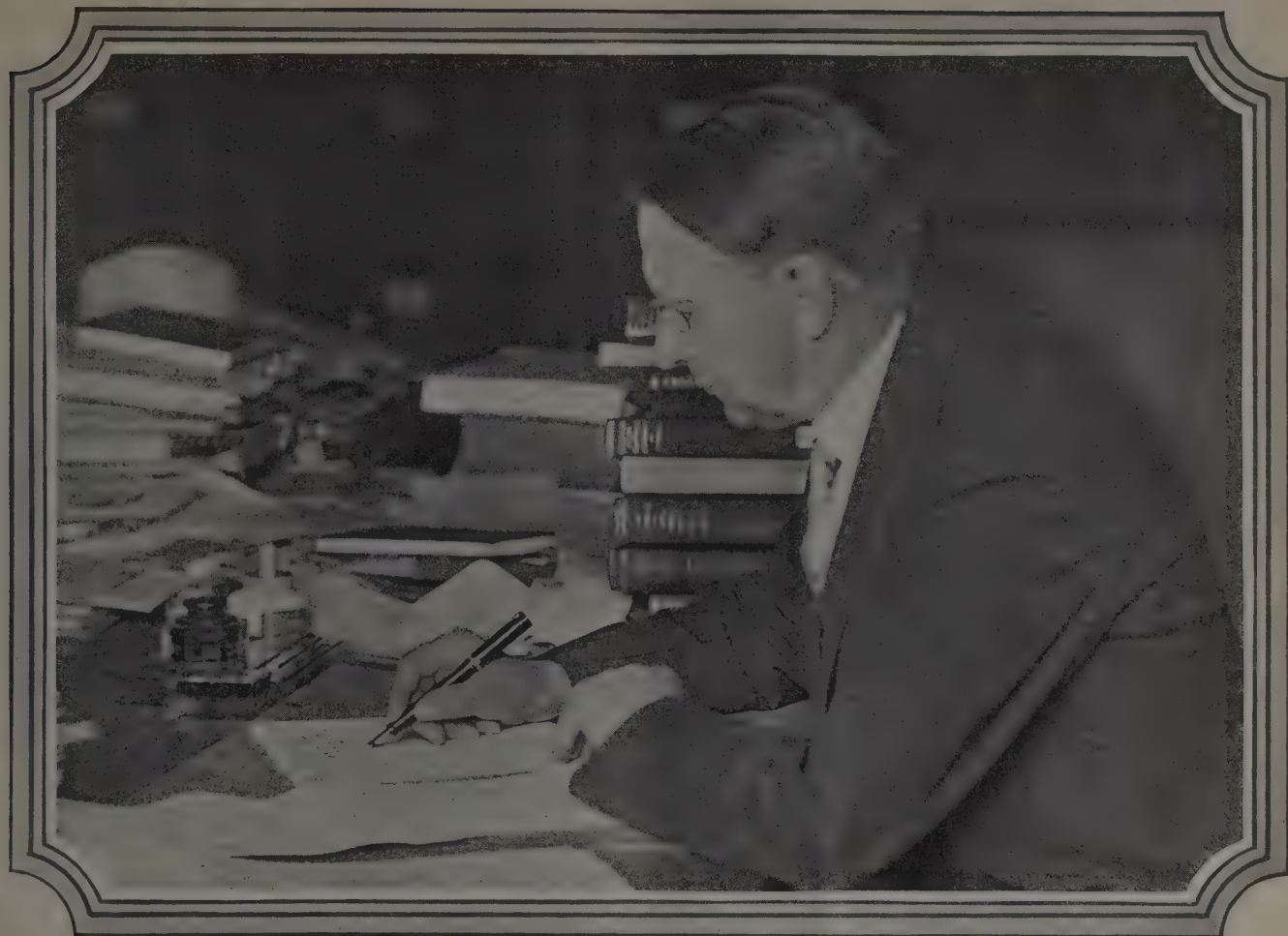
By 1896 Bolton had definitely abandoned his plan to study law, and upon completing his doctoral work in 1899 accepted an appointment as professor of history and economics in the Milwaukee State Normal School, where he remained until 1901 when he was offered an instructorship in history in the University of Texas. His dreams of a successful career at the bar were ended, but he was still groping to find his proper niche in the new profession he had chosen. He had, of course, caught the vision which McMaster and Turner and the other professors had inspired, but he had not yet found himself. And now, instead of going into a law office in a populous city to plunge into the intricate mazes of precedents and technicalities, he was going, his friends said, to a distant, sparsely-settled territory to fight rattlesnakes and bury himself from the rest of the world.

Temperamentally he would have been suited to the law, but whether he would have been completely satisfied in it is to be doubted. He possesses an acutely legalistic mind, is keen and analytical, and thinks all around a question while many men are trying to get their mental bearings. But he would, I think, have been irked by the hide-

bound traditions of the technicality in operation which an eminent jurist recently said are too frequently turned into hazards and traps for the feet of justice. Had he entered upon the law, it is likely that he would have, soon or late, turned to the writing of history; for history was not to him what some teachers make of it, a jumble of dates and a record of the doings of stuffed shirts, but a gorgeous panorama of life, a chronicle of events in actuality requiring only the magic wand of man's enthusiasm to make the dead past live again.

As the Texas pioneers thrilled to the challenge of magnificent distances, so Bolton's passion for adventure was kindled. Something of the cavalier spirit that is even to this day the life of Texas was infused in his being. Where an unimaginative man would have found only interminable miles, he found an enchanted kingdom. Over this very ground Coronado once passed in his futile search for the Gran Quivira of Cibola; across these mighty plains La Salle trekked with his footsore band of explorers, and became lost, and here, somewhere within the four corners of the modern State, his bones were mouldering; through these borderlands the Spanish missionaries blazed the trails of Christian civilization and carried the culture of Europe in their "splendid wayfaring."

Bolton saw the pageantry of it all—saw the buried centuries stir and come to life again with miraculous vividness. Here was a land awaiting a necromancer for its recovered yesterdays. But Austin, with the rest of the country in the opening years of the new century, was riding tandems and singing "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," and Edison phonographs were playing "Two Little Girls in Blue," and cowboys' mustangs were being scared half to death by those newfangled contraptions called horseless-carriages. But a decorous young dreamer upon the campus felt the lure of the vanished past. Here was adventure at flood tide. Herbert Bolton was living in the Seventeenth Century that first autumn of the Twentieth. His friends might think that he had come to Texas to bury himself from the rest of the world, but he knew better. Here he was really



Dr. Herbert Eugene Bolton, to whom America is more indebted, perhaps, than any other one man, for his labors in unlocking the hidden history of the Southwest, at work in his manuscript-strewn office in the Bancroft Library at the University of California

finding himself and his vocation.

Bolton resolved to specialize in Spanish-American history, and as he delved deeper into the story of Spanish Texas, he saw the possibility of making the State university a center of research. Here in these Spanish borderlands momentous events had taken place—events which had shaken Old World dynasties, events which had colored the stream of history. The history of Texas in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries was inseparably linked with that of Mexico, and across the international boundary line, dotting that country from coast to coast, were ancient archives which human hands had not disturbed for generations. These archives held countless documents and official papers, personal records and diaries, dating back more than two hundred years, and nobody had ever taken the trouble to examine them. Buried deep under the dust of centuries, their peace seemed as eternal as the sleep of the men who penned them. What treasures did they hold? What secrets did they conceal? What clues did they contain which might form new bases for reinterpreting New World history? The thought of these possibilities fairly staggered the young instructor. He would have commenced his research immediately but for one difficulty

that confronted him. He did not know a word of Spanish!

Forthwith he began taking lessons with a private tutor, and all through the winter studied early and late to master the language. Then, in the summer of 1902, he went to Mexico City to undertake a work which would have appalled most men. Lack of funds in those early years was the chief obstacle he encountered; but summer after summer, with small savings from his slender salary, he set out enthusiastically to continue his research. This limited capital he stretched over the three vacation months into which he crammed what some investigators would have considered a year's work. The sheer physical strain of the load he carried would have made the average man abandon the undertaking in despair; but Bolton is a human dynamo, not figuratively but literally. His friends will tell you that they have never seen his equal for seemingly inexhaustible energy. Today, at fifty-eight, he has yet to know how it feels to be fatigued. "I am as tough as a horse," he said when I asked him how he finds time to write so prodigiously while carrying on his multitudinous duties as head of the department of history at Berkeley. "I do most of my writing after six o'clock at night, after I have tired everybody out,"

he added smilingly. The reply was almost naive; for Bolton is one of the most unobtrusive of men in matters concerning his own activities and achievements. For years he worked an average of twelve or fifteen hours a day. After lecturing to his classes, he will hurry off to San Francisco to attend a meeting of an historical society in the afternoon, address a gathering in the evening, catch a late ferry across the bay, tumble into bed for a sailor's wink, get up early, and, with the agility and freshness of a youngster impatient to see what Santa Claus has brought, step into his study to greet the shadowy figures of men awaiting him there who have been dead these two centuries.

Tough as a horse he must needs have been to survive the long, gruelling grind of his Mexican days. Of necessity, the work was slow and painstaking. "My quest has been as romantic as the search for the Golden Fleece," he says somewhere in one of his numerous books. He searched the archives of Church and State in Mexico City and in a dozen State capitals. The distance he traveled back and forth across the country in pursuit of documents and manuscripts that lay hidden in dust-laden cubby-holes and attics would girdle the globe. He lived with padres in crumbling

monasteries in remote mountain villages, poring over diaries found in closets that had not seen the light of day for a hundred years. Nights without number he labored diligently in translating the contents of ponderous tomes and in assembling and arranging material which for the most part has been hitherto unknown and unused. Thus for a total of thirteen years he toiled. His researches took him not only to the archives of Mexico; during these years he also traveled up and down Texas, Louisiana, California and other parts of the Southwest. Among his most important "finds" of this period was the historical memoir of Pimeria Alta, written by Father Eusebio Kino, which had lain, unknown to scholars, for a century and a half in the archives of Mexico City. Father Kino was a Jesuit missionary, explorer and cartographer, and his memoirs give an account of the beginnings of California, Sonora and Arizona from 1683 to 1711.

To show further how inextricably California's history is bound up with that of Mexico, it is curious to note that the first history of California ever written was located by Bolton below the Rio Grande. This is the memoirs of Padre Francisco Palou, the friend of Fray Junipero Serra and founder of the Mission Dolores at San Francisco. He chronicled in his *New California* the history of the Spanish province and its missions, and was with Serra when the latter died at Carmel. These memoirs were translated and edited by Bolton and published in four volumes. Still another important translation is that of the memoirs of Athanase de Mézierès, a government administrator at the time of the Spanish occupation of Louisiana. Another title in Dr. Bolton's long list of books is *Fray Juan Crespi, Missionary Explorer on the Pacific Coast, 1769-1774*. Wholly on the basis of manuscripts found in the Mexican archives, Dr. Bolton reconstructed the history of Texas from 1731 to 1780, a period which hitherto had been a complete blank in historiography. This research is entitled *Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century*.

But he has not stopped with the gathering of historical data; he has searched for topographical and archaeological data as well. He has ridden horseback and by team over historic trails from Florida to California, such as the old Antonio road, and the trails of Anza and Escalante, and packed the trail from Natchitoches, the ancient French outpost of Louisiana, to Los Adaes, the Spanish outpost of Texas. His discovery of the long lost San Saba mine, by the aid of a diary he unearthed, came after he had ridden and tramped hundreds of miles through the hills of the Llano and the Colorado. By the way, as a result of this discovery he organized the Los Almagres Mining Company at Dallas. He claims to be an unusually successful mining man, "never having lost a cent."

Meanwhile, in 1905, Bolton was promoted to be adjunct professor at the University of Texas, and in 1908 was made associate. The following year he was called to the chair of American history at Stanford University, and on July 1, 1911,

accepted a similar professorship at the University of California. Since 1919 he has been the head of the department. For five years, from 1916 to 1921, he was curator of the Bancroft Library, and since 1921, its director. He has done much in the building of the splendid collections of Spanish-American material in both the Bancroft Library and the library of the University of Texas. His own private collection of historical manuscripts is one of the best in its field. Incidentally he has long been one of the editors of the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* and of the *Hispanic-American Historical Review*.

When Dr. Bolton went to Texas, the early historical geography of the State was practically unknown. It was he who succeeded in identifying many of its historic spots, among these the exact location where Texas was founded on the San Pedro River. With old diaries which he himself unearthed in his archive hunts, he has traced the trails and measured the distances, and his findings have been buttressed with such indisputable proofs that the discoveries have been accepted as authoritative by all historians. Notable among these explorations was his finding of the ruins of the three missions of San Xavier and the presidio, founded by the Franciscans in 1748 and deserted ten years later.

In the discovery of lost sites Dr. Bolton's greatest triumph was his location of La Salle's fort on the Gulf of Mexico. Historians for a hundred and fifty years were unable to agree as to the exact spot where the great French explorer established his colony and where his scheme for holding the Mississippi Valley in the name of France was wrecked in 1689. Parkman held the view that this site was on the Lavaca River, while other writers had been in doubt because of the absence of adequate proof. Bolton studied every available scrap of evidence turning on the point and concluded that his predecessors had been misled through placing the chief emphasis upon La Salle's desire to control the Mississippi and thus hold impregnable connection with Canada. He became convinced that one of the major aims of La Salle was to find a way to the rich mines of northern Mexico.

After La Salle's first trip down the Mississippi, he returned to France with a proposal to establish a colony on the northern shore of the Gulf, for control of which France and Spain had long been at war or on the verge of war. This, Bolton pointed out, was only part of the larger plan which Louis XIV approved. Accordingly, in the

summer of 1684, the colony of some 400 left France with a fleet of four ships, reached the West Indies in the autumn after losing the ship *St. Francis*, which was captured by the Spanish; was delayed by La Salle's illness until November, when the voyage was continued; missed the mouth of the Mississippi for some reason never explained, and finally landed at Pass Cavallo on Matagorda Bay. There the expedition suffered heavily by loss of members from death by fever and massacre by the Indians. While entering the bay the *Aimable* was lost; Beaujeu, the naval commander, quarreled with La Salle and sailed back to France in the *Joly*, and La Salle then decided to find a new site for the settlement near the head of Lavaca Bay. While the *Belle*, the only remaining craft, was exploring the eastern portion of Matagorda Bay, she was stranded on the inner shoals of Matagorda peninsula and had to be abandoned. Leaving the remaining colonists, La Salle set out with a few picked men to find the Mississippi in an attempt to reach Canada. On his way to the Brazos, which he passed just above the mouth of the Navasota, a quarrel arose among a scouting party and La Salle's nephew, Moranget, was slain. The murderers, to save their own necks, killed La Salle when he reached the scene of the murder.

The map by which Bolton succeeded in locating the site of La Salle's fort was

drawn by Manuel de Cardenas y Magana, a cartographer and engineer sent out by the Spanish viceroy of New Spain with an expedition to search for the French explorer and his party in 1690. "Anyone who will take the trouble to compare a modern map with that made by Cardenas will be struck by the accuracy of the Spaniard," says Dr. Bolton. "It simply settles the matter once and for all and without argument. The settlement was on the Garcitas river and not on the Lavaca, as had long been supposed."

Historians everywhere were thrilled by Bolton's announcement of his discovery. "I

wish I were as sure of Heaven as I am that you have settled this question," was how Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard saluted his confrere.

In addition to his work as an historical archaeologist, Dr. Bolton has done more cartography of explorations than has any other living man. This alone would have given him distinction; for the historical accuracy of his work in plotting the trails of the French and Spanish explorers and missionaries is an inestimable contribution to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40)



Dr. Bolton at Caborca, Sonora, on a recent expedition to trace the trail of Juan Bautista de Anza

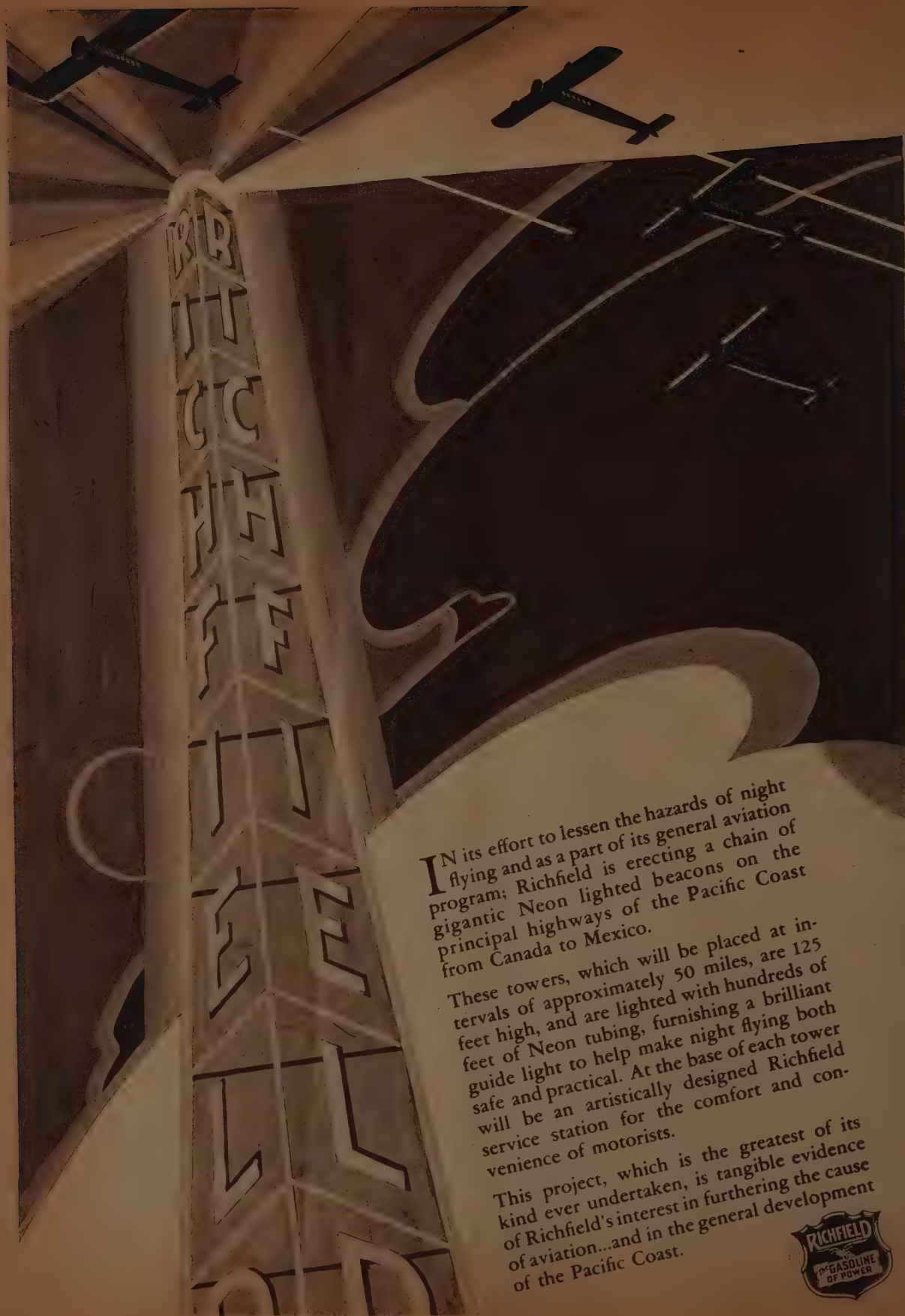
Jouring Topics

ROTAGRAPHURE SECTION NOVEMBER 1918



AN ELYSIAN HILLSIDE

The hills of Elysian Park furnish vantage-points for innumerable pleasing vistas—tree-covered slopes and verdant canyons; roaring railroads and steaming factories. Photograph by Ernest M. Pratt



IN its effort to lessen the hazards of night flying and as a part of its general aviation program, Richfield is erecting a chain of gigantic Neon lighted beacons on the principal highways of the Pacific Coast from Canada to Mexico.

These towers, which will be placed at intervals of approximately 50 miles, are 125 feet high, and are lighted with hundreds of feet of Neon tubing, furnishing a brilliant guide light to help make night flying both safe and practical. At the base of each tower will be an artistically designed Richfield service station for the comfort and convenience of motorists.

This project, which is the greatest of its kind ever undertaken, is tangible evidence of Richfield's interest in furthering the cause of aviation...and in the general development of the Pacific Coast.



Your Club's Activities

Western Clubs Affiliate

ORGANIZED motorists of the Western States, Canada and Hawaii will gain distinct service improvements through the organization of the Western Motor Clubs' Association, which was accomplished at a convention of club secretaries held in San Francisco September 20 to 22.

The entire West, from the Rockies to the Pacific, has become the motoring objective of an increasing number of car owners. Modern motor cars have annihilated distance, obliterated State lines, and given us a new conception of time. The Oregonian has become as familiar with California as the Utahan has with Montana. The Arizonan knows which Washington streams yield the largest trout, and the New Mexican can tell the native of Colorado as much about his own State as he knows himself.

The problem of furnishing motor club service to the member of any legitimate, recognized club, whether he require it while in the region immediately served by the organization of which he is a member, or in some remote corner of the West, has become acute, and plans perfected at the San Francisco meeting, it is believed, will accomplish a solution.

It is recognized that the improvement of roads in the West is the concern of many, and concerted efforts will be made in the future to secure adequate appropriations for Federal Aid on major inter-state highways. Touring information, legal counsel and other service facilities for which recognized clubs have become renowned, are being considered with a view to making them available on a reciprocal basis among all the clubs belonging to the association.

The most important accomplishment of the conference, perhaps, was the development of a plan

Reward Offered for Sign Mutilators

THE Automobile Club of Southern California offers a reward of \$25 for information resulting in the arrest and conviction, in Southern California, of any person who violates that portion of Section 602 of the Penal Code which makes it a misdemeanor to maliciously tear down, damage, mutilate or destroy a sign, signboard or notice erected by any automobile club. Such information should be supplied to the district attorney of the county in which the offense is committed and notice of such action sent to the Legal Department of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

whereby emergency road service may be secured by the members of any motor club from the service stations in the territory of any other club enrolled in the Western association.

It was mutually agreed by the Club representatives present that inasmuch as there was no information available as to the cost of rendering this service until it has been in existence a year or more, that it would not be practical to render it free to club members, but that it must be paid for at the contract rates in effect between the automobile club operating in any particular territory and its official emergency stations. The Automobile Club of Southern California hopes that after a short time it may be able to extend this service free to its members motoring outside of the State. It is pointed out, however, that the arrangement will result in members of legitimate clubs receiving this service at from one-half to one-third the commercial rates charged. And, too, they will be assured of satisfactory and reliable attention from dependable garages.

At the close of the San Francisco meeting, the Automobile Club of Southern California extended its offer of emergency road service at cost not only to members of motor clubs in the Western association but

likewise to members of recognized clubs all over the United States—a tender that has been gratefully welcomed by other organizations whose members frequently motor in Southern California.

Clubs included in the association and the territories under their jurisdiction are: Oregon State Motor Association (Oregon); Montana Automobile Association (Montana); Automobile Club of Washington (Western Washington); Rocky Mountain Motorists, Inc. (Colorado); Inland Automobile Club (Eastern Washington); Idaho State Automobile Association (Idaho); Utah State Automobile Association (Utah); Nevada State Automobile Association (Nevada); Casper Motor Club of Wyoming (Wyo-



Secretaries of the organizations represented at the Western Motor Clubs' Conference in San Francisco, September 20-22, 1928. Seated (left to right): Sam G. Bailie, executive secretary, Arizona Automobile Association; George O. Brandenburg, secretary and general manager, Oregon State Motor Association; Standish L. Mitchell, secretary, Automobile Club of Southern California; D. E. Watkins, secretary and general manager, California State Automobile Association; Douglas A. Shelor, manager, Automobile Club of Washington; A. J. Breitenstein, secretary, Montana Automobile Association; Fred J. Elkins, manager, Automobile Club of British Columbia. Standing (left to right): LeRoy Blessing, secretary, Honolulu Automobile Club; Clarence Werthan, secretary, Rocky Mountain Motorists, Inc.; Frank W. Guilbert, manager, Inland Automobile Association; Ernest N. Smith, secretary and general manager, American Automobile Association; J. B. Noble, manager, Idaho State Automobile Association; W. M. David, secretary, Nevada State Automobile Association; H. B. Dichmann, secretary, San Antonio Motor League.

ming); Arizona Automobile Association (Arizona); Alberta Motor Association (Canada); Saskatoon Motor Club (Canada); Automobile Club of British Columbia (British Columbia); Honolulu Automobile Club (Hawaii).

Arrangements between the California State Automobile Association and the Automobile Club of Southern California, by which free emergency road service is given the members of either club by the emergency stations of the other, are not affected by the new arrangement.

The new organization, with the inauguration of plans announced and under consideration, will make a membership in any club in the association virtually a membership in all. This unification of efforts, too, is looked upon as a valuable influence in attracting motorists from other sections of the United States.

* * *

Nation-wide Service

A PLEASANT aftermath to the San Francisco conference developed when the Automobile Club of Southern California was notified by the executive offices of the American Automobile Association that a resolution had been adopted containing a recommendation to its 1,075 affiliated organizations that they render touring information service to members of the Southern California organization, without the service charge customarily made to motorists not members of clubs affiliated with the A.A.A.

This is considered as a generous recognition of the policy of the Automobile Club of Southern California, which has been in effect for twenty-eight years, to give touring information gratis to non-resident motorists en route to or touring in Southern California.

* * *

Trail Blazing Below the Border

IT HAS been said that Lower California is the last frontier of the West. Some may doubt this, but certainly none will deny that it is an exceedingly rough country to traverse. If one travels by automobile, roads soon become phantoms and gas stations and garages mere memories. However, in spite of the difficulties of motoring through this barren land, it holds attractions for those who seek the unique, the unusual and the quaint.

To the early settlers of the West, the mark of the pioneer's hatchet on a tree or bush, his pile of stones on the des-

ert, or some other rude guidepost meant, frequently, the difference between life or death. Although much more civilized, Lower California is yet sufficiently undeveloped to offer many obstacles to the traveler, and trail blazing is still in order. Its roads until now have been difficult to follow. While gradually increasing, traffic on the long desert stretches of the peninsula is extremely light at present and it is believed that the new signs will encourage travel up and down the peninsula.

The main peninsular highway, completed in 1926, chiefly through the efforts of Gov-

ernor Abelardo Rodriguez, runs south of Tijuana some 671 miles to El Mulegé, on the Gulf of California. This route has recently been charted by the Automobile Club of Southern California, and the entire distance has been completely signed.

The signs erected total 279, or an average of one sign every 2.4 miles. In this land where water holes are accorded location on the maps, one of the important tasks of the Signposting Department was to mark these welcome spots. Also mission sites which are connected by passable roads but which are not on the main highway, have been marked by a sign at the junction. But perhaps most important was the location of signs at every possible point where the traveler might go astray. Distances are given not only in miles but also in kilometers, since the metric system is used officially in Mexico. Caution and warning signs have been printed in both English and in Spanish.

The Club, whose aim it is to aid the motorist in every way possible, has been quick to realize that Mexico, our neighbor on the south, presents an alluring field for California tourists. Numerous requests for information concerning motoring conditions in Lower California and Sonora have prompted the Club to send pioneering expeditions into these interesting lands.

On a recent trip into Lower California a vast deal of information and data was gathered about this narrow finger of land stretching south into the Pacific. This data has enabled the Club to draw up one of the most accurate and complete maps of the country in existence. This map is now on the press and will be ready for distribution to members in the near future. Furthermore, the tourist now can obtain authentic reports upon road conditions, accommodations, and an account of the limitless attractions, both scenic and historical, which might otherwise be overlooked.

More and more, the enthralling land which was the "first California" is coming to the attention of the motoring public. Sonora as a touring objective has proved to be a most hospitable host to tourists from the States. Yearly the number of Americans journeying into Mexico by auto increases. The Club is doing all in its power to better conditions for the motorist by issuing good maps of the localities, by gathering reliable information regarding them and, in the case of Lower California, by thor-

(CON. ON PAGE 44)



A Club sign ten miles below Ensenada. Prior to September of this year this sign was the last one encountered journeying south



The Club's Sign Posting Department has just completed signing the Lower California highway from Tijuana south to El Mulegé, a distance of 671 miles. Above are shown some of the signs and one of the trucks used in the work

COLOR AND STYLE IN MEN'S WEAR

By Jack Worthington
Drawings by Victor Mall

Now that they are offering prizes—substantial ones, too,—for the best dressed golfers taking part in the national tournaments, it behooves every golfer to look to his wardrobe, as well as to his laurels. There was a time when a man thought it his duty to look as devil-may-care as possible when on the links, but those days are now in the limbo of lost golf balls. The sartorial splendor of the well dressed golfer is at present as much an attraction as the game itself, or so it seems, for many are the carefully planned ensembles which greet the eye of the onlooker at a tournament. Not only is the title seeker making the most of his opportunity to set the fashion in golf togs, but he is probably playing a better game of golf than he would if carelessly attired.

It goes without saying that if he is "top notch" in his get up, if his golf kit is so harmoniously assembled that his mind can give itself over wholly to the game with never a thought for tie or hose you can expect a game worth following. Incidentally, one may be face to face with the next winner of the purse offered annually to the best dressed golfer at the National Open Championship.

Among the smartest men we find the golf hose often matched in color with the tie, and the pullover sweater, ever a favorite here in California, carrying two or three different shades. We also observe that, although the knickers and shoes of the above mentioned ensemble may be in direct color contrast with the rest of the costume, they match each other, or at least, harmonize. Green is a favorite color this season for the tie and hose, so, also, is blue. While the browns are good for offsetting green, the

grayish colors go better with blue.

The dark blue flannel blazer jacket with its white pearl buttons is interesting many golfers and motor enthusiasts who desire something in lieu of the inevitable sweater—something good looking as well as loose and comfortable. Although a man may not play golf he will want knickers for his various outings. If he has an eye for sport fashions he will, no doubt, select his motor togs along the same lines as our champions do their golf kits. He may choose a knicker suit with matching coat, and since he is sure to have use for a sweater, he may as well match them in color harmony and be known as the best dressed man at resort or country club. The secret is to use only colors which are becoming and then arrange them in their various shades and tints. There is no need for monotony since the color charts of today rival the far-famed rainbow and one needs only to use caution in selection. Possibly one says that a man doesn't care to bother, but it seems he does, from the smart appearance the majority present. So don't be the last one to fall in line. When you see a smart looking man you may think he just happens to look that way, but the contrary will be nearer the truth. This "careful carelessness" is but a clever gesture.

Consider the new ties. Although many are along neatly patterned lines, herringbone, stripes and smallish figures which anyone can wear, a great number are decidedly colorful, with intricate designs and exotic colorings. Only the careful dresser can don these with impunity. A man must indeed act cautiously when selecting this gay and flamboyant accessory—if it blends with his clothes all well and good—if not, it shrieks. A tie which fairly sparkles is in red, brown, blue, yellow and what not, and it is not loud, just marvelously blended and oozing style. Another is a combination of orange, tan, gray, purple and black—a high sounding color scheme, to be sure, but nevertheless it is judicious in the extreme. This class of neckwear cannot be found in the cheaper grades, because it is not easily copied, therefore one may be more or less exclusive when wearing any of these gorgeously attuned scarf ideas. One has in mind a scene of water nymphs floating indistinctly in an ocean of subdued colors, a



This business suit has the new single-button jacket with peaked lapel, a smart double-breasted waistcoat and pleated trousers. The material is a conservative brown in warm autumn tints. Courtesy Mullen & Bluet

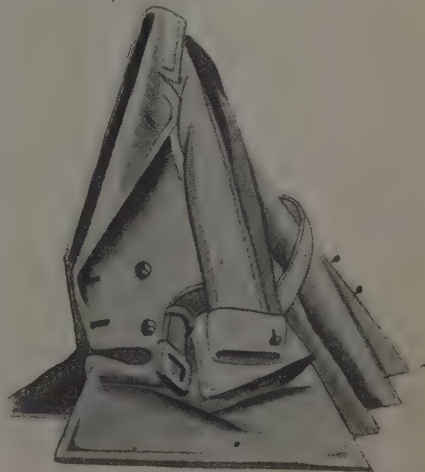
dancing picture, or beach locale—but these, of course, are for the more daring.

In the general scheme of things color continues to play a leading part. It is interwoven in the woollens for suits and carefully mixed in the yarns for hose, while colorful handkerchiefs now match neckties more often than ever and deadly monotony is practically ancient history in men's styles.

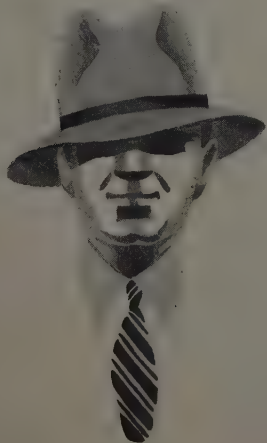
He who motors must be practical, so in this day of closed cars he selects a light weight top coat. He may turn his attention to the trench coat which is fashioned from materials far from heavy and is decidedly swagger in appearance. Its rather full skirt and belted effect make it the ideal coat for outings as it lends itself to all sorts of occasions, retaining its good lines after much hard wear. For the real chilly days when one motors afar the polo coat is gaining in favor, so also are hair cloth coats such as camel's hair and llama hair in more conservative styles. These coats give the essential warmth and are at the same time free from that bulkiness so undesirable to the man who drives his own car.

As for gloves, they should be selected not alone for the smartness which they undoubtedly lend to a man's appearance, but also for their adaptability in handling the steering wheel of a car and the ease with which they can be put on. For this general utility glove, pigskin is the favorite in the snap fastener style, but of course many men prefer the smarter button glove of hand-sewed type and others like the glove with

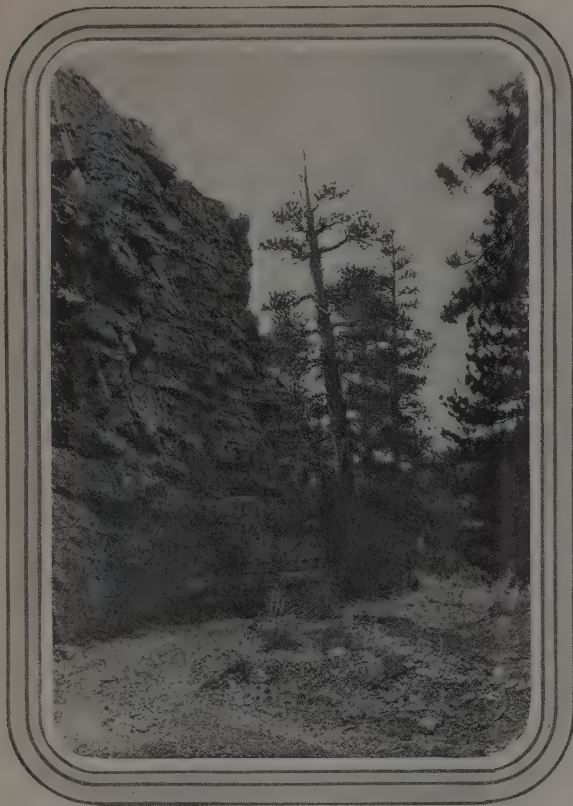
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For chilly days and nights when motoring, this polo coat of llama hair with its wide belt and generous lines is ideal. Courtesy Mullen & Bluet



A favorite is this narrow brim, high crown felt hat with a narrow ribbon band. The one shown above is in an autumn shade of tan



A dim road emerges from the gorge into the heart of the Hidden Forest. Photograph by courtesy of James G. Scrugham

The Hidden Forest of Nevada

Surrounded by barren deserts exists a woodland oasis of exquisite beauty—

By Philip Johnston

BETWEEN the mighty Colorado River and the sunset lies a realm of amazing paradoxes, a land replete with unsolved riddles that offer an irresistible challenge to all who cross its mysterious borders. In the days of the Argonauts, tragic incidents enacted within this barren wasteland invested it with a sinister reputation that served to discourage travel over its untrodden fastness. Yet to a few adventurous spirits its forbidding aspects presented an irresistible lure, and to them it has revealed strange secrets forever disproving the belief that this region is immutably hostile to life.

Flora and fauna of the wilderness are innured to hardships imposed by a rigorous existence. A meagre supply of life-giving moisture, temperatures that range through more than a hundred degrees in the course of a year, sand-laden winds that sweep with terrific velocities across the wide expanses—these elemental flagelators set their seal on all living organisms that withstand their fury. The appearance of all denizens of the desert is eloquent of the price they have paid for existence. Protection is afforded by thorn, spine, claw, and fang; moisture is hoarded by impervious outer coverings that defy the sun; foliage is sere and gray. Such is the life of the desert seen by the traveler who passes through during the long dry season, and its macabre aspect becomes a criterion upon which severe judgment is based.

But if Nature has decreed that a major

portion of this desert shall be all but sterile, she has in a measure atoned by setting aside a few spots where life and verdure can thrive. Like green islands in a gray sea of desolation, they are utterly incongruous to their surroundings. Here vegetation flourishes

in bewildering variety and luxuriant abundance, and wild creatures roam in a peace unbroken by man, who has long been ignorant of their existence. Such an unspoiled paradise is the Hidden Forest of Nevada.

The traveler who essays the journey between Las Vegas and Alamo by way of Corn Creek will pass within eight miles of this strange forest, and, unless he has obtained specific information regarding its whereabouts, will continue his journey unaware of the fact that this strange paradox lies so near to his route. Forty-one miles from the former town, a dim road leaves the main highway, and leads eastward toward a high rampart of desert mountains that appear to be utterly barren and devoid of life. A small sign at the junction reads "Hidden Forest"; beyond this there is nothing to indicate the possibility of the existence of a forest in such an environment. As the motorist points the nose of his car toward that sere panorama, he cannot but wonder if someone with a perverted sense of humor has attempted to play a grim and ghastly joke by placing this sign in such a location.

Through a maze of cacti and sage the road ascends a moderate grade for two miles, and enters a boulder-strewn wash,



The foxtail pine, found in this unusual forest of Nevada, was formerly thought to have been native only to California

where it winds through a forest of yucca. Five miles from the highway is a narrow portal of rock marking the natural boundary of the wonderful arboreal domain lying beyond. The line of demarcation is sharply drawn: to the west extends a vast expanse of desert, ridged and broken by successive ranges of sterile mountains; to the east rise the wooded heights of the Sheep Range, where the Hidden Forest holds sway. The outposts are marked by squat junipers in which a sprinkling of piñon appear. Beneath the towering walls of a gorge the traveler proceeds approximately four miles beyond the portal, where the dim road comes to an end in the heart of the forest.

The first effect is one of isolation, of total detachment from mankind and his appurtenances. Save for the sighing of wind through the pines and the occasional call of a bird, silence is so complete and unbroken that it makes a profound impression on one whose ears have become attuned to sounds of human activity. Here is a region of such unspoiled beauty and perfect harmony that one almost feels like treading softly lest he break the charm. Silhouetted against the sky are hundreds of stately conifers of many varieties; on the summits and shoulders of surrounding mountains they stand guard over the vale of peace below.

The highest point in this range is Sheep Peak, rising to an altitude of 9706 feet. An ascent is easily accomplished from the end of the road, and is well worth the effort for the unparalleled view afforded from the top. Eastward, successive mountain ranges rise from the desert like petrified billows of a mighty sea. Near the northeastern horizon the Moapa Valley, the Virgin River and the Colorado River may be discerned. Directly eastward lies the junction of three States: Arizona, Utah and Nevada. To the northeast, the skyline is dominated by the mighty Sierra Nevada, culminating with Mount Whitney, capped with snow and swathed in fleecy clouds. To the north lies Timpahute Mountain, a great volcanic upthrust on the line between Nye and Lincoln counties.

Because of its obscure location, Hidden Forest has played little part in the history of southeastern Nevada. The insuperable diffi-

culties of pioneering were graphically illustrated by attempts of the Mormons to operate a sawmill on the eastern slope of the Sheep Range. Timber was there in abundance, yet no water supply could be found, a condition that would have discouraged any but the most hardy breed of trail-blazer. It was decided to install the mill with the object of running it only during the winter months, when snow could be melted to furnish water for the boilers; but the venture proved to be unprofitable, and

was abandoned after a short time.

Unknown save to a few prospectors and Mormon settlers, this remarkable forest might have remained *terra incognita* to the great mass of nature lovers but for the efforts of Governor Scrugham to explore its fastness. At the head of an expedition which included scientists who could study and classify its flora and fauna, he set out to learn its secrets. A tractor and scraper were utilized to break a road that would permit the passage of a car through brush and rocks, and the party was successful in motoring to the forest with little difficulty. The findings were described by James G. Scrugham Jr. as follows:

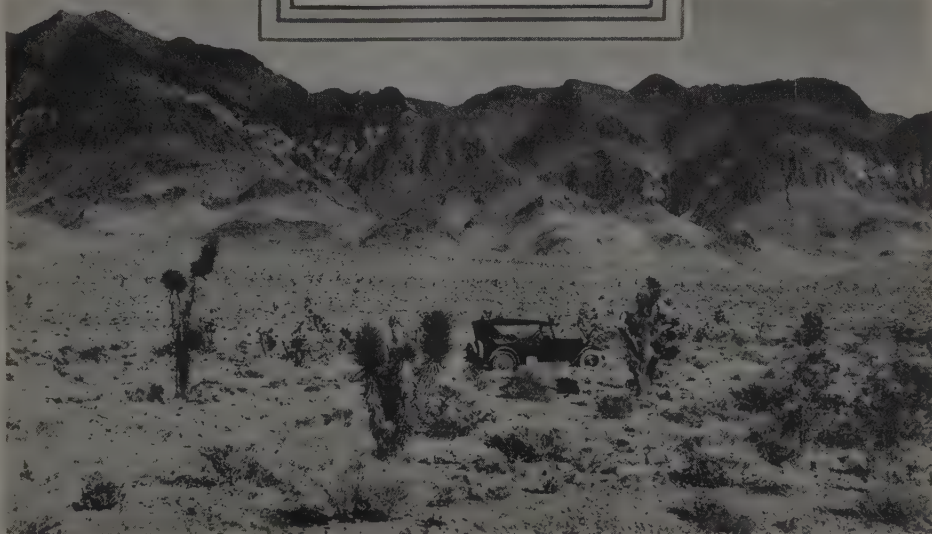
"One of the most interesting features of the place is its great variety of trees. During the short visit of the exploring party in the forest, six distinct species of conifers and many small shrubs were identified. The conifers include the piñon and juniper trees of the lower altitudes and the yellow pine, foxtail pine, albicaulis pine, and white fir of the higher altitudes. Of the latter group the foxtail

pine is the most interesting. It is seen in dense groves with its long thin branches of short needles draped from all angles, much resembling foxtails. The foxtail pine is an uncommon evergreen and this grove is the only one ever reported to exist in the State. Among the shrubs are several varieties of mountain mahogany, buckbrush and many unidentified low bushes. Around the spring were a variety of marsh grasses, willows, quaking asp, and alder. In the lower part of the canyon there was a veritable wilderness of desert growth which includes cholla and barrel cactus, prickly pear, and yucca palm.

Mountain sheep are the most numerous large animals on the range and there obviously exist many predatory animals like wild cat and mountain lion. The sheep remain on the mountain during the summer months and with the coming of the snows descend to the warmer foothills. There are but few small animals, the only ones seen being chipmunks and pack rats. Birds are also a rarity, although a greater variety may appear during the summer. The only ones noticed were the Clark's

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PAGE 48)

Below—From a point of vantage may be seen the wooded slopes of Sheep Range, rising toward lofty summits which afford marvelous views



Center—Within the forest are caves where once gleamed the camp fires of ancient tribes. Today these offer shelter to bands of mountain sheep
Lower—Behind this rampart of barren desert mountains lies the Hidden Forest of Nevada



Overhead monorails do the heavy work connected with pouring engine castings in one of the most efficient of our automobile manufactories. Even the workmen stand on a moving platform in order to keep pace with the conveyor line bearing the flasks of molten metal.

The Birth of a Car

All America is in the business of creating the modern automobile—

By Frederick C. Russell

THEY may come off the assembly lines of American automobile factories at the amazing rate of twenty or so every minute of the working day, but the birth of a car continues to be one of the most complex, exciting affairs in the world of modern accomplishments.

An inspector, standing beside the line on which the automobile of today comes to life, jots down a notation or gives an order to a workman, and instantly another car is born into the world; in the twinkling of an eye, you might say; it is seemingly that instantaneous. But the creation of an automobile is not at all what it appears to be.

Like a nation, it grows slowly but steadily from a mere idea in some adventurer's mind. "Let's sail to the new found land and be free men with new opportunities,"

the Pilgrims decided. Similarly behind the development of each and every car there is the decision of some man, or group of men, to build new creations along original lines that will offer fresh opportunities to those who buy as well as to those who sell. And then the idea starts to germinate.

No motorist who has ever marveled at the mechanical ingenuity of his car ever should watch new jobs roll off the assembly line. It makes car building look too easy. Instead he should visit the foundries, the mines and the mills, and take time to see what's going on at the proving grounds. A day should be spent in the engineering

department; another in various departments where important parts are checked and re-checked by inspectors who have at their disposal the most accurate instruments imaginable. Even then he would see but a small portion of the elaborate process of contributing to the motor car population.

Nor can a motorist expect to see the whole process in Detroit, in Cleveland, South Bend, Toledo, Indianapolis, Lansing, Flint, Pontiac or any other point where the final car sees the light of day. You can't have a nation without every section of the country collaborating, and it is precisely the same with the automobile. Something goes into the automobile from practically every State in the Union, many of the parts or materials being made complete at points far removed from the assembly line.

Over a thousand miles from a city where new cars are christened at a rate that staggers the imagination, a concern is engaged day and night in the work of making brake lining for these cars. An endless strip of woven asbestos runs slowly through a bath of black liquid of secret composition, passes through driers that occupy nearly the whole of two large buildings, and finally rolls out in finished form ready to be cut into proper lengths and rolled up for shipment. This asbestos comes from Canada, and the process of weaving it is the result of years of experience in the design, construction and operation of intricate looms.

Not so far from this manufactory of brake lining, clutch facing, tire straps, fan belts and the many other heavily woven articles used in today's cars, we find one of the great textile mills turning out seemingly endless yards of those beautiful interior cloths which the glib salesman so temptingly strokes when you are car shopping. In the adjoining State we see great looms busily weaving the cotton that will, in the course of this elaborate process, become the carcass of the automobile tire. If we are earnestly intent upon witnessing every phase of the birth of a car, we shall be finding ourselves in Liberia at the rubber plantations.

If we wanted to get at the beginning of the story it would be necessary to delve into the subject of metallurgy, but it is impressive enough to start with the scene of workmen pouring engine castings. Engine molds, one after the other, come along on tracks while workmen tilt the contents of hand ladles into them. Molten iron thus commences to play its vital role in the development of what is to become magic power to keep a nation spinning over the highways.

Conveyor systems always intrigue the observer of the new-born automobile. Take these engine molds as an instance. Immediately after pouring, the flasks pass into a steel hood in order to keep contaminating gases from the room. Even the platform on which the workers stand keeps moving in order to facilitate the work.

They do not even wait for castings to cool of their own accord but hasten the process in order that John Smith, who eagerly awaits his new sedan in Ashtabula can give the neighbors a thrill as per schedule. In one of the foundries the castings travel along overhead conveyors after being shaken out of their molds. So intricate is the conveyor system that each casting is given a ride of an hour and a half before it is handled.

Meanwhile the president of one of these great assembly plants has just taken from a private safe in his office drawings showing a new and novel radiator design which will grace this car that is about to make its bid for popularity. Alone in his office he studies the final results of months of work in his drafting department. He signifies his approval by giving orders to go ahead.

A few moments later he is talking behind closed doors with his chief engineer. The problem concerns some feature of the supercharger. Or perhaps it is some unexpected objection to the use of the twin-eight engine. If we could travel along the telephone wire as the chief executive calls long distance, or tune in with a television receiver, doubtless we would see great activity at the proving grounds where several experimental jobs carrying this type of motor are grinding away over the man-made hills and dales, through mud, sand, water and every conceivable highway condition.

Meanwhile, however, a concern in a certain midwestern city is going right ahead making name plates for this newer, finer car. There are many specialties, like these name plates, which even the largest of car builders do not undertake to make themselves. Hub caps, hardware, instrument board meters, lights, nuts, washers, piping and numerous other articles are among the many things which car manufacturers leave almost entirely to the specialists.

This extends the process of car building and virtually puts the whole nation back of the job of creating a modern automobile. Curiously enough, while a vast array of talent is required in the making of today's cars even the man who knows little about them plays an important role in helping to make them troubleproof.

Not so long ago a chap who knew little about automobiles but who needed a job happened to apply at one of the proving grounds. He admitted his ignorance of the

mechanics of machines but said he was willing to learn. He was hired on the spot, but with the proviso that he must not try to become a good driver. They wanted him to act as the typical inexperienced driver so they could find out how one of their new products would stand up in the hands of the sort of driver who cannot be depended upon to help a car in the performance of its duties.

Car owners themselves do not begin to appreciate how important a role they are playing in making the automobile better, day by day, in every way. To them a complaint at the service station may seem to be merely a very personal matter, but that complaint does not stop there. It travels quite as extensively as the automobile itself. It meets other complaints. Finally it reaches the service executive of the factory, the sales manager and perhaps the president. Very shortly the automobiles that are dropping off the assembly line at that factory are somewhat different.

"How do you like the new radiator cap?" hundreds of salesmen asked thousands of customers and prospects when a new car recently made its public bow.

"The old cap with the fancy ornament was better," most people replied. Already the older type of cap is being offered at a slight extra charge and probably will be standard equipment again within a short time.

You might almost say that all America is in the business of fashioning our modern automobiles. What the average owner does, how he behaves at the wheel, even what he thinks about, play an important part in shaping the destiny as well as the lines and mechanical construction of the motor car. We are inclined to think that the speedability of today's automobile is given to us as the result of some decision on the part of a group of engineers; the truth is, motorists themselves have shaped things along speed lines.

How? Well, for one thing we know a lot more about driving and we feel better qualified to step on the gas now and again. Also we have been generous taxpayers with the idea of providing the sort of highways that are necessary where speed is king.

Some years ago automobiles were capable of higher speed than many drivers of today care to travel, but this speed was unsafe. Some of the early owners raced express trains but the neighbors called them daredevils and they probably were.

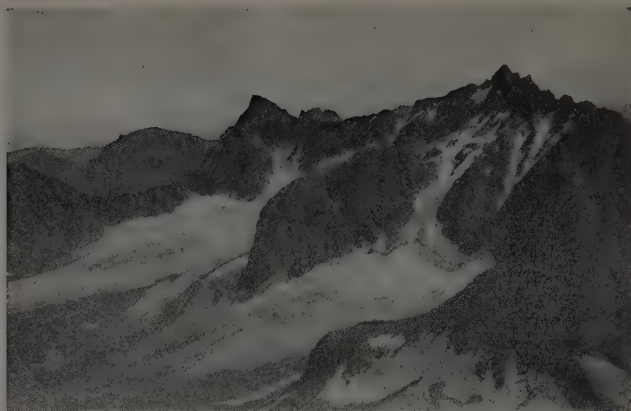
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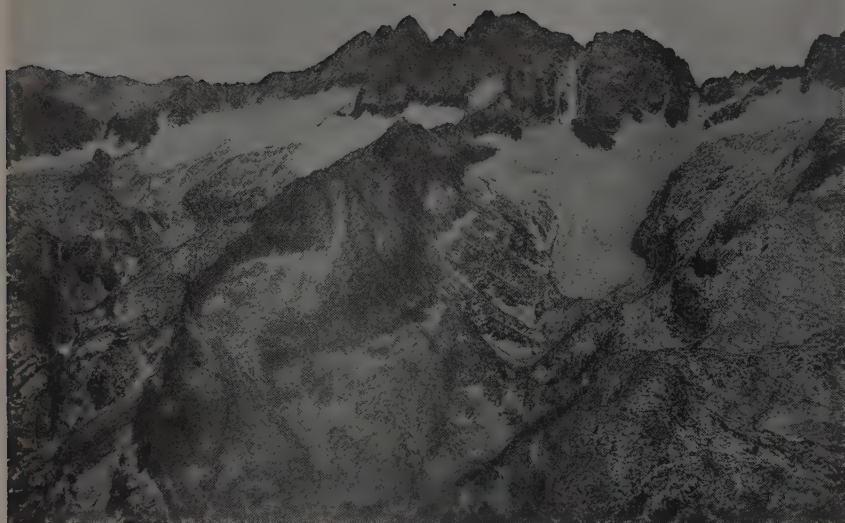
Safety, cleanliness and economy encourage the use of manufactured gas in place of gasoline for running modern motor car engines in the block test. One hundred engines are being tested simultaneously in the room pictured above

To the Summit of the Palisades

By Norman Clyde



The North Palisade (right) and Mount Sill, as seen from Agassiz Needle. The Palisade Glacier is in the foreground



The Middle Palisade, one of the ruggedest of Sierra peaks, viewed from the north

TO THE lover of lofty, craggy mountains perhaps no portion of the Sierra is stronger in appeal than the region of the Palisades. Extremely picturesque, and offering sufficient difficulties to tempt the most blasé mountaineer, one who has once felt their fascination is eager to return to them whenever an opportunity occurs. The highest of the group is the North Palisade, which attains an elevation of 14,254 feet above sea level.

From far up and down the range its towering serried line of pinnacles is conspicuous. As seen from nearby peaks to the north its glacier-mantled lower slopes and the cliffs that spring abruptly from them, possess an Alpine sublimity not surpassed in the Sierra. From the south, its steep crags rise to an imposing elevation above broad, glacial basins and deeply cut canyons. Ordinarily, in midsummer, there is little snow on this side.

The only known route of ascent is up the southern face. After crossing a stretch of huge blocks of talus and ascending a steep, loose slope one arrives at the foot of

a chute. This is followed for about a thousand feet and then one traverses a shelf to another chimney to the left. The second chimney affords excellent rock climbing but is occasionally so obstructed by snow as to render its ascent extremely difficult. This chute opens up a few hundred feet below the summit, which is reached by scaling a steep slope, the rocks of which are of great size near the top of the mountain.

The view from the summit is one of the finest in the Sierra. In scope it extends north and south, from the vicinity of Mount Whitney to the mountains of the Yosemite Park; from the desert ranges of Nevada to the Coast Range beyond the San Joaquin Valley. The most outstanding features of the great panorama are the many groups of lofty mountains along the axis of the Sierra, and the profound canyons that dip westward from it.

Next in interest to the North Palisade is the Middle Palisade, only a few miles distant from it to the southeast. It reaches an elevation of 14,049 feet, and has been climbed but few times, being perhaps more difficult to scale than its loftier neighbor.

Several variations of the route usually followed are possible, but this very fact some times entices the mountaineer into more hazardous predicaments than may be encountered on the other peak. After following a steep chute for some distance one scales precipitous rock walls necessitating a great deal of handwork, and finally reaches the summit, a ragged knife-edge about a hundred yards in length. The view is substantially the same as that from the North Palisade, except that it is obstructed somewhat by the latter.

A short distance to the east of the North Palisade is Mount Sill (14,198 feet). Although it has been climbed but few times, this is rather on account of its location than because of difficulties of ascent. It affords a striking, profile-view of the precipitous crags and steeply-sloping glaciers of its loftier companion, and of the outlying peaks, deep canyons and basins to the north and east. Northwards are seen many commanding peaks, such as Mounts Humphreys, Tom, and Morgan.

All of the mountains of the group thus far mentioned attain an elevation of over 14,000 feet. To the northwest of the North Palisade are two others, somewhat lower, but both striking and interesting peaks. They are Mount Winchell, and Agassiz Needle. The former terminates in a sharp pinnacle, but can be scaled by at least two routes that lead to the final pitch. The ascent is sufficiently difficult to render it somewhat thrilling, and has been accomplished on only two occasions. The summit affords a magnificent view of the assembled crags, and the glacier-clad lower slopes of the North Palisade. It is indeed one of the most ruggedly Alpine prospects in the Sierra.

Agassiz Needle, in spite of its name, can be ascended readily from Bishop Pass. Its eastern face is apparently also scaleable. Although very accessible from the above mentioned pass, it has been climbed but few times. With the exception that a portion of the glacier is hidden the view of the North Palisade obtained from its summit is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)



When the radiator cap won't come off try the "strong man" trick so often seen on the stage. Take the cap between the palms of both hands firmly and give it a turn. Generally it will respond at once.

The Idea Kit

*A New kink
in the science
and sport
of caring for
the automobile*

By Gilland Mason



This is the way to start a fan belt around the lower pulley. Crank slowly with one hand and feed the belt to the pulley with the other.

SOME of these eight-cylinder power plants run so smoothly even when they are not hitting on all eight it is indeed something of an art to be able to check up on a guilty spark plug. Improved cars demand improved methods of servicing them. Bright ideas in design call for quick thinking in troubleshooting. Cars are smarter mechanically than ever before, and owners who enjoy keeping their automotive property up to date have to be smart to match.

The customary spark test is to short one plug after the other with a wooden-handle screwdriver. If the engine does not slow down when one of the plugs is prevented from firing in its cylinder the logical conclusion is that it isn't working properly. Shorting it makes no difference in the running of the engine, if it is not on the job.

This method worked out well enough in the days when there were fewer cylinders but with the newer, smoother engines, especially with the eights, you have to have an exceptionally good ear to detect the missing plug by means of this time-honored test. Something more modern must be resorted to, and what is more logical in this day and age of innovation than to consider the plan of reversing the test?

Suppose instead of cutting out each cylinder in turn we start with about four of them cut out and then cut in one at a time until all eight plugs are supposed to be firing? With four cylinders out of the running the engine will run slowly and, in many cases, hesitatingly. Each additional cylinder that is allowed to get on the job will cause the engine to speed up. For some strange reason it is easier to detect speeding up than slowing down.

The process of making this test is more

complicated. If you use rubber gloves you can simplify the job and go right ahead attaching the four disconnected ignition wires to their respective plugs. If the engine is a line-eight sometimes you can short two plugs each with two hammers. Connections can also be made and broken at the distributor head by pulling up the wires and pushing them down into their sockets again, but it is more difficult to trace the wires to their respective spark plugs.

Eventually, with this test, you should reach the point where the engine does not run any faster when current is allowed to go to one of the plugs without shorting. This will be the guilty plug, and you can be dead certain you have not made a mistake.

II

AN OWNER tells a very interesting experience which goes to show how important it is to encourage cleanliness in working around the car.

It seems that he had been having trouble



Keep the vacuum suction pipe connections tight at all times. This is especially important now that high speeds on hills are common, putting greater demands on the fuel system.

with his carburetor. The indications were that a little dirt had found its way into the high speed jet and, to be sure of it, he decided to take off the instrument and look it over carefully. This part of the work went off in good style. The jets certainly needed cleaning and during the work of inspecting the vitals of this important unit of the car several additional touches were given in order to insure better carburetion. Naturally the owner was amazed when the engine refused to run properly with the overhauled carburetor back in position.

Running by skips and starts the engine sent out quantities of heavy black smoke, indicating excessive richness of the mixture. This looked like a simple matter of readjustment, but when the owner discovered that the settings of the adjustments were normal he commenced to wonder whether he had made some grave error in reassembling the carburetor. Grasping at any straw that might lead to a clue, however, he tried all manner of adjustments. He was desperate.

Following five minutes' rest sitting on the running board, and after a good smoke, he began to see daylight. Perhaps he had forced some dirt into the vent hole of the accelerating well when he placed the carburetor on the workbench. It was certainly reasonable—

Yes, it was a fact. Sticking a pin into the vent he cleaned out just enough dirt to clog the hole and cause the well to feed the engine an excessively rich mixture. Immediately the engine ran normally.

III

ONE of the greatest pleasures in motor-ing is to get a new thrill out of the car, but too many car owners choose to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41)

Bolton of the Bancroft

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

scholarship. In another field of endeavor Dr. Bolton also has long been recognized as an authority. His historical investigations inevitably involved studies of the Indians of the Southwest, particularly of the Texas tribes, and as a result he contributed 40,000 words to the *Handbook of American Indians*, issued in 1912 by the Bureau of American Ethnology.

In 1907 the Carnegie Institution of Washington asked Bolton to prepare a guide to the materials for United States history in the archives of Mexico, and into this work went much of the fruit of eleven years' labor. How thoroughly he executed this commission may be indicated by saying that every discoverable collection of manuscripts, diaries, and documents in those archives having a bearing on any phase of the history of the United States is listed in Dr. Bolton's volume. One thus readily perceives the extent of this stupendous undertaking, more especially when one bears in mind the fact that these writings are in Spanish and that an infinite amount of reading had to be done to get at the gist of each item.

What Bolton did was to pave the way for future historians and investigators. He has collected these items so perfectly that the student now wishing to locate a given record touching upon a particular period may know instantly in which of the archives it may be found. This extraordinary bibliographical achievement has earned him not only the gratitude of his contemporaries but also of those who will follow him in the paths he pioneered. In recognition of his work he has been made an honorary member of many societies in Europe and America, and for his writings and his teachings of Spanish-American history, King Alfonso of Spain recently conferred upon him the title of Knight Commander of the Order of Queen Isabella. Most gratifying, perhaps, of all the honors which have come

to him was the invitation extended by the State of Texas four years ago to become president of the university where he laid the foundations of his life work. It has been his greatest sorrow that considerations beyond his personal control made it impossible to accept the call.

One must see Bolton at close range to get the full measure of the man; for his interests and sympathies are as divergent as the subjects in which he is an acknowledged authority. There is nothing pedagogical about him—I mean pedagogical in the old-fashioned sense. He talks with his students and not at them; he has forgotten, if he ever knew, how to be supercilious, for superciliousness is not in his makeup, and I suspect that he likes nothing better now and then than to poke fun at the fuddy-dufs of learning. His business, as he conceives it, is not to teach men and women what to think but to think for themselves. Dealing with facts, he never lets facts submerge the dreamer in him, for he holds that the true historian must be a person with imaginative zest. To the students in his seminar classes he is not a mysterious, high-and-mighty Nabob whom nobody ever sees between lectures. There is in him no lofty professorial dignity that has to be fanned with peacock feathers. The feet that wear a beaten path to the door of his office on the top floor of the Bancroft Library never wait long at the threshold; and when the student, coming to seek counsel, enters, everybody is introduced all around. For Professor Bolton's students are his business partners, so to speak, and the junior members of the firm must meet the friends of the seasoned, experienced elder.

A mass of details for which some men would require a filing cabinet, Bolton carries under his hat—the reference this student must see; a manuscript which will help that student to a better understanding,

say of the significance of mission activities on the northern frontiers of Mexico; the difficulties another student is having in some particular piece of research. Crossing the campus, he will see one of his students and hail him with the remark: "It occurred to me last night that you will find exactly what you are looking for in So-and-So's article printed in the January, 1905, number of Such-and-Such Historical Review."

That is the spirit of the man at work—and you don't have to see him more than once to observe how literally up to his neck in work he really is. That is Bolton, the teacher, in action; the man who has founded two centers of research in the history of the Americas; the man whose writings are helping students and readers of his books to broader international thinking. Out of his work has come what ought to come from research: new concepts and new syntheses. Known best for his researches in Southwestern history, his *Debatable Land* has put the early history of the Atlantic Coast "in a new mold." One cannot read his *Colonization in North America, 1492-1783*, written in collaboration with Thomas Maitland Marshall, one of Bolton's students, without finding in history a new meaning, a new outlook, a newer and a finer sense of historical proportion. Bolton's studies have shown him that the early history of North America, from the Caribbean to the Pacific and from Panama to Alaska, is not simply the history of the United States but the story of European expansion in the New World. Hence a syllabus of the historical evolution of the Western Hemisphere, just completed, will soon be followed by a two-volume history of both Americas. So also in Dr. Bolton's *The Spanish Borderland: A Chronicle of Old Florida and the Southwest*, *Spanish Explorations in the Southwest* and in his other works, the reader glimpses these new con-

cepts, just as students at Berkeley find new concepts in Bolton's courses. Essentially a research man in his earlier career, several of his later books have been highly praised for their literary qualities.

Dr. Bolton has brought to his writings a new spirit of critical scholarship, and his influence is having far-reaching effect. The business of the modern historian, unlike that of the earlier writers, is not to assume, as a modern wit has said, to know the plans of the Almighty, nor to color his interpretations of events with political bias, but to approach his work with a detachment free from pieties and pretensions. Prejudices masquerading as facts have no place in his scheme of things; he does not suffuse his writings with emotional appeal, nor is he expected, except in some thoroughly discredited political quarters, to be chauvinistic. Bolton, indebted to Turner and McMaster and his other teachers for setting him on the high road to adventure in history, has pushed out boldly beyond the borderlands and shown that to write American history an author must think in terms of world history.

His seminar classes at Berkeley are drawing graduate students from all parts of the country to take their doctoral degree, and these men and women are going forth to become writers and professors of history in the colleges and universities of the United States. Several of them already have international reputations. Trained under Bolton and his colleagues, they form the most vigorous group of historians in the world today. And, fittingly enough, as a tribute to the head of a great department which has given added prestige to the University of California throughout the Old World and the New, the group is spoken of as the Bolton School. And that is a tribute which is richly deserved by this man of genius who has raised his own imperishable monument.

Some Other Americans

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

come. On the iron grilles in the engine-room three youths snored and groaned in total anesthesia, oblivious of the fact that they doubtless would awaken striped for life. Descending the forward ladder I clung to it with all my strength to avoid stepping in the faces of a mother and her baby cuddled beneath its lowest rung. A lurch of the ship sent the baby's bottle, half filled with milk, overboard.

The journey was completed under a cloud that soon loosed a bitter rain. Even this failed to arouse those deep in slumber. The lighthouse at the entrance to the Bay of Guaymas soon became visible, appearing and disappearing as the *Korrigan* sank into a trough of the sea or raised to the crest of a wave. Blessed light! Harbinger of peaceful, quiet waters! The wise ones never welcomed the Star



The new bugle horns provide inspiration for the noted conductor, Professor Garlacio

of Bethlehem more eagerly.

We couldn't dock at Guaymas. We must be lightered ashore. This involved the expenditure of an additional \$5.00 for our car and 50 cents for each of us. The ship came to anchor before those Maxfield Parrish hills, mystical in the cloud-cast blues of early morning. The captain gave three blasts on the ship's whistle and settled down to await the port doctor. A trim gig brought him an hour or so later. He looked us over carefully, saw no signs of bubonic plague or yellow fever and gave us a clean bill. And then the *cargadores* we saw upon us—a whole fleet of them in Ford-motored longboats to carry us and our luggage ashore.

Our car came off at noon. In the interim we paid our compliments to Don Francisco Barreras, the venerable *presidente* of Guay-

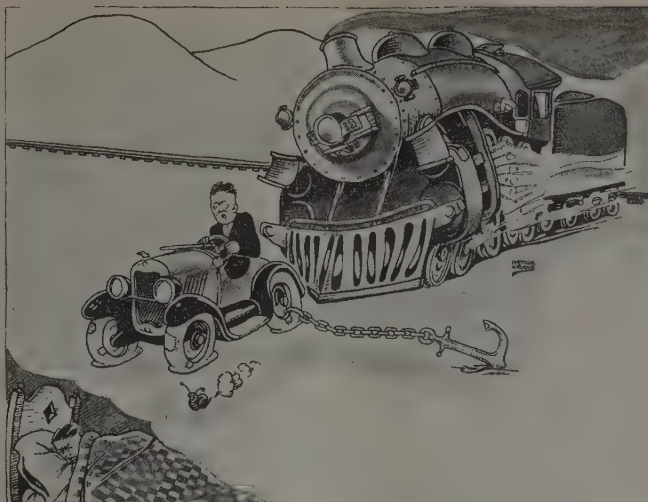
mas, and visited Miramar, the attractive bathing beach created on the bay through the enterprise of Don Luis Dávila.

The mud was ankle deep from the rain of the night before. We hoped to make Hermosillo, eighty-nine miles away, by sundown. We were doomed to experience the first of a series of disappointments. Under normal weather conditions—in October, November, March, April or May—when this entire trip may best be made, we would have achieved our objective readily. But we reckoned without the rain which retarded us with a deadly monotony throughout Sonora.

We came to a halt at Rancho la Posa, seventeen miles south of Hermosillo, before an arroyo running swift and full of water, far too deep to ford. The technique in such an exigency is rather complicated, but we developed it to a state of clocklike precision. We would stop; Señor Jack would divest himself of shoes and stockings, roll up his pants and wade in. I watched him. If the water came below his knees we'd try to cross—and generally succeeded. If the water came above, or his investigations showed a silty bottom there was nothing to do but wait until the water went down. At La Posa the water was thigh-high and the ford covered with a foot of silt. We camped.

In the morning the water was gone and with the aid of chains the mud offered no obstacle. (No wise motorist, surely, will go anywhere without chains and a small but serviceable shovel. One might as well leave his jack at home). We bucked mud from then on. It was noon before we reached Hermosillo. The Sonora River—a raging stream at times—peculiarly enough, was easily crossed. One can never be certain what drainage courses these summer storms are going to take. More surprises!

We rested in Hermosillo, renewed acquaintances, checked up all our data, and absorbed a satisfying dose of the old-world spirit of the thriving Sonora capital. Hermosillo is a cosmopolis. Architecturally and in its basic manners it is antique and decidedly Spanish. But there are overtones of the advancing, surging progress of the Western world—such symbols as



A TOURIST'S NIGHTMARE

paved streets and boulevard stop signs, American cigarettes and ice cream cones.

The Señores Montijo, the engineer, Samaniego, the *pisteador*, and Marco, the boniface, found us before we had a chance to look for them. Governor Topete, that able and courtly executive, was in Mexico City at a conference brought about by the death of Obregon, a blow that stunned all Mexico and from which it had not, even then, regained its composure. His competent secretary of state apprised us that improvement work was actually proceeding on the Nogales-Guaymas highway, and that before another year it would rank with the best of desert roads in the States. And the State of Sonora is supplying all the necessary funds. These are derived from a tax of two *centavos* (one-cent gold) on each litre of gasoline sold. The metric system of weights and measures is effective in Mexico and gasoline is bought by the litre instead of the gallon (approximately four litres).

We expected to reach Nogales on the night of the morning we left Hermosillo. Again we reckoned unwisely. We camped, instead, before an impassable arroyo near Llano. Most of the day rain had fallen and we advanced slowly

over the soggy terrain. Our camp was made in a shower and the heavens promised no relief. We debated the problem of utilizing the railroad grade and bridges nearby—but only momentarily. It was an offense punishable by imprisonment and might result even more disastrously should we by chance be put to disputing the right-of-way with a train.

The morning was fecund with promise. The sun shone bright over the clean landscape. Those marvellous cloud forms that make the skies of Sonora, Arizona and New Mexico the most paintable in the world, were everywhere. The countryside stretched itself beneath a verdant plush blanket. Our arroyo with its mad stream no longer denied us passage.

The Magdalena River, including all its branches, dry ten months of the year, we managed with no difficulty. Our distributor and carburetor were high upon the motor and we were safe from motor ailments. The river flowed over the running-boards and through the body, our exhaust resembling the put-put of a motor-boat as it discharged beneath the water.

Mid-afternoon, after bowling along at a forty-mile clip over a road untouched by rain, we were confronted with another pesky ar-

royo near Imuris, carrying more water than we yet had seen. We became watchful waiters. We weren't alone. A dozen other cars shared our fate. Some had been waiting since early morning. We stuck a stick in the bank of the stream and examined it at regular intervals. The water was receding! By four o'clock it was low enough to cross—but the bottom was treacherous. One car essayed the crossing and stuck. A Chinaman, accompanied by half the pueblo of Imuris, appeared with four mules. These dragged the balance of the cars across, with two exceptions. One of these was ourselves. We tried it under our own power, advancing cautiously while the silt-laden water inundated us. We were all but across, our front wheels on the opposite bank, when our rear wheels dropped into a soft spot. "Rocking" wouldn't help us. A vaquero near by threw a line about our front axle; his horse lunged under spur and we were out.

Only once more did we hesitate—before another arroyo, small but on the rise. There was only one answer and that was to plunge through. The headwaters of the Magdalena, crossed fifteen times in two miles, proved a snap. Half an hour after we left it, it became impassable and remained so for three days.

At Nogales there started another chain of inspections. The bug men at Tucson and Yuma found no boll weevils about our persons; the customs men at Nogales no contraband, and the immigration inspectors at Altar and Coachella, no Chinese. The mental processes of these alert guardians passeth my understanding. Their attention seemed to center about our personal luggage as though if we were disposed to import a colony of Mediterranean fruit flies, a cargo of opium or half a dozen orientals, we would be certain to sandwich them in between our pajamas and our other shirt. There seems some warranty for immigration and customs inspection, but the ways of the bug men, I confess, are mystifying.

We were in Los Angeles from Nogales, 690 miles, without stop for rest, traveling all of a night to cheat the sun-drenched desert.

The Idea Kit

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

overlook the fact that it is up to them to make the changes that will result in enabling the car to reveal these hidden virtues. Proceeding on the theory that variety is the spice of life they foolishly ignore the point that much of the variety which a car is capable of offering depends entirely on how much encouragement it receives from the man at the wheel.

Many refreshing changes can be made with little effort. The way the car rides can be changed quite radically through varying the adjustment of the shock absorbers or spring controls. Steering is another feature that can be altered so as to provide different effects and take care of varying tastes. You may think you are the sort of

person who likes to have an easy ride, or a steady ride no matter how "hard" it may be, but if you change the car's characteristics in this connection you'll be surprised at your own pleasure.

Along toward the end of a hard day's trip one motorist makes it a point to stop at a filling station and increase the air pressure in his front tires. It makes steering easier and serves to make the balance of the trip more pleasurable because of less physical effort.

Another owner changes every now and again from a rather lean mixture to one that is a little richer than what might be regarded as normal. As they say in the comic records, he has a reason. The lean mixture is quite a help to him in

climbing long, steep hills: and when he's on this basis he takes particular delight in the hill climbing performance of his car. When he tires of this he switches to the rich mixture and enjoys the pleasure of being able to start off from the garage or after parking without bothering to use the choke. He enjoys it particularly if he is using the car for social use, for theatre-going and business. While other engines are sputtering and getting away to hesitating starts his is purring along sweetly like some pampered Rolls or Isotta.

Recently the writer had occasion to install a new accelerator spring but had to use one of lighter tension. To his delight he found the lighter accelerator pressure changed

the whole character of the car, giving the engine a snappier action. When he stepped on the accelerator he fed gas more quickly. The change was striking.

IV

THE car owner with a monkey wrench is apt to be like the small boy with a hammer. He obtains such pronounced results with this tool there is a certain amount of fascination about the work, and presently he is tightening things that might better be left reasonably loose.

Spring shackles are a case in point. They are easy to get at and take a wrench nicely. You don't have to be a contortionist to tighten them up, and because loose shackles are a source of constant annoy-

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Oronite Spring Oil is a new super-penetrating oil. Dissolves rust—cleans the springs—and leaves a durable, protecting film of oil. Reduces shocks and strains—lessens the danger of broken springs—and improves your car's riding qualities. Easily applied—the long-spout can reaches the underneath places—no soiled clothes or hands.

Eliminates chassis squeaks. And frees engine valves stuck by carbon or gummed oil. Use Oronite Spring Oil—for spring protection—and easier riding.

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Let 'Er Buck

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ance you feel that a good tightening ought to produce exceptionally desirable results. It comes as a shock to find that excessive tightening of shackles and spring bolts causes increased wear of bushings and hard riding.

If the shackles are not free to work properly they will hamper the normal action of the springs as well as of the instruments that control the springs. In many of the service stations the work of making cars ride easier is merely a matter of undoing owners' misdirected efforts. If moderation was ever justified it is in the matter of keeping shackles tight. When loose they wear rapidly because they rattle and also because lubricant works out of them too readily. When too tight they give the lubricant no opportunity to do its work.

Incidentally, there is no advantage in having the car 'jacked up when lubricating shackles. There is, however, much to be said for the plan of jacking up the front of the car when greasing kingpin bushings and the various steering rod and tie rod connections. Move the wheels into various positions when doing this work.

INSPECTION of the car often reveals mistakes in driving. One owner, for example, noticed a polished spot on the steering drag link and happened to be interested enough in his observation to look into the matter. As a result he has learned not to swing the front wheels so far to the left. He had been forcing the left front tire to scrape against the drag link at the extreme left turned position of the wheels.

Looking into the reason for the premature wearing of the clutch

plates in his car one owner was just observing enough to speculate as to why his brakes were in so much better condition than the clutch. The lesson he learned is one that many drivers would do well to bear in mind. It seems that there is a good deal of hilly topography in the business section of the city where he hails from with the result that he is obliged to keep the car from coasting ahead or backwards when stopping in traffic. Instead of using his brakes for this, however, he keeps in gear and slips the clutch.

VI

SPEAKING of discovering driving mistakes through inspection of the car, or through troubles you might have with it, reminds me of the story of a motorist who decided that the reason oil worked out the right rear brakes was because he kept too religiously to his own side of a crowned road. He understood, of course, that the axle needed a new washer to hold the grease in but he figured that with the car showing a tendency to throw oil he might counteract this by driving well up on the crown of the road as much as possible.

The idea was good enough, but there was another angle to the story. I refer to the design of the car itself. Since the ring gear faces the right side of the car and exerts a pumping action on the grease there always is more tendency for lubricant to work out at the right than at the left. In driving more on the level he was applying one rather dubious remedy to two conditions that cause oil leakage. Nothing quite so simplified can be expected to insure an owner against trials and tribulations.

The Birth of a Car

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

It required an excess of skill and considerable faith to run such risks in the early days, and it was not surprising that speed went out of style. For many years the average man was entirely satisfied to run twenty miles an hour with twenty-five and thirty as a special license out on the open road. But the belief was general that speed would be useful if only reasonably safe.

This explains why several of the most influential manufacturers could not stop the universal landslide to four-wheel brakes. The average motorist knew that no car is any safer than its stopping ability. He wanted four-wheel brakes. He said it with orders for cars that carried this feature. The automobile changed accordingly.

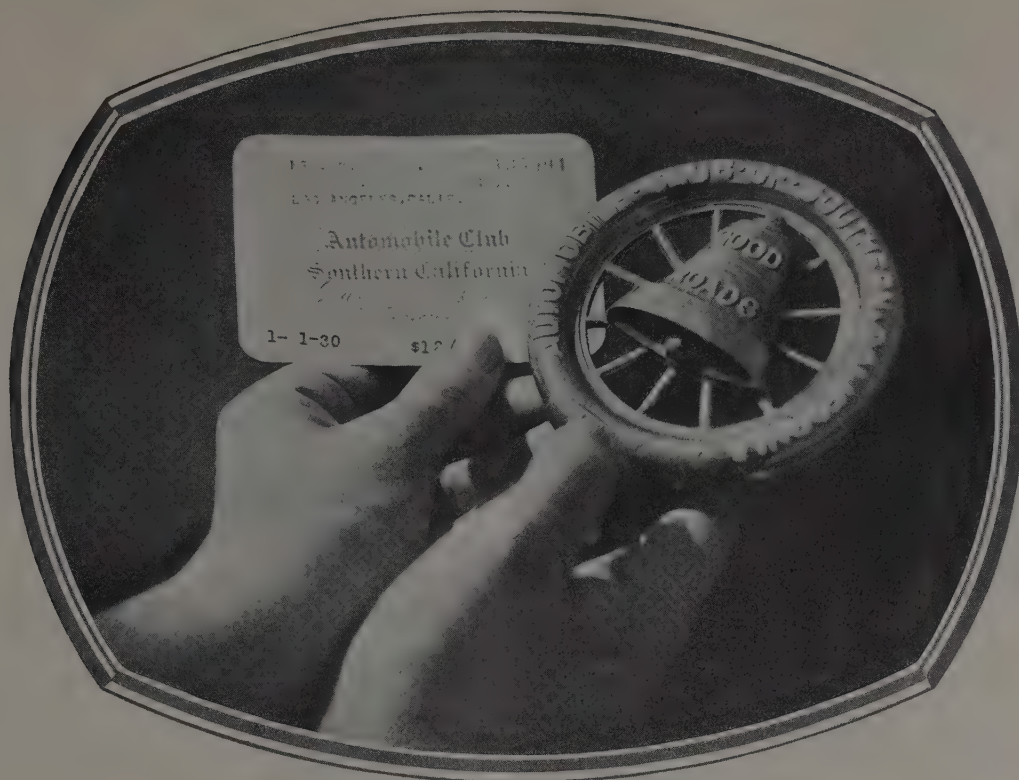
The automobile is given a number of touches which originate in service stations. Though cars were originally offered without shock absorbers, for instance, they are now commencing to appear with these devices an integral part of their construction, thus repeating the story that has been recorded by the self-starter, the speedometer, the gasoline gauge, bumpers, horn, winter front and dozens of other articles. It was discovered through the service stations that motorists

desired shock absorbers and bought them generously, but that there was too much re-adjusting of these articles and not enough stability of efficiency. And what is the result?

One concern is offering a spring control device that is not affected by climatic or weather conditions. A car manufacturer offers his products equipped with shock absorbers that are non-adjustable. The devices can be had with a choice of three different settings for soft, medium and hard riding. You select the type you like and may change it if you are dissatisfied, but you cannot tamper with the devices, nor can an inexperienced mechanic give you a lot of grief.

Many improvements have been the result of owner complaints lodged with service stations. And service men themselves have had plenty of opportunity to size up the average car owner. Very often a tip goes through to the factory that results in a change for the better in the design of a car.

The double shackling of the left front spring, an improvement which does away with "wheel fight" in two of the new cars, is said to have been the result of an accident. One old car that did nothing else well revealed the remark-



A Year-'Round Christmas!

There's one advantage to a membership in the Automobile Club of Southern California possessed by few other Christmas gifts---it's a day by day reminder of the thoughtfulness of the giver. Every time he has occasion to use the widespread service facilities of this remarkable organization, the member motorist recalls the thoughtfulness of some friend or relative.

If "he" or "she" is a confirmed motorist (and who in Southern California is not?) your gift problem is solved with a membership in this largest of American motoring organizations.

Gift memberships are available again this year in de luxe boxes. The cover is a full-color painting of our own California, and within is a generous set of road maps, a nickel-and-bronze Club emblem ready to be affixed to the radiator, a membership card, a copy of the Motor Vehicle Act, a copy of Touring Topics, numerous other pertinent publications, and an elegant gift card.

A call on the phone at headquarters or any of the 33 branch offices will bring a courteous representative who will explain the benefits of club membership and show you these handsome gifts.

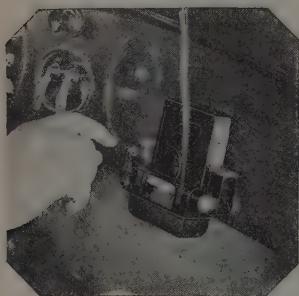
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528

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able virtue of refusing to kick back through the steering wheel. In trying to tune it up someone tightened the left front spring shackle and was amazed to find that the car lost its only virtue. Loosening the shackle again, the virtue returned.

This happened in Europe, but it might well have occurred in the land where the idea now is revolutionizing steering. Even the Fates take a flyer in the exciting game of creating newer and more remarkable cars.

Recently a car owner who was being taken through one of the giant motor car manufactories of

Detroit stood in consternation as he looked down a seemingly endless assembly line that was bristling with activity. "That is positively wonderful," he exclaimed; "where on earth does it begin?"

"Where do you live?"
"Mexico, Pennsylvania."

"Well," he was told, "that isn't quite the starting point, but the assembly line passes through there. As a matter of fact, you've probably given the automobile a touch or two at some time or other. The automobile, you know, is everybody's business."

Personally, I think it's everybody's business to know it.

Your Club's Activities

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

oughly and competently signposting the highway. * * *

Westward Ho!

THE annual shipment of automobiles to California from the East began in September. During this month there is annually an increase in the business of the Forwarding Department, owing to the large number of tourists who ship their cars to California for the winter. However, this year the increase was exceptionally great.

Nearly \$9,000 was advanced by the department for freight charges on incoming cars. The department maintains constant contact with the various shipping agents in the East and is always striving to better accommodations and to lower the freight charges for the motorist who desires to ship his car.

This department also handles shipments to all points of the world, is in touch with the various steamship companies, and is prepared to take care of shipping a member's car across the seven seas. * * *

Mapping Nevada

RECENTLY there has been much interest in the State of Nevada. This large country with less than its share of inhabitants is coming to be better known by tourists. The Touring Bureau has just sent one of its crews to spend about two months collecting road information and essential data in Nevada. Their charting will be used subsequently in the drafting of a map of the State.

The route of the crew includes the entire desert region between Owens Valley and the States of Utah and Arizona. It will extend from the Lincoln Highway south to the National Old Trails. Since it is now difficult to procure a good map of Nevada, this addition to

the Club's State maps will be invaluable to the tourist who chooses this State as a motoring objective. * * *

How's the Weather?

THE Touring Bureau is now in a position to give up-to-the-minute weather reports to motorists contemplating a trip to any locality in California. Recently the Club installed a recording instrument which receives weather reports automatically from stations all along the Pacific Coast every ninety minutes during the day, starting at six-thirty in the morning.

The acquisition of this machine, known as the "Teletype," enables the Club to receive Weather Bureau announcements at the same time as the aviation fields. Since the transfer of the Weather Bureau from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of Commerce a few months ago, and through the interest of the Daniel Guggenheim Foundation, this service has been greatly amplified, particularly to serve aviation. The newly installed system, connecting forty-seven stations and airports of the State, exchanges detailed reports of wind direction, velocity, air ceiling, atmospheric conditions, temperature, visibility, and precipitation. This information is gathered by thoroughly scientific methods and has already proved a great aid to aviation.

The benefit of these reports to motorists, particularly during the rainy season, is readily realized. A few minutes after a heavy snow on the Ridge Route or elsewhere, the Touring Bureau is able to advise tourists of the fact. From all points of the State the reports come in at regular intervals noting heavy rains, storms, fog, and high and low temperatures.

Style in Men's Wear

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

the vent. Suede still leads in dress gloves and darker shades are used this season by the man who follows the trend of fashion.

A business or lounge suit which is very popular this season has a single button jacket with peaked lapels, a double-breasted waistcoat and pleated trousers. It is most

often in dark brown worsted or other conservative color with perhaps small flecks of color showing indistinctly in the background. The favored hat with this suit is the snap brim, light colored felt in tan, green or gray with the crown higher than last season's and a ribbon band which is narrower.

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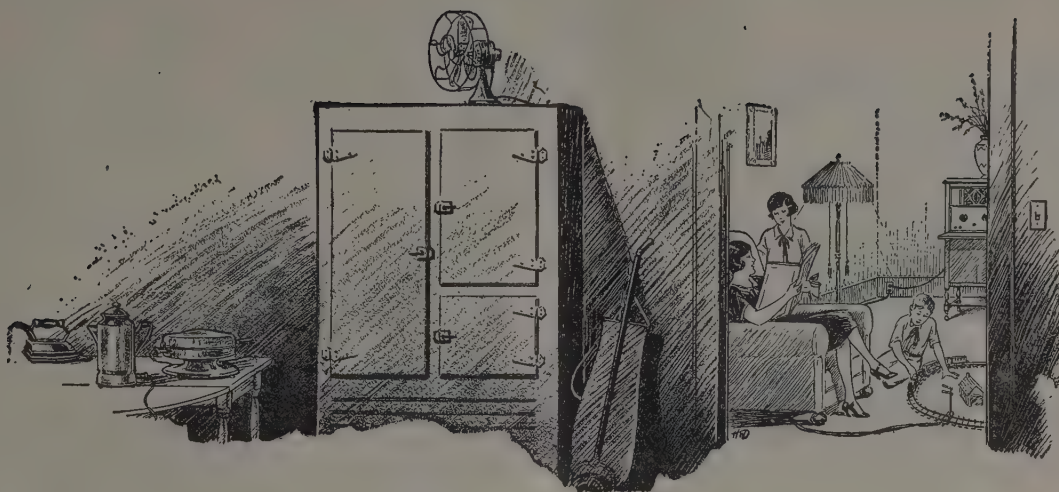
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of TOURING TOPICS, published monthly at Beverly Hills, Calif., for October 1st, 1928.

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Standish L. Mitchell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of TOURING TOPICS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulation, printed on the reverse side of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publishers, The Automobile Club of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif.; Editor, Phil Townsend Hanna, Los Angeles, Calif.; Business Manager, Standish L. Mitchell, Los Angeles, Calif.

2. That the owners are (Give names and addresses of individuals, owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock): The Automobile Club of Southern California, Los Angeles, California, the officers of which are Horace G. Miller, President, 5125 Santa Fe Avenue, Los Angeles; E. D. Lyman, Vice-President, 621 South Hope St., Los Angeles; H. J. Bauer, Vice-President, California Bank Building, Los Angeles; Ivan Kelso, Counsel, 2601 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles; Standish L. Mitchell, Secretary, 2601 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles; Ralph Reynolds, Assistant Secretary, 2601 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, state so): None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the

stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is 104,465.

STANDISH L. MITCHELL,

Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1928.

(Seal) ALDA M. LAPSLEY,

Notary Public.

(My commission expires September 25th, 1929.)



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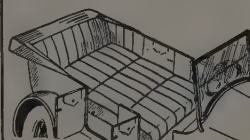
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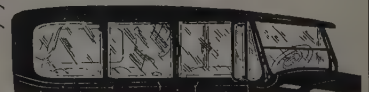
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Where this sign is . . . a real DUOCO re-finish for your car

Make it look like this year's model with beautiful, durable Duco colors. The du Pont Duco Authorized Refinisher will be glad to suggest new color harmonies.

Duco is a specific product of the du Pont Company. No other finish is Duco. There is a standard method of using it to refinish automobiles, called the du Pont Process. Only at Authorized du Pont Duco Refinishing Stations can you be sure of having your car refinished in genuine Duco by the du Pont Process.

Authorized Refinishing Shops Los Angeles and Vicinity

LOS ANGELES

Don Lee, Inc.
7th & Bixel Sts.
Robert Thompson Co.
1015 So. Grand Ave.
Pacific Duco Auto Refinish,
2217 Beverly Blvd.
Chas. W. Link, Inc.,
1501 West 8th St.
Greer-Robbins Co., Inc.,
48th & Alameda Sts.
Western Mechanical Works,
3221 So. Figueroa St.
Morgan Top Co.,
622 W. 17th St.
Joseph Kreutzer,
1801-23 S. Hope St.
Carter Auto Works,
1224 So. Hope St.
Milligan & Newell Co.,
1365 So. Hope St.
F. Y. Wheeler Co.,
2814 So. Grand Ave.
Fontaine Auto Works,
1562 W. Pico St.
Ready-Go Service,
2701 So. Figueroa St.
West Coast Auto Paint Shop,
1460 W. Washington St.
Highland Auto Works,
106 So. Ave. 58
Woodward Automotive Engineers,
1260 So. Alvarado St.
Master Service Co.,
811 Whittier St.
Hollywood Duco Company,
4661 Hollywood Blvd.
Copple Auto Works, 806 W. Washington

INGLEWOOD

Eveland's Top & Body Shop, 440 S. Market St.

COVINA

W. A. Label, 118 Orange St.

LONG BEACH

Duco System,
1724 American Ave.
L. B. Updike,
537 W. Anaheim Blvd.
Loynes Garage,
243 Chestnut St.
Continental Auto Paint Shop,
1189 E. Anaheim Blvd.

PASADENA

Clark's Top & Body Shop, 33 W. Green St.
W. B. Fairweather,
38 North Hill Ave.
McLaren Body, Top & Paint Works,
136 So. Raymond Ave.
Walter M. Murphy Co.,
55 North Vernon Ave.
C. J. Damm,
55 Valley Street

GLENDALE

Glendale Duco Automotive Works,
406 E. Colorado St.
Jewel City Paint Shop,
821 S. Glendale Ave.

BURBANK

Valley Duco Paint Shop, 325 West San Fernando Road

HUNTINGTON BEACH

J. D. Binard, 610 S. Main St.

WHITTIER

Arnold's Duco Shop, 120 So. Comstock Ave.

MONROVIA

Stanley Auto Paint Shop, 917 West Orange St.

SANTA BARBARA

Duco Auto Refinish Co., Chapala at Montecito St.

SAN BERNARDINO

Zulch Auto Works,
274 "I" Street
Sherlock-Nickless, Inc.,
529 Court St.

EAST SAN GABRIEL

J. W. Nichols

ONTARIO

Woods Body & Auto Shop,
320 N. Euclid Ave.
Wolfe & Couch,
Palm at Transit

EAGLE ROCK

Eagle Rock Auto Painters, 1930 Colorado Blvd.

ANAHEIM

Cramer & Mills, 327 S. Los Angeles St.

VENTURA

Pacific Auto Refinish, 421 Palm St.

SAN PEDRO

E. C. Richards,
526 W. 5th St.
Seaboard Motors, 401 Pacific Blvd.

LA JOLLA

La Jolla Garage, 7922 Herschell Ave.

RIVERSIDE

E. E. Gruhn,
1344 Market St.
Riverside Auto Top & Body Works, 6th & Fairmount Sts.

SAN DIEGO

D. E. Lewis,
State and Ash Sts.
Raymond V. Morris Co.,
836 Columbia St.
Don Lee, Inc., First and A Sts.

SANTA ANA

Duco Auto Paint Shop,
Fifth & Ross Sts.
O. H. Egge & Co.,
426 W. 5th St.
Central Auto Body Works, 113 Sycamore St.

POMONA

Sterling Auto Paint Co., 172 E. 5th St.

SANTA MONICA

Harrison Brush, 1428 2nd St.

SANTA MARIA

W. S. Edwards Co., Mill and Smith Sts.

BAKERSFIELD

C. N. Johnston,
18th & O Sts.
Bakersfield Garage & Auto Supply Company, 20th & Eye Sts.

SAN LUIS OBISPO

C. H. Kamm & Co., 1009 Monterey

VISALIA

The Main Garage,
415 Main St.
Visalia Auto Top & Paint Shop,
511 E. Main St.


PORTERVILLE

Porterville Auto Paint Shop,
Mill and B Sts.
Valley Body Works,
Second and Morton Sts.

TULARE

Tulare Radiator Works, 105 E. King St.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.

1817 INDUSTRIAL STREET, LOS ANGELES  351 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

DUOCO Authorized Auto Refinishers

Hidden Forest of Nevada

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

crow, the junco, and a species of small woodpecker.

In prehistoric times a frequently traveled Indian trail extended from the Charleston Mountains to the Colorado River. This trail passed directly through the Hidden Forest, where many of the ancients made their homes. That old tribes lived in the forest has been definitely established by the finding of pottery fragments and the presence of many of the old fire pits where the root of the mescal plant was roasted to be eaten for food or brewed into a liquor. A deeply worn trail was

found which leads to a supposed temple of sun worship. This temple consist of a series of concentric rings in the lava formation on the side of a hill with a central altar of stone supposed to have been used for sacrificial purposes. The temple stones were laid long ago and are glossy with the patina of great antiquity. The history of the people who used the temple and who lived in the Hidden Forest long ago may never be known. Only the fragments of pottery and the dimly marked circles of heaped stones record their passing. But the Hidden Forest remains with its venerable trees and shading boughs to rest and interest the desert traveler, and is one of the most remarkable scenic attractions in the State."

The wayfarer who essays the passage of mile upon mile of wilderness, turns his car toward that apparently sterile range, and emerges through the towering gorge into the heart of this wonderful forest, will have more than an excursion to a scene of transcendent beauty; he will have an emotional adventure, a spiritual revelation. For the long journey through the wasteland, terminating with the dramatic entry into the Hidden Forest, is almost like an allegory of a passage from the valley of tribulation to the hills of Paradise.

TOURING TOPICS

sents a striking spectacle, one of the lakes is tinged a turquoise blue by glacial scourings. In the distance to the north and west one sees the stern form of Mount Humphreys, the impressive Abbott group, and that of the Evolution Basin containing Mounts Darwin and Goddard and other almost equally bold and beautiful peaks. Far away to the north and slightly to the west one describes the snow-streaked forms of the Yosemite mountains.

The above are the main peaks of the Palisade group. In scenic beauty and ruggedness they are probably not excelled in the range; in mountaineering they collectively afford the finest opportunities for rock climbing of any group in the Sierra. Their elevated basins offer wonderful opportunities for timber-line camps, looking up to the craggy summits of the Palisades in one direction, and in others far out over a chaos of rugged granite mountains and profound canyons.

To the Summit of the Palisades

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

equal to that from Mount Winchell and has the advantage of possessing somewhat better perspective. The moraine-filled and lake-studded basin to the east and north pre-

Dealers Attention!

FOR ORIGINAL EQUIPMENT

WIND WINGS STEP PLATES

Other High Grade Specialties

E. D. HOFELLER CO.

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MILLIGAN-NEWELL CO.

Body, Fender and Top Repairing

AUTHORIZED
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SEATS CUT FOR SLEEPING

Phone WEstmore 5937

1365 So. Hope St.

LOS ANGELES

Adapt Cameo Signs to Your Business



Cameo porcelain enamel signs have adapted themselves profitably to almost every type of business and industry.

They can be manufactured in any size, quantity, designs or color combinations. Each "Cameo Sign" is guaranteed not to fade or tarnish for ten years.

All road signs used by the Auto Club of Southern California are Cameo Signs

CALIFORNIA METAL ENAMELING CO.

2151 East 51st Street

LOS ANGELES



Official Garage
No. 1

Maintenance Specialists on

Chrysler Packard Nash Studebaker Willys-Knight

Woodward Automotive Engineers

1260 South Alvarado at Pico



BEacon 7500



A Worthy Mate

FOR YOUR MOTOR CAR

The trunk that is to complete your car must be correct in line, color and design. Regardless of the make or model of your car, there's a Fey & Krause trunk and rack for it. It will add to your car beyond your belief and the usefulness needs no repeating.

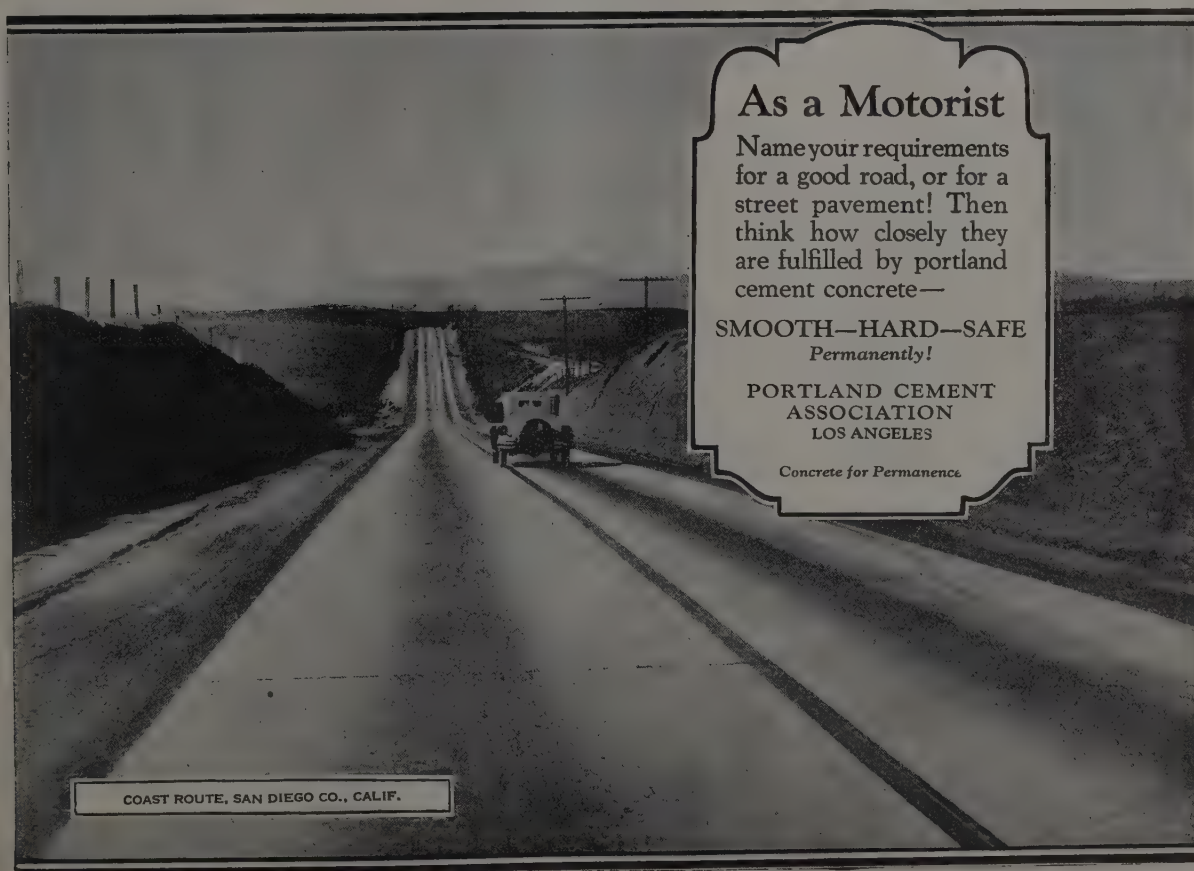
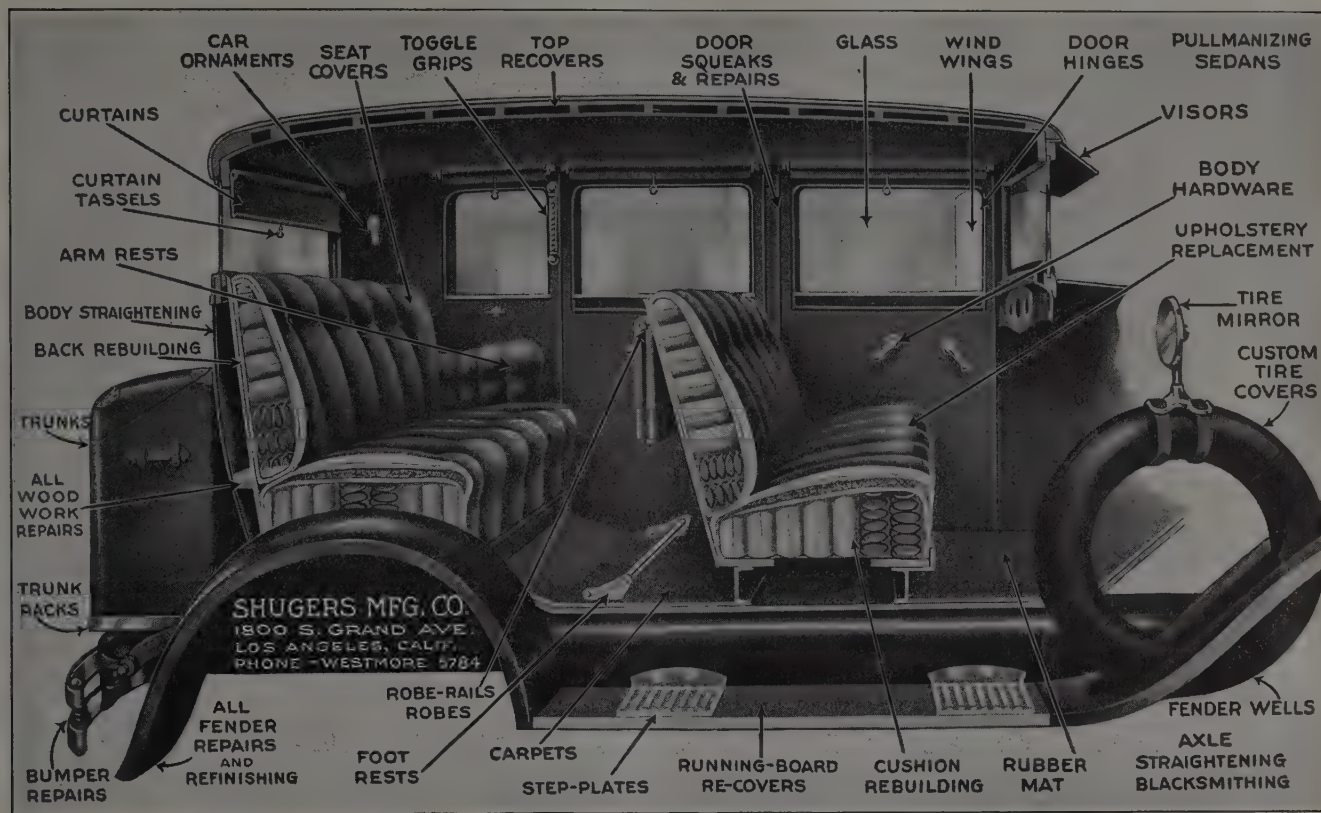
High grade trunks and racks to fulfill all necessities.

Be SURE it's built by

FEY & KRAUSE, INC.

1341 So. Hope St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Bring Your Car In--MAYBE IT NEEDS



As a Motorist

Name your requirements for a good road, or for a street pavement! Then think how closely they are fulfilled by portland cement concrete—

SMOOTH—HARD—SAFE
Permanently!

**PORTLAND CEMENT
ASSOCIATION
LOS ANGELES**

Concrete for Permanence

COAST ROUTE, SAN DIEGO CO., CALIF.

Routes and Rules for the Highway Patrol



THE HIGHWAY PATROL SERVICE CARS are not subject to call—they patrol daily the main thoroughfares of Southern California and service is rendered to Club members in distress on the highways when encountered.

¶ Mechanical first aid available for members consists of the following:

¶ Emergency repairs to a car disabled on the highways when it is possible to start same within a reasonable length of time. Patrolmen will not go into garages, private or public, to render service.

¶ Towing a disabled car (without dollies) free of charge to the nearest Official Garage, preferably on the particular route in the direction the patrol car is traveling, if it cannot be started on the road.

¶ In the event that the disabled car must be floated on dollies, patrolmen will arrange with the Club's nearest Official Emergency Road Service Station to tow same without expense to the member. (Refer to regulations printed elsewhere herein for Emergency Road Service.)

¶ Changing spare tires from rack to rim when car is operated by a woman driver unaccompanied by male companion. This service will not be rendered a man physically fit.

¶ Gasoline and oil will be carried by patrol cars and sold without profit to members.

¶ Patrol cars will not be permitted to deviate from their designated routes.

¶ Only competent mechanics, qualified to render mechanical aid, are employed on these cars.

¶ Medical first aid to injured persons consists of applying splints and bandages, and arranging for removal of injured persons from the scene of accident to the nearest hospital. Complete medical kits for emergency use are part of the equipment of each car. The patrol drivers have all undergone special training in Medical First Aid Work.

¶ Members are requested not to tip patrolmen for services rendered. Members are kindly requested to show their Club membership card when service is rendered, and to sign service report.

Where the Patrol Cars Operate

Patrol Car No. 72

This car patrols the highway between El Centro and San Diego daily—and covers the important roads in the Imperial Valley.

Patrol Car No. 64

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the route via Glendale, San Fernando,

Saugus and Santa Paula to Ventura, returning to Los Angeles via Moorpark and Santa Susana Pass.

Patrol Car No. 71

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. via Alvarado Street and Glendale Blvd. to Glendale; Verdugo Canyon to La Canada, Flint-

ridge, Devil's Gate Dam, thence to Pasadena and via Colorado Street to the San Gabriel Blvd., thence south to Downey, Norwalk, Buena Park and Garden Grove into Santa Ana; thence to Balboa and north over the Coast Highway through Huntington Beach, Seal Beach and Long Beach to Los Angeles, returning to Los Angeles via Wilmington and the Harbor Blvd.

Patrol Car No. 63

Leaves Visalia daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Inland Route south via Tulare and Delano to Bakersfield, retraces to Delano, then patrols the highway via Ducor, Porterville, Lindsay and Exeter to Visalia.

Patrol Cars Nos. 61 & 69

These two cars patrol the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. One car leaves Los Angeles and the second leaves San Diego daily at 8 a.m.

Patrol Car No. 73

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Valley Blvd. through El Monte, Puente, Pomona and Ontario to Riverside, then to Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, returning to Los Angeles via Foothill Blvd. and Pasadena.

Patrol Car No. 68

This car patrols the Highway between Los Angeles and Bakersfield—(off each Monday).

Patrol Car No. 70

Leaves San Luis Obispo daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Coast Highway north through Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel to the Monterey County line. Retraces to San Luis Obispo, then patrols south to Santa Maria and returns to San Luis Obispo.

Patrol Car No. 66

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the highway via South Figueroa Street, Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park and Long Beach Blvd. to Long Beach; thence to San Pedro, Wilmington and Redondo; returning to Los Angeles via Western Avenue, thence to Venice via West Adams Street, Washington Blvd. and Culver City, thence to Santa Monica, returning to Club Headquarters via Wilshire Blvd., Vermont Avenue and West Adams Street.

Patrol Car No. 67

This car operates on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Maria—(off each Monday).

OFFICIAL CAR FORWARDERS

The following forwarders have been carefully selected and have agreed to receive and distribute automobiles shipped from the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to them and to receive automobiles for shipment in consolidated consignment to the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN



advised to communicate with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA or the appropriate forwarder.

Alabama

MOBILE
Walker Storage Warehouse Co.,
926 Conti Street.

Arizona

PHOENIX
Automobile Club of Arizona,
217 East Adams Street.
TUCSON
Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Co.

California

LOS ANGELES
Automobile Club of So. California,
Adams and Figueroa Sts.

Colorado

DENVER
Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.,
1700 15th St., (and Denver Motor
Club, 1448 Tremont St., for infor-
mation only).

Florida

JACKSONVILLE
Laney & Delcher Storage Co., Inc.,
657 East Bay Street.
MIAMI
John E. Withers' Transfer & Stor-
age Co.,
1000-1012 N. East First Avenue.

Hawaii, T. H.

HONOLULU
Honolulu Automobile Club

Illinois

CHICAGO
Currier Lee Warehouse Co.,
427 West Erie Street.
PEORIA
Federal Warehouse Co.

Iowa

CEDAR RAPIDS
Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.
DAVENPORT
Ewert & Richter Exp. & Storage Co.
DES MOINES
Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.
FORT DODGE
Brady Transfer & Storage Co.,
Central at Sixteenth Sts.
SIOUX CITY
Dougherty Storage & Van Co.,
409 Douglas Street.
WATERLOO
Iowa Warehouse Co.

Additional forwarders are being constantly added.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS
Indiana Terminal Warehouse Co.,
230 So. Pennsylvania St.

Kansas

WICHITA
Bryan Transfer & Storage Co.

Kentucky

LOUISVILLE
O. K. Storage & Transfer Co.,
801 West Main Street.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS
Importers' Bonded Warehouse Co.,
340 Bienville Street.

Massachusetts

BOSTON
Quincy Market Cold Storage Ware-
house Co.,
178 Atlantic Avenue.

Michigan

DETROIT
Michigan Terminal Warehouse Co.,
Brandt Ave. and Wyoming Road.

Minnesota

DULUTH
Duluth Van & Storage Co.
MINNEAPOLIS
Great Northern Warehouse Co.,
714 Washington Ave., North.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY
Southwest Warehouse Corporation,
Nineteenth and Campbell Streets.
ST. LOUIS
Automobile Club of Missouri,
4228 Lindell Boulevard.

Nebraska

OMAHA
Terminal Warehouse Co.,
702 South Tenth Street.

New York

BUFFALO
Larkin Co., Inc.,
680 Seneca Avenue.
NEW YORK CITY
Tooker Storage & Forwarding Co.,
281 Eleventh Avenue.
SYRACUSE
Great Northern Warehouse, Inc.,
350-360 West Fayette Street.

Ohio

AKRON
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.
CINCINNATI
E. J. Robben, 954 West Fifth St. (and
Cincinnati Automobile Club, 8th
and Race Sts., for information
only).
CLEVELAND
Interstate Terminal Warehouse, Inc.,
1200 West Ninth Street.
COLUMBUS
W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA CITY
O. K. Transfer & Storage Co.
TULSA
Tulsa Transfer & Storage Co.

Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA
Union Shipping & Forwarding Co.,
356 Drexel Bldg. (and Keystone
Automobile Club, 250 S. Broad
St., Keystone-Shubert Bldg., for
information only).
PITTSBURGH
Keystone Storage & Warehouse Co.,
600 Second Avenue.

Texas

DALLAS
Dallas Transfer & Terminal Ware-
house Co.
EL PASO
El Paso Fireproof Storage Co.
FT. WORTH
Binyon O'Keefe Firep. Storage Co.,
Eighth and Calhoun.
HOUSTON
Westheimer Transfer Co.
SAN ANTONIO
Scobey Fireproof Warehouse Co.
(Receiving only).

Utah

SALT LAKE CITY
Jennings Cornwall Warehouse Co.,
337 West Second South St.

Washington

SEATTLE
Automobile Club of Washington,
1109 Pine Street.

OFFICIAL

The Hotels listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices. Members are advised



HOTELS

to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show cards. (A) American Plan. (E) European Plan.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LOS ANGELES			
Alexandria Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Chelsea Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 4.00	
Coliseum Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	
Westlake Olympic Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel Rosslyn	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel St. Paul	(E)	Single 3.00 up	Double 4.00 up
Hotel Savoy	(E)	2.00 up	
Stillwell Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel Stowell	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel St. Regis	(E)	2.00 to 3.00, single	3.00 to 4.00, double
Ambassador	(E)	Outside room with bath 1 person 5.00 up	Outside room with bath 2 persons 7.00 up
Hotel Trinity	(E)	2.50 & 3.00	1.50 to 2.50
Van Nuys Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	

HOLLYWOOD			
Hotel Christie	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Gilbert	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	
Hollywood Plaza Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	
Village Inn	(E)	2.00 to 4.00 per day	
HUNTINGTON PARK			
La Fonda Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50
PASADENA			
Hotel Constance	(E)	3.00 up	
MT. WILSON			
Mt. Wilson Hotel	(E)	4.00	1.50 up
GLENDALE			
Hotel Brand	(E)	1.50	1.00
SANTA MONICA			
Hotel Windermere	(A)	7.50	6.00
Miramar Hotel	(E)	4.50 up	3.00 up

Inland Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

BAKERSFIELD			
Hotel El Tejon	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Euclid	(E)	2.00	1.00 up
Hotel Moronet	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Tegeler Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
Hotel Bilford	(E)	2.00 up	1.25 up
Hotel Willis	(E)	1.50 up	
DELANO			
Hotel Kern	(E)	2.50	1.50
LEBEC			
Hotel Lebec	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00
PORTERVILLE			
Hotel Porterville	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN FERNANDO			
Porter Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
TULARE			
Hotel Tulare	(E)	2.50	1.50
GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK			
Giant Forest Lodge	(A)	(Opens May 15, '29)	
Giant Forest Winter Camp	(A)	(Open Oct. 1 to May 15)	4.50
VISALIA			
Hotel Johnson	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	2.00 to 2.50

Coast Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

ATASCADERO			
New Atascadero Inn	(A)	6.00 up	
BUELLTON			
Buell Tavern	(A)	3.50 per day up	
Hotel Bueltmore	(E)	1.50 per day up	2.50 up
LOS OLIVOS			
Mattei's Tavern	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up
OJAI			
El Roblar Hotel	(A)	6.00 per day up	
PASO ROBLES			
Hotel Taylor	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel	(A)	6.50 up	5.00 up
PISMO			
Hotel Olsen	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00

SAN LUIS OBISPO			
Anderson Hotel	(E)	2.50 per day up	
Hotel Andrews	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Blackstone	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
SANTA BARBARA			
The Samarkand	(A)	10.00 up	
El Encanto	(A)	12.00 up	
Hotel Barbara	(E)	3.00 to 6.00	2.00 to 4.00
Margaret Baylor Inn	(E)	2.00 & 3.00	1.50 & 2.00
Upham Hotel	(E)	3.00 to 4.00	2.00 to 2.50
Hotel Virginia	(E)	2.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA MARIA			
Santa Maria Inn	(A)	7.00 to 8.00	
Hotel Massy	(E)	1.75 to 2.00	
Hotel Bradley	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel California	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 up
SANTA PAULA			
Glen Tavern	(A)	4.00 to 6.00	
VENTURA			
Hotel Baldwin	(E)	2.50	1.50 and 2.00
Hotel Fosnaugh	(E)	2.50	

Los Angeles—San Diego, Coast Route

CARDIFF-BY-THE-SEA			
Beacon Inn	(A)	8.50	5.50
DEL MAR			
Hotel Del Mar	(A)	7.00 up	6.00 up
LA JOLLA			
Hotel Cabrillo	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Casa De Manana	(A)	10.00 up	
Colonial Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
OCEANSIDE			
Hotel Keisker	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
ORANGE			
Sunshine Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA ANA			
St. Ann's Inn	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	2.00
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO			
Hôtel Capistrano	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
SAN DIEGO			
Admiral Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
El Cortez Hotel	(E)	5.00 up	
Albany Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
U. S. Grant Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	
Hotel Churchill	(E)	3.00 to 4.00	
Hotel Knickerbocker	(E)	1.50 to 3.00 per day	3.50 to 8
Hotel Sanford	(A)	4.50 up	2 to 3.50
Hotel St. James	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up
San Diego Hotel	(E)	1.00 to 4.00 per day	
Maryland Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 up
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	
King George Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up
CORONADO			
Hotel Del Coronado	(A)	10.00 up	8.00 up

Los Angeles—San Diego, Inland Route

ELSINORE			
Amsbury Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50
GLEN IVY			
Glen Ivy Mineral Hot Springs	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
ONTARIO			
Ontario Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.50 to 3.00
RIVERSIDE			
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
VISTA			
Vista Inn	(A)	6.00	5.00
	(E)	3.00	2.00

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

CLAREMONT			
Ye Claremont Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up
FONTANA			
Fontana Farms Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up
GLENN RANCH, CAL.			
Glenn Ranch Resort	(E)	2.50	1.25 up
Housekeeping Camping	(E)		1.50 up
MONROVIA			
Leven Oaks Hotel	(A)	5.50 to 7.50	4.50 to 5.50
SAN BERNARDINO			
Antlers Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50

San Bernardino Mountain Resorts (Rim of the World)

LAKE ARROWHEAD			
Village Inn	(E)		3.50 up
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Pine Knot Lodge	(E)		(Closed for Season)

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Big Bear Lake	(A)	6.00 up	5.00 up
Tavern	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Highlander Hotel	(A)	6.50	6.00
FOREST HOME P. O.			
Big Falls Lodge	(E)		1.50 up

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO			
Monkbridge Manor	(A)	5.00	4.50
	(E)	2.50	2.00
AMBOY			
Amboy Hotel	(E)	1.50 up	Cottages 2.00 up
BARSTOW			
Hotel Melrose and Annex	(E)	2.50	1.50 up
KINGMAN, ARIZ.			
Hotel Beale	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 to 2.00
Commercial Hotel	(E)	2.00	1 to 1.50
LUDLOW			
Hotel Oasis	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
SOCORRO, N. M.			
Hotel Val Verde	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
VICTORVILLE			
Hotel Smith	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

BRIDGEPORT			
Bridgeport Hotel	(E)		1.50
	(A)		4.50
BISHOP			
Kittie Lee Inn	(E)	3.00	2.00
INDEPENDENCE			
Winnedumah Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
JUNE LAKE (BISHOP P. O.)			
June Lodge	(E)	8.00	4.00
Housekeeping			2.00
Gull Lake Lodge	(A)		5.00
LANCASTER			
Lancaster Inn	(E)	2.00	1.50
LONE PINE			
Dow Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
MONO LAKE			
Tioga Lodge	(A)		6.25
MOJAVE			
Hotel Alton	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley

(Salton Sea Route)
Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix.

BANNING			
San Geronio Inn	(A)	5.50 to 6.00	4.50 to 5.00
	(E)	3.00 to 3.50	2.00 to 2.50
BRAWLEY			
Planters Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Dunlack	(E)	2.50 up	
		(Air cooled and fireproof)	
COLTON			
Anderson Hotel	(A)	5.00	3.50
	(E)	2.00	1.50
INDIO			
Hotel Indio	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
The La Quinta	(A)	15.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	
PALM SPRINGS			
Desert Inn	(A)	10.00 up	
El Mirador	(A)	10.00 up	
		All Rooms with Bath	
RIVERSIDE			
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
REDLANDS			
Casa Loma Hotel	(A)	4.50 up	4.00 up
	(E)	2.00 up	1.50

San Jacinto Mountain Resorts

IDYLLWILD			
Idyllwild Inn	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 up

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway

(Borderland Route)

San Diego—El Paso and Points East.

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
THE WILLOWS, SAN DIEGO CO.			
The Willows		5.00 up	4.00 up
DESCANSO			
Hulburt Grove Inn	(A)	5.50	4.50
	(E)	2.50	1.50
Housekeeping Cottages		15.00 per week up	
PINE VALLEY, SAN DIEGO CO.			
Pine Valley Cabin	(A)	6.00 up	5.50
	(E)	4.00 up	3.00
(All modern conveniences)		Housekeeping Cottages.	
EL CENTRO			
Hotel Barbara Worth	(E)	2.50 to 5	2 to 3.50
CALEXICO			
Hotel Reeder	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
EL PASO, TEXAS			
Hotel Sheldon	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
TACNA, ARIZONA			
Hotel Cecil	(E)		1.00
YUMA, ARIZ.			
Hotel Del Ming	(E)	3.50 up	2.50 up

Miscellaneous Hotels and Resorts

TEHACHAPI			
Juanita Hotel	(E)	1.50 per day up	
HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS			
Alexander Young Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	2.50 up
RAMONA			
Kenilworth Inn	(A)		3.50
RYAN			
Death Valley View Hotel	(A)	7.00 to 9.00	5.00 to 7.50
DEATH VALLEY			
Furnace Creek Inn	(A)	All Rooms with Bath	
		1 person 10.00 to 15.00	
		2 persons 17.00 to 25.00	

District Offices of the California State Automobile Association

When touring in Northern California members of the Automobile Club of Southern California are cordially invited to call at any office of the California State Automobile Association for service. Reciprocal arrangements between California's two great motoring organizations assure members of either Club of state-wide service.

GENERAL OFFICES: 150 VAN NESS AVE., SAN FRANCISCO

AUBURN—934 Lincoln Way, Nevada, Placer and Sierra counties.

CHICO—Second and Salem Sts., Butte County.

EUREKA—608 Fourth St., Humboldt and Del Norte counties.

FRESNO—660 Van Ness Ave., Fresno County.

HANFORD—316 N. Irwin St., Kings County.

HOLLISTER—379 Fourth St., San Benito County.

MADERA—114 North F St., Madera County.

MARTINEZ—407 Ferry St., Contra Costa County.

MARYSVILLE—1015 Fifth St., Yuba and Sutter counties.

MERCED—El Capitan Hotel Bldg., Merced and Mariposa counties.

MODESTO—Ninth and "Eye" St., Stanislaus County.

NAPA—1017 Third St., Napa County.

OAKLAND—399 Grand Ave., Alameda County.

PLACERVILLE—Main St., El Dorado County.

RED BLUFF—608 Main St., Tehama County.

REDDING—313 Yuba St., Shasta, Trinity and Modoc counties.

SACRAMENTO—1416 K St., Sacramento County.

SALINAS—334 Main St., Monterey County.

SAN JOSE—1034 The Alameda, Santa Clara County.

SAN MATEO—100 El Camino Real, San Mateo County.

SAN RAFAEL—401 Fourth St., Marin County.

SANTA CRUZ—21 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz County.

SANTA ROSA—544 Mendocino Ave., Sonoma County.

STOCKTON—929 North El Dorado St., San Joaquin, Amador, Calaveras, Alpine and Tuolumne counties.

SUSANVILLE—Mt. Lassen Hotel Bldg., Plumas and Lassen counties.

UKIAH—415 S. State St., Mendocino and Lake counties.

VALLEJO—501 Georgia St., Solano County.

WILLOWS—249 Tehama St., Glenn and Colusa counties.

WOODLAND—818 Main St., Yolo County.

YOSEMITE VALLEY—Touring Bureau (May 1 to Oct. 15)—Park Supt. Office.

YREKA—Main near Miner St., Siskiyou County.

Official Garages and State-wide Emergency Road Service

for Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Automobile Association

The Garages listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices.



Members are advised to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show their cards

How to Obtain Free Emergency Road Service

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Southern California are designated by star and phone number

MEMBERS with their disabled cars on the road outside of Los Angeles are requested to call the nearest Emergency Road Service Station—listed here and in each issue of TOURING TOPICS. In or near Los Angeles City call Club headquarters, BEacon 8600—always open.

¶ Give your name, address, membership card number, make of car, license number, location, and nature of trouble.

¶ The mechanics on arrival will either start your car in 30 minutes mechanical labor or tow car to the Official Garage. (Elsewhere at your expense.)

¶ This is an emergency service only for members whose cars are disabled on the highways. Calls cannot be answered at the Club's expense to start cars in garages.

¶ Service cannot apply to employees or friends of members who do not belong—even when such employees or friends are operating the member's cars, as Club service follows the member and not the car.

¶ Be sure to carry your membership card. No free service will be extended to persons who fail to carry paid-up membership cards.

¶ The service will be extended to owners of firm or commercial cars only when the drivers thereof can produce a Club member-

ship card in their own names. This service does not apply to trucks of any make.

¶ This service is for emergencies when disabled while actually on the road, and does not apply on mechanical or repair work at garages, nor include supplies or parts.

¶ Tire service—changing spare tires from rack to rim—will be extended when car is operated by a woman member unaccompanied by male companion, or a man physically unable to change tires.

¶ Carry the current issue of the Club magazine, TOURING TOPICS, containing list of appointed garages in your car.

¶ The Club's Emergency Road Service, as above outlined, applies only to the territory embraced by the thirteen Southern Counties of California. As a member of our organization, however, you are entitled to Emergency Road Service in Central and Northern California through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association (Northern Club) in accordance with rules and regulations established by them for their own members.

¶ Members cannot be reimbursed for services secured from garages not under contract with the Club as Emergency Road Service Stations.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NOTE: This list is complete to date of publication. A revised list will be published monthly in Touring Topics. Carry the latest list in your car so it may always be available.)

Los Angeles

*A-1 Auto Sheet Metal Works, 3701 Moneta Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Arrow Garage, 1016 W. Vernon Ave.
Auto Centre Garage, 746 South Hope Street
Bernard & Johnson Garage, 1317 Wilshire Blvd.
*Beverly Drive Garage, 439 Beverly Drive, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Biltmore Garage, 525 West 5th St.
Bozzani Motor Car Co., Cor. Sunset Blvd. and Broadway
Buick Garage, 1000 West Washington St.
Burlington Garage, 517 South Burlington St.

Clark-Wall Garage, 634 Wall St.
Clinton L. Clark Garage, 2219 West Pico St.
Clippinger Garage, 708 Merchant St.
Eddy's Fireproof Garage, 816 So. Grand Ave.
Ellsworth Cadillac Service, 1105 West Pico St.
Fifth Street Garage, 221 East 5th St.
Penn-Shelton Super Service Station, 1832-50 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.
*Gagen's Motor Service, 218 North Virgil, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
C. W. Giles' Garage, 2828 Whittier Blvd.
*Gold Arrow Auto Works, 2714 South Figueroa St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
Granada Garage, 526 S. Western Ave.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

*Grand-Adams Garage, 2525 S. Grand Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Harris-Davenport Super Service Station, 1600 So. Western Ave.
 Heller's Garage, 4105 Beverly Blvd.
 Hotel Clark Garage, 4th and Olive Sts.
 H. & S. Garage, 2415 South Vermont Ave.
 *Herdina Garage, 12518 South Main St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Jack McArley's Garage, 4421 South Western Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Kreutzer Garage, 1801 South Hope St.
 *Lloy's Garage, 3412 West Pico St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 L. A. Motor Service Garage, 2524 South Hill St.
 *Larchmont Garage, 241-243 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Love & Love Garage, No. 2, 232 So. Figueroa St.
 Manhattan Wilshire Garage, 606 S. Manhattan Place
 Master Service Co., 811 So. Whittier St.
 The May Co.'s Patrona Garage, 9th & Hill Streets
 *Montclair Garage, 4321 W. Adams, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Ready-Go Service Garage, 2701 South Figueroa St.
 *Reliable Mechanical Works, 320 Venice Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Schuler Auto Service Garage, 4708 W. Washington St.
 Security Garage, 430 South Los Angeles St.
 *Snyder's Garage, 2459 Brooklyn Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Sonoma Motor Sales Co., 636 Maple Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Speer-Dodge Works, 1827 South Hope St.
 *Stewart's Garage, 4917 Whittier Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 260 So. Vermont Super Service Station, 260 South Vermont Ave.
 Robert Thompson Garage, 1015 So. Grand Ave.
 Victor Garage, 905 S. Vermont
 Washington Park Garage, 18th and Grand Ave.
 *Welcome Garage, 329 Glendale Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Western Avenue Garage, 226 South Western Ave.
 Witmer Garage, 528 Columbia Avenue
 *Woodward Garage, Pico and Alvarado Sts., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Wilshire Garage, 6th and Kenmore
 Wolfe & Allen Super Service Station, 7726 S. Vermont Ave.
 Wolsey Auto Works, 1825 E. 1st St.

Los Angeles—San Diego Coast Route

*ANAHEIM—Frahm's Garage. Phone: 799 (Day) 703-R (Night)
 *CORONADO—Guarantee Garage. Phone: Coronado 518
 *CORONADO—Pioneer Garage. Phone: Coronado 56
 CORONADO—Hotel Del Coronado Garage.
 *CARLSBAD—Standard Garage. Phone: 12-J-1
 *CYPRESS—Cypress Garage. Phone: Anaheim 8711-R-4 (Day) 941-W (Night)
 *DEL MAR—Hotel Del Mar Garage. Phone: Del Mar 88
 *DOWNEY—Faulkner's Garage, Mach. Shop. Phone: Downey 432-60
 *FULLERTON—Bill's Garage. Phone: 697
 *FULLERTON—Lillian Yaeger Garage. Phone: Fullerton 115 or 114
 *LAGUNA BEACH—Coast Garage. Phone: Laguna Beach 52
 *LA HABRA—Missouri Garage. Phone: La Habra 8-176
 *LA JOLLA—Pacific Garage. Phone: La Jolla 768
 *MONTEBELLO—B. & H. Garage. Phone: Montebello 345
 *NATIONAL CITY—Twelfth's Garage. Phone: National 328 (Day) Randolph 3922 (Night)
 *NORWALK—Central Garage. Phone: 5382 (Day) 5361 (Night)
 *OCEANSIDE—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 27-J
 *OCEANSIDE—Herb Schwarz Garage. Phone: 123
 *ORANGE—Acme Garage & Machine Shop. Phone: Orange 80
 SAN DIEGO—Savoy Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Sixth Street Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Adair's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Elite Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Dupree's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Hi-Ho Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Miller Super Service Station.
 *SAN DIEGO—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5101
 SAN DIEGO—Price Motor Car Co.
 *SAN DIEGO—White Front Garage. Phone: Hillcrest 2562
 *SAN DIEGO—San Diego Garage. Phone: Franklin 1622
 SAN DIEGO—Crescent Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Universal Repair & Service Garage.
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Congdon Motor Car Co. Phone: 131
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—White Garage. Phone: 4
 *SANTA ANA—Grand Central Garage. Phone: 2457
 *SOLANO BEACH—Cochran & Weiss Garage. Phone: Del Mar 93-J
 *TUSTIN—Tustin Garage. Phone: Tustin 11-J (Day) Tustin 155-R or 155-M (Night)
 WHITTIER—J. W. Cox Motor Sales Co.
 WHITTIER—Ternquist & Olson. Phone: Whittier 423-249
 WHITTIER—L. G. Kinderknecht Garage.
 *YORBA LINDA—Liberty Garage. Phone: Placentia 8705-R-1

Los Angeles—San Diego Inland Route

*BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage. Phone: Covina 64853
 *EL MONTE—Commercial Garage. Phone: 216
 *EL SINORE—Graham & Graham Garage. Phone: 72 (Day) 162 (Nights)
 *ESCONDIDO—Escondido Garage. Phone: 406 and 157
 *ESCONDIDO—Guarantee Garage. Phone: 68
 *FALLBROOK—Fallbrook Garage. Phone: Fallbrook 11-W
 *ONTARIO—Dietz Garage. Phone: 818 (Day) 1052 (Night)
 *POMONA—Elabery-Reynolds, Jr. Inc.
 *POMONA—Wurfs Garage. Phone: 1424
 *PUENTE—Puente Garage. Phone: 532-21 (Garage) 554-91 (Residence)
 *PUENTE—Service Garage. Phone: 532-33
 *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
 *VISTA—Vista Garage. Phone: Vista 10W

Los Angeles—San Francisco Coast Route

*ARROYO GRANDE—Barcellos & Morgan Garage. Phone: 15
 *ATASCADERO—Ward's Garage. Phone: 136
 *BUELTON—Buellton Garage. Phone: 31-F-13
 *CALABASAS—Calabasas Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 115-R-5 (Day) 115-J2 (Night)
 *CAMARILLO—Knob Hill Garage. Phone: 956-M-2
 *CAMBRIA—Service Garage. Phone: Cambria 11-F-2
 *CARPINTERIA—Rincon Garage. Phone: 20-W
 *CAYUCOS—Cayucos Garage. Phone: Cayucos Garage.
 *CHATSWORTH—Alamo Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)

*ENCINO—Encino Garage. Phone: Van Nuys 428-J
 *HOLLYWOOD—East Hollywood Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Classic Garage, 1262 No. Western Ave.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Mission Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *HOLLYWOOD—Sierra Vista Garage
 *HOLLYWOOD—Southern Garage, 5731 Sunset Blvd.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Fred R. Winnett Garage.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Wilcox Garage, 1925 Wilcox Ave.
 *LOMPOC—Ruffner & Ruffner Garage. Phone: 74 (Day) 41-R or 169-W (Nights)
 *LOS ALAMOS—T. & T. Garage. Phone: 27
 *MOORPARK—Mission Garage. Phone: 20
 *NORTH HOLLYWOOD—Huffaker Garage. Phone: Lankershim 290
 *OJAI—City Garage. Phone: 4
 *ORCUTT—Orcutt Garage. Phone: 593-J-2
 *OXNARD—Carner's Garage. Phone: 73 or 285
 OXNARD—Buick Garage.
 *PASO ROBLES—Pioneer Garage. Phone: 247
 *PISMO BEACH—Pismo Garage & Mach. Shop. Phone: 6-W
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Berkemeyer Garage. Phone: 3
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Studebaker Service Garage. Phone: 601
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Kamm's San Luis Garage. Phone: 162
 *SAN MIGUEL—Tucker's Super Service. Phone: San Miguel 6-W
 *SANTA BARBARA—Huff's Garage. Phone: 5111 or 7530
 *SANTA BARBARA—Johnson's Garage. Phone: 3054 or 3252
 *SANTA BARBARA—Carrillo Hotel Garage. Phone: 3900
 *SANTA MARIA—California Garage.
 *SANTA MARIA—Automotive Garage. Phone: 3
 *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage. Phone: 233
 *SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage. Phone: 85
 *SATICCOY—Saticcoy Garage. Phone: 41
 *VAN NUYS—J. R. Wardlaw Super Service Station. Phone: Van Nuys 150
 *VENTURA—Neiderhauser Garage. Phone: 620-W
 *VENTURA—Ventura Garage. Phone: 1142
 *VENTURA—Reid's Garage. Phone: 176 (Day) 642 (Night)
 VENTURA—Union Garage.

Los Angeles—San Francisco Inland Route

*BAKERSFIELD—Class A Motor Company. Phone: 133
 *BAKERSFIELD—John R. Huff Company. Phone: 3322
 *BAKERSFIELD—Chester Avenue Garage.
 *BAKERSFIELD—East Side Garage. Phone: 990
 *BAKERSFIELD—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: 702 or 703
 *BAKERSFIELD—California Garage. Phone: 621
 *BURBANK—Patterson's Garage. Phone: Burbank 268
 *BURBANK—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: Delano 1
 *DINUBA—Biswell, McDonald & Biswell. Phone: 12 (Day) 307 (Night & Sun.)
 *EXETER—Square Deal Garage. Phone: Exeter 40-R (Day) Exeter 27-W (Night)
 *FELLOWS—Roy's Garage. Phone: Blue 522 (Day) Red 442 (Night)
 *FILMORE—Rudkin Motor Service. Phone: 42 or 15
 *GLENDALE—Pellegrini Garage. Phone: Douglas 5080
 *GLENDALE—Dotson's Super Service Station.
 *LEMON COVE—Lemon Cove Garage. Phone: Lemon Cove Garage
 *LINDSAY—Cate & Woollooms Garage. Phone: Lindsay 60
 *MARIPOSA—Maple Garage. Phone: B-403
 *MC FARLAND—King Garage. Phone: McFarland 13 (Day) 4-F-3 (Night)
 *MCKITTRICK—McKittrick Auto Supply Co. Phone: Main 61
 *NEWHALL—White Star Garage.
 *PIXLEY—Swanson-Howard Motor Co., Phone: 17-J (Day) 17-W (Night)
 *PORTERVILLE—Dick's Automotive Service. Phone: 574 (Day) 414-R or 574 (Night)
 *RIDGE ROUTE—Ridge Road Garage, 15 miles from Saugus on Ridge. (Saugus P.O.)
 *SANDBERG—Sandberg's Garage. Phone: Sandberg Toll Station.
 *SAN FERNANDO—Cascade Garage. Phone: Main 184
 *SAN FERNANDO—Willis A. Rowe Auto Supply House. Phone: Main 41
 *SAUGUS—Midway Garage. Phone: Newhall 28-J-2.
 *SHAFTER—Miller Bros. Garage. Phone: 4-W
 *TAFT—H. R. Kanode Garage. Phone: 220-J (Day) 109-W (Night)
 *TIPTON—Stebbins-Beck Co., Phone: Tipton 17
 *TULARE—Central Garage. Phone: Tulare 102
 *TULARE—Graham's Department Store Garage. Phone: 15
 *VISALIA—Main Garage. Phone: Visalia 980
 *VISALIA—Studebaker Garage.
 *WASCO—Wasco Garage. Phone: 12

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

*ALHAMBRA—Eagle Garage.
 *ALHAMBRA—Harry T. Moore Garage. Phone: Alhambra 242 (Day) 3027-J (Night) and 4195-J
 *ALHAMBRA—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 4386 (Night)
 *CLAREMONT—Foothill Garage. Phone: Claremont 4001
 *COLTON—Taylor's Electric Service Garage. Phone: 90
 *COVINA—Webber Garage. Phone: Covina 12111
 *FONTANA—Fontana Garage. Phone: Fontana 257
 *GLEN DORA—Rowe Motor Service Garage. Phone: Covina 42004
 *HIGHLAND—Coy & Sewell Garage. Phone: 35
 *MONROVIA—Ruechel Garage. Phone: Green 70 (Day) Black 389 (Nights, Sun. and Holidays)
 *RIALTO—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 7 (Day) 170 (Night)
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sunday and Holidays)
 EAST SAN GABRIEL—Barlow's Automotor Service.
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Central Garage. Phone: 271-82
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Draper's Garage. Phone: 271-63
 *SAN BERNARDINO—California Garage.
 *UPLANDS—Waterman Garage. Phone: 116-J

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Central Garage & Machine Works.
 ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Oden Buick Co.
 *AMBOY—Amboy Garage. No Phone.
 *BARSTOW—Barstow Garage. Phone: 26-M.
 *FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—Babbitt Brothers Garage.
 *KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Kingman Motor Co.
 *KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Osterman Bros. Motor Co.
 *LUDLOW—Murphy Bros. Tourist Garage.
 *MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO—Stendel's Garage.
 *NEEDLES—Old Trails Garage. Phone: Main 28
 *SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Becker's Transcontinental Garage.
 *VICTORVILLE—Victorville Garage. Phone: 8-J
 *WINSLOW, ARIZ.—Bazel Motor Co.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway (Borderland Route)

- *ALPINE—Alpine Garage. Phone: El Cajon 342-3
- *BOSTONIA—Bostonia Garage
- *EL CAJON—J. R. Dall Motor Co. Phone: 101 (Day and Night)
- *EL CENTRO—C. E. Coggins Garage. Phone: El Centro 166
- *EL CENTRO—Barbara Worth Garage
- *JACUMBA—J. R. Fowle Garage. Phone: Fowle Garage, Jacumba.
- *LA MESA—R. & W. Garage. Phone: La Mesa 291
- *TACNA, ARIZ.—Noah & Son Garage.
- *YUMA, ARIZ.—Super Service Garage.

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

- *BISHOP—Smith Auto. Co. Phone: Bishop 81 (Day) Bishop 91-J (Night)
- *BISHOP—Bishop Auto Service Garage. Phone: 48-R (Day) 69 W (Night)
- *BISHOP—Noldeke Brothers' Garage.
- *BIG PINE—Glacier Garage. Phone: 121
- *BRIDGEPORT—Bridgeport Garage. Phone: Bridgeport Store
- *INDEPENDENCE—Independence Garage. Phone: Bishop 25-4
- *LANCASTER—Inn Garage. Phone: 1001
- *LONE PINE—Mt. Whitney Garage & Livory Co. Phone: Bishop 21-1
- *LONE PINE—Square Deal Garage. Phone: 11-Ring.
- *MINT CANYON—Balestier's Garage. No phone.
- *MOJAVE—Andy Smith's Garage. Phone: 221
- *MOJAVE—Paul's Garage.
- *MONO LAKE—Tioga Lodge Garage. Phone: Tioga Lodge
- *PALMDALE—Mission Garage. Phone: 17-W

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix

- *BANNING—Dickinson Motor Car Co. Phone: 96 (Day) Main 82 (Night)
- *BLYTHE—Valley Garage. Phone: 26
- *BEAUMONT—Brown & Sons Garage. Phone: 774
- *BEAUMONT—Beaumont Garage. Phone: Beaumont 782
- *BLOOMINGTON—Bloomington Garage. Phone: 8715-R-2
- *BRAWLEY—Plaza Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 709 (Night)
- *BRAWLEY—White Garage.
- *COACHELLA—Union Garage. Phone: 138
- *INDIO—MacKenzie Motor Co. Phone: Indio 531
- *PALM SPRINGS—Bunker's Garage. Phone: Bunker's Garage.
- *PALM SPRINGS—Garage El Mirador
- *REDLANDS—T. N. Gibson Garage. Phone: Main 909
- *REDLANDS—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5
- *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
- *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
- *WESTMORELAND—W. E. Gullett's Garage. Phone: Brawley 1099 F-3

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars.

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Northern California

CALIFORNIA STATE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

(NOTE: Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California when touring in Northern California are advised to get in touch with the nearest office of the California State Automobile Association for their rules and regulations pertaining to this service.)

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ADIN	Adin Garage		BUCK MEADOWS	Buck Meadows Garage	Buck Meadows
ALAMEDA	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, or Park St. Garage	Glencourt 4400	BURLINGAME	Hillebrand and Caldwell	(Day) Sun Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031
ALBANY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	BURLINGAME	San Mateo	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p.m. 895 or 673-W
ALBION	Johnson & Larson	Albion 1-F-3 or 10-F-32	BURLINGAME	El Camino Garage	Burlingame 4480
ALDER POINT	Alder Point Garage	Send Word	BURNBY	Tourist Garage	Tourist Garage
ALTAMONT	Summit Garage	Altamont Toll Station	BYRON	Byron Garage	Byron 1
ALTURAS	Modoc Machine Shop	(Day) Red 272 (Night) Black 622	CALISTOGA	Wilbur R. Snow Elec. Garage	Calistoga 50
ALVARADO	Alvarado Garage	Alvarado 28-W	CARL INN	Carl Inn Garage	Carl Inn
ANGELS CAMP	Central Garage	(Day) Angels Camp 32 (Night) Angels Camp Exch.	CARMEL	Carmel Garage	(Day) Carmel 112 (Night) 568 or 570
ANGWIN	College Garage	St. Helena 79-F-5	CASCADE	Solomon Garage	Rangers Station at Big Creek
ANTIOCH	W. A. Christensen	Antioch 123	CASTROVILLE	King's Garage	Castroville 4-J
ARBuckle	Airan Garage	(Day) Arbuckle 4-K (Night) 28-W	CEDARVILLE	Western Garage	Cedarville Exchange
ARCATA	Sacchi Service Station	(Day) Arcata 88 (Night) 363-J, 148-J or 164	CHESTER	Juniper Service Corp.	Mt. Lassen Stage Office
ASPEN VALLEY	Aspen Valley Garage (Tioga Pass)	Aspen Valley Lodge, Yosemite National Park	CHICO	Service Garage	Chico 311-W
AUBERRY	Auberry Garage	Auberry Hotel	CHINESE CAMP	Chinese Camp Garage	(Day) Chinese Camp Exch. (Night) 5
AUBURN	R. & D. Service Shop	(Day) Auburn 220 (Night) 296	CHOWCHILLA	Chowchilla Garage	Day & Night Chowchilla 4
AUBURN	White's Garage, Newcastle	(Day) Newcastle 110 (Night) 118	CLEMENTS	Service Garage	Clements Exchange
BASS LAKE	The Pines Garage	1 long, 2 short rings. (Gov- ernment line); or Shaw line, 1 long, 1 short ring	CLOVIS	H. B. Owens Garage	(Day) Cloverdale 41 (Night) Cloverdale 118-J
BAY POINT	Bay Point Garage	Bay Point 22	COALINGA	V. F. Oyster Auto & Mach. Shop	Day & Night Clovis 4 (Day) Coalinga 165 (Night) 326-J
BECKWITH	Sierra Valley Garage	10-W	COLFAX	McClary Garage	Main 20
BEGUM	Begum Garage	Belmont 6	COLMA	Bill's Garage, Daly City	Randolph 940
BELMONT	Belmont Garage	Belmont 6	COLUSA	Universal Garage	Colusa 53-W
BELVEDERE	Belvedere Garage	Belvedere 37-J	CONCORD	Concord Auto Service Co.	Concord 87; after 9 p. m. call 319
BENICIA	Enterprise Garage	Benicia 214-W	CORCORAN	Corcoran Garage	Corcoran 441
BEN LOMOND	Ben Lomond Garage	Ben Lomond 23; after 9 p.m. Ben Lomond 4-W	CORNING	The Corning Garage	Corning 75
BERKELEY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	CORTE MADERA	Community Garage	(Day) Corte Madera 305 (Night) 147 or 395
BIEBER	Oak's Garage	Bieber Exchange	COTATI	Fox Garage	Cotati 20-F-11
BIG CREEK	Solomon Garage	Rangers station at Big Creek	COTTONWOOD	Cottonwood Garage	(Day) Cottonwood 7-J After 8 p. m. send word
BIGGS	Biggs Garage	Biggs 34	COURTLAND	Herzog's Garage	Courtland 457
BLAKESDEN	Mohawk Valley Garage	Blairdsen 4	COVELO	Covelo Garage	Covelo 8-F-21
BLUE LAKE	Blue Lake Garage	13-J (Day only)	COYOTE	Kruse's Garage	San Jose 119-J-1
BLUFF CREEK	Gephart Bros. (Via Weitchpec)	1 long, 2 short & 1 longring	CRESCENT CITY	Crescent City Garage & Mach. Works	Crescent City 441
BODEGA	Bodega Coast Garage	Bodega Pay Station	CRESCENT MILLS	Crescent Mills Garage	Crescent Mills Exchange
BOLINAS	Bolinas Garage	Bolinas 3-W. If no answer, call Bolinas 12.	CRECKETT	Community Garage	Crockett 326, 206-W or 206-J
BOONVILLE	Line Oak Garage	Phone 8; after 8 p.m. send word	CUMMINGS	Redwood Empire Garage	Laytonville 3-F-4
BRIDGEPORT	Bridgeport Garage	Bridgeport, Mariposa Exch	DALY CITY	Bill's Garage	Randolph 940

Miscellaneous

- *ARLINGTON—Arlington Garage. Phone: 9008W (Day) 9315W (Night)
- *BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage. Phone: Corona 648-53
- *BELLFLOWER—Bellflower Garage.
- *BIG BEAR LAKE—McCroskey Garage. Phone: Pine Knot P.O. 36
- *BIG BEAR LAKE—Jack Preston's Garage, Pine Knot P.O. Phone: Bear Valley 41
- *CHULA VISTA—C. V. Brown's Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 35 (Day) 34-W & 79 (Night)
- *CHULA VISTA—Helm Bros. Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 319-J (Day) 231-J (Night)
- *CULVER CITY—Walker's Complete Auto Works. Phone: Empire 2072 (Day)
- *CULVER CITY 2555 (Night)
- *COMPTON—National Garage. Phone: 491
- *CORONA—Mission Garage. Phone: 2024 (Day) 1312-R-2 (Night)
- *CORONA—Coplen Motor Co.
- *CRESTLINE P. O. (Crest of Waterman Canyon) Crest Garage. Phone 3 or
- *San Bernardino 20200
- *EAGLE ROCK—Dahlia Motor Service Co. Phone: Garfield 5291; (Night) Albany 3995
or Albany 2948
- *FILLMORE—Rudkin's Motor Service. Phone: 42 or 15
- *HEMET—Monte Vista Garage. Phone: 1030 (Day) 497 (Night)
- *HIGHLAND PARK—Highland Auto Works. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *HUNTINGTON BEACH—Security Garage. Phone: 2391
- *HUNTINGTON PARK—Owl Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *HYMES—Schillings Garage. Phone: 2332
- *INGLEWOOD—Honaker-Nash Motor Co. Phone: 339
- *JULIAN—Julian Garage. Phone: Julian 1-J
- *LONG BEACH—Park Garage. Phone: 322-62
- *LONG BEACH—K. & S. Garage.
- *LONG BEACH—El Camino Garage.
- *LONG BEACH—Loyne's Garage. Phone: 652-76
- *LONG BEACH—Long Beach Motor Sales
- *LONG BEACH—Forbess-Curtis & Warren Garage.
- *PASADENA—Eddie Motor Works. Phone: Terrace 1745
- *PASADENA—Paramount Gar. Phone: Terrace 8787
- *PASADENA—Pasadena Storage Garage.
- *RAMONA—Ramona Garage. Phone: 35
- *REDONDO BEACH—Redondo Auto Works & Garage.
- *REDONDO BEACH—Pacific Garage. Phone: Redondo 1521
- *SAN JACINTO—Record Garage. Phone: 120
- *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage. Phone: 233
- *SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage. Phone: 85
- *SOUTH PASADENA—Mission Garage. Phone: Elliott 2661 (Day) Sterling 7618 (Night)
- *SAN PEDRO—William Lever Garage. Phone: 478 (Day) 940-W or 1648-J (Night)
- *SANTA MONICA—Santa Monica Garage. Phone: 21523
- *SAWTELLE—Slater's Garage. Phone: Sawtelle 31452 (Day) 31222 (Night)
- *SIERRA MADRE—Sierra Madra Garage. Phone: Main 110
- *TEHACHAPI—Bartlett's Garage. Phone: 55-W
- *TORRANCE—Ed's Service Garage. Phone: Torrance 161
- *WILMINGTON—Wilmington Garage.
- *WILMINGTON—Rex Garage. Phone: 567-M
- *YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK—Call Yosemite Park & Curry Co. Garage; pay for serv-
ice; ask for member's service receipt; send receipt to Auto Club of Southern
California, Los Angeles, for reimbursement.

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
DANVILLE	<i>Olson's Garage</i>	Danville 10-J	LOS BANOS	<i>Kaljian Garage</i>	Los Banos 85
DARDANELLE	<i>Dardanelle Garage</i>	2 long, 3 short rings on P G & E "Relief Line" or thru U S Forest Service, Sonora	LOS GATOS	<i>Outsby Garage</i>	Los Gatos 271
DAVIS	<i>Davis Garage</i>	(Day) Davis 50	LOS MOLINOS	<i>Los Molinos Garage</i>	Los Molinos 30
DELTA	<i>Vollmer's Garage</i>	(Night) 50-W	LOWER LAKE	<i>Morrell Garage</i>	Morrell Garage
DIAMOND SPRINGS	<i>Diamond Springs Garage</i>	Vollmer's Ranch	LOYALTON	<i>White Garage</i>	(Day) Main 1-J (Night) 1-W
DIXON	<i>Rossi Bros.</i>	332-F-4	LUCERNE	<i>Country Club Garage</i>	Send Word
DORRIS	<i>Dorris Garage</i>	(Day) Dixon 115	MACDOEL	<i>Macdoel Garage</i>	1 long ring
DOS PALOS	<i>Ford Garage</i>	(Night) 141-R	MADERA	<i>Standard Garage</i>	Madera 240
DOWNIEVILLE	<i>Downieville Garage</i>	(Day) Dorris Exchange	MANTECA	<i>Manteca Garage</i>	(Day) 585 (Night) 136-W
DUBLIN	<i>Hansen Bros.</i>	(Night) send word	MARTINEZ	<i>Allen's Garage</i>	(Day) Martinez 395
DUNSMUIR	<i>Dunsmuir Service Station</i>	(Day) Dos Palos 63	MARYSVILLE	<i>M. & K. Garage</i>	(Night) 748-W
DURHAM	<i>Highway Garage</i>	(Night) 4405	MARYSVILLE	<i>Sutter Garage, Yuba City</i>	Marysville 468
ELK	<i>Matson & Dearing</i>	Downieville J	MCARTHUR	<i>Highway Garage</i>	(Day) Yuba City 1165
ELK GROVE	<i>Elk Garage</i>	Pleasanton 82-F-2	MCCLOUD	<i>McCloud Garage</i>	(Night) Yuba City 891-W
EMERYVILLE	<i>C. S. A. A. Oakland Office</i>	(Day) Dunsmuir 177	MENDOCINO CITY	<i>S. & E. Garage</i>	McArthur Exchange
ESCALON	<i>Jess A. Seaman Garage</i>	(Night) Dunsmuir 54	MENDOTA	<i>Mendota Garage & Mach. Shop</i>	McCloud Garage
ESPARTO	<i>Central Garage</i>	Durham 811-J-4	MERCED	<i>Lounsbury's Garage</i>	Mendocino City 14-J
EUREKA	<i>Eureka Garage and Service Sta.</i>	(Day & Night)	MERCED FALLS	<i>Barrett's Garage</i>	Mendota 5-J
FAIRFIELD	<i>Solano Garage</i>	Elk 5-F-2	MERCED FALLS	<i>River Garage</i>	Merced 107
FAIR OAKS	<i>Fair Oaks Garage</i>	Elk Grove 62-F-3	MERIDIAN	<i>Herrick Garage</i>	Kent Exchange (Day only)
FALL RIVER MILLS	<i>Pioneer Garage</i>	Glencourt 4400	MIDDLETOWN		(Day) Middletown 8
FERNDALE	<i>Peterson's Service Station</i>	(Day) Escalon 44	CAMP MIDPINES	<i>Camp Midpines Garage</i>	(None after 10 p.m.)
FIREBAUGH	<i>Valley Garage</i>	(Night) 49	MILL VALLEY	<i>Evereedy Garage & Elec. Co.</i>	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4
FOLSOM	<i>People's Garage</i>	Esparto 5-W	MILLVILLE	<i>Fawcett & Bartell</i>	(Day) Mill Valley 407
FORESTVILLE	<i>Forestville Garage</i>	Eureka 2300	MINERAL	<i>Mineral Garage</i>	(Night) 155-J
FORT BIDWELL	<i>Fort Bidwell Garage</i>	(Day) Fairfield 227	MODESTO	<i>Silba Motor Car Co.</i>	Central at Millville
FORT BRAGG	<i>Pacific Garage</i>	(Night) 147-W, 147-J	MOKELEHNE HILL	<i>Mokelumne Hill Garage</i>	Mineral
FORTUNA	<i>Scott Valley Garage</i>	(Day) Fair Oaks 15	MONTEREY	<i>Monterey Garage</i>	Modesto 1130
FOWLER	<i>Fortuna Garage</i>	(Night) 21-R	MONTGOMERY CREEK	<i>Young's Garage</i>	(Day) 10-W; (Night) 3-W
FRESNO	<i>Baxter Bros. Garage</i>	Pioneer Garage	MORGAN HILL	<i>Jos. J. Verge Garage</i>	Monterey 224 and 225
GALT	<i>Auditorium Garage</i>	(Day) Ferndale 102-W	MT. SHASTA CITY	<i>Northern California Garage</i>	Bass Telephone Line
GARBERVILLE	<i>Service Garage</i>	(Night) 72-R	MORGAN HILL	<i>Jos. J. Verge Garage</i>	Morgan Hill 291. If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South.
GAZELLE	<i>Redwood Garage</i>	Firebaugh 1-J	MOSSDALE	<i>Hugo A. Zeller</i>	(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W
GERBER	<i>Chapman's Garage</i>	(Night) send word	NAPA		(Night) 4-F-3
GEYSERVILLE	<i>Lampson's Garage</i>	(Day) Main 49	NAVARKO	<i>Navarro Garage</i>	Morgan Hill 291
GILROY	<i>Pacheco Pass Garage & Super Service Station</i>	(Night) Main 1187	NAVATO	<i>Cheda's Garage</i>	Stockton 27-R-1
GOLD RUN	<i>Pine Grove Service Station</i>	Forestville 8-F-2	NEVADA CITY	<i>Nebraska City Garage</i>	(Day) Napa 202
GOZALES	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	No Phone	NEVADA CITY	<i>Knebone Motor Sales Co., Grass Valley Newark Garage</i>	(Night) 663-R, 950-W and 362-R
GRASS VALLEY	<i>Knebone Motor Sales Co. Nevada City Garage</i>	(Day) and (Night) 174 122	NEWARK	<i>White's Garage</i>	No phone
GREENFIELD	<i>Nevada City</i>	Fortuna 22-W	NEWCASTLE	<i>R. & D. Service Shop, Auburn</i>	Point Reyes Station 4-J; after 8 p.m. send word Nevada City 133
GREENWOOD	<i>Greenfield Garage</i>	Day and Night 711	NEWCASTLE	<i>Patchett & Carstensen, Inc.</i>	Grass Valley 119
GRENADE	<i>Grenada Garage</i>	Fresno 551	NEWMAN	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage, Gustine</i>	(Day) Newark 6-W
GRIDLEY	<i>Vance's Garage</i>	Galt 21-J	NEWMAN	<i>American Garage</i>	(Night) Send Word
GROVELAND	<i>Sierra Garage & Service Station</i>	Redwood Inn	NILES	<i>Brownie's Auto Repair Shop</i>	(Day) Newcastle 110
GUERNEVILLE	<i>Guerneville Garage</i>	(Day) Gazelle 18	NORTH FORK	<i>Carlson's Garage</i>	(Night) 118
GUINDA	<i>Jensen Bros. Garage</i>	(Night) Call Res.	NORTH SACRAMENTO	<i>Anderson Motor Co.</i>	(Day) Auburn 220
GUSTINE	<i>Patchett & Carstensen, Inc. Newman</i>	Gerber 24	NOVATO	<i>Pedersons Garage</i>	(Night) Auburn 296
GUSTINE	<i>Isadore Garage</i>	(Night) 12	OAKDALE	<i>Oakhurst Garage</i>	Newman 6 and 7
HANFORD	<i>Erwin Motor Co.</i>	Gilroy 32	OAKHURST	<i>C. S. A. A. District Office</i>	(No Night Phone)
HAYFORK	<i>Hayfork Garage</i>	Paystation, Gold Run	OAKLAND	<i>Orange Cove Motor Company</i>	(Night) Gustine 60-J
HAYWARD	<i>Dohner & Galbraith</i>	Gonzales 41-W	OCCEIDENTAL	<i>Pickwick Garage</i>	Niles 67
HEADSBURG	<i>Standard Machine Works</i>	Grass Valley 119	ORANGE COVE	<i>Orinda Parke Garage</i>	103
HELM	<i>Helm Garage</i>	Nevada City 133	ORICK	<i>Nock Auto Company</i>	(Day) Main 3240
HILT	<i>Hilt Garage</i>	Greenfield 8	ORINDA	<i>Bradley Auto Works</i>	(Night) Main 5350-W
HOLLISTER	<i>Tiffany Motor Co.</i>	Elk 5-F-2	OROVILLE	<i>Pacific Grove Garage</i>	(Day) Novato 302
HOPLAND	<i>Central Garage</i>	Grenada 18	PACIFIC GROVE	<i>Davison Sales</i>	(Night) 72 & 433
INDIAN FLAT	<i>Indian Flat Service Station</i>	(Day) Gridley 211	PARADISE	<i>Paradise Super Station</i>	194
IONE	<i>Tonzi's Garage</i>	(Night) 223	PATTERSON	<i>Patterson Garage</i>	Call Oakhurst Garage
IRVINGTON	<i>Corey's Garage</i>	11	PESCADERO	<i>Pescadero Garage</i>	Glencourt 4400
ISLETON	<i>Owl Garage</i>	Guerneville 15-J	PETALUMA	<i>Hill Plaza Garage</i>	(Day) Placerville 153
JACKSON	<i>Davies Garage</i>	(Day) Gustine 6	PETROLIA	<i>Shell Service Station and Garage</i>	(Night) 250
JAMESTOWN	<i>J. L. O'Neil's Garage</i>	(Night) Gustine 60-J	PIEDMONT	<i>C. S. A. A. Oakland Office</i>	Tabor Road. See listing under Twin Bridges, 44 miles from Placerville
JANESVILLE	<i>Janesville Garage</i>	(Day) Newman 6 & 7	PITTSBURG	<i>W. & W. Garage</i>	(Day) Pleasanton 108
KELSEYVILLE	<i>Watte & Fass</i>	(No Night Phone)	PLACERVILLE	<i>Placerville Garage</i>	(Night) 203 or 82-F-2
KENWOOD	<i>Meadi's Garage</i>	Half Moon Bay 9-W	PLACERVILLE	<i>Alpine Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	(Day) Plymouth 21
KERMAN	<i>Service Garage</i>	Hanford 400	POINT ARENA	<i>Point Arena Garage</i>	(Night) 18-J
KING CITY	<i>El Camino Garage</i>	Hayfork	POINT REYES STA.	<i>Silacci & Cheda</i>	Point Arena 41-W
KINGSBURG	<i>Wilton & Sherling</i>	Hayward 26	POPE VALLEY	<i>Pope Valley Garage</i>	Point Reyes Sta. 4-J
KNIGHT'S LANDING	<i>Knights Landing Garage</i>	(Day) 41; (Night) 112-294-J	PORTOLA	<i>Portola Garage</i>	St. Helena 4-F-3
LAKEPORT	<i>Dunbar Chevrolet Co.</i>	Fresno 2-J-3	QUINCY	<i>Erwin's Garage</i>	Portola 7-W
LATON	<i>Laton Garage</i>	15-W and 15-J	RED BLUFF	<i>Paul's Garage</i>	(Day) Quincy 99 (Night) 77
LAYTONVILLE	<i>Tillford's Garage</i>	Hollister 143	REDDING	<i>Hersey's Garage</i>	(Night) Red Bluff 186
LE GRAND	<i>Jones Garage</i>	Hopland 21	REDDING CITY	<i>Service Garage</i>	(Night) 128-A and 245-M
LEMOORE	<i>Sillano Motor Co.</i>	(5 miles west of El Portal Indian Flat via Merced)	REDELEY	<i>Osborn Bros. Garage</i>	Redding 45
LINCOLN	<i>Saugstad Garage</i>	(Day) Ione 41 (Night) 7	REQUA	<i>Ocean View Garage</i>	Redwood 516
LITCHFIELD	<i>R. Q. Deal Garage</i>	Irvington 5-J	(1 Mi. So. of New Klamath River Bridge)	<i>Seventh Street Garage</i>	(Day) Reedley 1681
LIVERMORE	<i>Valley Garage</i>	(Night) Send Word	RICHMOND	<i>Sidwell's Garage</i>	(Night) 732 or 523
LIVINGSTON	<i>Shaffer Motor Co.</i>	Isleton 258	RIO VISTA	<i>Madsen's Garage</i>	Richmond 841
LOCKFORD	<i>Central Garage</i>	Jackson 104-W	RIPON	<i>L. H. Byron's Garage</i>	(Day) Rio Vista 45
LODI	<i>Tourist Garage</i>	(Day) Sonora 221	RIVERDALE	<i>Rodeo Garage</i>	(Night) 51-J
LOOMIS	<i>Loomis Motor Co.</i>	(Night) Sonora 16-W	RODO	<i>Saugstad Bros.</i>	(Day) San Joaquin 28-W
LOS ALTOS	<i>Depot Garage</i>	1223	ROSEVILLE		(Night) 49-W
		Kelseyville Exchange			(Day) Riverdale 7
		Kenwood 2-F-3			(Night) 42
		(Day) Kerman 263			Crockett 801-F-2
		(Night) 25			Roseville 263
		King City 31			
		(Day) Kingsburg 71			
		(Night) 249, 174-W			
		34-M			
		Call Lakeport Operator			
		(Day) Laton 37			
		(Night) 34			
		Laytonville 10-J			
		Le Grand 11			
		Lemoore 223			
		34			
		Litchfield 502			
		(Day) Livermore 106			
		(Night) 197			
		(Day) 25 or 33			
		(Night) 91 & 21-R			
		(Day) 13-J			
		(Night) Send Word			
		Lodi 155			
		(Day) Loomis 32			
		(Night) 61-F-4			
		(Day) Los Altos 12			
		(Night) 175			

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
SACRAMENTO	Central Garage	(Day) Main 9290 (Night) Capitol 765-R	SUTTER CREEK	Oneto Bros. Garage	(Day) Sutter Creek 59 (Night) 52
SACRAMENTO	Union Garage	Capitol 3140	TAHOE CITY	Tavern Garage	Tahoe City 100
ST. HELENA	Wheeler's Garage	(Day) St. Helena 13 (Night) 185 or 14-W	TAHOMA	Tahoma Garage	Tahoma 3-W
SALINAS	Highway Garage	Salinas 490	TOMALES	Tomales Garage & Mach. Wks.	Thornton 13
SAN ANDREAS	Mother Lode Garage	(Day) San Andreas 40-W (Night) Sheriff's Office	THORNTON	New Hope Garage	Tracy 11
SAN ANSELMO	Durham Garage	(Day) San Anselmo 3133 or San Rafael 944	TRACY	Central Garage	Tranquillity 147
SAN BRUNO	Cabin Garage	(Day) San Bruno 160 (Night) 650-R	TRANQUILLITY	Benker's Garage	Trinidad 1
SAN FRANCISCO	C.S.A.A. General Office	Hemlock 3400	TRINIDAD	McConaha and Spinas Garage	(Day) Placer 123 (Night) 122-W
SANGER	William Epps	Sanger 163	TRUCKEE	Truckee Garage	38-J-31
SAN JOSE	San Jose Buick Co.	Ballard 6600	TUDOR	Brander Bros.	(Day) 11-F. After 8 p. m. call Sonora 4-6-F
SAN JOAQUIN	Chevrolet Garage	(Day) Fresno 63 (Night) 118	TUOLUMNE	Blair Garage	Turlock 1440
SAN JUAN	San Juan Garage	San Juan 52-J	TURLOCK	Howard M. Tripps Garage	Send Word
SAN LEANDRO	Palaca Garage, San Leandro	San Leandro 930 or C. S. A.A. Office, Glencourt 4400	TWIN BRIDGES	Twin Bridges Garage	(near Strawberry, on Placerville-Tahoe Road)
SAN LEANDRO	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	UKIAH	E. Neuhaus Garage	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 126
SAN MARTIN	Hall's Garage	Main 1	UKIAH	Scales Garage	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 407
SAN MATEO	Paulson's Garage	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p. m. 895-M or 673-W	UPPER LAKE	Upper Lake Garage	Upper Lake Exchange
SAN MATEO	Hildebrand and Caldwell	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031	VACAVILLE	Vaca Auto Supply Co.	(Day & Night) Vacaville 2
SAN RAFAEL	Cebalo Garage	(Day) San Rafael 268 (Night) San Anselmo 2851	VALLEJO	Levis Garage	Vallejo 232
SANTA CLARA	San Jose Buick Co., San Jose	San Jose 6600	VALLEY SPRINGS	Valley Springs Garage	Valley Springs 8
SANTA CRUZ	Marks & Leonard	Santa Cruz 357	VINA	Wood Brothers Garage	Vina Long Distance
SANTA ROSA	Central Garage	Santa Rosa 518	VOLLMER'S	Vollmer's Garage	Vollmer's Ranch
SARATOGA	G. E. Tarlton	(Day) Saratoga 133 (Night) 136-R	WALNUT CREEK	L. G. Lawrence Garage and Service Station	(Day) Walnut Creek 19 (Night) 146
SATTLEY	Yuba Pass Garage	Sattley Pay Station (Day) Sausalito 408 (Night) 368-R	WALNUT GROVE	Kammerer & Crowell	Courtland 272
SAUSALITO	Rosa's Auto Repair Shop	(Day) Sausalito 408 (Night) 368-R	WATERFORD	Appleton Garage	164
SCOTIA	Scotia Garage	Scotia Operator	WATSONVILLE	Inside Garage	Watsonville 82
SEBASTOPOL	Tough Bros. Garage	Sebastopol 188	WEAVERVILLE	Day's Garage	Black 43
SELMA	Eugene H. Mayes Garage	(Day) 20-W (Night) 20-R or 432 3Y	WEED	Mountain Service Station	(Day) Weed 9 (Night) 129
SIERRA CITY	Service Garage	Sierra City	WEOTT	Wm. Frater Service Station	Weott Exchange
SILVER FORK	Silver Fork Garage	Silver Fork	WESTWOOD	Westwood Garage	Westwood 212
SMITH'S RIVER	Buckner's Garage	Smith's River 171	WHEATLAND	P. M. Reedy	Wheatland 31-J
SOLEDAD	Johnson's Garage	Soledad 17-W	WILLIAMS	Central Garage	Williams 8
SONOMA	Gary Garage	(Day) Sonoma 30-J (Night) 142	WILLITS	Steel's Machine Works	(Day) Willits 71-J (Night) 167
SONORA	J. L. O'Neil Garage	(Day) Sonora 221 (Night) 16-W or 397	WILLOWS	Willows Motor Sales Co.	Willows 96
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO	Service Garage and Mach. Shop	(Day) So. City 118-W (Night) 765-W	WINTERS	Winters Garage	Main 2
STIRLING CITY	C. G. Wolshen Garage	Toll Station	WOODLAND	Electric Garage Co.	Woodland 123
STOCKTON	Oranger Bros. Garage	Stockton 398 and 7121	WOODSIDE	Woodside Garage	Redwood 1378-W (Day and Night)
STOCKTON	Tourist Garage	Stockton 124	YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK	Call Yosemite Park & Curry Co. Garage; pay for service; ask for member's service receipt; send receipt to C. S. A. A. general office, San Francisco, for reimbursement.	
SUNNYSVALE	Sunnysvale Garage	Sunnysvale 150	YOSEMITE ALL-WEATHER	See listings under Merced, Bridgeport and Mariposa	
SUNOL	Temple Garage	3-W, after 10 p.m. send word	YREKA	Traveler's Garage	Yreka 89
SUSANVILLE	Smith Auto Co.	332-B	YUBA CITY	Sutter Garage	Yuba City 1165 (Day and Night)
			YUBA CITY	M. & K. Garage, Marysville	Marysville 468



A Western Duco Job is Not Expensive

Gone are the days when a good Duco job on an average size car meant an outlay of two hundred or more hard earned dollars. Today . . . at Western Mechanical Works many a first class job is turned out at a price that would have been ridiculously low a short time ago. Drive your car in and let us quote you . . . the chances are it can be made like new at a purely nominal cost.

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or Complete
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Western Mechanical Works
Buck-Nat-Ham  **Proprietors..**
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40%...50%...60%...

GASOLINE in your oil!

NOT when you buy the oil—there's no gasoline in it then. But if you use "wet" gasoline it soon dilutes your lubricant.

"Wet" gasoline doesn't vaporize completely—it can't burn cleanly—and much of it runs down the cylinder walls into the crankcase. Naturally your oil is soon ruined—its "body" is gone—it is too *thin* to lubricate your motor properly. Besides, you've wasted fuel—cheated yourself of the extra miles your gasoline should have given you. Would you avoid this condition? It is easily done.

Simply be careful to buy "dry" gas. There is a "dry" gas now—Shell 400.

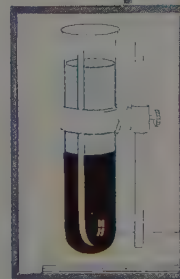
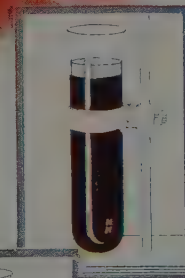
Careful refining eliminates heavy "wet" fractions, and all of your Shell 400 goes into power, into mileage—the things you buy gasoline for.

Yellow and red Shell pumps are everywhere convenient. Make them your stop signals whenever your tank needs filling.



The "DRY" GAS

And about oil: There's an oil now that forms no hard, flinty carbon. If you would avoid the endless troubles caused by carbon, and "add thousands of miles to the life of your car," insist on SHELL MOTOR OIL whenever you buy.



A thousand miles with "dry" gas and there is very little crankcase dilution—here are the results of a typical test: Gasoline 9.2%, lubricant 90.8%—a decided fuel and oil saving over "wet" gas.

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THE NEW ZEROLENE

The modern
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STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA



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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

SAN LUIS REY MISSION

Duncan Gleason

TOURING TOPICS

DECEMBER 1928



SEE CALIFORNIA THE OLDEN on your "Roads to Romance"

FOLLOW the highway of the Mission Bells, though many of those bells are cracked and silent. El Camino Real, from San Diego to Sonoma, is peopled with the colorful ghosts of Spanish padres, gay caballeros and dark-eyed señoritas.

Nearly a score of missions are still standing. On the low wall of a well-spring a señorita plays her guitar, though the well has been dry these many years and the señorita sleeps under an olive tree. Caballeros with jingling spurs and seven-gallon hats come riding by. Reverend fathers in cowl and cassock pass and re-pass under the arches.

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So speed in your car out of the present into the romantic past. Follow Jack and Ethyl, the honeymooning Motor-mates. They tell you every Wednesday night, of new places to go and sights to see.

All along the way, Associated dealers are waiting to give you detailed travel and resort information. Stop at the red, green and cream stations. Fill up with Associated Gasoline and your car will readily answer your urge to be going. Know the surge of its eager power, its quick acceleration, and its ability to give you long mileage.



Associated Oil Company
Refiners of Associated Gasoline
Associated Ethyl Gasoline and
New Cyclo Motor Oil

ASSOCIATED GASOLINE

Wednesdays at 9 p. m.
—follow Jack and Ethyl
on "Roads to Romance"
over the Pacific Coast
Network of the National
Broadcasting Company



Stations:
KOMO Seattle
KGW Portland
KGO Oakland
KPO San Francisco
KFI Los Angeles
KHQ Spokane

Gracefully Slender! as Style Demands

LONG, low lines in the new President Eight characterize it as one of America's modernly graceful motor cars. Its length and fleet appearance are further enhanced by sweeping fenders, a deep, narrow radiator, and the waistline moulding which contrasts in tone with the richly lacquered body.

¶ In attaining this elegance of design the strength and stability expected of Studebaker were not sacrificed. When four President Eights recently went 30,000 miles each at considerably faster than a mile a minute the mechanical reliability of the New President was thoroughly demonstrated. This amazing record... certified by the American Automobile Association... has never been equaled, or even approached, by any other motor car.

¶ We invite you to drive the New President... to see for yourself the luxury of its interior appointments, the beauty of its color harmonies... and to experience the thrill of driving a car with the world's champion motor beneath its hood.

In the \$2000 price class

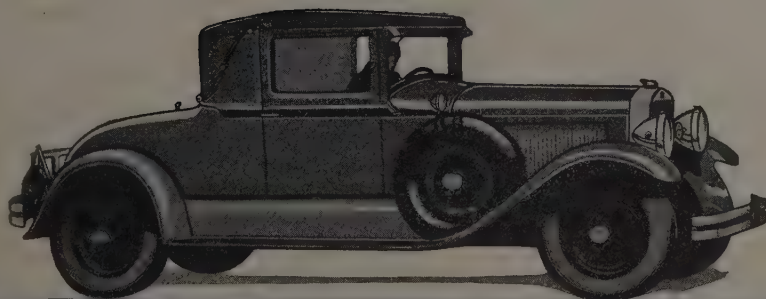
Delivered Here

PAUL G. HOFFMAN CO. INC.

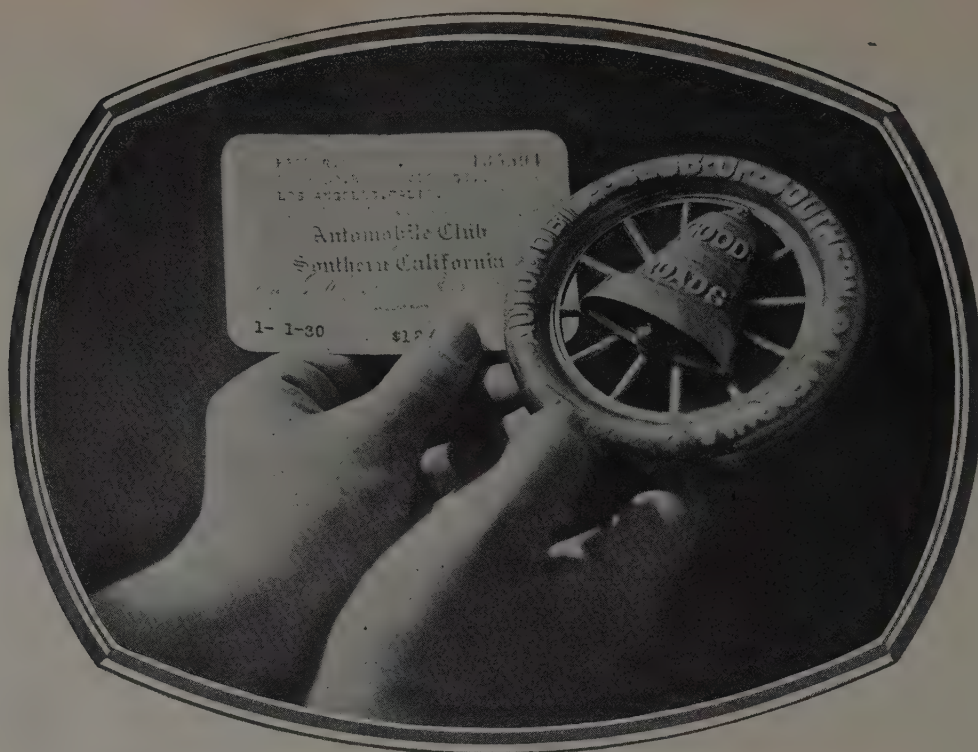


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There's one advantage to a membership in the Automobile Club of Southern California possessed by few other Christmas gifts---it's a day by day reminder of the thoughtfulness of the giver. Every time he has occasion to use the widespread service facilities of this remarkable organization, the member motorist recalls the thoughtfulness of some friend or relative.

If "he" or "she" is a confirmed motorist (and who in Southern California is not?) your gift problem is solved with a membership in this largest of American motoring organizations.

Gift memberships are available again this year in de luxe boxes. The cover is a full-color painting of our own California, and within is a generous set of road maps, a nickel-and-bronze Club emblem ready to be affixed to the radiator, a membership card, a copy of the Motor Vehicle Act, a copy of *Touring Topics*, numerous other pertinent publications, and an elegant gift card.

A call on the phone at headquarters or any of the 33 branch offices will bring a courteous representative who will explain the benefits of club membership and show you these handsome gifts.

Automobile Club of Southern California

HEADQUARTERS: 2601 SOUTH FIGUEROA STREET, LOS ANGELES. PHONE: BEACON 8600



TOURING TOPICS

Volume 20
Number 12



December
1928

Published monthly by
The Automobile Club of Southern California

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
1646 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California
EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES
2601 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California

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Entered as second-class matter February 27, 1928, at the post office
at Beverly Hills, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Formerly entered March 8, 1913, at the post office at Los Angeles.
Single copies, 20 cents. Subscription rates: Members, first year,
\$1.00; renewals, 50 cents per year; non-members, \$1.00 per year.

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Unusual? Yes!!!

The Shugers Mfg. Co.
1800 S. Grand Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.

consumed six (6) months' time,
in study and preparing the half-
page advertisement that appeared
in November TOURING TOPICS on
page 49.

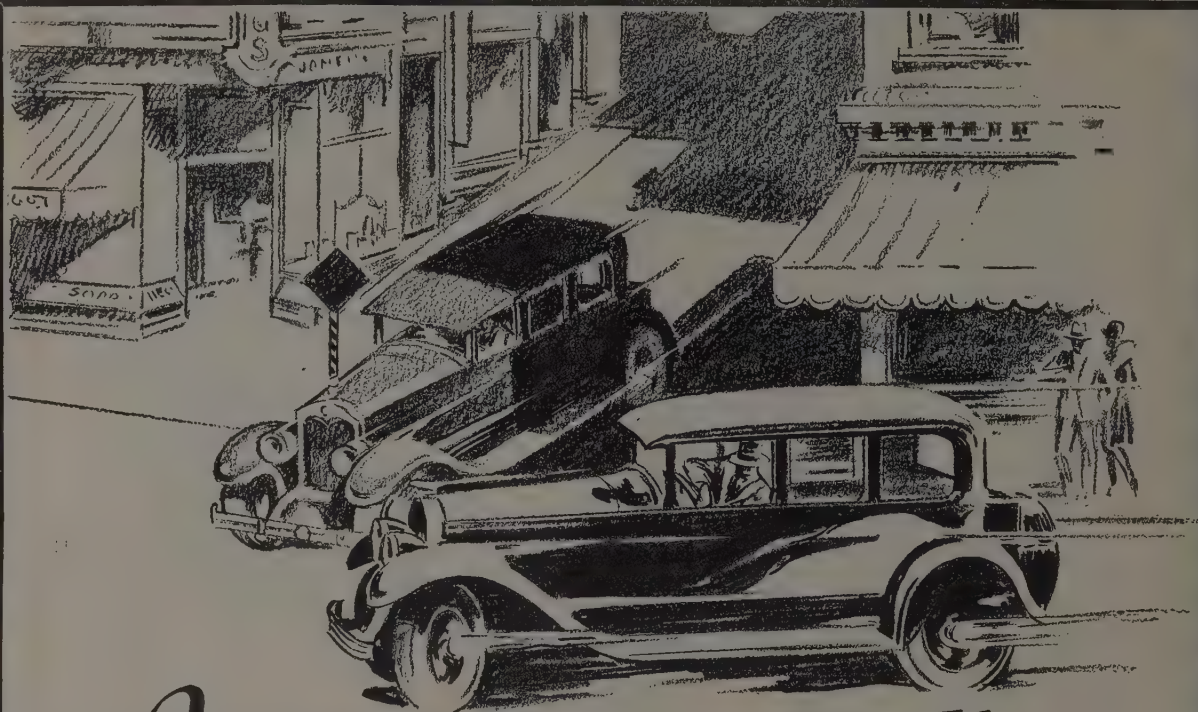
One thing the Shugers Mfg. Co.
does and does very successfully
was omitted.

What is it?

For the four (4) best letters re-
ceived by Harry F. Petersmeyer,
Shugers Mfg. Co., 1800 South
Grand Ave., L. A., not later
than February 1st, 1929, he,
Harry F. Petersmeyer will give
to the writers of the four (4) best
letters, FREE, any one of the
things he does well, that the
writer of the letter states was
omitted.

Just a little contest to prove that
you know this is not a garage,
but a real reconditioning plant.

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when the man who totally disregards the rules of the road may crash his car into yours.

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Insure through your Automobile Club. In many cases the rates are lower...in all cases the service is better.

We Write Complete Automobile Coverage

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TOURING TOPICS

VOLUME XX *A Magazine for Motorists* NUMBER 12

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1928

PAGE

COVER DESIGN—*San Luis Rey Mission. Painted by Duncan Gleason*

THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE—*An intimate discussion of TOURING TOPICS contributors and contributions* 9

CHRISTMAS ON THE MOJAVE—*A frontispiece. Verses by Peter A. Lea* 11

ECONOMY PLUS EFFICIENCY—*An editorial*..... 13

✓ CATHEDRALS OF THE WILDERNESS—*A short history of the northernmost missions of Lower California, with a description of their present state. Part I: By John S. Gorby*.. 14

VOYAGER COOK—*A reconsideration of the explorations of the discoverer of Hawaii, now observing its sesquicentennial. By Hinda Teague Hill* 18

✓ DAYS—AND NIGHTS—IN OLD PANAMINT—*The romance of a notorious "roaring town" sequestered in the mountains of the Mojave. By Philip Johnston* 22

✓ ANTOINE ROBIDOUX—*Southwestern fur trader. By Joseph J. Hill* 26

✓ THE VALLEY OF THE MONUMENTS—*The story of a holiday among nature's graven images in Northern Arizona. By Bernice Eastman Johnston* 28

✓ THE HIGH PRIEST OF FLORA—*A glance at the life and works of Willis Linn Jepson, California's foremost botanist. By Harold D. Carew* 32

YOUR CLUB'S ACTIVITIES—*What the various service agencies of the Automobile Club of Southern California are doing* 35

SOME BEASTS, SOME BIRDS, AND A BUG OR TWO—*Amusing sketches of the peculiar desert folk of the Southwest. Verses and caricatures by Eve Ganson* 36

✓ BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—*Records show Death Valley hottest place on earth in summer; balmy resort in winter. By Phil Townsend Hanna* 38

✓ THE HOUSE NEAR THE FROG POND—*The story of prosperous Rancho Guajome and its owners. By Marjorie T. Wolcott* 40

LAND OF THE LEI—*A description and something of a history of the Hawaiian Islands. By David Heenan, Jr.* 42

CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MOTORIST 45

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Look at the Great Nash Growth!

1921 sales — 20,874 cars
1922 sales — 41,681 cars
1923 sales — 56,029 cars
1924 sales — 53,616 cars
1925 sales — 96,121 cars
1926 sales — 135,520 cars
1927 sales — 122,606 cars

Ten Months of 1928
126,845 Cars

(1928, estimated — 152,000 Cars)

And here in Southern California Nash sales for July, August, September and October of this year were far greater than for any previous four-month period. October, 1928, exceeded October, 1927, by 48%!

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NASH DISTRIBUTORS FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ROBERT S. BREYER, *President and General Manager*

Eleventh Street from Figueroa to Flower ~ ~ Los Angeles

The Editor's Own Page

ONE OF the two best-known painters of ships in these United States, Duncan Gleason, has turned from the field of his choice for a painter's holiday, in his design that appears on the cover of this month's issue of TOURING TOPICS. Here we see no spanking clipper, scudding before a fresh breeze, but a totally different subject—a calm, collected study of the Mission of San Luis Rey.

Gleason has gained a deserved renown for his ship paintings. Deep in the heart of every man, woman and child, no matter how engrossed they may be with the cares of this commercial and industrial age, there lurks the spirit of the playboy—a spirit that yearns for high adventure and the freedom of great spaces, so inimitably vivified by the sea.

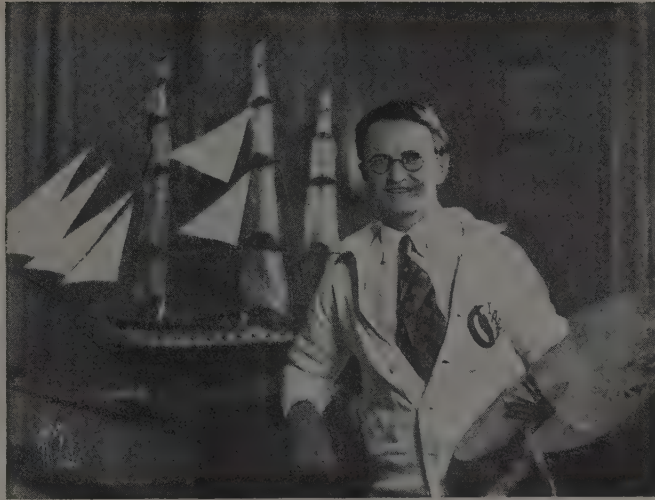
The ships that Gleason so skillfully places upon canvas; the ships that seem to undergo a rejuvenescence under his brushes, and that radiate so perfectly the romance of days fast passing out of the ken of man, these are the devices that awaken atavistic desires in the breasts of all. What Conrad and Melville and McFee have done with words, Grant and Gleason have done with their paint, and Gleason, I'm convinced, is the master in his field.

I could write reams about this modest little chap who intersperses his hours at the easel with playful moments upon the paraphernalia of the gymnasium (he is an expert exhibition gymnast as well as an excellent painter) for he has led an eventful life. The son of a pioneer, some of his first work appeared in that valuable old treasury of California knowledge, *The Land of Sunshine*, so ably edited a quarter of a century ago by Charles F. Lummis.

New York called, as it does all those who engage in serious literary or art endeavors, and Gleason responded, to become an illustrator for national magazines. And then the lure of the windjammer seized him and he rambled up and down the New England coast, studying the old sailing-ships and painting them. As a result he came to know them from keel to topsail, and it wasn't long before he began to model them.

In the studio of his Hollywood home, his models, amazingly designed and built with precision, maintain a position of prominence, and all about are ropes, nautical instruments and countless other souvenirs of the sea.

But he is not alone a competent painter of ships, as the present cover for TOURING TOPICS will testify. He is, as a matter of fact, a fine artist, capable of translating beauty in terms of paint and canvas wherever he may find it. The selection of San Luis Rey Mission



Duncan Gleason, whose painting of San Luis Rey Mission appears on the cover of this issue of TOURING TOPICS

as a mission subject was influenced greatly by the circumstance that it is one of the two California missions remaining under the control of the Franciscan missionary friars that founded them. Too, it is one of the most imposing architecturally, a fact that Gleason's painting demonstrates.

OLD PANAMINT, probably the roughest, toughest mining camp in California in the early '70s, is the subject of Philip Johnston's engaging contribution to this issue. Located in a sequestered *cul de sac* in the Panamint Mountains, the site of this once famous roaring town originally was the retreat of renegades and robbers. In fact, Senator Stewart, the father of Panamint, bought the first mines from these rogues. How he was forced to cast silver bullion produced into mammoth ingots, so heavy they couldn't be carried away, to frustrate the robber band, Mr. Johnston relates, together with many other incidents of life in this sometime riotous but now deserted community.

As this is written, Mr. Johnston is traveling afoot, on horseback and by motor on another trip

through Nevada, gathering firsthand data and photographs on little-known, but exceedingly interesting regions of our sister State. The literary results of his adventures will find their way into the pages of TOURING TOPICS during the winter.

I HAVE succeeded in prevailing upon Joseph J. Hill of the Bancroft Library to prepare additional sketches of noted "Mountain Men"—that company of courageous trappers who were the first Americans to penetrate the Far Southwest. In this issue will be found an outline of the activities of Antoine Robidoux, whose brothers later made history in Riverside County. Mr. Hill has in preparation an account of the adventures of that will-o'-the-wisp, Bill Williams, whose name has been given to several of Arizona's most prominent landmarks, but about whom we know little for certain. Later he will discuss J. J. Warner, perhaps, and Peg-leg Smith.

Recently a copy of his monograph, *Ewing Young in the Fur Trade of the Far-Southwest*, sold at auction for \$7.50, testifying to the popularity of his sympathetic

and thoroughly accurate studies of the early trappers.

THE climatic history of Death Valley is one of the most amazing records in the annals of the United States Weather Bureau. Hospitable and balmy in the winter months and an ideal resort for motorists, it is veritably an inferno in summer. Numerous legends exist about the valley and not a few of these revolve about its weather. It is the hottest place on earth, according to official and accepted records. These records have been made the basis of *Beauty and the Beast*, which I have prepared, after several months of research, for this number of TOURING TOPICS.

Contained therein will be found the superstitions of the prospectors and desert habitues about Death Valley, their explanation and science's, of the reason so many have met death with water by their side, and a description of the effect of the hot, dry winds on man and his property.

AFTER several months we are able once again to present a group of Eve Ganson's verses describing and picturing the fauna of the deserts of the Southwest. A second edition of the author's work will be published shortly, with an appreciative foreword by William T. Hornaday, America's eminent naturalist. The title of the new volume is *Desert Mavericks*. The new edition will be produced by Wallace Hebbert, the Santa Barbara publisher. Hebbert, by the way, has ready a deluxe edition of Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, with a frontispiece by Carl Oscar Borg.

NO TRAGEDY of the emigrant trail of the 40's has attracted so much attention as the entrapment of the Donner party in the snows of the Sierra. Volumes have been written since 1879 when McGlashan's *History of the Donner Party* first appeared and all have gone through many editions. Charges of cannibalism have been freely made against many members of the snowbound group and none has escaped stricture for one act of commission or omission.

Lewis Keseberg has drawn the wrath of the majority of those who have written, in a partisan spirit, of the sad event. His chief defender against the most serious charges heretofore has been the late Eliza Donner Houghton, a survivor. Now comes Frank Stokes, Jr., who has studied all available information on the tragedy with a defense which he has titled *The Last Man Out*. Mr. Stokes' contribution will appear in an early issue of TOURING TOPICS.

—P.T.H.

Book Stores to Sell TOURING TOPICS

TO make TOURING TOPICS more readily accessible to members who desire extra copies each month and to such non-members as may have an interest in its contents, arrangements have been made with several of the larger book stores in metropolitan Los Angeles to sell this publication. Hereafter they will be available in the book sections of J. W. Robinson's and Bullock's, and at Dawson's, Jake Zeitlin's and Fowler Brothers' book stores. The magazine will appear on or about the first of every month.

Increased costs of production occasioned by the better grade of material appearing therein, and the larger size, make necessary an advance in the single copy price to 20 cents. The yearly subscription rate, for the present, remains as formerly.



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Line up and Adjust

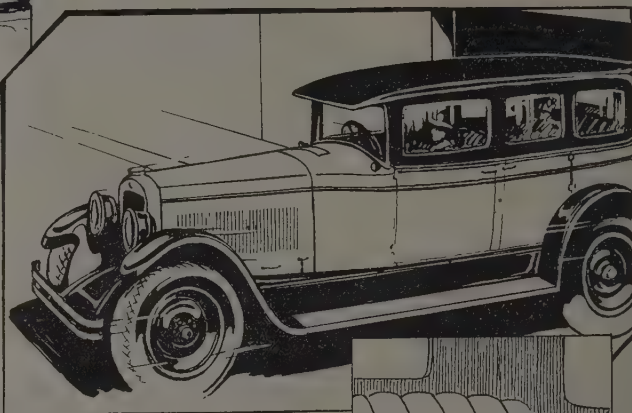
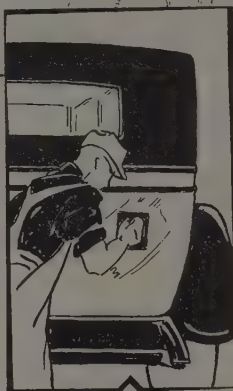
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Doors
Wheels
Windows

Reline and Adjust Brakes

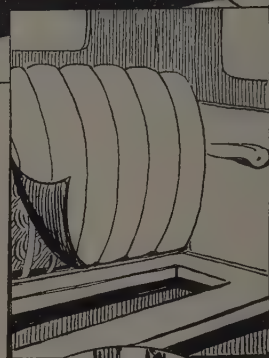
Overhaul and Adjust All Chassis Parts

Refinish in Duco or Lacquer

Enamel with Baked-on Process



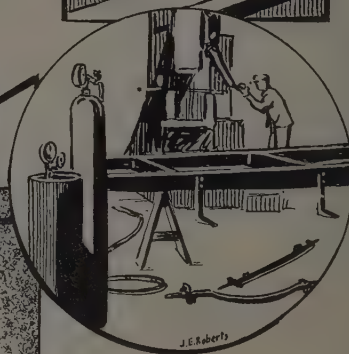
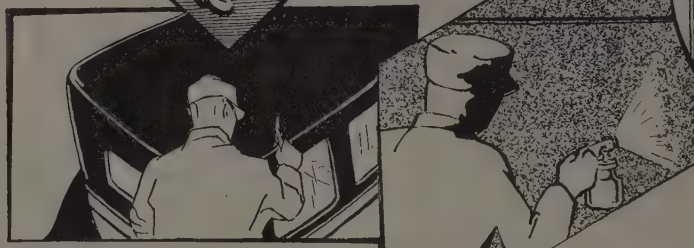
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Moderate



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241 W. Adams, near Grand Ave.
LOS ANGELES
Westmore 3461



Christmas on the Desert

Verses by Peter A. Lea

THERE'S no north wind a-hummin' 'round Mojave,
We never know the feel o' fallin' snow,
Instead the sun laughs all the day, a-warmin'
The shiftin' sands where southwest breezes blow;
The ocotillo cactus—that's our holly,
And mesquite makes a home for mistletoe;

THERE'S blossoms gay as any tinselled trappin'
Wide skies so deep a blue they lure the eyes,
Bright fallin' stars at night for eager wishin',
And one just now so big it beautifies
Our shaggy Joshua, benignly posin'
Like a great Christmas tree that never dies!

THERE'S no sound like the chimin' bells in cities,
We have four-footed furries livin' near,
Gay plumaged birds sing us a merry greetin',
Top-knotted quail are callin' sweet and clear—
There's no north wind or snow near old Mojave,
But the Christmas Spirit holds the atmosphere!

Out where Lockheeds are built they use UNION



THEY pick their spruce in the woods. They build with exacting care, experimenting, testing, rejecting, proving and improving. That is the way of a successful airplane builder. It is an age of efficiency, of getting greater strength without increasing weight, of getting more power from men, motors and fuel.

Union gasoline is a fine laboratory development to meet the exacting requirements of this "more mileage" age. It has always kept its lead in quality through the untiring efforts of our engineers in constant experiments. This same quality is available to you at any Union dealer.

UNION ETHYL



UNION OIL COMPANY

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TOURING TOPICS

DECEMBER, 1928



ECONOMY PLUS EFFICIENCY

ONE OF the most satisfactory phases of California's improved highway program is the development of the oilbound gravel road, which experience has now shown is economical, durable and efficient. With the tremendous increase in the number of motor vehicles, together with the corresponding demand for more improved highways, it became evident long ago that it would not be feasible to undertake to build expensive paved roads, even over a long period of years, to cover all the highway system. In fact, the cost would be virtually prohibitive. So for eight years the highway engineers of the Automobile Club of Southern California have advocated oilbound roads to supplement the more costly paved highways, and their position has been supported by other highway authorities, including the California Highway Commission.

Paved highways sufficiently heavy and durable to meet the requirements of heavy traffic should be built in localities where a wide road is needed and the traffic duty is heavy. In such localities where heavy paved highways are required, the demand for construction is fully equal to the financial ability of the State and counties to build such roads. The problem has been, therefore, to provide in addition a satisfactory type of road to meet traffic requirements over long stretches of road between cities and towns and connecting national parks and other points of scenic interest.

That it is imperative to meet this problem is evidenced by the fact that California traffic has increased so rapidly. More than 1,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline are now used annually by California motorists, and the gasoline tax, in addition to providing funds for maintenance, also provides a considerable sum for new highways. More cars are owned here in proportion to population and the mileage is greater because of the year around

travel conditions and travel-promoting climate. So the demand for new highways may be expected to always be greater than could feasibly be built if they were all of an expensive type.

There is a wide difference between the average cost of \$30,000 a mile for concrete highway and the cost of \$1000 to \$1500 for highways improved with an oilbound gravel surface. The economical oilbound road can be made to serve motorists over many thousands of miles, and the highway system becomes more efficient as a whole because it more completely meets the needs of the motoring public.

The oilbound road between Barstow and Victorville is now more than two years old and is in perfect condition with virtually no maintenance cost. California now has approximately 2000 miles of this type of highway, all of which has proved economical and durable and capable of meeting fully the traffic requirements. These roads have been a source of great profit and convenience to motorists. Five years ago it required three to four days to make the trip to Zion Park and Bryce Canyon, where now the trip can be made in one day.

One of the greatest motoring trips available anywhere in the world is a round trip of 6907 miles from Los Angeles to more than a score of national parks and other points of superlative interest, including Bryce Canyon, the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park, Rainier National Park, Crater Lake, Yosemite, Sequoia and many others. Such distances can be travelled in comfort over oilbound gravel roads, while there could be no reasonable expectation of building or maintaining expensive paved highways.

Thus the low priced, durable oil and gravel roads are functioning, economically and efficiently, as a portion of California's extensive highway system.

CATHEDRALS *of the Wilderness*



A short history of the northern-most missions of Lower California, with a description of their present state—

Part I: *By John S. Gorby*

EARLY in the Sixteenth Century, stately Spanish galleons, ever seeking fanciful treasure lands, slowly dipped through the azure crests of the South Sea. North-west from the land of the conquered Montezuma, they sailed with their cargoes of *conquistadores*, eagerly searching for *Las Islas Californias*, fabled store-house of the Aztec fortunes. Hernando Cortés, the great Spanish navigator, explorer and conqueror, spurred by the hope of additional riches, despatched several expeditions to find these romantic islands which were also reputed to be the land of the Amazons. However, failure dogged the tracks of the explorers, and Cortés saw his fortunes dwindling. Still, undaunted, the doughty captain sent another expedition from the West Coast of Mexico in the summer of 1533. One of the ships, the *Concepción* under Diego Becerra, stretching northward along the "Great Coast," reached a point near the present town of Mazatlan. Here Becerra's crew mutinied. Fortún Ximénez,

the pilot, having murdered the captain, assumed charge and headed the *Concepción* toward the setting sun, hoping to reach the newly discovered Spice Islands.

However, he had sailed well above the twenty-fourth parallel and hence, turning westward he soon came to an unknown land. In the spring of 1534 the *Concepción* dropped her anchor in a beautiful landlocked bay which Ximénez named Santa Cruz, and which is now known as the Bay of La Paz. "Ciguatan," or "Las Californias," had been discovered, yet none of the gold and silver rumored by the Aztecs to have been there was found. The "Islas Amazonas" had at last been located, but the Amazons had apparently disappeared.

Such is the accepted story of the discovery of California. Cortés himself landed at La Paz in the following year, found many pearls and hostile Indians, and, in a desultory manner, attempted to start a colony.

Later history tells of Francisco de Ulloa exploring and naming the "Sea of Cortez,"

now the Gulf of California. Several years after, in 1541, Hernando de Alarcón sailed up the gulf and explored the mouth of the Colorado River. And the following year Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator, sailing under the Spanish flag, anchored in San Diego Harbor and was the first to land in Alta California.

Following closely upon the discovery of the new lands, the gold-laden Manila galleons began rounding the high southern promontory of Cape San Lucas, on their way from the Spice Islands to Acapulco. Not content with having such vast riches pour into the coffers of Spain, English, Dutch and French buccaneers preyed upon the treasure ships with such success and regularity that the viceroy of Mexico resolved to establish settlements at strategic points in California, not alone for the protection of the vessels, but also in order to develop the country and bring more riches to the Crown under which they had been discovered.

Consequently, Sebastián Vizcaíno, in

command of three ships and a large company of men, set out from Acapulco with orders to explore the Californias and to establish settlements near each of the capes, San Lucas and Mendocino. It was on this expedition that the first of the series of missionary fathers that were destined to be responsible for the development of the Californias landed in the territory. These were four Franciscans. Disembarking at Santa Cruz, Vizcaino named the place La Paz and started a small settlement. It was a failure from the start and was shortly abandoned. Nevertheless this must be considered the first attempt to colonize the peninsula. Vizcaino made another voyage but he made no important discoveries nor did he establish the proposed colony in Alta California.

In 1684 Admiral Isidro Otondo y Antillon set out from New Spain with royal permission to colonize and settle the country. Three Jesuit fathers accompanied

ora de Guadalupe. Although these foundations were temporary and immediately abandoned, they nevertheless mark the beginning of the Jesuit mission system in Baja California.

The foundation of Loreto by Padre Juan Maria de Salvatierra in 1697 was the first permanent mission in the Californias. Closely following the establishment of Loreto there grew up a splendid chain of twenty-two missions which carried the peninsula into the period of her greatest prosperity.

Just as the Jesuits were beginning to realize the benefits of their struggles in that barren and forbidding frontier land, there came a decree expelling them. The Franciscans, or as they were sometimes called, the San Fernandines, with Junipero Serra in charge, assumed control of all the missions in the spring of 1768.

The Franciscans, however, were not favorably impressed with the country and were

anxious to establish missions farther north, where prospects seemed somewhat brighter. Therefore Padre Serra wisely effected a treaty with the Dominican order of friars whereby the territory lying above an imaginary line drawn from a point about fifteen Spanish leagues below San Diego, to the mouth of the Colorado, should be settled by the Franciscans; and the Dominicans, who had been anxious to get a foothold in Cali-

fornia, should control the peninsular missions. Previous to concluding this agreement, Padre Serra had visited the last mission of the Jesuits, Santa Maria de Los Angeles, located in barren and almost inaccessible mountains; had returned to the desert mesa land on the west and there founded the only Franciscan mission in Baja California—San Fernando de Velicatá. From here the brave missionary traveled north to San Diego and there, in 1769, founded the Alta California mission of the same name.

Four years later, according to the treaty, the Franciscans departed from the peninsula and the Dominican order assumed control of the missions. Although not as well fitted for the rigors of frontier life as the Jesuits, the Dominicans established nine missions and for many years managed the mission system with success and foresight. However, certain uncontrollable forces caused the decline of this amazing colonization, and today the traveler can see the ruins of the stone mission churches of the south, the desolate mounds of adobe which mark the sites of the northern establishments, and marvel at the indomitable courage and faith of the padres.

The narrow finger of land stretching down from California is a country which might be called the backyard of civilization. Here, among savages of the lowest order, the energetic padres pushed forth the wedge of culture and learning, erected churches and established colonies. However, their system gradually declined and others came with different colonization schemes but, one by one, they too were driven from the land by failure. Then nations fought over the peninsula. The United States owned it twice. At last Mexico annexed it as a territory in the middle of the Nineteenth Century. Few people live in this barren land and, in spite of spasmodic prospects and schemes, the



The above map shows the location of the early missions of Lower California north of El Muñe.

Otondo; Juan Copart, Eusebio Kino and Gomi. Landings were made at La Paz and at a small bay just above the twenty-sixth parallel on the gulf, which was named San Bruno. From these points several exploring parties were sent inland. Temporary fortifications were erected at La Paz. Here, too, the Jesuits attempted to establish a mission dedicated to Nuestra Señ-

Below—The adobe ruins of Mission Santo Domingo are nestled close to the steep walls of the canyon through which the Santo Domingo River passes just before reaching the sea. This mission was established by the Dominicans in 1776.



first California ever lapses into the obscurity and forgetfulness of an undiscovered continent. And yet there are the inspiring monuments of that first colonization, the missions of the California padres.

The highway completed between Ensenada and El Mulegé in 1927, through the enterprise of Abelardo Rodriguez, governor of the Northern District of Lower California, has created much interest in the peninsula and particularly in these early missions, many of which can now be reached by automobile. At present some of the southern missions are beyond the range of the motorist, but will be accessible upon the completion of a stretch between El Mulegé and La Purísima. This road will connect with a highway giving access to most of the important towns and mission sites of the southern district. Although work has been temporarily discontinued, it is promised that this link will be finished in the near future. Also there are a few missions which, owing to their isolation, can be reached only by trails. However, with the main highway running down the peninsula as far as El Mulegé, and with many motorists venturing into this little known land, there has developed an increasing interest in the amazing achievements of the padres.

There are two missions which can be easily reached from the highway between Tijuana and Ensenada. The first of these is Nuestra Señora de Descanso. It is located about a quarter of a mile east of the road some thirty miles below the international boundary line at Tijuana. The mission buildings are now entirely in ruins. Established in 1778 by the Dominicans, this mission was the most northerly of the peninsular foundations. The main building was approximately thirty-five by six paces floor measure, with walls some ten or twelve feet high. As were all the Dominican missions, Descanso was built of adobe bricks, and owing to its proximity to the ocean the adobe contained a generous

portion of shells. Bits of red clay tile scattered around indicate that the building was roofed with this material. Many of the old timbers are still in place though they are now very much decayed. The altar was located in the east end. The living quarters consisted of a small room built on to the east end. The usual corridor extending the full length of the building faced the sand dunes to the south and west with a good view of the beautiful Descanso Valley and, in the distance, the sparkling waters of the Pacific.

The trail, or *camino*, of the padres leads from Descanso inland, passing Palou's Rock, the former boundary marker between the Californias, thence it winds over the hills toward San Diego. These *caminos* followed the wild animal tracks, thus striking most of the water holes, but frequently encountering more difficult country than was necessary. At the mission is seen a large recent excavation near the southeast corner of the building which was probably made by treasure seekers, since many are the tales of buried fortunes about the old churches. The unroofed adobe walls have fared poorly, the east and west ends being the only ones standing; the others, although they can be easily traced, have been washed down until they are little more than mounds.

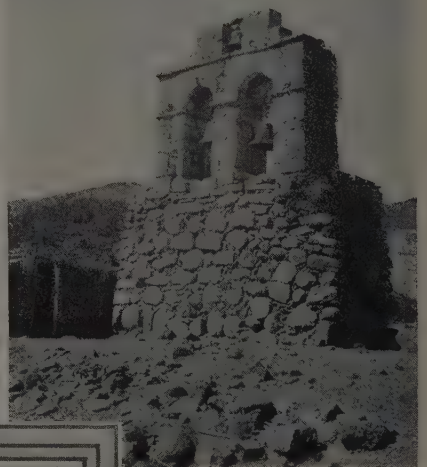
Some ten miles below Descanso the highway crosses the Guadalupe River which flows through a steep canyon bounded by precipitous cliffs on either side. Less than two miles from the road on the south side of the canyon is located another ancient Dominican mission site, that of San Miguel Arcangel Fronteriza. Although there is a road leading over the steep bluff directly in back of the mission it is impassable for automobiles. The only way to reach the place other than over this trail is to proceed up the south bank of the river, leaving one's car at the highway bridge.

In spite of the fact that the mission buildings are now a mass of reddish brown

adobe ruins, they still bear witness to the prosperity of the place and the extent of the padres' labors. There were four or five buildings surrounded by fertile, cultivated fields, orchards and vineyards. This mission was founded in March, 1787, by Father Luis Sales. James Ohio Pattie, famous trapper and explorer, visiting here in 1828, in his *Personal Narrative*, says of San Miguel:

"It was surrounded with splendid orchards, vineyards and fields; and was for soil, climate and position, all that could be wished. The old superintending priest . . . invited us to sup with him. . . . We sat down to a large table furnished with various dishes of the country. . . . The priest informed us that the population of his mission was 1200 souls, and the weekly consumption fifty beeves and a corresponding amount of grain. The mission possesses 3000 head of domesticated and tamed horses and mules. . . . In the morning we started. . . . In the evening we arrived at a ranch called Buenas Aguas. . . . At this ranch they kept 30,000 head of sheep, belonging to the mission which we had left."

Father Englehardt, whose *Missions and*



Above—The stone campanile of the Jesuit Mission Santa Gertrudis was erected some distance from the other buildings. It is said that the structures here were designed by a blind architect. Santa Gertrudis is situated in the rugged sierra near the boundary between the north and south districts of the peninsula. Photo by Edward Davis

Missionaries of California is the most complete account of the missions available, disagrees with Pattie, claiming that the trapper was very extravagant in his statements. Nevertheless San Miguel enjoyed a prosperity beyond that of many of the mission establishments.

Some forty-eight miles below San Miguel Mission, the highway drops into the broad Santo Tomás Valley. Here, located in the midst of thriv-

Below—Mission San Vicente Ferrer was one of the largest in the frontier district. The reddish brown adobe walls have fared poorly against the ravages of time. The Dominicans stationed here were constantly harassed by fierce attacks of warlike Indians living in the mountains to the east



ing grape vineyards and grain fields, is the site of the Dominican mission of Santo Tomás de Aquino, founded in the spring of 1791 by Fr. José Lorient at a place known as San Solano. Owing to the frequent depredations of hostile Indians, the mission was moved from its original location farther up the valley. The present site is in the very heart of an extensive vineyard with a single eucalyptus swaying over the last remaining building. This adobe has been rebuilt and now serves as a storehouse for great wine casks. A small mound of stones, some distance below the building, marks the foundation of a church which never was completed. The records speak of many buildings here, but none of these are visible now. The Indians hereabouts were extremely warlike. Two of the padres stationed here were murdered by their redskin servants. Englehardt states that Father Tomás Mansilla from this mission officiated at a baptism in San Diego as late as February, 1840.

San Vicente Ferrer is the next mission reached going south from Santo Tomás on



Mission San Fernando de Velicatá was the only Franciscan mission on the peninsula. It was founded by Junípero Serra in 1769. Although at one time this establishment boasted of many Indian converts and extensive adobe buildings, the crumbling walls of the living quarters and a few stone irrigating ditches are all that remain.

church, while the main building was a fort of more generous proportions. The ruins of living quarters, granaries, barracks and workshops are scattered apparently at random about the mission site. All were built of reddish brown adobe and roofed with tules. All are in ruins and unroofed at present. The fierce attacks of the Indians and the even more dreaded

Gonzales and Mansilla served here as late as 1855. A red cliff about a mile below the mission contains several caves. The Natives state that the padres, before establishing Santo Domingo, lived in these for some time, saying mass and attempting to convert the natives from their elevated habitation. This mission, with its room containing carved images, candlesticks and other relics, is the best preserved of the Dominican foundations.

In the high Sierra San Pedro Mártir, to the east of Santo Domingo, the padres pushed north from Rosário and founded the mission San Pedro Mártir de Verona. Fr. Cayetano Pallas was its founder, acting upon an order of the Lord Viceroy of New Spain dated March 27, 1793. The mission was dedicated in April, 1794. On a high ledge of the eastern slope of the lofty sierra, the typical adobe buildings were erected near a small stream. The church was reported to have been put up in 1801 and was approximately sixteen by eighty feet. In addition there were two smaller buildings. Bits of red tile have been found here, indicating that the roofs were of this material. The bases of the adobe walls, the crumbled banks of ancient irrigating ditches and a forlorn little cemetery are all that remain of this mission. The site can be reached only by trail from Santo Domingo, from which it is about forty miles distant.

Traveling south on the main highway, some sixty-two miles from Santo Domingo, the initial Dominican foundation is reached. This mission was named for Our Lady of the Rosary, Nuestra Señora del Rosário. Established in 1774, the names of its founders are unknown. Built slightly above the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47)



The bells of Rosário are hung on a rude campanile among the ruins of the mission church. Mission Rosário was the first Dominican foundation in Lower California. It is located near the Pacific about 250 miles south of Tijuana.

the main road. This mission was founded by the Dominican friars Miguel Hidalgo and Joaquín Valero in the fall of 1780. It is twenty-seven miles from Santo Tomás. Once the capital of the frontier district, this mission grew into a prosperous community in spite of the fierce Indian tribes which swept down from the sierra on the east. The colony was situated upon a slight eminence around which the San Ysidro River makes a broad curve. The fertile soil, well-watered by numerous irrigating ditches, produced abundantly of grain, vegetables and fruits of all kinds, and livestock flourished and multiplied.

Today one sees an old cemetery, surrounded by crumbled adobe walls, which serves as the final resting place of many cowed Dominicans, and also contains the graves, garishly decorated, of the recent dead from the tiny pueblo of San Vicente. A long, narrow building once served as a

smallpox epidemics took grim toll here, and finally reduced the numbers so greatly that the mission no longer was able to subsist.

The mission of Santo Domingo, the second to be founded by the Dominicans, is located in the valley of the Santo Domingo River some fifty-five miles south of San Vicente. One room of the church building has been maintained in sufficiently good repair to provide a storeroom for the few relics remaining; all else is the usual adobe ruins. Less than two miles from the main highway, in a valley surrounded by walls of red and gray hills, this mission overlooks the present *pueblocito* of Santo Domingo. Orchards, vineyards and the ever present flower gardens all contribute to the beauty of this delightful spot.

Santo Domingo was founded by padres Manuel García and Miguel Hidalgo in 1775, and was one of the last missions to be occupied, the records showing that friars

Voyager COOK

A reconsideration of the explorations of the discoverer of Hawaii, now observing its Sesquicentennial—

By Hinda Teague Hill

JUST as the Pacific and the Polar regions fling their challenge to the aviator of today, so did they fling similar challenges to the seamen of a hundred and fifty, two hundred, three hundred years ago. What vast treasure might not be found in that seemingly limitless expanse of uncharted waters? Surely there must be a great continent in the south, argued the scientists of two hundred years ago. It must be there, they reasoned, else the world would have tipped over. And by the same reasoning, there must be another great ocean to the north to balance that of the south.

Now the importance of finding this new continent and unknown ocean loomed large in the imaginations of that day. The land, when found, was expected to furnish untold wealth such as Spain had tapped in Mexico and South America; the ocean would furnish that long-sought short cut to the East Indies and to the Western coast of the American continent. Generation after generation sent out its daring navigators in the quest.

But the southern continent and the northern passage continued to elude their seekers—and the relentless Pacific and the polar seas then as now swallowed up many of those who attempted to penetrate their secrets. Finally there came a man who recognized no limit to the possibilities of human achievement, a man whose daring and invincible courage were yet linked with wisdom and prudence, a man whose tireless energy was still considerate of others. The Pacific at last took its toll, but not before Captain James Cook had penetrated farther north and farther south than any voyager had ever done before; had proved conclusively that there was no habitable continent to the south; confirmed Bering's pronouncement that there was no practicable passage from the North Pacific to the Atlantic; and filled in more of the blank spaces of the Pacific than any other navigator before or since.

Captain Cook's life puts to

shame the career of the most brilliant Horatio Alger hero. The son of a farm laborer, he became the foremost commander of the Royal Navy. Self-taught except for three or at most four years in the village school, he was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society and was awarded by that learned body the Copley medal for the best scientific paper of the year. This year of 1928 marks both the two hundredth anniversary of James Cook's birth and the hundred and fiftieth of his discovery of the Hawaiian Islands.

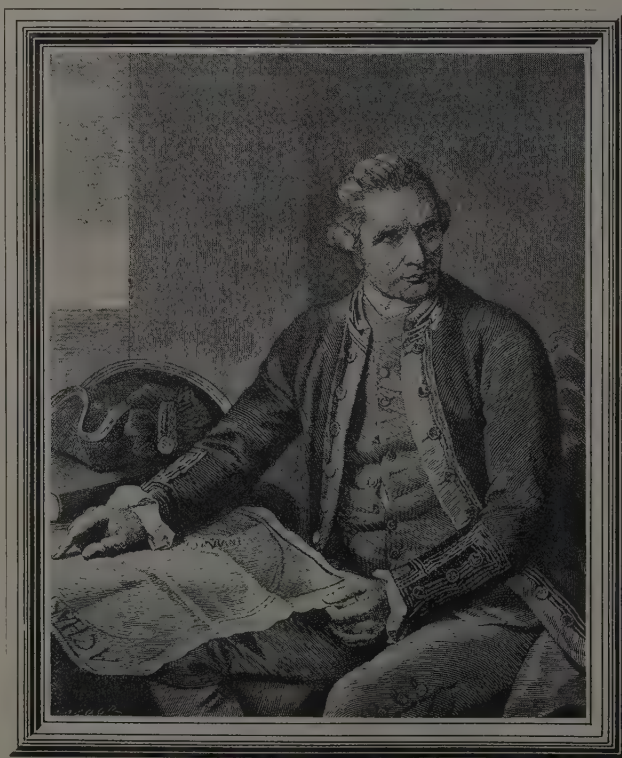
Of Cook's early years and of his private life little is known. He was born on October 27, 1728, in the Yorkshire village of Marton. A tiny two-roomed cottage built of mud was his birthplace. At the age of sixteen or seventeen he went to the coast village of Staithes as clerk in the grocery

and drapery shop of one Saunderson. Here presumably began his longing for the sea.

Almost nothing is known for a certainty, but we can imagine him listening wide-eyed to the tales of the sea-faring men of the village. One or two among them may have rounded the treacherous Horn and sailed up the coast of Chile and Peru. Spurred on by the interest of the lad, they may even have told fantastic tales of the Island of California and of hair-breadth escapes from the Spanish fleet. Certain it is that the boy determined to go to sea, and after some eighteen months with Saunderson went to the ship-building town of Whitby where he was apprenticed to John Walker, member of a coal-shipping firm. Eight or nine years he remained with this firm, employing his time between trips up and down the east coast and in the Baltic in studying whatever books he could get that would add to his nautical knowledge.

His advancement was rapid and when he resigned, in June, 1755, to enter His Majesty's Service, he had been for three years mate of one of Walker's best vessels.

Upon his entrance into the navy, Cook was immediately plunged into stirring events between the English and the French, and within two years was made master of the *Pembroke*, which took an active part in the siege of Quebec. Because of the excellence of his work on a "Draught of the River St. Lawrence, with its harbours, bays and islands," and his survey of part of the coast of Nova Scotia and of Newfoundland, he was commissioned in 1763 to complete the survey of Newfoundland and Labrador, a work to which he devoted his efforts for the next four years. During this time he made careful observation of an eclipse of the sun and a report of his findings, sent to the Royal Society, was read before that august body on April 30, 1767. How or when Cook had managed to learn enough of astronomy to be able to make this report it is hard to understand, but it was probably the turning point of his



Captain James Cook, discoverer, explorer and scientist. From an old print

life, as it brought him to the attention of a body of eminent men outside his own profession, and determined his next appointment.

It had been calculated that in June, 1769, a transit of Venus would occur, observations of which would be of great importance to astronomical science. The Royal Society presented a memorial to the King, asking that an expedition be sent to some point in the South Seas to observe this event. When this request had been granted and funds put into the hands of the society, the committee set about arranging details. Cook seems to have been the only man seriously considered as commander of the expedition. Otaheite (Tahiti) was decided upon as the most suitable place at which observations might be taken, and it was requested that the expedition might be landed a month or six weeks before the third of June in order that the instruments might be got into proper working order.

Joseph Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph), a fellow of the society and a renowned botanist, as well as a man of large private fortune, was permitted to accompany the expedition and to take with him a party of five scientists and artists. A Whitby-built boat, the renowned *Endeavour*, was bought and equipped for the voyage, and on August 26, 1768, the expedition sailed from Plymouth on its way to the Pacific.

Thus began Cook's "first voyage." It

is a curious fact that though Cook had now been at sea for the greater part of twenty-three years and at least five times had made the round trip between England and Newfoundland, his "Voyages"—always written with a capital in the early accounts—are invariably mentioned as three in number, the voyages to the Pacific.

The orders under which he sailed were secret, but Cook himself writes in a later account that he was "ordered to proceed directly to Otaheite; and, after the astronomical observations should be completed, to prosecute the design of making discoveries in the South Pacific Ocean by proceeding to the South as far as the latitude of 40°; then, if I found no land, to proceed to the west between 40° and 35° till I fell in with New Zealand, which I was to explore, and thence to return to England by such route as I should think proper."

They reached Tahiti on April 13, 1769, and immediately set about selecting a site for the camp. They named this Point Venus, in honor of the event they had traveled so many thousand miles to observe, and the group of islands Cook called the Society Islands, out of respect for the Royal Society.

On the long-anticipated day Cook sent out two parties of observers in opposite directions, while he and his assistants took notes at the observatory they had set up at Point Venus. The air was perfectly clear,

and the results obtained were most satisfactory.

During the stay of the *Endeavour*, Cook had gardens laid out and planted with seeds brought from Europe or obtained at points at which he had stopped—melons, oranges, lemons, limes, mustard, carrots, pumpkins, etc. This he did at every island where he stayed for any length of time. He likewise left stock that he had brought with him in the *Endeavour*—sheep, cattle, goats, poultry, pigs. In some instances his efforts to give to the islands new products were successful, but often the gardens were neglected, and the animals either killed at once or else left to starve.

Leaving the Society Islands on August 9, he cruised southward on the lookout for the much-talked-of Southern Continent, but after some weeks was forced to turn north again as the weather was very bad and there was no indication of land. In October he sighted land which proved to be the North Island of New Zealand, never before approached from the East by Europeans. Tasman had discovered the west coast a century and a quarter earlier but had not set foot on it.

Some of the geographers of that day believed that this Staten Land, as Tasman had named it, was the west coast of the Southern Continent, and this belief Cook determined to investigate. The next six months he spent in a thorough survey of



Captain Cook's demise at Hawaii, February 13th, 1779. Falling from a blow on the head, he was fatally stabbed in the back. From a contemporary print

the coast and proved by a complete circumnavigation that it was not a part of any continent. In the course of this circuit he discovered the strait that now bears his name and sailed through, thus proving the existence of the two islands instead of one.

Throughout his stay in these waters, Cook repeatedly attempted to make friends with the natives. When in the neighborhood of the place where Tasman first sighted New Zealand,

he made every effort to find out from them if they had any traditions of any other ships having been seen, but without avail. Tales of Cook's own visit, however, were handed down by the natives to their children and told by them to some of the first Europeans who settled in the country. On first seeing the ship they thought it was a bird, and were particularly struck with its large and beautiful wings (sails). When they saw an unfledged young one (a boat) leave its side, filled with human figures, they thought it was a household of deities. They were greatly alarmed at the power these strange visitors had of killing at a long distance by means of a thunderbolt, and some declared that they felt ill if the strangers only looked at them fixedly.

From New Zealand, Cook sailed west until he caught sight of Australia, or New Holland, as it was then called. Tasman had discovered the west coast, but never before had Europeans landed on the east coast. They anchored first in Botany Bay, so called from the great number of plants gathered there by Mr. Banks and his assistant.

Cook made his way northward from Botany Bay, keeping as close to the coast as he considered safe, and took possession of the entire eastern part of the continent in the name of George III. He landed at comparatively few points on this journey up the Australian coast, but makes frequent mention of the constantly recurring smoke seen on shore; one point indeed received the name of Smoky Cape because of the great number there. He evidently had no idea that they were in all probability signals from one party of blacks to another announcing the advent of this strange bird with great wings which they had seen off the coast a little way.

Leaving Australia, Cook touched at New Guinea, then went on to Batavia, where the ship was given a thorough overhauling. Up to this point the men had been marvelously free from disease of any kind. It was prob-



When the "Resolution" and the "Discoverer" anchored in Kealakua Bay, the king of Hawaii, Tereoboo, believing the white men to be deities, caused his subjects to bring bountiful gifts to the voyagers. From a contemporary print

ably the first really long voyage ever undertaken that had been free from scurvy. That ailment dreaded by all seamen had been given much thought by Cook, and he had set about accomplishing its prevention. He made every effort to vary the diet of the sailors and to give them whenever possible fresh meat and the nearest substitutes he could find for fresh vegetables. Vitamines had never been heard of at that time, but it is interesting to note that the list of foods Cook contrived to procure for the men is pretty much in line with foods insisted upon by dietists today.

At Batavia, however, this record for good health was broken. Many of the men were stricken with malarial fever, followed by dysentery. Every remedy that could be thought of was tried, but nothing stayed the pestilence. Practically every one on board was ill, and there were many deaths before the *Endeavour* reached England, on July 13, 1771, after a voyage just a little short of three years.

Some months before their arrival Dalrymple's *Collection of Voyages* had been published, dedicated to that future explorer who should discover the great Southern Continent. This book started afresh the controversy as to the existence of such a land. Dalrymple and some others contended that Cook had not finally settled the point, but had left too much space untraversed. The believers in the continent were not in the least disposed to surrender their Terra Australis Incognita simply because Cook had not found it. Too many pleasing fancies had been woven about it for it to be lightly abandoned.

"Its longitude," said Dalrymple's *Collection*, "is as much as that of all Europe, Asia Minor, and to the Caspian Sea and Persia, with all the islands of the Mediterranean Ocean which are in its limits embraced, including England and Ireland. That unknown part is a quarter of the whole globe . . ."

"To put an end to all diversity of opin-

ion about a matter so curious and important," says Cook, a second voyage was decided upon. Two ships were to be used, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*. On July 13, 1772, just a year to a day from the return of the *Endeavour*, Cook set out on his second voyage, with orders to go first to Madeira and then to the Cape of Good Hope, and from there to sail to the southward in an attempt to find Cape Circumcision. He was to determine if it

formed part of a continent, and if so to explore it, following the coast, and to get as near to the South Pole as he could without seriously endangering his ships or crews. If Cape Circumcision proved to be an island, or if he was unable to find it, he was to proceed as far south as he thought there was any probability of meeting with land, and then, steering to the eastward, circumnavigate the globe in as high a latitude as he could. In the case of meeting with land, all his discoveries were to be explored as far as time would permit.

After cruising about hither and yon in the South Pacific until January, 1774, Cook was convinced that there was no continent existing there except so far south as to be practically inaccessible on account of ice. However, as he believed there was plenty of room in the unexplored parts for large islands to exist, and as he knew that many of the discoveries already made were only imperfectly charted, he determined to remain in those waters for a longer period and do what he could to clear up various doubtful points in the geography of the Pacific.

Cook fixed the location of Easter Island, hitherto very uncertain, visited the Marquesas group, discovered by Mendana in 1595; discovered the Palliser Islands, and then set his course for Tahiti. After leaving the Society Islands, his only discovery of special importance was New Caledonia, and late in February, 1775, Cook turned in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope, having now completed his circumnavigation of the globe in high southern latitudes.

Though the search for the Southern Continent had proved a total loss—since Cook couldn't find what wasn't there—and though comparatively few new discoveries had been made, it was a voyage of great achievement in sailing records. For one period Cook was at sea for 122 days; at another time for 117 days, sailing for more than 10,000 miles without once sighting land. During the entire voyage only four

deaths had occurred in the crew, three of which were from accidents, and only one from disease—a record unprecedented in the annals of English naval history.

After his return from this second voyage, Cook was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society and on his formal admission there was read a paper written by him on the means he had used for the prevention and cure of scurvy. That he himself realized his success in dealing with this disease, which, at that time, even in voyages of moderate length, was the most terrible danger that had to be encountered, is attested in many entries in his journals. This paper was later awarded the Copley Medal as being the best paper contributed during the year. The medal never came into Cook's own possession, but was presented to Mrs. Cook after his departure on his third voyage.

Shortly after his return from his prolonged search for the non-existent Southern Continent, Cook had been appointed Captain of Greenwich Hospital for Seamen, but he never took up his residence there. For, although the question of a habitable Southern Continent had been settled beyond dispute, there remained another question—that of the "northwest passage." For 200 years and more navigators had been seeking a way from the North Atlantic into the Pacific. The repeated failure caused a change of plan and it was thought that ships might be able to get through from the Pacific into the Atlantic. A third expedition into the Pacific was decided upon, and much difficulty was experienced in finding a suitable commander.

Cook was universally recognized as best fitted for the position, yet the Lords of the Admiralty hesitated to send him out on another long voyage after so short a time at home. Cook then volunteered to go out for the third time and was immediately given the appointment. The *Resolution* was ordered refitted, and the *Discovery* was purchased to act as consort, with Captain Clerke, who had accompanied Cook on the two preceding voyages, in command.

Though the investigations to be undertaken in this third voyage were to center in the North Pacific, Cook was first to go to the Society Islands to take Omai back home. Omai was a native whom Captain Furneaux had brought back with him in the *Adventure*, and was the first South Sea Islander to set foot in England. He

was made much of in London society—was received by the King, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and entertained by various notables. Few savages in all history have won such fame.

In July, 1776, just a week after the signing of the Declaration of Independence by the American colonies, the expedition set out. By December they had entered the Indian Ocean. On Christmas Day the two ships anchored in a small bay at Kerguelen's Land, a barren island in mid-ocean, well below the fortieth parallel of south latitude. This island had been discovered by the French and had been written of by Monsieur de Kerguelen so that it came to bear his name. Cook and his party made a thorough exploration of this land. In addition to obtaining much scientific data, they added seals, turtles, penguins and strange seabirds to their larder. Cook, in his *Journal*, states that he had named the island the Isle of Desolation, owing to the utter lack of vegetation. But he declares that he had no intention of depriving Kerguelen of the honor of naming it after himself.

On the way to Tahiti, late in February of the following year, the two ships anchored for a time near the old berth in Queen Charlotte's Sound, New Zealand, and remained there for about two weeks. Omai wanted a New Zealander to accompany him and soon found one willing to volunteer, though it was carefully explained to him that he would have to leave his country for good, as there would be no chance of his being able to return. In order to provide companionship for him, a boy of nine or ten years was taken along as his servant.

As soon as they were well at sea, these two new additions to the ship's company became seasick and bitterly regretted their desire for travel. Cook says: "They wept both in public and in private, and made their lamentations in a kind of song." As their seasickness wore off, however, they

became reconciled and in time became greatly attached to their new companions.

Omai and the New Zealanders were landed on Huaheine, one of the Society Islands. A piece of ground was obtained from the chief of the island, a garden cleared and planted, and a small house erected to contain their stores. Cook was in great hopes that Omai would succeed in bringing his garden to perfection, and would thus make a valuable addition to the products of the island.

Their task in the South Seas accomplished, the two ships sailed northward, crossing the equator on December 23. Two days later Cook anchored at a little island, which he named Christmas, in honor of the day, in hopes of getting a supply of turtle. After a successful catch, the vessels continued their voyage to the north.

For more than two weeks no land was sighted, then, in January, 1778, several islands were discovered which were later named for the Earl of Sandwich—and are now known as the Hawaiian Islands.

Baron von Humboldt in *Cosmos* states that a Spaniard named Gaetano discovered one of this group of islands in 1542, when on a voyage between Manila and Acapulco, and the natives have traditions of the arrival of strangers long before Cook's time. They are said to have come in a boat without sails, and to have been dressed in red and yellow, the Spanish colors. Although this may have been true, nevertheless it was Cook's discovery of the islands which introduced them to the Caucasian world. He first realized their possibilities as a supply station and a winter harbor.

Anxious to push on to the west coast of America, Cook stayed only a short time in the Sandwich Islands. His trading there had been very successful and he was able to lay in as much fresh food as could be used; he had obtained an adequate water supply, and all was ready for him to hasten on to "New Albion."

Accompanying Cook on this voyage were several seamen who were destined to play an important part in the history of this part of the world. Among them was a young midshipman, Vancouver, who was later to prove definitely by sailing round the island that was to bear his name that the Strait of Juan de Fuca did not lead into the Atlantic Ocean. John Ledyard, another of the men under Cook, was a native of Connecticut and

(CONTINUED ON
PAGE 49)



Stopping at Kerguelen's Land on December 25th, 1776, Cook named the tiny bay, Christmas Harbour. This barren island in the Indian Ocean had been discovered by the Frenchman, Monsieur de Kerguelen, some years before, but Cook renamed it the Isle of Desolation. Penguins, seals and turtles were taken from this island. From a contemporary print

Days---and Night

THE Panamint stage had entered the narrows in Surprise Canyon, and was plodding slowly up the steep grade, with frequent pauses to rest the weary team. It was a warm day, and the closely confined air between those precipitous walls held a suffocating stillness, distressing to man and beast. The painfully heaving flanks of the horses were streaked with perspiration, their mouths were flecked with foam, and their heads drooped dejectedly. The passengers sat in suffering silence within the confines of the stage, making occasional half-hearted attempts to stir the heavy air with a hat or a newspaper. One of their number, a United States Senator, hoping to draw a breath of fresher air from without the stage, leaned out of a window, and looked squarely into the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun, behind which appeared a masked face.

"Get that head back in there," roared a savage voice, "and don't make a move or I'll blast you wide open!"

Needless to say, the head was promptly withdrawn, and, save for the twitching muscles of blanched countenances, there was no movement whatever inside the compartment.

"Now climb down off'n that seat, and unload the strong box!" another voice barked at the driver.

"There's nothing in it this trip," replied that worthy.

"You jump quick, or I'll make a lead

mine out of you!"

Down from the seat came the driver, and a few seconds later an iron box, secured with a heavy padlock, clanged on the stony ground.

"Now get out your hammer and chisel and cut that lock," was the next command.

"But I tell you it's emp—"

"Get a move on, or I'll drill you!"

Tck—tck—tck—tck sounded the ringing blows of steel on steel as the driver obeyed the command of the robber. Then the blows ceased abruptly and from the driver's lips came a stream of lurid profanity as the hammer missed the chisel and expended its force on the hand holding it.

"Come on now," snapped the robber, "make it fast; you'll



The "Narrows" in Surprise Canyon was the scene of many stage robberies when old Panamint was in its prime

have plenty of time to suck your thumb when you get to Panamint City."

The lock finally yielded, and the iron lid was opened, disclosing an interior that resembled Old Mother Hubbard's famous cupboard. It was now the road-agent's turn to swear, which he did with a fervor and fluency that put the driver to shame. Then walking to the side of the stage, he opened the second act of the drama:

"Now you —, pile out of there and line up; and if you want to keep alive, stick 'em 'way up high!"

One by one the luckless passengers descended to the ground with their hands in the air, and stood in line while a bandit went through their pockets, extracting all articles of value. One of the victims had most of his worldly wealth in-



Shorty Harris, dean of prospectors, demonstrates the use of a gold pan

--in Old Panamint

G The romance of a notorious "roaring town" sequestered in the mountains of the Mojave—

By Philip Johnston

vested in a diamond stickpin, which he wore in his cravat. Hoping to save it, he began to lower one hand. A robber detected the movement and sprang in front of the trembling man, his six-shooter bearing directly on the ashen face.

"Hey there, what are you trying to pull off?"

"M-m-m-my n-n-nose itches."

"Oh, does it? Then I'll scratch it for you!" And the robber did so with the muzzle of his gun. The knees of the passenger trembled like reeds in a strong

Tucked away in a remote section of a wild, unexplored range of mountains, separated from the more populous districts of the State by league upon league of hostile wilderness, Panamint was a law unto itself—a law of lead and steel. Many a citizen lived to a ripe old age solely by reason of his adroitness with the six-shooter, which was the time-honored arbiter of personal disputes. In this respect Panamint was not unique, for the mining town of half a century ago personified the spirit of the "wild West," and furnished plots without number for the novel and the silver screen. But the genesis of Panamint gave her a pedigree that was truly patrician in a fraternity of mining camps where "badness" was regarded with

a touch of civic pride. The lodes of rich ore which brought her into a riotous if short lived existence were discovered by road-agents who fled to the fastness of the rugged Panamint Range to escape the minions of the law.

For deeds that were dark, for actions that were conceived in violence and treachery, no more appropriate setting existed in the far-flung wasteland on the sunset side of the Colorado. Here was a Gargantuan range of barren mountains, taking root in a shimmering desert, rising almost perpendicular for two miles, gashed and cleft with abysmal gorges, colored with bizarre tints—a wildly exotic landscape that might have been misplaced from a distant planet at the whim of an insane deity. Death by thirst and starvation lurked in the dread valley to the east, that claimed the lives of many audacious pioneers who sought to cross it. A small edition of Death Valley bounded these weird mountains on the west, less deadly, perhaps, but holding a menace that few men cared to face. Small wonder, then, that Ishmaels of society found perfect safety within these mountains.

Below—Wrecked and ruined by elements and vandals, little remains to indicate the former size and importance of Panamint, once the largest mining town in Inyo County



Above—Sagging to ruin, this old miner's cabin stands near the trail that leads to the pass in the mountains near Panamint

wind, but he managed to remain upright. Then the robber laughed sardonically as his eye caught the sparkle of the diamond.

"Your fingers itched, too, didn't they?" And the gem was plucked from the cravat.

Such were the hazards of travel to Panamint City in 1873, when, according to observers, "she was the wildest camp of her size in the State."





Between the walls of Surprise Canyon winds a road to the ruins of old Panamint—a road to yesterday

High on a jutting point from which all routes into the adjacent valley could be scrutinized, the band of robbers constructed a cabin which served as a lookout. After a raid on the stages plying between the mining camps and the coast, this natural citadel afforded complete safety until the hue and cry had subsided. Wells Fargo, the heaviest loser, offered substantial rewards for the apprehension of the despoilers, but the most intrepid officers of that time recognized the futility of any attempt to track the robbers to the fastnesses of the mysterious Panamint Range. So it was that the mountains forming the western rim of Death Valley were explored by outlaws, who, in the course of their wanderings, located some veins of silver lead that showed extraordinary values.

At this juncture another actor appeared in the picture—Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada, a mining magnate, and an attorney who became noted as the father of legal procedure concerning the mining industry. Apprised of the discovery, he made an examination of the claims that disclosed their richness, and forthwith an offer was tendered the finders, who accepted with alacrity. Incorporated in the consideration was a promise to square matters with Wells Fargo, and other victims of their aggressions. Development was started within a short time which put Panamint on the map, and, although the district failed to yield the huge profits that the promoters hoped to make, old timers attest the fact that “she was a live one while she lasted.”

Senator Stewart had at least one trait in

common with the Ancient Mariner—a rare gift for dramatic narration, coupled with a desire to entertain all men who would lend an ear. Thirty years later, in the boom city of Rhyolite, he would sit by the hour in the busy lobby of a hotel and tell of his adventures. One of his auditors, who presides over the remains of Panamint, recounted to me the story of the holdup in the narrows. Senator Stewart, he said, was a natural actor, and his whimsical language added color to the narratives. About this time, the Senator penned the story of his life which was published under the title of *Reminiscences of Senator William M. Stewart*. The following quotation is taken from that interesting volume:

“During the twelve years I was out of the Senate I mined and practiced law. In 1875 I engaged with several capitalists, including Senator John P. Jones, in a mining enterprise at Panamint, on the west side of Death Valley, which is about seventy miles south of Bullfrog, Nevada.

“Our headquarters at Panamint were in a mountain ravine where there were grass and plenty of spring water. A hundred miles of desert shut us off from the outside world. In the mountains was a narrow gorge, twelve miles long, the walls of which were very high, and so nearly perpendicular as to shut out the sunlight for almost the entire day. About noon a few shafts of brilliance would penetrate that vast darkness.

“It was an admirable place for outlaws, and it had not been overlooked. A company of gentlemen engaged in the business of stopping stages, and relieving the ex-

press box and passengers of gold and other valuable incumbrances, resided in this secluded nook. They were a picturesque crew, with wide-brimmed hats, trousers tucked into their boots, and wearing as ornaments enough guns to stock a hardware store. They were bad fellows, outcasts of society, who obeyed no laws, not even their own, for they were not organized into a ‘gang,’ but practiced their profession in an entirely independent manner. They discovered veins or lodes of the precious metals running across the edges of the ravine which terminated in this resort of the road-agents.

“We purchased from them most of their mines—which were no good to them, for they were too lazy to work them—at what we regarded as a reasonable price. But before selling out and abandoning their stronghold, where peace officers dared not invade, they desired to compromise with Wells Fargo to avoid prosecution after leaving the Panamint. They agreed to pay a portion of the purchase price to the express company, which had been a great sufferer at their hands, and after some negotiations I succeeded in arranging the matter so that the company absolved them from at least a part of their sins, for a cash consideration.

“We then put men to work prospecting the mines, and concentrated our efforts upon two ridges about half a mile apart, where croppings on the surface were most bountiful and rich. These mines were known as the Wyoming and Hemlock. We sank two shafts to the depth of two or three hundred feet, in ore from five to eight

feet wide, between well defined walls, and averaging from \$200 to \$300 per ton. We erected a very expensive quartz mill and reduction works, and continued to mine the Wyoming and Hemlock veins, but found, to our astonishment, that in each case the ore was a 'pipe,' and extended but a few feet from the shaft in either direction.

"Out of these pipes, and the ore on the surface, we extracted about a million of money, and if we could have continued a few months longer we would have received all our investment back without loss. The abrupt termination of the ore involved a large loss to the investors.

"While our operations were in progress the outlaws were very cordial, and they seemed to like the locality so well that they could not be persuaded to go away, but hung around and acted affectionate, and sociable and kind. We were on such good terms with them that they did not hesitate to ask me when I expected to begin shipping bullion, and then I realized they had

'guessed not.' They said they wouldn't run any risks at Panamint, not with that bunch of highwaymen lying around just waiting to swoop down and gobble up every dollar in sight. We were stumped. We were getting out plenty of ore but didn't dare to run it into bullion, because the minute we did the property would change hands.

"Finally I hit on a scheme. I had some moulds made in which a ball of solid silver could be run weighing 750 pounds. Then I began smelting the ore, and I ran out enormous cannon-balls of the precious stuff that could have bombarded a battleship. When the road-agents saw what I was doing their eyes stuck out of their heads, and they remonstrated with me. They acted as though I had cheated them out of property, and said I was the meanest man that ever showed up in that territory, they'd swear.

"Look a-here, don't you think you are taking a mighty mean advantage of us?" grumbled one of the bandits one day. 'Do you think it's right to play that game on us—and after we sold you the mine, too. Why, we can't haul away one of those boulders.'

"All right,' said I, 'business is business. If you haven't genius enough to carry this stuff off, why, you'll have to suffer, that's all. You can't expect me to be sorry for you, can you?'

"Well, those fellows fairly sweated themselves trying to lug one of these silver cannon-balls off, but they couldn't budge it. They rode off on their horses as mad as hornets, and by and by they rode back, and 'cussed me out,' and said I'd live to feel sorry for being such an ungenerous skunk. And then they'd ride away, ripping out the most terrible oaths, but presently they'd be back again. It seemed as though they couldn't stay away from that pile of fine big cannon-balls.

"Half a dozen of them pried, and tugged, and strained, and grunted,

trying to hoist one of them on a mule, but that made the mule mad, and by and by he took a hand in the proceedings, and made those outlaws feel pretty sick, and after that they gave it up, and while we were loading five of the silver cannon-balls on an immense freight wagon they sat around disconsolate and solemn, like pall-bearers at a funeral.

"We hauled that silver out of there like ordinary freight, without a guard. There wasn't any place where the outlaws could have driven the wagon except to the settlements, or I suppose they would have stolen the whole thing. They could have rolled some of the silver down into a canyon, or something like that, but if they had we could have recovered it, and silver in such large packages couldn't have been circulated freely by outlaws, anyhow."

Many vivid incidents of the hectic life of old Panamint have been related by W. A. Chalfant in his *Story of Inyo*, from which it is quite evident that the evil reputation borne by this remote mining town was fully justified. According to this authority it contained an assortment of the worst desperadoes outside the penitentiaries, and had a record for violence that compared favorably with those of any of the earlier mining camps. The disappearance of a well-known denizen of the resorts was frequently explained by the terse statement: "Oh, he's planted in Sour Dough," the latter being a small canyon where the cemetery was located.

A characteristic incident occurred in 1875 when Senator Stewart and Trenor W. Park, his confidential assistant, were about to board the stage for the "inside" after an examination of their mining properties. An employee of their company, whose name was McKinley, had a dispute with one Jim Bruce, and the pair unlimbered their firearms and proceeded to settle it in the usual manner. The Senator and his companion sought refuge behind a stone wall until the storm of lead had subsided, and then cautiously emerged to find both gun-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50)



Above—The rock walls of Surprise Canyon tower above the old stage road that leads to Panamint

sold their mines, not with the intention of giving up the profits, but merely to save themselves the necessity of labor.

"Having nothing to do, they occasionally fell out with newcomers of their own character, and used their weapons with remarkable skill. Those who lost their lives in these encounters were regarded as unlucky—nothing more. The Wells Fargo Company were in the habit of establishing express offices at mining camps which were productive, but when I tried to make arrangements for an express station at our mine, they said they



A tall brick chimney rises over the old smelter, unused for many years

Antoine Robidoux

Southwestern Fur Trader • By Joseph J. Hill

Of all the men engaged in the fur trade in the Far Southwest few, if any, were more important than Antoine Robidoux. As trapper and trader he was a leader of mountain men for some twenty years, from 1824 to 1844. Sometime before 1840, as recorded by Bidwell, "he had gone to Santa Fé, thence to Arizona, thence to California, and up to Monterey." His glowing account of California as a "perfect paradise" influenced the organization, in 1841, of the first company of overland emigrants to that land of "perpetual spring," as he described it. As interpreter and guide with the Army of the West he played an important part in the conquest of that land which was later to be his home for a number of years.

And yet one may search in vain for an account of his thrilling and active life. It is even with difficulty that an account of his movements may be pieced together from the chance remarks scattered here and there through the various books and documents relating to the Western fur trade. But although a complete account, at present, cannot be given, yet a few outstanding points may be mentioned which may serve as a sort of framework upon which to build as new information comes to light.

But before taking up the work of Antoine Robidoux it might be well to state that there were six Robidoux brothers—Joseph, Francois, Isidore, Antoine, Louis, and Michel—all sons of Joseph Robidoux who, with his father, Joseph Robidoux, came to Saint Louis from Canada in 1770. The brothers were born respectively in the years 1783, 1788, 1791, 1794, 1796, and 1798. Of these, several were prominent frontiersmen. For a number of years Joseph operated a trading post for the American Fur



Decorations by RAYMOND P. WINTERS

Company at what was known as Blacksnake Hills on the Missouri River, at which place he later founded the town of St. Joseph. Louis was a merchant in New Mexico for a number of years before he moved to California in 1844. Shortly after coming to California he purchased the Jurupa rancho, where he settled with his family and became a man of considerable wealth and influence. Michel, or Miguel, as his name appears in the Spanish documents, led a party of trappers down the Gila River in 1826. This party, of which James Ohio Pattie was a member, was attacked by Indians and all massacred except Robidoux, Pattie, and one other companion. It is our purpose, however, to confine ourselves more closely to the activities of Antoine in the present article.

Our story begins on September 20, 1824, when Robidoux with a small company of trappers set out from Fort Atkinson, a trading post on the Missouri River near Council Bluffs, for Santa Fé. The event

was chronicled by James Kennerly, a trader located at the time at Fort Atkinson, who entered in his journal on that date the brief note "Robidoux Party started for St. Afee today."

Later in the fall or winter the small group was met on the Colorado or Green River by another small party among whom was William Huddart. The account of this meeting was printed in the *Missouri Intelligencer* April 19, 1825, shortly after the return of Huddart to Missouri. The article runs: "William Huddart who went to Santa Fé in one of the trading companies last summer has just returned, having left Taos on the 12th of January last. He gives the following particulars: On the 24th of August, he, in company with

fourteen others, left Taos for the purpose of trapping for beaver, and traveled west thirty days. On Green river (probably the Río Colorado of the West) the company separated, and nine ascended the river. Our informant was among those who remained; and in a few days they accidentally fell in with five other Americans, among whom was Mr. Rubideau. Two days after this, a large party of the Ariphees [Arapahoes] attacked them, killed one person by the name of Nowlin, and robbed the others."

Further details regarding the activities of either group are not known. Huddart, as we have seen, returned to Missouri in April, 1825. Robidoux did not return until the 30th of August. It is under that date that Kennerly entered the brief note in his journal: "Robidoux Party arrived from Tous."

For the next eight years we have, as yet, no documents which contribute any information concerning his movements. It is Kit Carson who continues the story. Carson had been in the mountains two years

following his return from California with Ewing Young in 1831. It was October, 1833. He had disposed of his beaver for a good sum, "and everything of mountain life was forgotten for the time." But when his money was all spent it became necessary for him again to turn his face toward the mountains. In Taos, he says, he found Captain Lee, a partner of Bent and St. Vrain, who was purchasing goods to trade with the trappers in the mountains. "I joined him," Carson states, "and in the latter part of the month of October [1833] we started for the mountains to find the trappers. We followed the Spanish trail that leads to California till we struck White River, took down the White River till we struck Green River, crossed Green River to the Wintey [Uintah], one of its tributaries. There we found Mr. Robidoux. He had a party of some twenty men that were trapping and trading. The snow was now commencing to fall and we concluded to go into winter quarters. We found a place that answered every purpose on the mouth of the Wintey."

Their winter's camp, apparently, was located on the site of what became known as Fort Robidoux on the Uintah. It is possible that this event may be regarded as the founding of that trading post. Carson's statement seems to indicate that there was no fort there at the time they selected the place for their winter quarters. But frequent references to the post thereafter lead one to conclude that it was more or less a permanent institution from then on until it was destroyed by the Ute Indians in 1844.

In addition to this post, Robidoux also established one on the Gunnison River a short distance below the mouth of the Uncompahgre. The town of Roubideau and Roubideau Creek still mark the site of this old trading establishment, the ruins of which were noted by Gunnison when he passed the spot on September 17, 1853. E. G. Beckwith, the journalist of the expedition, recorded on that date: "We crossed the point of land lying between the Uncompahgre and Grand [now known as the Gunnison] rivers, reaching the latter at Roubideau's old trading fort, now entirely fallen to ruins. . . . A mile below the fort we crossed the river at an excellent ford; the bottom being a mile in width, and covered with abundant grass."

From these two forts, Robidoux sent out trapping parties down the Colorado as far as the Gila, as well as to the various streams in the closer vicinity of the posts. To these trading establishments free trappers frequently made their way to trade their furs collected on independent trapping tours, for new supplies and for the luxuries of trapper life.

The Robidoux posts served as general outfitting depots not only for the trappers resorting there with furs but, also, for many an unfortunate trapper who suddenly found himself relieved of both horses and furs by the treacherous Indians. Ruxton, in his *Life in the Far West*,



has given us an account of an incident which may be taken more or less as a typical case. In speaking of the adventures of La Bonté, after a skirmish with the Digger Indians, possibly in the summer of 1834, he says, "La Bonté now found himself without animals, and fairly 'afoot'; consequently nothing remained for him but to seek some one of the trapping bands, and hire himself for the hunt. Luckily for him, he soon fell in with Roubideau, on his way to Uintah, and was supplied by him with a couple of animals; and thus equipped, he started again with a large band of trappers, who were going to hunt on the waters of Grand [Colorado] River and the Gila."

The expedition on which La Bonté now set out is of considerable interest. The leader of the party apparently was no other than Joe Walker, although Ruxton simply refers to him as "Walker, the captain of the band." The trappers made their way down the Green and Colorado rivers to the Gila, where they spent some time trapping along its various tributaries. Then, "following the course of the Gila to the eastward, they crossed a range of the Sierra Madre, which is a continuation of the Rocky Mountains, and struck the waters of the Río del Norte, below the settlements of New Mexico. On this stream they fared well, besides trapping a great quantity of beaver."

After spending several weeks on the lower waters of the Río Grande del Norte they set out toward the north, passing Socorro and Albuquerque, but "before reaching the capital of the province [Santa Fé], they struck again to the westward and, following a small creek to its junction with the Green River, ascended that stream, trapping en route to the Uintah or Snake Fork, and arrived at Roubideau's rendezvous early in the fall, where they quickly disposed of their peltries, and were once more on 'the loose'."

In 1842 Joseph Williams, who had gone to Oregon the year before, and who was now returning, arrived at Fort Bridger too late to make connections with the caravan of traders and trappers returning to St. Louis. He therefore set out for "Roubideau's Fort" on the "Wintey River." Here he joined Robidoux, preparing to make a trip to New Mexico, and arranged to accompany him as far as Taos.

"We had to wait there for Mr. Rube-

deau about eighteen days," writes Mr. Williams, "till he and his company and horse drivers were ready to start with us." This stay gave Wil-

liams an opportunity to study conditions at the fort, concerning which he says: "This place is equal to any I ever saw for wickedness and idleness. The French and Spaniards are all Roman Catholics; but are as wicked men, I think, as ever lived. No one who has not, like me, witnessed it, can have any idea of their wickedness. Some of these people at the Fort are fat and dirty and idle and greasy." The delay was very disagreeable to him "on account of the wickedness of the people, and the drunkenness and swearing, and the debauchery of the men among the Indian women. They would buy and sell them to one another," he records. Being a Methodist preacher, he says, "I tried several times to preach to them; but with little if any effect."

As a part of his cargo Williams informs us that "Mr. Rubedeau had collected several of the Indian squaws and young Indians to take to New Mexico. . . . The Spaniards would buy them for wives." On the second day of their journey "two of Rubedeau's squaws ran away," writes Williams, "and we had to wait two days till he could send back to the Fort for another squaw, for company for him."

On their way they passed "Fort Campogera [Uncompahgre], below the mouth of the Campogera River." This was the Robidoux Fort on the Gunnison, already referred to. At this post Williams says that he "preached to a company of French, Spaniards, Indians, half-breeds, and Americans." Five days out from Fort Uncompahgre, Robidoux picked up a "wagon which he had left there a year before. He hitched his oxen to it and took it along." The party finally arrived at Taos in the latter part of August, 1842.

Robidoux remained in New Mexico a little more than a month disposing of his goods and obtaining supplies for the coming year, and, on October 7, set out on his return journey to his fort on the Uintah. It so happened that a New England traveler, Rufus B. Sage, was at Taos at the same time, and being desirous of a trip in the mountains accompanied the Robidoux party. We are thus favored with an account of this expedition and are given a little glimpse into the mountain life and activities of Robidoux. "Our party," to quote Sage, "consisted of three Frenchmen and five Spaniards, under the direction of a man named Roubideau, formerly from St. Louis, Mo. Some eight pack-mules, laden at the rate of two hundred and fifty pounds each, conveyed a quantity of goods; these, headed by a guide, followed in Indian file, and the remainder of the company mounted on horseback, brought up the rear. Crossing the Del Norte, we soon after struck into a large trail bearing a westerly course; following which, on the 13th inst. we crossed the main ridge of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)



The Valley of the Monuments

USING the family touring car as a prosaic substitute for the fabled magic carpet, we journeyed one September day through a land of enchantment. Only the appearance of three-headed monsters or flame-breathing dragons could have added to the illusion of having been instantaneously transported from the sober twentieth to some mediæval century.

There was, at first, a wide treeless plain, gray and barren, dominated by a tremendous rocky upthrust, a fitting watch tower for a wicked ogre. Beyond lay a valley, painted with bands of virginal green against the red, red soil and sloping upward to the alluring distance. A flat-topped mountain rampart guarded the northern horizon.

Our chugging chariot went on undaunted, not at all aware of witchery, only protesting nervously when the two thin wheel ruts led into spots where the red, red soil seemed more like red, red jelly. The gray

watch tower dwindled behind us. Winding about amid little cedars, much relieved to be climbing to drier ground, we chatted of mundane things. The coffee pot down in the "load" rattled against the aluminum kettle.

Vague shapes ahead began to take form, awesomely. At the crest of the slope rose a beautifully proportioned block of bronze-red sandstone, — immense; majestic. It covered, perhaps, a half square mile of



Above—The Navajo still rides amid the spectacular scenes of his ancestral hunting-ground. Wind-blown sands have drifted into the caverns and crevices in the sandstone, giving the appearance of some rocky sea coast

Left—The last remnant of a shattered "monument." This obelisk rises like a giant totem some 500 feet above its rock-strewn base

Below—This view of Monument Valley has been titled, "Altars of the Infinite." Here time and space become incomprehensible to the visitor



The story of a holiday among nature's graven images in Northern Arizona—

By Bernice Eastman Johnston

bow Bridge country. There, too, beauty clutches at one's heart. Reluctantly we had turned south, retracing our steps to within a few miles of the trading post at Red Lake, and then had started out on the road which leads to Kayenta, forty miles eastward.

Many were the skirmishes we fought

and hungry. There we were received by Mr. and Mrs. John Wetherill, whose knowledge of the Navajo and his country has made them famous.

The next morning we set out for Monument Valley, forty-five miles to the north-east. At one place we nosed down the sandstone banks of a stream and up again so sharply it seemed as though the car must bend into an acute angle to accomplish it. Excepting that incident the thrills of the preceding day were not repeated. For some time we jogged along, silent and contented. It was a "high-ceilinged" day with warm sunlight and glorious clear air. Thus we came to the borders of enchantment and the world dropped away.

Below—The stream-bed, an unconventional boulevard, led past this towering "mitten" to the heart of the Land of Enchantment

space, and towered 800 feet in air.

The name which has been given this gigantic monolith brings us back from the days of Merlin and well into modern times. It is known as "Brigham's Tomb." The patriarch's mortal remains lie far to the north of his nominal mausoleum, but just the thought of a splendid burial chamber hidden deep within its smooth impregnable walls brings up the jealous shades of Khufu and Menkaura, the futile pyramid builders.

Under the walls of "Brigham's Tomb" a traveler is in the State of Utah; a few feet southward, in the State of Arizona. On the good workaday maps of the United States the region is labeled "Monument Valley." The title may be alluring to a map-addict; it is an excellent description of the obvious geologic features of the territory; but it gives no hint of the almost fantastic sense of detachment from the mortal world engendered by the barren foregrounds, the velvet distances, the dully gleaming towers and fortresses, mute in that voiceless wilderness.

If a printed name on a map cannot foreshadow the psychological effect of a superb view, neither can the neat wiggly black lines that represent roads give more than the mere directions for reaching it. We had followed some of these smug precise looking lines on our journey through the Navajo country, making a spinal seismographic record of a million bumps. In the rainy season, especially, the furies wreak vengeance on those roads, using the ruts for ever deepening water courses, plowing across them at odd angles, tearing out the approaches to the unbridged stream-beds, planting a bit of quicksand or oozy mud in some unexpected spot.

Our leisurely trek northward from Flagstaff had culminated in the gorgeous panoramas of the Navajo Mountain and Rain-

among the embattled mud holes on that particular day. The masculine half of the expedition used jack, shovel, and muscle. The feminine contingent gave plenty of moral encouragement. Even when the coveted high ground of Marsh Pass was reached, there appeared to have been an argument as to whether the road should stay on the little hilly shoulders and their washed-out gullies or crumble off the precipice into the abysmal red sandstone canyon.

Once down on the flat we had a last ignominious duel with some unusually soupy black mud, and then rolled into the town of Kayenta, tired



Above—Silvery moonlight added glamour to these colossal sculptured figures





The creamy rippled dunes of Monument Valley are in exquisite contrast to the bland red sandstone cliffs

At the summit of the divide, the immense bulk of Brigham's Tomb obscures the other monuments, but there are points of vantage where many can be seen at one time. Some are colossal and majestic with bland red walls; others are broken and weird in outline. A few of the names which have been given them are the "Hen," the "Rooster," the "Mittens," "Train Rock," etc.

After a momentary excursion into Utah, the road meanders back into Arizona and down into the bed of a wash. There we abandoned its comforting parallel ruts and, following Mr. Wetherill's directions, drove on the uninviting sands of the stream bed for twelve miles or so. Down we went, between the "Mittens" with their Gargantuan thumbs pointing to the heavens.

Exactly according to our information we found a tributary wash and, turning at an acute angle, continued up this unconventional boulevard, glad that there had been no recent rains. Four miles from the junction we came upon a little sandy island in mid-stream, and there we pitched our tent. Above this point the wash was choked with big boulders, and we almost came to disaster in attempting to go farther.

The banks on either side were steep; to the north precipitous and rocky and broken into little canyons. To the south lay great cream-colored sand dunes, rippling down to a small reservoir hidden in a cleft between them. The horizon on all sides was shut in by more red sandstone cliffs.

The most striking formation to be seen must one day have been another Brigham's Tomb, solid and formidable. But now, shattered and reduced by the elements, it stood, a group of obelisks of the same red hue rising to the prevailing height of the better preserved blocks. One of these, incredibly tall and slender, rested on a platform exactly like the blocked-off foundations of the other monuments.

The evening was very clear, and the obe-

lisks, which had rounded heads not always erect, sculptured waists and gently flaring bases, in the moonlight became a group of gossiping women with children clinging to their skirts. It was pleasant, resting in front of the tent in the slight draught of air coming down the stream-bed between the cliffs, the sky so wide and silvery, the mesas so black and square against it. The only sound was the gentle swish of the sand as the breeze eternally coaxed it down the dune into the water hole.

Next day the active half of the expedition, who for narrative purposes might be designated the "ah-dit-sahi," Navajo for "understander," since he learned this difficult language in childhood, set out to find some of our native hosts and try to procure horses. He went armed with some sticks of Christmas candy, cigarettes, and the good coin of the realm.

At the first hogan to be found, he was greeted by a storm of screams and tears from the youngest child.

The poor little lad had never before laid eyes on a white man and regarded him as the materialization of a "cheendie" (evil-spirit), or a "yea-na-dloshie" (wolf-demon), or some other character of fearful legendry. Won over finally by the sight of candy disappearing in the mouths of older brothers and sisters, he came forward timidly and accepted his share.

"A-keh-heh-eh, chi-chy," he lisped, a very respectful "Thank you my grandfather."

That was a never-to-be-forgotten morning. Leaving our camp on horseback, we followed the short water course between the sighing, rippled dunes, reaching in a short time a series of rolling uplands. Here the huge monuments seemed but Titanic back-drops, wings and curtains to gentle gray green valleys, one beyond another.

Hardly had we lost sight of one alluring vista when another, beckoning and mysterious, appeared.

The structure of the monuments was of absorbing interest. Capping the slanting boulder-strewn bases, a level strata of sandstone was marked into neat squares. Above this the cliff was smooth, rising to splendid heights. The only lines of cleavage were vertical, and these sometimes extended the full height of the wall and were gracefully curved near the summit. The flat tops, many acres in area, appeared to support vegetation.

Early in the day we came



A small peach orchard, enclosed by a rude fence, nestles close to the foot of the massive overhanging formations

upon an Indian encampment, merely a summer shelter of brush in the inviting shade of a red cliff and green peach trees. Here the elders were not communicative, but some stripling boys captured their frolicking burros and joined us.

So escorted, we met another cavalcade made up of two boys and an elder brother. They were on their way to the San Juan to sell sheepskins to the trader, but they stopped to pass the time of day with the visitors.

From the moment we learned that the oldest brother was a returned school-boy and spoke English, the great valley ceased to be a beautiful empty stage and offered us a bit of poignant human drama. Many such a lad, once more living the ancestral life, will not admit his schooling. Leon, in

contrast, was shyly proud of his accomplishment.

We never learned his Indian name. He had been given, according to custom, an English name upon entering a government school and, for reasons unknown to any but the person who bestowed it, was called Leon Bradley.

One hears of the "noble red man." Though slender of frame and somewhat immature for his probably twenty years, something in the dignity and grace of the young man called to mind the familiar appellation. His fine aquiline features, marred by an accident to one eye-ball, were exquisite in profile. He had a kindly humor and a winsome smile.

Leon postponed his trading expedition and acted as host. He had occasionally assisted Mr. Wetherill in guiding tourists and knew the places likely to interest a view-seeker. He marshalled his brothers back and forth in picturesque settings so that we might get interesting pictures. He exhibited his cornfield and his peach orchard, separated by about three miles, both rudely fenced in sheltering coves. The orchard, especially, nestled under a disproportionately massive overhanging canopy.

was a veritable Abraham among his flocks.

The old gentleman came to our camp one afternoon and told us the story of his life. He had been a wee child when the Navajos surrendered to Kit Carson and went into captivity at Bosco Redunda (1863-1868). He remembered little of those five years; but more of the return to their desert sanctuary. The tribe was much reduced in numbers and to each person had been allotted two sheep, in place of the flocks which had suffered during the warfare.

As a young man he had lived far to the south of Monument Valley. His migration had been caused by a domestic tragedy. The wife of his youth had become estranged, had kicked him vigorously in the shins. So notified of her obvious lack of regard, pride bade him begone.

"Ask him how many children he has," I urged.

This precipitated a long enumeration. Being ignorant of his words I gathered much from his gestures. As each finger of the left hand was bent down as a tally he gave the location and present status of the offspring. Then he used the right hand. Pausing at nine, I sighed with appreciation.

"Those are his sons," interpolated the ah-dit-sahi, grinning. "The youngest is the little urchin of five or six who herds the sheep and goats."

The whole process was repeated until seven daughters had been accounted

for. Even that, mourned the old man, did not include his first-born son, the child of the southern Jezebel. In appearance this Navajo patriarch was sturdy, deep-chested and full of vitality. His long hair, frowsily escaping from its bands of string and tied around with an old bandanna, was graying, but he was erect. His cheeks had a ruddy tone. His eyes were keen and full of good-humor.

"What do the Navajos say caused the strange rock-formations?" he was asked.

We expected a characteristic legend and were somewhat abashed by a painstaking explanation of the action of water and wind-driven sand on stone. It is the existence of such men as this one and his appealing son which explains the extraordinary sympathy one feels for the Navajo. As a tribe, he retains a part of his original hunting ground because it is a desert and was considered almost unfit to sustain life when he returned to it. That the Navajo has wrung a living from those barren wastes is his triumph, not ours. At that, it is a matter of conjecture by what methods the land will be wrested from him when the white man begins to covet it.

Leon had been home from school three years. His straight glossy hair had grown long and was dressed in the tribal coiffure, a sort of double loop tied with much string. The silver and turquoise jewelry valued by his people adorned his shabby clothes. He lived in the typical home, just now a well made summer shelter, resembling the circular log huts used in winter but unchinked with mud and open to the weather.

I saw only three women at this camp and was not able to determine just which of the seven daughters they were. A slender elderly woman might have been the mother of all or part of the scattered family.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)

Below—"Sand and Solitude in Monument Valley." Copyright by Philip Johnston



Above—In the foreground are Leon Bradley (left) and two other Navajo boys seated before an unused hogán. Beyond is a typical vista—stone-portalled and alluring

There is poverty among Navajos who live in meagre country with lean pasturage and scanty water. The nomadic habits of the tribe are explained by their struggle to lead a pastoral life in a desert land. Leon's father had come north in his young manhood and found prosperity, and contentment. He



The High Priest of Flora

THE year is 1880 and summer has come again in San Francisco. The city of adventurers from across the seven seas has been preening itself all morning, enjoying the warm sunshine tempered by trade winds coming up the bay from the Golden Gate. The day is noisy with traffic, with the strident voices of drivers shouting at their horses, with the rumble of heavy trucks over cobblestone streets, with the sharp, insistent jangling of bells on the cable-cars that creep slowly up long, dust-blown thoroughfares. Men standing in groups on street corners or taking their ease on benches in Portsmouth Square talk of the town as it was, twenty-five and thirty years ago. In the ebb and flow of fabulous living and more fabulous hoping, the metropolitan city has left them far behind with their dreams of life and fortune, their reminiscences of triumphs and defeats. But San Francisco is still a city of romance; its lure still beckons the traveler; it is, as it ever will be, a port of call for every man who steps to the martial music of vagabondia.

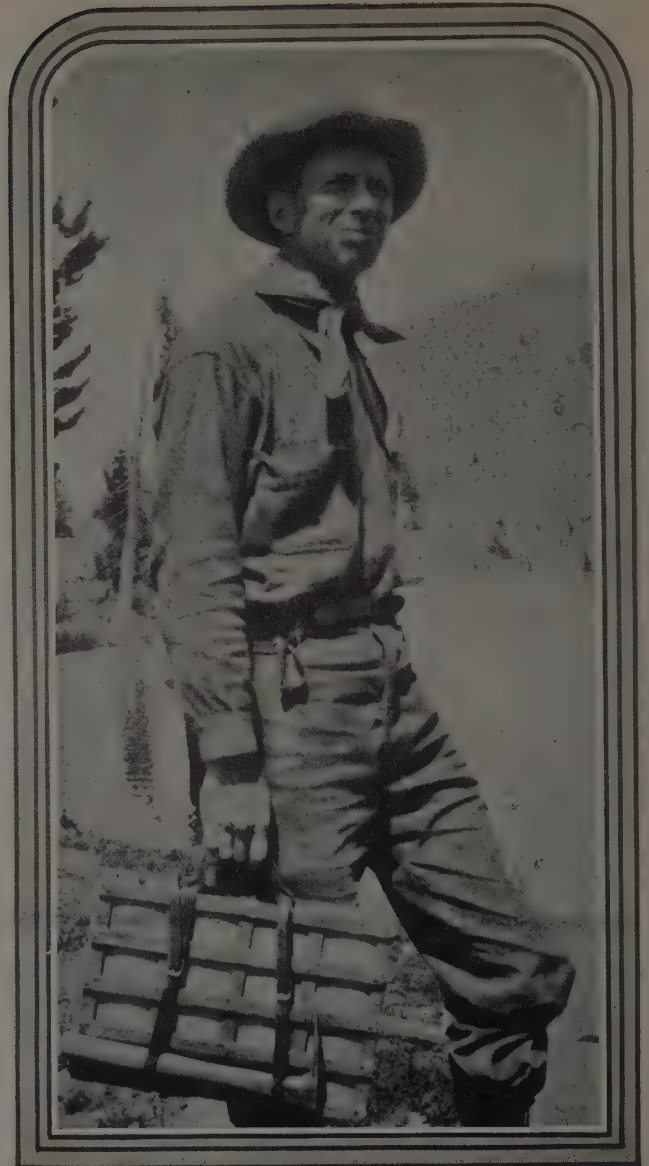
The city of adventure is strange and bewildering this summer morning to a thirteen-year-old boy, the son of a Solano County rancher, who has just arrived with his parents for a week's visit. He has often heard his father tell of the town that teemed with life away off there beyond the hills, but the stories had all been so fantastic, like an Arabian Nights tale, and he could scarcely believe that at last he had reached the mecca of his heart's desire. This morning he had prevailed upon his mother to let him go alone about the errands he wanted to do, for he was sure he would have no trouble finding the California Academy of Sciences in the little old brick church on California Street from whose pulpit Dr. Stone used to thunder his homilies when the town was young—and a little wicked.

Had the youngster come down from his ranch home earlier in the year, he might have observed, at any time between eight and half past nine of a morning, a slender gentleman in an ulster descending Powell Street and wending his way across Market to the Pine Street Coffee House for a breakfast of coffee and rolls. Or later in the day, say around one o'clock, the boy would have seen the same figure coming

down Bush Street to Donadieu's restaurant, between Dupont and Kearney, to be served a copious meal, half a bottle of wine, coffee, and brandy, all for the modest sum of four bits, alias fifty cents. Being an observant boy, he would have noticed that the man in the ulster was pale and emaciated, as though he were recovering from a long sickness. And if he looked sharply, the boy would also have seen a book buttoned into the ulster.

Had the day been in the spring instead of the summer, and had the paths of these two crossed there in the tide of the city's traffic, the tall, thin man in the ulster would likewise have noticed that the shy, diffident lad carried under his arm what looked like a huge volume. And, likely as not, the man, being attracted to persons interested in books, would have asked the boy his name. And the boy would have replied that he was Willis Linn Jepson. The tall, thin man would have said that he was practically a stranger in the West; that he had been in the country only a few months, coming from Scotland in the steerage of the *S.S. Devonian*, and that he had until recently been living in Monterey, that quaint old capital of Spanish-California, a hundred miles down the coast. Then he would have introduced himself as Robert Louis Stevenson.

But the day young Jepson trudged up California Street looking for the Academy of Sciences, Stevenson was on his honeymoon up in Calistoga, in the lovely valley under Mount Saint Helena, where he



Willis Linn Jepson on a hiking trip in the Sierra. Jepson has been an inveterate denizen of the deserts and mountains of California in his exhaustive studies of the flora of the Golden State

wrote *The Silverado Squatters*. And what Stevenson might have thought was a book, had the two been fortunate enough to meet that day, was not a book at all but an herbarium containing a collection of plants which the boy had carefully gathered near his home in the Vaca Valley, a recess in a foothill of the coast range north of San Francisco.

All Northern California in the '70s and '80s was still primitive, still abundant in wild life. This world of nature which the boy knew among the valleys and hills was such a world as he supposed existed everywhere. Flowers and plants were to him marvelous organisms, and ever since he could remember he had been passionately fond of them. But to him they were not merely growing things but people of another kind, possessing individuality—distinctive

A glance at the life and works of Willis Linn Jepson, California's foremost botanist—

By Harold D. Cärew

individuals with their own peculiarities.

The boy was an apt student and read everything of a botanical nature that he could get. He was twelve when he suddenly discovered that the world of plants and flowers was as orderly a world as the world of human beings. It was the most thrilling discovery of his youth to learn that this world of nature was a sovereign kingdom of its own, that each individual in it was of a certain family which had its own Latin name and its own family "tree." Men who for centuries had been devoting their lives to botanical study were the genealogists of this plant and flower life, and the descriptions they wrote were the genealogies through which plant and flower relationships could be traced and identified.

Jepson was fired with renewed enthusiasms, and he read more omnivorously than ever. He had the village tinsmith make a small vasculum, and with this slung over his back he rode his pony on Sundays far into the canyons and hills searching for odd plants and flowers. With the botany box filled to overflowing, he would return home and begin comparing his specimens scientifically with the descriptions in textbooks and papers which the botanists had written. But there were two handicaps to this work. The first was his father's objection to Sunday excursions; for William Jepson, descendant of old Puritan stock in New England, carried his Puritanism with him when he came to California. It was a kind of mellowed Puritanism, however, a Puritanism going to seed, so to speak, so far as inhibitions were concerned. William Jepson would not be so rash as to say that the boy's going on a botanical excursion on Sunday constituted a sin; but still the man was not forgetting the precepts of his youth—and one of them was to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Not for the world would he interpose an objection to what was wholly a laudable ambition on the boy's part; but there was the Mosaic law, and obedience was a word to reckon with in Puritan households. So Jepson *père* consulted the boy's mother and was thereafter content to abide her decision that the Scriptures needed now and then to be liberally interpreted. Martha Potts Jepson maintained that all life is divine and that Willis was as likely to find God in a flower up in the canyons as he was to find Him at Sunday school—more likely, perhaps, if those Scroggins boys down on Old Mill Road were at Sunday school to giggle while the pastor was offering prayer. So the first handicap was neatly disposed of; but the second was more difficult of solution. Try as he might after each expedition to arrange his plants and flowers scientifically, young Jepson always found a specimen or two

that defied classification. But he had heard of a group of men in San Francisco who would be able to identify them; and it was these botanical waifs and strays, all carefully preserved, which he carried with him the morning he trudged up California Street looking for Dr. Stone's old brick church.

The door of the one-time meeting house was open when the boy mounted the steps and rapped on the panel. Receiving no response, he pounded louder, and he continued pounding until the rapping was heard by someone within. Presently a middle-aged woman appeared and berated him roundly for making so much noise. He was told unceremoniously that if he wanted to play he would have to play in the street, and the speaker also made a further remark about young hoodlums disturbing the neighborhood.

Young Jepson was nonplussed. He said apologetically that he did not intend to disturb anybody, but he had come down from the country to consult someone who was an authority on botany.

"Are you a botanist?" the woman shot back sardonically, and for a moment the boy was at a loss for words. "No, not exactly, but I'm interested in the subject," he finally replied, "and I have here some specimens I'd like to know the names of." That, of course, was another matter, and she did not seem such a demon after she had half apologized to Jepson for mistaking him for one of the rowdy urchins whose noise made life hideous for the bewhiskered old gentlemen ensconced in reasearch.

* * *

DR. WILLIS LINN JEPSON, head of the department of botany in the University of California sat in his laboratory in the Botany Building at Berkeley the other day and chuckled as he recounted the reception he received on his first visit to San Francisco forty-eight years ago. "Contrary to the old adage about first impressions being always the most lasting, that first impression I had did not linger, though I could not help wondering that if this was the kind of greeting I received at the door, what would be meted out to me when I got inside," he said. "I took note of the surroundings as I entered. At a long table were several aged men poring over books, and glass cases were arranged around the room. I remember I thought what an odd lot of old fossils the men were, and for a moment I felt that I must have got into the wrong building. But I was soon at ease, for Dr. Albert Kellogg, one of the founders of the Academy in 1851, rose from the table and came over to greet me. He smiled benignly and showed friendly concern and interest when I told him the purpose of my visit. I

opened my herbarium, and soon we were examining the specimens together. Dr. Kellogg was a physician who gave his time to botany rather than to the practice of medicine.

Another member of the Academy talked with the boy. He was Edward Lee Greene, who took particular delight in showing young Jepson a collection of birds. Then Mr. Greene prepared a list of books for the youth to read and sent the budding botanist on his way, rejoicing in new inspirations.

Five years later Jepson went down to Berkeley to take his entrance examinations at the university, and while in the botany room recognized the professor giving the examination as the man who had shown him the birds in San Francisco. As Jepson was leaving the building after turning in his paper, Professor Greene hurried down the aisle and out into the corridor to call the young man back. "I knew you were to take the botany examination," he said, "and I kept watch for your name as each paper was turned in. You are the boy who came to the Academy of Sciences some years ago, are you not?" Jepson was delighted when he found that he was to study under Greene, and so for four years a friendship between the youth and his teacher grew apace. There had never been any doubt in Jepson's mind as to what he wanted to do. But back in the Solano County home there was much misgiving. William Jepson was not so sure about botany's being a profitable business or profession or whatever it was supposed to be. The question was, How could a man make a living out of it? But that was something for young Jepson to answer after he was graduated in 1889 with his bachelor's degree in philosophy. The answer came in the form of an invitation from Greene to become assistant in botany, and immediately upon taking up the work Jepson began to make systematic plans for exploring California and Western America. California was then a wide-open park, and his summers were spent afield with camp wagon outfit. He did post-graduate work at Cornell University in 1895 and was research student at the Gray Herbarium at Harvard in 1896. Promotions at the University of California came rapidly, and by 1899 he had attained professorial rank. In the summer of that year he went on a botanical expedition to Alaska and the Bering Sea. The previous year he had taken his doctoral work at his alma mater, and along with these various activities he was also editing *Erythea*, a quarterly botanical journal, one of only three such publications then printed in the New World. Jepson's writings already were attracting attention both here and in Europe, and in 1901 the fruits of his research were gath-

ered into a book, *Flora of Western Middle California*. The next year his *School Flora for the Pacific Coast* was issued, and was received everywhere as the most comprehensive textbook of its kind ever published.

Jepson was one of the first botanists to go with pack trains through the Sierra Nevada range, and for seventeen years he explored the remoter mountain regions and deserts of California. Much of this time he had only an assistant, and for days and weeks he has actually been lost while carrying on this work. But being lost in the wilds means nothing to a botanist, for his days there are days of study. "I just kept going, knowing that I would come out somewhere," he said; and then he added philosophically: "Some men do not have to go to a remote region to find themselves lost. One can get lost where one thinks one's safety is greatest; and besides, most all the dangers to life and limb are the result of what we call civilization."

One of the major problems of systematic botany is the arrangement of plants in a natural system in such manner as to indicate or bring out the relationships of the natural orders and their probable lines of descent. These systems have grown slowly from crude beginnings in the Seventeenth Century, but are even yet immature and still present large problems. It is the effort of botanists working on the floras of particular portions of the earth's surface to contribute by their discoveries of new forms and by their research on the vegetation of their earth province, to a more comprehensive understanding of the plant world, the origins of its floras, the migrations and dispersions of plant populations as bearing on the evolution of dominant plant groups. The floras which Dr. Jepson has published are in reality philosophical dissertations held strictly in relation to the progress of botanical science. For example, the coniferae, or pines and pine allies (Gymnosperms) are recognized as representing the oldest group of strictly land plants. In the New World Jepson's *Flora of Western Middle California* was the first manual to place the Gymnosperms at the beginning of the evolutionary scheme.

Regular flowers, that is flowers having corollas with parts of the same size and shape, are regarded by systematic botanists as representing the primitive form. The irregular and bilabiate (two-lipped) types are looked upon as representing an evolution from the simpler state. Sometime the bilabiate type is highly specialized. There are also other forms which represent the beginnings of departure from the primitive form. The California field, says Dr. Jepson, offers excellent opportunity to study their early stages in the evolution of flower form, and to the apprehension and elucidation of such forms Dr. Jepson has given his attention.

"The nature and origin of California flora in past ages," he says, "presents problems which stir the imagination of the systematic botanist in his critical investigations of the native plants of this area. One of the factors which has been of great importance in moulding the plant formations to

their present condition is that of fire. The effect of fire has been continuous over a vast period of time and has determined many of the peculiarities of biological behavior exhibited by certain of the species of pine and by many shrubs in the chaparral formation. Fire has had much to do with the evolution of the trees of the Sierran forest."

The giant Sequoias, of all the trees of California, suffer least from fire. Their thick bark of dark-red fibres is nearly non-inflammable, says Dr. Jepson, and they could scarcely be better protected if their trunks were encased in asbestos. The bark attains a great thickness, from six to fifteen inches, while bark actually two feet in thickness is known. In a conflagration they are more or less injured, but the marvel to him is that the injury should be so little. "And just in this connection," he added, "it is desirable to dispose of the popular legend that the Sequoias are a dying race, that they are a remnant, that they are on the verge of extinction, that they have taken a last stand here in California. All this is mostly rhetoric. The Sequoias are still an aggressive and vigorous race, and under scientific forest management they will continue in their majestic growth. But a sound policy of conservation must be adopted if we are not to lose the glory that is in our California forests."

Chance often plays an important part in a botanist's discoveries. The degree of his success in penetrating Nature's mysteries is sometimes determined by the imaginative zest which he brings to his work. He cannot simply be all scientist searching for the hard, cold facts of life. Somewhere beneath the surface of the scientist must be the dreamer, the adventurer. How Dr. Jepson made one significant discovery is best told in his own words.

"One day, many years ago," he says, "I was working across the unfrequented wastes of the Colorado Desert in Southern California. It was a hard day, and the going was difficult. A high gale was blowing the sand in cutting blasts against my face and into my eyes, and I was thankful toward the end of the afternoon to get down into a shallow wash for some slight protection under a low bank. Then the sun went down and the wind suddenly fell. I spread out my bed on the sand of the wash and lay down, weary after the bitter struggle of the day. A full moon came up and flooded the now peaceful scene with its mellow light. On the bank above my head were some small trees, the Desert Willows, or Chilopsis, their crowns covered with large fine showy flowers. Suddenly the air about the flowers was filled with gorgeous moths visiting the great open corollas. I had often wondered about the pollination of the Chilopsis and at once I resolved, lying luxuriously watching these splendid creatures, to capture one and study the relation mechanisms between insect and flower. My next conscious sensation was seeing the great master of the desert, the sun, rising above the eastern plain and flooding the whole world with sunlight. And then I remembered: sleep had sudden-

ly untied the weary cords of my body and I had slept for ten hours without waking. During all the years of desert travel since that day I have never again met the Chilopsis moth."

Sleep intervened to defeat his purpose to examine the moth, but out of that desert excursion he brought back a fact of life which no botanist had yet been able to explain. "Any active, alert, eager-minded botanist working on a flora province," he says, "develops new problems by the score and by the hundreds—more than he can work on or solve in one lifetime. No botanist can hope to solve all the problems he works on. Even in the matter of observation and collection in the field, no day has enough hours, no vacation period is other than a fleeting moment."

Dr. Jepson's researches have taken him thousands of miles through North America atid across Europe. In 1905-1906 he made investigations at the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, England, and in Berlin, serving in the former year as an American delegate to the International Agricultural Congress at Liege. The extent of his explorations along the Pacific Coast has been equalled by no other botanist; indeed, there is so much to be exhaustively studied that no one not brought up here could hope to achieve within the span of an average working lifetime what Jepson has accomplished in his botanical studies of the West. Yet you would never hear these things from Jepson. He will talk eagerly enough about what "my friend, So-and-So" is doing, but he has no hankering whatsoever for the passing, vain-glorious show called Publicity. Not that he doesn't like people, for he does. He has tramped through the West, meeting all kinds of men, sleeping in logging camps, sitting out a night before a desert campfire with old prospectors and desert "rats," and even sharing his evening meal with a hungry and penniless hobo who drifted into the scientist's camp. Jepson is intensely curious about the ways of men as well as the ways of plants. All life is interesting to him, not alone for its botanical fact but also for its divinity. He has a naive simplicity that makes you like him, that makes you feel the warmth of his sympathy. Twenty-five years ago the Hupa Indians of northern Humboldt on the Trinity River made him a member of their tribe and called him E-man-to-wingwee (White Man from Beyond the Ocean). Summers they watched for his coming, and nights without number he has pitched his tent in their village or rolled into his blanket and lay down to dream beneath the stars. But the tom-toms did not echo in the news columns; no reporters were hard by to record the ceremonial, no photographers on hand to snap a picture; for the god Publicity was yet in his infancy.

Not only as scientist but also as teacher has Dr. Jepson won merited fame. Hundreds of students have gone forth from his classes to become teachers of botany throughout the country, remembering the rare privilege that was theirs in coming within the circle of his friendship. For

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50)

IN THE WORLD OF ART

DECEMBER
MCMXXVIII

Leading Topics



THE SIERRA STREAM
Orrin White

This delightful painting is one of the many engaging canvases in the annual exhibition of the Painters of the West.
Others will be found on the pages following



A PAGEANT

BY JUNE

A CONSIDERABLE degree of intelligence and good judgment is apparent throughout the designing and decorating of the new building which now houses the California State Library at Sacramento. A tour of inspection through the building reveals everywhere a niceness of detail and a consideration for artistic possibilities, both present and potential, that is but rarely to be found, to quite such a degree, in public edifices.

The definite gesture toward the arts that is everywhere apparent is most generously made in the spacious third floor reading-room which occupies the entire width of the front of the building. Three walls of the room being largely comprised of enormous windows, one's interest, upon entering the room, is at once commanded by the great stretch of wall which forms its fourth side, and upon the major central portion of which, above the bookshelves which line it, a mural decoration has been painted by Maynard Dixon.

The wall is broken, at its center, by a large doorway which is faced with black marble. This doorway is flanked by the shelving, made

colorful by many books, which runs the full length of the wall. The shelves extend to about one-third of the total height of the room.

For three months Mr. Dixon stood, almost daily, upon a castled scaffold before this great expanse of wall, painting upon the upper two-thirds of it a symbolic pageant of the history of the State of California. The work was finally completed on the first of November.

Over the center doorway, surrounded by three shimmering nimbi, appear the three books of knowledge—art, science and philosophy. These are guarded, to the left, by a nude female figure, colossal in its proportions, which symbolizes the beauty of enlightenment, and which beckons the way to the books of knowledge. To the right the books are guarded by a nude male figure of equal magnitude which, standing back of whirling wheels of modern machinery, represents the progress and power of industry. The group thus formed by the

two figures and the haloed volumes, dominates the doorway, becoming the culminating point in the decoration.

To the left is a large group of figures picturing in colorful pageantry the early traditions of the State. Beginning at its extreme left, with an impressive fragment of a colored Mayan sculpture effectively used as background, the group is formed, in no less chronological order, of the southwestern American and Mexican Indians of four hundred years ago; the coming of the early Spanish adventurers of the time of Hernán Cortés; the prosperous dons and their families, who, in the course of time, arrived in California and are here shown, some of them some mounted on splendid horses; peon, their wives, Spanish rancheros and cattle. Representative of this later period, when the country was partially civilized and becoming prosperous, is shown a group of Indians.



TRADITIONS

GRAVENS

the Jesuit and Franciscan traditions, so closely woven into early California history, are suggested by monks of both orders. The group proceeds, through this progression of periods, with traditions of a comparatively recent time. In contradiction to its Spanish background, and paralleling it, the history of the State's development through the agency of the more specifically American influences, as represented by the early settlers from the East coast, is depicted by the symmetrically balancing group on the right of the center. Here we find, in the order of their historical progression, both on horse and on foot, the earliest of the pioneers, the Indians typical of the Northlands, soldiers of the Continental period, miners of the 'fifties, lumbermen, trappers, negroes of the time of the Civil War, gentlemen and gentlewomen of the late nineteenth century, and so on, to the laborer and his family of today. Labor is thus consistently made the motive of the termination of both groups,

as they approach the beauty and strength of enlightenment.

Rich in detail and harmonious in color, the decoration is throughout consistent in its design, and is probably the finest of the many mural decorations that Mr. Dixon has painted. While some few of the costumes, notably those of the Indians who represent the more remote periods, may not be strictly authentic, they are decorative and fantastically beautiful. Through them the artist has striven to suggest the color and romance of bygone days of a bygone race, rather than to evolve a strictly literal historical document. Where authentic costume seemed necessary, he has used it to excellent effect.

In executing this commission, Mr. Dixon had the peculiar advantage of being surrounded by a stimulating atmosphere of labor, for the building was still in the process of being completed. Far from finding this condi-

tion in any way distracting, he said that not only the interest, but the willing cooperation, of the other workers proved to be a most helpful and happy circumstance.

The interest in his work evinced by the constant stream of visitors to the building, both residents of Sacramento and tourists, also proved very stimulating. He said, in this connection: "As far as privacy was concerned, I might as well have been working out in the street. My scaffold became a stage, and on it I had, during the three months, a thorough training for the lecture platform, for I was constantly called upon by visitors, individually or in groups representing clubs, schools, tourists and what-not, to explain the processes of mural decorative painting. It was, for me, a most delightful and instructive experience."

The State of California has thus gained, through at least this one gesture toward the arts, at once an interesting pageant of its colorful, romantic traditions and a notable work of art, executed by one of its own foremost painters. This is a work which every visitor to Sacramento will wish to see, and which none can afford to miss seeing.

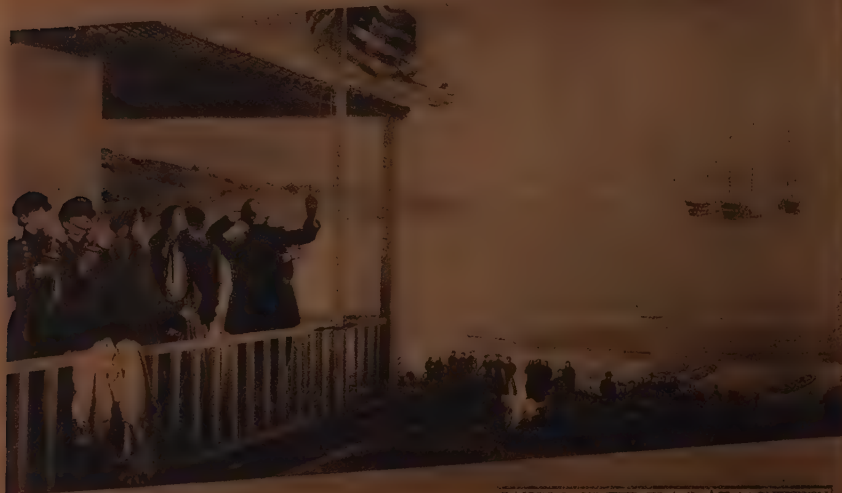
THE HISTORICAL MURALS OF THE



LANDING OF CABRILLO



BUILDING OF A MISSION



RAISING OF THE FLAG AT MONTEREY

THE Herter murals at the Los Angeles Public Library may well be numbered among the art treasures of Southern California. The six canvases, varying in length from twenty-one to thirty-six feet, cover the two walls of the entrance passage at the Hope Street level. Necessarily designed for close view, they combine Herter's skill as a portrait painter in the lifelike figures that seem about to step from the wall, and his art as designer and mural painter in the remarkable color effect of atmosphere and perspective. His experience in designing stage productions is evident in the choice and execution of the six dramatic episodes depicting California history.

The three panels on either wall are separated by ornamental bands in three characters representing the periods of occupation, Indian, Spanish and Mexican, all carried out in the same colors, and continuing up into the ceiling to give the needed effect of height.

The canvases were painted, except for finishing detail, in Mr. Herter's studio in

LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY



ARRIVAL OF THE RELIEF SHIP AT SAN DIEGO



PIEVE AT A MISSION

Santa Barbara, and brought to completion after being placed on the library walls. A few final touches are being made by the artist before he permits the protecting coat of wax to be applied.

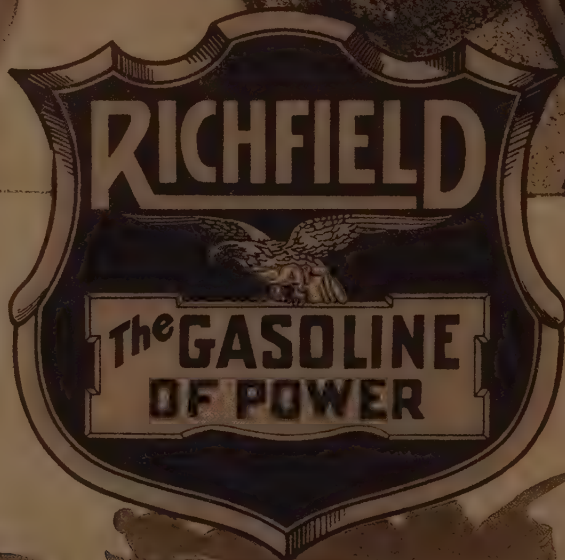
Albert Herter, who has paintings in the Metropolitan Galleries and many other museums, has a lengthy list of honors and medals. He is known to Californians through the beautiful tapestry-like murals in the St. Francis Hotel, and his many portraits. (He includes Herbert Hoover among his portraits of Californians.) But in France he is known first for the many interesting exhibits held in artist days in Paris by Albert and Adele Herter (his wife is an artist of much talent), and most of all for the memorial mural placed by Herter in the Gare de L'Est in Paris, in memory of his artist son, Everit, who sacrificed his life in the war. For this painting Herter was presented with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor by Marshal Joffre, and the acceptance of the gift is a significant bond of friendship between France and America.



FINDING OF GOLD IN '49



For motor pep
... zip ... and



speed Use
RICHFIELD



Your Club's Activities

For Better Motoring

THE first and foremost aim of the Club at all times is to better conditions for the motorist. The Engineering Department monthly furnishes impressive reports of its activities which range from the now commonplace task of securing the removal of objectionable or hazardous street and road conditions to the survey of the effect of the solid and pneumatic rubber tires of commercial vehicles operating in Los Angeles, upon the city's streets. The data obtained in this latter survey was analyzed recently and a report submitted regarding the relative merits and results of the use of the two types of "shoes."

Through the efforts of this department and other interested organizations, including city, State and county officials, an agreement has been reached which insures the construction of a new road which will relieve congestion on the San Fernando Road at Newhall Tunnel. Also as a further means of "breaking the bottleneck," the City of Los Angeles will build another road north of San Fernando and east of San Fernando Road.

A recent investigation of the causes of automobile accidents shows that grade crossings are the locale of a large percentage of the most serious casualties. A Grade Crossing Committee has been functioning in Los Angeles for some time with the elimination of these crossings as its chief object. Recently the Club submitted reports to this committee based on investigation of various proposed grade crossings and grade separations. As an example of the type of improvement brought about by the Club's recommendation, a plan for the construction of a grade separation on Telegraph Road at the Pacific Electric crossing near Rio Hondo has been adopted.

Owing to the unprejudiced manner in which this department investigates and recommends for improvement dangerous road conditions, various officials having the work in charge have come to rely on their accuracy and advisability and, where possible, have effected the proposed improvements.

* * *

The Winter Flight

DURING the month of October the Touring Bureau received nearly 700 letters from all points in the United States requesting information regarding California. This vast number of communications received indicates that thousands are contemplating a visit to Southern California in the immediate future.

As a more definite sign of the advance of the winter flight to the West the For-

Reward Offered for Sign Mutilators

THE Automobile Club of Southern California offers a reward of \$25 for information resulting in the arrest and conviction, in Southern California, of any person who violates that portion of Section 602 of the Penal Code which makes it a misdemeanor to maliciously tear down, damage, mutilate or destroy a sign, signboard or notice erected by any automobile club. Such information should be supplied to the district attorney of the county in which the offense is committed and notice of such action sent to the Legal Department of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

warding Department, as agents for member and visiting motorists, paid nearly \$12,000 freight charges on incoming cars. This branch of the Club service yearly saves thousands of dollars both to members and to visiting motorists from the East. Acting merely as a shipper's agent the Club is able to obtain, not only more prompt shipment, through its connections with forwarding agents in the East, but also it secures lower rates by handling shipments in consolidated carloads.

In anticipation of the winter movement of cars to California, the Forwarding Department has recently inaugurated a system among its eastern representatives whereby notification is given immediately of cars available for shipment at any of the agencies. Thus members and motorists are offered better service in shipping their cars either to the East or to California.

* * *

Service On the Road

THERE are 198 garages on contract with the Automobile Club of Southern California to render emergency service to members of the Club. When you have that inevitable puncture, burned out bearing, or the disconcerting empty gas tank and you are a member of this organization, help is no farther than the nearest telephone. These garages have contracted to give certain services free of charge to members. They are authorized to render thirty minutes' emergency mechanical work on the road, and if the member's car cannot then be started, to tow it to the nearest official garage.

In addition to these road service stations the Club has contracted with 203 other garages to render competent service to

members at fair rates. These garages have been thoroughly inspected by the Official Hotel and Garage Department and have been selected for their ability to do satisfactory work. As the list is constantly changed to include only those capable of rendering first-class service garages displaying the Club sign may be considered thoroughly reliable.

One of the most valuable things which this department does is to adjust complaints, insofar as it is able, between members and the official garages. During the month of October 126 complaints on repairs or excessive charges were handled by the department. These complaints involved more than \$350 and approximately two-thirds of this amount was collected for members, thus proving the benefit not only of Club membership but also of the value of the Garage Department.

* * *

1929 License Plates

THOSE who desire to "shop early and avoid the rush" for 1929 license plates will have the opportunity on December 15, when the new emblems will be available at Club headquarters and at the thirty-three branch offices.

The Club recently received a shipment of 109,000 plates for distribution. Yearly there are those who delay too long in procuring this essential to motoring in California and are put to considerable trouble in obtaining them. Members should take advantage of the fact that the Club handles this service for them and shop early.

The new plates are slightly different in design and, as usual, quite changed in color, being deep yellow figures on a dull black background.

* * *

Signs for Gulf Road

ONE of the most important operations of the Automobile Club of Southern California is the signing of highways in Southern California. Recently the Signposting Department has been exceedingly busy. Not only have the signs in Southern California been completely checked, but also hundreds of miles of roads have been covered in Mexico. The latest achievement is a complete check of the roads in the northern part of Lower California.

From Mexicali some 135 miles southeast is the tiny fishing pueblo of San Felipe, on the Gulf of California. A fair road winds over the lofty Sierra Cocopah and drops down to the tidal flats of the upper gulf region to the bay of San Felipe. Charting has been completed for this road and in the near future signs will be erected.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

Some Beasts, Some B

Amusing sketches of the peculiar desert folk of the



The Black Tarantula

"If you investigate you'll find
Tarantulas are much maligned."

So say the very learned men
Who study spiders, now and then.
And I am sure that must be so,
For even scientists should know
That, when his victim dies of fright,
A spider doesn't have to bite!



The Ring-tailed Cat

They say this cat would rather purr
Than tear another creature's fur.
Perhaps that's true—yet who can fail
To note the markings on his tail?
The Cowboy marked his faithful gun—
A notch for every fight he'd won.
The Redskin dangled from his belt
A scalp-lock for each foeman's pelt.
What does it mean, when this cat brings
A tail—marked with engagement rings?



The Burro

The "Arizona Nightingale"
Can hang fast to a thread-like trail.
He gaily climbs the canyon wall
Where mortals cannot walk at all.
His mind—it has a stubborn bent,
He's mostly voice and temperament,
And even tourists soon grow wise
And watch the glint in Burro's eyes.



The Pelican

Though he is quite devoid of grace,
He wears his fortune on his face.
Beneath a very fishy smile
He stores up food to last awhile.
He tries to hide that double chin—
And there's where fish are taken in!



The Side-winder

They call him Side-winder because
In crawling he breaks all snake laws,
And never turns his tail toward you
As other snakes are sure to do.
Among the rattlers there is none
Like him—he strikes while on the run.
Though barely fifteen inches long
His aim is sure, his fangs are strong.
For what he lacks in size, you see,
He makes up in efficiency!



Gambel's Quail

This small brown Quail is desert bred
And wears a plume atop her head.
She hunts the desert o'er for food
To feed her little speckled brood.
Unarmed she lives among her foes—
Then big brave man a hunting goes!
And even brave men like to boast
That they can put a quail on toast.



The Water Ouzel

He builds behind the waterfall,
His nest of moss is wet with spray;
You'll hear the Water Ouzel call
On any red-hot August day.
To see the Ouzels at their best,
Just watch their young ooze from the nest!



The Black Widow

The Redskins gave this dainty dame,
On arrow-tips, undying fame.
She's black—as far as you can see,
But underneath, on her chim-ee,
She wears that fatal monogram,
An hour-glass, in red or tan.
Just sixty minutes—if she bites—
You'll have to set your things to rights!



The Pronghorn Antelope

He's no kin to the elk, or gnu,
Or deer, or moose, or caribou.
The Pronghorn is the swiftest thing
That ever moved on hoof or wing.
The while you list one lazy shoe
He'll slip away a mile or two!
When fleet Diana was out-stepped,
And Hermes stamped his foot and wept,
The gods—to see the Pronghorn dance—
Sewed great, white patches on his pants.

ards, and a Bug or Two

Southwest. Verses and caricatures by Eve Ganson—



The Turkey Buzzard

*This bird was evidently made
To live on flesh that is decayed.
He follows in the wake of death.
You'll know he's coming by his breath.
And if he hears your dying groans
He'll break his neck to pick your bones.*



The Cactus Wren

*A Wren in name, but not in song,
This bird is quite eight inches long.
No cactus boasts too many thorns
For this queer Wren; he even scorns
The giant when he builds his nest—
The prickly cholla suits him best.
Yet even a poor laggard wit
Will say the Wren's not stuck on it.*



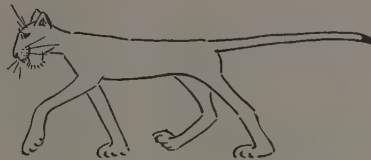
The Mule Deer

*The Black-Tail, Mule, or Bounding Deer
Is well equipped with running gear.
He lifts all four feet from the ground
And clears a thicket at one bound.
His heels are springy—that is why
He likes a country that is dry.
And every time he thirsty feels
He taps the spring that's in his heels.*



The Vanishing Longhorn

*Because her parents came from Spain
The Longhorn Cow grew very vain.
She tossed her rakish head with scorn,
And every day blew her own horn.
The other cows tired of her boasts
So handed her some small rib-roasts;
And even tried her pride to goad—
They bawled, "Look—look—beef à la
mode!"
But they—at last—so jealous grew
It put them in an Irish stew.*



The Cougar

*This nifty cat would be quite vain
If he could wear the lion's mane.
Yet—as he is—he's pleased because
He has sharp teeth and good strong claws.
He's so proud of his pedigree
That he stays in his family tree.
But—though he looks so very meek—
He has his tongue stuck in his cheek.*



The Mexican Hairless Dog

*The poor Chihuahua's skin is bare—
He never had a coat of hair.
His liver-colored greasy suit
Is all he wears to walk 'round in.
The neighbors look at him askance—
He cannot even wear his pants!*



The Desert Bear

*I've often wondered how the Bear
That hibernates gets pure fresh air.
Throughout his long cold winter night
His cubby-hole is shut up tight—
Or nearly so. The big fat Bear
Lives weeks and weeks with no fresh air.
But if you meet him—have a care!
Be on your guard—give him the air.*



The Banded Gecko

*I must say that I never saw
The Gecko breaking any law,
But one glance at his long striped tail!
Tells me that he has been in jail.
And his twin brother, so they say,
Strayed from the straight and narrow way.
A broad and crooked path he follored,
And—in the end—he, too, was collared!*



The Cliff Swallow

*The jays all called this Bird a "nut,"
Because he built a dobie hut,
And glued it to the wall so high
It almost scraped the turquoise sky.
In this way started—so they say—
The tall skyscraper of today.
For soon the aborigines
Climbed canyon walls on hand and knees,
And on the sheer, high, rocky shelves,
Built small skyscrapers for themselves.*

Beauty and the Beast

*Records show Death Valley
hottest place on earth in summer;
balmy resort in winter—*

By Phil Townsend Hanna

NO longer can there be any controversy as to the hottest place on earth. Superlatives are dangerous indulgences, but with almost a quarter of a century of unofficial observations and eighteen years of continuous scientific observation of weather conditions, Death Valley, California, wins the distinction of being the hottest and driest spot on terra firma. The records of the weather station operated at Furnace Creek Ranch, officially known as Greenland Ranch, through the co-operation of the United States Weather Bureau and the Pacific Coast Borax Company, furnish one of the most astounding climatological histories extant.

As early as 1875 the inordinate heat of Death Valley began to become a topic for popular discussion in the Southwest. Lieutenant R. Birnie, attached to the Wheeler expedition surveying the territory west of the 100th meridian for the United States Geological Survey, crossed the valley three times in the summer of that year. One of the surveyors died from the heat during August and Lieutenant Birnie reported that his thermometer frequently recorded temperatures of 145 degrees in the sun.

When borax operations and the mines began to attract prospectors, the story of Death Valley's ruthlessness seeped out to the world. Prospectors were stricken in death with ample supplies of water at their side; men went insane; no pedestrian venturing into the valley during the torrid months of July, August or September could hope to emerge alive.

In 1883, one McGillivray, employed in surveying borax properties, reported that for forty-eight hours at a stretch, "the thermometer never fell below 130 degrees."

"Several of our men went insane," he declared. One of them was a Chinaman, who wandered away, and we afterward saw him at one of the adjacent settlements where he was brought in by an Indian, stark mad and performing all sorts of strange tricks, to the infinite delight of the Indians, who thought he was a prize clown and regarded it as a huge joke."

But the heat and the extremely dry air that sucked up the moisture of the human body as the fabled vampires are reputed to have drawn the blood from olden men, were not the only menaces to health and life. The howling sandstorms of the desert descended upon unwary travelers and engulfed them in a vortex of flying, cutting sand, leaving them to die of suffocation.

How terrifying and distressing these storms are none but one who has experienced them can comprehend. A traveler of 1898 has left this graphic account of a typical Death Valley sandstorm:

"Out of a cloudless sky there came, in the north, a full, feathery cloud, and the face of the sun suddenly became obscured as with a faint gray mist. As I looked its brightness waned and there gradually formed long streamers of dust like the spokes of a wheel, making a weird and most extraordinary picture. With startling rapidity the cloud grew in the north and soon the face of the heavens was totally obscured. All was darkness and the wind moaned like the sea as it lashed in fury every object on the plain. The stage was crowded with passengers and the driver said it was impossible to proceed in the storm. He therefore unharnessed the horses, and the passengers sat in the coach, a very forlorn lot of individuals, until the wind somewhat abated and we proceeded on our journey. When the storm was at its greatest height the horses lay close to the ground and buried their muzzles in the sand."

By 1891 the fearful reputation of the valley had become so widespread that the government dispatched a scientific expedition under C. Hart Merriam to investigate the flora, the fauna, and the climatology of the region. For the latter purpose there was assigned to the party weather observers from the Signal Service. During the summer of 1891 they made careful observations and their discoveries were so astounding that the establishment of a permanent station in this land where the weather changes as regularly as a woman changes her mind, became desirable.

It was not, however, until 1911 that arrangements were concluded for the installation of equipment and the keeping of daily weather records. Many years previously the Pacific Coast Borax Company had created a sixty-five-acre ranch at the mouth of Furnace Creek, watered by a group of warm springs from Furnace Creek Canyon. Prior to the occupation of the Furnace Creek location by the borax company, it is said to have been settled by the valley's first white resident, one "Bellerin" Teck, a desert wanderer who started a small ranch and planted alfalfa and barley

and is said to have introduced quail. The borax company, following Teck's example, planted alfalfa, vegetables, fruits, and date palms to supply food for men and beasts in the company's employ. As

the trees and the green fields of alfalfa appeared, the ranch became a verdant oasis on a tawny plain and hence took a new name—Greenland Ranch. As such it is officially known to the government, although the name Furnace Creek Ranch is more familiar to desert habitues.

Until the construction of Bungalow City and Furnace Creek Inn (the former in 1925; the latter in 1926) Furnace Creek Ranch was the only spot on the floor of the valley where men could live in the summer months. And even here, beneath a close cover of verdure, mechanical means had to be resorted to to make existence bearable. One foreman who was located at the ranch for eight years made his bed each night in front of a revolving fan, after wetting his blanket and the surrounding floor. Another contrived a bed in one of the irrigating ditches. These two men remained longest on the job. Their predecessors and successors arrived and departed in an endless procession, none remaining longer than a few days during the summer months.

But what do the records of the Greenland Ranch station show? They show the world's highest temperature ever recorded on a standard, approved shade thermometer! This is 134 degrees and occurred on July 10, 1913. During the week in which this peak was reached, the minimum temperature recorded was 85 degrees, and the maximum temperature never fell below 127 degrees. In the sun, the air temperature, it is estimated, must have reached 150 degrees.

The highest temperature ever recorded in the world, according to the Encyclopædia Britannica; occurred in the Gobi Desert, where a reading of 167 degrees was reported. This was an unofficial report, without data as to how the recordings were made and is given little credence by climatologists. The Death Valley mark, therefore, has come to be regarded as the record. Other high temperatures have been reported from Wargla, Sahara Desert, where the thermometer has reached 127 degrees; Mammoth Tank, California, 128 degrees; New South Wales, 131 degrees; Euphrates River, 132 degrees. None of these, save the report from the Gobi Desert, approach the Death Valley record.

That this record-making high temperature was purely local in character and not

the result of a general heat wave over all of Southern California is apparent from maximum temperatures recorded at other points on the same day. When it was 134 degrees at Greenland Ranch, it was 103 degrees at Independence; 89 degrees in Los Angeles; 102 degrees in Redlands; 105 degrees in San Bernardino, and 119 degrees in Heber, in the Imperial Valley.

The average and extreme temperature records show a surprising seasonal variation in climatic conditions. The mean minimum temperature descends to its lowest level of approximately 40 degrees in the latter part of November, remaining there through December, rising to 50 degrees in March; 60 degrees in April; 70 degrees in May; 80 degrees in June, and the maximum of nearly 90 degrees in July, when it again starts a regular decline. The mean maximum temperature reaches its lowest level of a little more than 60 degrees in December, and rises gradually about ten degrees a month to the peak in July, when decline again starts. The temperature curves show a remarkable parallelism as will be seen from the accompanying diagram. The daily temperature reaches its maximum and minimum at an unusual hour. The maximum generally occurs, not at noon as one would expect, but from two to four in the afternoon, and the minimum generally is attained at four or five o'clock in the morning.

The excessive heat of Death Valley is not difficult to explain, climatologists aver. Situated well to the south of the summer storm tracks, there are no alternating weather conditions. During the long summer days the air is excessively heated by the high sun, as there is too little moisture in the air to permit the formation of clouds. Excessive heating causes ascending currents, and air slips down the sides of the adjacent mountains to take the place of air rising over the valley floor. The air which descends the mountains is heated dynamically. The desert sand, gravel, rocks and salt are so highly heated during the long days that they do not have an opportunity to cool through radiation during the short nights.

Rainfall in the valley is as sparse as the energy of the sun is bountiful. The average annual precipitation is 1.79 inches. Records for the ten-year period 1911-1921 show three years when no rain whatever fell during the months of June, July and August. Aside from an occasional devastat-

tating cloudburst the valley receives its rainfall in January, February and March.

This scantiness of rain has been explained by weather experts as due to the form and situation of the valley. It is a broad, depressed basin, far removed from oceanic waters, and nearly surrounded by high mountains. Whatever moisture is carried toward this basin by the east winds from the Gulf of Mexico is precipitated upon the high plateaus and mountains of Texas and New Mexico, while west winds from the Pacific deposit their surplus moisture largely on the coast ranges of California, and more completely in the cold, high altitudes of the Sierra Nevada, the San Bernardino and San Jacinto mountains. The only channel, therefore, through which the wind can bring oceanic moisture into the desert is the broad valley of the lower Colorado River, and this is the source of the winter rain storms, characterized by their slow formation, wide extent, and duration usually of two to four days.

Such summer rains as occur are quite different in character, the explanation goes. They are showers, or thunder storms, varying in length from a few minutes to several hours, and confined within very narrow limits. Occasionally they are intensified into furious cloudbursts. In the val-

months it often falls as low as 5 per cent. When this occurs irrigating water in the canals is lost through evaporation before it reaches the fields and trees have been known to shrivel up and die in the upper extremities at the time water was being applied to their roots.

Many curious results accompany this combination of low humidity and high temperature. John R. Spears, in his *Illustrated Sketches of Death Valley*, declares:

"Other effects of the arid air are found in the utter ruin within a few days of every article of furniture built elsewhere and carried there. A writing desk curled and split and fell to pieces. Tables warped into strange shapes. Chairs fell apart. Water barrels, uncautiously left empty, lost their hoops in an hour. One end of a blanket that had been washed was found to have dried while the other end was manipulated in the tub. A handkerchief taken from the tub and held up to the sun, dried in a flash—quicker than it would have done before a red-hot stove.

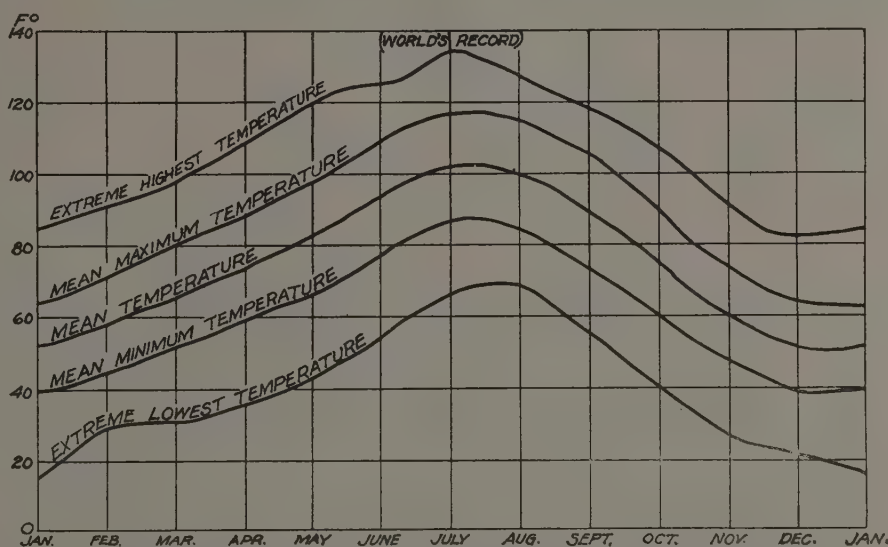
"Meat killed at night and cooked at six in the morning had spoiled at nine. Cut thin, dipped in hot brine and hung in the sun, it is cured in an hour. Flour breeds worms in less than a week. Eggs are roasted in the sand. Fig trees bloom and produce fruit near the house every spring, but the figs never mature."

How do men live, and how do they die, in the wilting summer heat of the valley? We have seen what extremities are the refuge of those who must sleep in a temperature that drops but slightly below the century mark at night. Little work is done. What must be accomplished is performed in the cooler hours of early morning. Food is a matter for serious consideration.

Near the lower end of Death Valley the motorist will see an old mill, known as Ashford's Mill. It is owned

by three brothers who have lived in Death Valley for many years. The mine for which the mill is operated is located in a canyon high up in the adjacent Black Mountains. Late in the spring it is closed down and the Ashfords retire to the mountains, where the temperature is many degrees lower than on the valley floor, yet well over a hundred degrees. As the heat increases their diet undergoes a change. They abandon meat, salt, pepper and other condiments inclined to induce thirst, and for many weeks subsist as nearly as pos-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 49)



This chart, compiled from official observations of the United States Weather Bureau Station at Furnace Creek Ranch, shows the extraordinary temperatures that prevail in Death Valley. It will be noted that these are mild and alluring during the winter months of November, December, January, March and April, and it will be noted, too, that the thermometer rises to an astonishing altitude during the summer season. It is little wonder that the valley has come to be known as "Beauty and the Beast."

ley these rains are of comparatively frequent occurrence, twenty-two having been recorded by the weather observers of 1891 during a five-month period. In several cases only a trace of rain fell, and the greatest fall in any single instance amounted to but half an inch. The moisture that forms these rains is believed to be derived immediately from the snow upon the higher peaks of the desert, deposited there during the long winter storms.

Little data is available on relative humidity, but it is known to be, like the rainfall, very scant. During the summer



In this pond at Rancho Guajome were washed the sheep at shearing time. A vivid description of the operation is to be found in "Ramona".

The House Near the Frog Pond

By Marjorie T. Wolcott

Photos by C. C. Pierce

WHERE once the cattle bearing the brand of Doña Ysidora Coutts browsed on the sun-baked hills of northern San Diego County, glossy avocado groves are appearing. The Henshaw Dam, supported at one corner by the old Pala Indian burial ground, is storing up waters which then meandered idly into *el Pacifico* through a wide, treeless plain, or disappeared into mountain canyons.

Under the magic of water the old Buena Vista, San Marcos and Guajome grants have developed an unsuspected fertility. They are entering upon a period of development in small holdings, the title to which rests on the original American patents and their transfer to Colonel Cave Johnson Coutts.

While the name of Colonel Coutts is interwoven with the early history of San Diego County, the home ranch of Guajome and the brand and earmark of the herds

were registered in the name of his wife. Guajome in turn derives much of its color from the mission of San Luis Rey three miles northwest. It was the eighteenth Franciscan establishment in California and was named for the most conscientious man who ever occupied a throne in any country, Louis IX of France, *San Luis, Rey de Francia*. The mission claimed the land lying to the south as far as Agua Caliente, the northern boundary of the lands used by Mission San Diego, so that Guajome was part of the original mission lands.

In 1845 Don Pio Pico, governor *ad interim* of the Californias, gave the Buena Vista and Guajome ranches to Indians of the mission. The reason for these gifts is obscure. Some old settlers opine that Don Pio received in return a horse and saddle, or perhaps a pair of peacocks—either a fair price for a ranch at that time. Others think that the Indians may have "had something" on the governor. Even the Oldest Settler

owns and occupies it.

Although it is not princely or luxurious, the house is stamped with indelible charm and flavor. The rear is toward the highway, so that one enters a courtyard surrounded with servants' rooms, corrals, barns, and stables. Passing through another doorway in the east wing and crossing the patio, wide open doors lead into a large living-room. This western wing is of wood and is surmounted with a room of many windows erected by Doña Ysidora, which was used as a schoolroom. In the living-room is a desk at which Colonel Coutts sat during the long, hot morning receiving the reports of his *mayordomos*, talking with cattle-buyers, and chatting with guests. Mr. Coutts still has the first iron safe in California, brought by his father around the Horn. His piano, also the first in the State, is in the Estudillo house at old San Diego.

The three remaining wings are of typical

has no authentic information on the subject, but all agree that Don Pio never gave away anything outright.

Andreas and José Manuel, Christian Indians belonging to the mission, received Guajome, 2219.41 acres in a perfect square marked by four posts, including "post in mound of earth" and "post in mound of stones," the northwest corner lying across the dry bed of the Rio San Luis Rey.

José Manuel died before the United States Land Commission arrived in California. His mother, who rejoiced in the name of Salomé, his widow Catalina, Andreas and Ascension, his wife, petitioned to the commission for confirmation of the grant, but their claim was rejected. They appealed to the District Court of the southern district of the infant State of California, which reversed the decision and gave them a patent to the rancho. On December 1, 1852, they sold Guajomita, as they called it (the little frog pond), to Don Abel Stearns for \$550. When his sister-in-law married Colonel Coutts, Mr. Stearns gave her the ranch as a wedding gift. The daughter of the dons and the son of Virginian cavaliers built a most typical Spanish colonial home in California, although it was erected after the Mexican period. Their oldest son, Cave J. Coutts II, now

broad, flat adobe bricks. The chapel, restored by the present owner, stands a few feet south of the house. In the patio are sweet limes, oranges, flowers, and a fountain. Each of the adobe rooms has its *fogón* or fireplace. The house was built by the patient labor of 300 pairs of Indian hands, which Colonel Coutts was able to command as subagent of the Luiseños.

Colonel Coutts was born near Springfield, Tennessee, in 1821, of Virginian ancestry. His uncle, Cave Johnson, was President Polk's Secretary of the Treasury and secured his appointment to West Point Military Academy. He served on the Mexican frontier during the war and from 1848 to 1851 was stationed at Los Angeles, Mission San Luis Rey, and San Diego. He kept a beautifully illustrated diary containing many California scenes. In 1849 he conducted the Whipple Expedition to the Colorado River. After his marriage he resigned from the army and was appointed aid on the staff of Governor Bigler with the rank of colonel. When Antonio Garra, an ex-neophyte of San Luis Rey, started an insurrection in the '50s with the intent of wiping out the white settlers along the coast, he served as adjutant during the campaign and as judge advocate at the trial which condemned Garra to death. He was a member of the first county grand jury in 1850 and county judge in 1854.

He met Doña Ysidora Bandini at the home of her father, Don Juan Bandini, on the southeast corner of the plaza at Old San Diego, an adobe which is still in excellent condition and is owned by Cave J. Coutts, II. She and Señorita Zamorano were the acknowledged belles of California and many of the old diaries record the heart-burnings which went on under the tight dress coats of the officers of Colonel Stevenson's regiment and the Mormon Battalion. There are no authentic portraits of her.

Don Cueva, as he was called, purchased the San Marcos, Buena Vista, and La Joya grants, and 8000 acres of government land. His business affairs were conducted with military precision and order. There are old pioneers at San Diego who remember him. "One of Nature's noblemen," they call him, "the backbone of the county." An anonymous history published in 1883 by William Elliott at San Francisco rates him as the first citizen of San Diego County.

"Of a tall, com-

manding figure, a little over six feet in height, weighing about 165 pounds, straight as an arrow, willowy and active, a perfect horseman; the *beau ideal* of a cavalry officer, with the natural instincts of a gentleman, supplemented by a thorough education; fond of an active, busy life; devoted to his family, the soul of honor, to him a lie was like blasphemy, inexcusable and unpardonable; of strict integrity and business habits, he was also jovial and a genial companion, fond of jokes, music and dancing; a thorough man of business and a perfect gentleman in society.

Among the many guests at Guajome was Helen Hunt Jackson. The pond in which the sheep were washed particularly appealed to her imagination when the story of the ubiquitous Ramona was taking shape in her mind.

The Coutts herds ranged over a thousand parched hillsides. The brand was a large and a small C interlocked and the signal or earmark an upper bit on the left ear. In a roundup it was impossible to see the animals' flanks but the ears were easily detected, and there were innumerable ways of cutting them.

There were no serious Indian troubles at Guajome. William B. Coutts, a brother of the colonel, held many offices in the county, among them being that of justice of the peace of San Luis Rey township. Assisted by Manuelito Cota, chief of the Luiseños, the two brothers administered justice. Colonel Coutts preferred charges against Indians or Mexicans when necessary. A typical entry in the records of the township occurs in 1866:

"The People vs. Ignacio, an Indian: Assault With a Deadly Weapon. Prisoner, brought to court, pleads not guilty. Affidavit of Manuelito, general of the Indians,

and Geronemo, alcalde, filed. On the examination of the above case it is ordered that the prisoner receive twenty-five lashes on the bare back. W. B. Coutts, J. P."

Cattle from ranches as far north as Santa Barbara and even San Francisco ranged among the southern herds, which were the largest in the State. When the Mexican squatters, the *bêtes noires* of the *haciendados*, swarmed in they persuaded the legislature to pass a "no fence" law. All owners who had more cattle than their own fields could support had to sacrifice them at a heavy loss. In years of drought the cattle owners also suffered heavily. Colonel Coutts had not recovered from his losses when he passed away at the Horton House in 1874.

The day of the large cattle range was passing and that of the small owner was approaching. The group of men who went to San Diego to file the plot of the new town of Oceanside in 1883 were astonished to find that the Santa Fé Railway Company had quietly established title to a right-of-way through their proposed site. While all eyes had been watching the powerful Southern Pacific its rival had appropriated a shipping point for the back country. Seventy-seven American settlers at Riverside, on the Jurupa grant which originally belonged to Juan Bandini, desired to come down to the beach occasionally, and for that reason there are just seventy-seven beach lots at Oceanside.

Left with a large estate which involved her in the problems of a changing era, Doña Ysidora managed with great skill and ability. Of large stature, queenly, reserved, and unfaltering in the protection of her rights, she was also exceptionally kind and charitable. The Mexican squatters on her land were most unwelcome, but when

they were ill or in trouble, she was the first person to appear with food and medicines. If her assistance was declined she found a way to send it through a third person. She was loved by everyone who knew her—Spaniards, Americans, Mexicans, and Indians. Her Indian women servants were devoted to her, and one of her nephews remembers her best as going about followed by ten or fifteen of them, carrying a large bunch of keys and distributing supplies from the commissary. She was deeply religious and endeavored to train her Indians in the ways of civilization.

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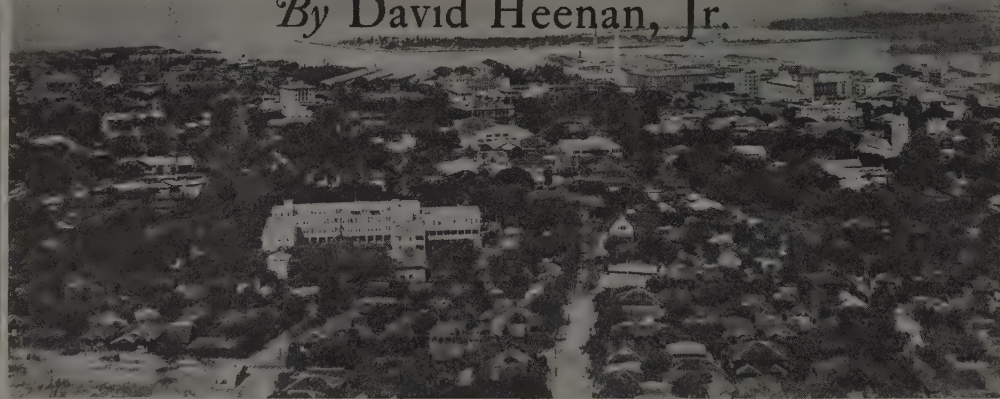


The patio and fountain of the ranch-house at Guajome, a splendid example of early California architecture

Land of the Lei

*A description and something of a history of
the Hawaiian Islands—*

By David Heenan, Jr.



The city of Honolulu, with its busy harbor, presents a picture of a thriving metropolis at the cross-roads of the Pacific which differs considerably from the common conception of dreamy, languid isles of flowers and sunshine. The brown-skinned Apollo at the right is an Hawaiian indulging in the thrilling sport of surf-boarding for which the natives are world-famed

ial welcome and has taken the time to make him feel at home. Now, with its sugar producing areas rapidly approaching their maximum production; its pineapple fields constantly expanding as the world demand for the island fruit increases, the resi-



SIX DAYS southwest, direct from Los Angeles over the smoothest and most deliciously warm stretch of water in any of the Seven Seas, are the Hawaiian Islands, known the world over for their music and primitive dances, and, in later days, as one of the few unspoiled spots which civilization has left and to which one may journey from the bustling world of commerce and find relaxation and contentment. Particularly for the motorist from mainland America or the Antipodes, they are a novel and unexplored paradise opening up vistas of a strange life and a new people amazingly concentrated in a comparatively small area.

The average person not only looks upon the islands as small, but, as a matter of fact, as mere pin pricks on the earth's surface, which is the way they appear on any map of the Pacific Ocean. The Hawaiian Islands, however, comprising eight main inhabited islands, several smaller uninhabited islands and numerous atolls and islets, have an area of 6454 square miles, or something a trifle greater than the states of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. In that area, two-thirds of which is taken up by the island of Hawaii—site of the volcano of Kilauea and the two highest island peaks in the world, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa—there is more geography to the square inch than can be boasted by any land mass many times their size.

Within these small islands, the traveler may find every transition from primitive and romantic native life to the most modern

of American cities, framed by the colorful features of native and oriental civilizations which have there met and are blending. For Hawaii is, incidentally, the living refutation of the old adage that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Not only in business does one find the native and the white man and the oriental working side by side as business associates and friends, but also practically the same situation is found in social activities. Within certain limits, there is no insurmountable line of residential demarcation. Your neighbor may be an Hawaiian, a Japanese, or a Chinese, whose living standards are much the same as you yourself enjoy. There are even examples, and not a few, of happy and successful marriages between the races; not even excepting the white and oriental combination, which has for years been regarded as the barrier impassé.

Within sight of one another one finds snow-capped mountains and palm-fringed coral beaches; soft, garden-strewn highways and crinkly little native lanes which wander off into indefiniteness; fair, sun-strewn valleys and plateaus and high, rugged cliffs and precipices often camouflaged under a blanket of velvety green semi-tropic growth; rugged, desert wastes of lava fields and the most intensive agriculture imaginable.

Hawaii has been so busy, since its discovery by Captain Cook in 1778, in developing its own fertile fields and valleys that it has had scant time for getting acquainted with the outside world. To the visitors within its gates, however, it has always had a gen-

dents of Hawaii are busier than ever, yet they even to-day find time to be friendly. There is a happy spirit of live and let live in the islands and an absence of the rush and confusion with which city dwellers of other worlds are so well acquainted.

There is only one comparatively large city in Hawaii, the island metropolis and capital, Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, boasting a population of about 104,000. It's nearest rival is the town of Hilo, main port for the island of Hawaii and the gateway to Hawaii National park and the volcano of Kilauea. Hilo is rated as having a population of about 12,000. With the exception of these two cities, the population of the islands, 324,000, is largely scattered in smaller communities and in the agricultural areas.

One of the things which appeals most to the traveler, and, at the same time confuses him, is the complicated race mixture and race variation to be found within the confines of this diminutive world. There are more than thirty races and race combinations in the eight inhabited islands, affording a vivid panorama of contrasting types and an equally vivid suggestion of pagantry, for each of the races has made, and is making, its own contribution in costume, language and artistic and architectural tendencies to the cosmopolitan conglomerate which is Hawaii.

Despite the great number of races and the handicaps under which some of them labor in the matter of language and customs, there is a surprisingly uniform spirit among the peoples of the islands. Regardless of whether they trace their ancestry to the white race or the brown, the yellow or the black, or whether their traditions are founded in the canons of Buddhism or Confucianism or Christianity, there is a spirit of fair play and equality, and a very genuine brotherhood which is well for the idealist and scoffer alike to look upon.

Here, on a small scale, Hawaii is working out its destiny as the laboratory of the world, with an astounding mixture already established for the work of the melting pot along social, political and economic lines. This melting pot is visibly at work, turning out the finished product of the second or third generation in the form of an Oriental- or Polynesian-American, retaining and contributing, to the world he is making the finer dreams and finer attributes of his own race. It gives some idea of how America and its contrasting races may some time be welded into a uniform and satisfactory whole—how, in fact, the whole world may some day be established along lines totally foreign to what it knows today, with only a commonness of interests and a certain faith in the ultimate destiny of all mankind, as a formula to work with.

Hawaii's industrial life is

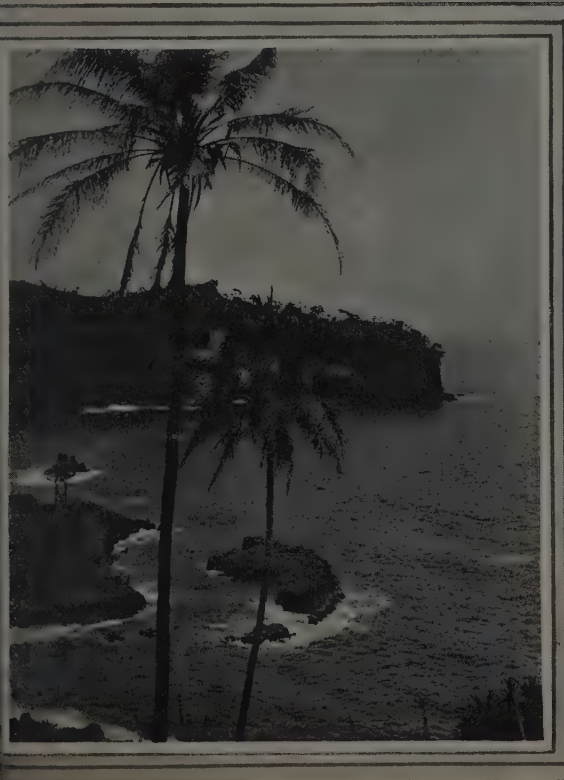


Above—The quaint little fishing village of Kualoa is located in the vicinity of a vast fish reservoir formed by a circular dam isolating a portion of the ocean



Above—The muck and mire of the rice fields near Honolulu are plowed by water buffalo which are ably managed only by means of ropes attached to rings through their snouts

Left—Tall stately palms guard the entrance to the beautiful Bay of Onomea, on the island of Hawaii



confined to comparatively narrow limits. There is practically no manufacturing and the agriculture is limited chiefly to the cultivation and refining of sugar and the growing and canning of pineapples, the islands being the world's chief source of supply for this fruit. Some coffee and a little tobacco are grown, and a few individuals are engaged in truck farming and flower growing. But in the main, Hawaii's life and prosperity continue to depend upon her two main industries, the production of pineapples and sugar. Both types of enterprise have reached a high stage of development and accounted for the exportation between them of almost \$100,000,000 worth of goods in the calendar year 1926.

A pineapple field is to the tourist an amazing sight in the

geometrical perfection of its layout and the marvelous scientific and systematic type of agriculture employed. Sugar is just as scientifically maintained, but by the nature of the crop is less spectacular to the eye than the pineapple lands, laid out as they are in thousands upon thousands of symmetrical rows. Visitors may make excursions through pineapple plantations and canneries and are afforded opportunity also to witness a sugar mill in operation, where the

cane is cut up and the first stages of refining accomplished before it is shipped to the mainland for commercial treatment. Both are worth while, both from the standpoint of size and from the fact that it would be hard to find such novel and thoroughly scientific enterprises in combination in any other part of the world.

Tobacco and coffee are grown almost exclusively on the Big Island, as the island of Hawaii is known generally throughout the territory. The coffee is of excellent quality and largely used by mainland packers to give an added fulsome flavor to other types. In Hawaii, however, it is served in its own purity and has its own roster of enthusiasts.

When the first Polynesians came to Hawaii (probably about 800 A.D.), beached their battered outrigger canoes and rested their weary, half-starved bodies, they looked upon a land of gentle winds, warmed by an indolent sun, with high mountain peaks and cool valleys. There was but little else to look upon, for the vegetation which now covers Hawaii in its luxuriant, semi-tropic foliage was the outgrowth of settlement by man. Yams and taro and coconuts were apparently brought to the islands by these first adventurers, who came from somewhere south of the equator and west of the

sunset by what devious routes no one has yet been able to determine. There were no mammals on the islands in those days, and it was only with the advent of contact with western civilization, perhaps through the legendary Spaniards who were wrecked on Hawaii in the sixteenth century, that the islands came to have pig and, later, wild goats.

From this meagre beginning, but blessed by the most wanton Nature any land has known, came the Hawaiian race to thrive and prosper in its own primitive way through its own intricate and happy civilization. Even when the white man came to live in Hawaii a hundred and fifty years ago, he found it still in the transition period. Heavy forests and shrub-growth clothed the mountains and deeper valleys, but the beach areas, particularly around Honolulu, boasted little but coco palms in the way of vegetation. The development of the Honolulu area into a rare natural garden of breathtaking beauty is an outgrowth of the past one hundred years.

The old civilization of the islands is intensely interesting to the average visitors, partly because it is no longer an active one, but chiefly because it is connected in some remote but obvious fashion with all the mystery which surrounds the South Seas and the coast of Asia.

A person who tries to "do the islands" in a few days will find but comparatively few traces of the ancient days, as compared with those which may be discovered by anyone who is willing to take the time for a leisurely exploration. And for any sort of sightseeing, an automobile is almost a necessity. If one has his own car and ships it to Hawaii, he will be more than repaid in added pleasure and ability to go and come as he chooses in his search for the spectacular, the romantic and the colorful. The steamships which serve Hawaii from Los Angeles have exceptionally convenient facilities for the motorist en route to the islands. On arrival in Honolulu, the car is unloaded promptly, so that there is a minimum delay in supplying the visitor with his own automobile. Rates on automobiles to and from the islands are low enough to make it an economy to ship a car to the islands, if he intends to make any attempt to cover Oahu or any of the other land masses by motor.

The island of Oahu, with the capital city of Honolulu, has hundreds of miles of well paved roadway, practically circling the island and leading to every important scenic and historical site. On this island, the city of Honolulu, with its wealth of floral beauty, its composite race pictures, its quaint

oriental and native sections and its magnificent valleys filled with beautiful residences is an unending source of interest to the motorist. In more outlying districts are the Pali, a windswept precipice in the mountains back of Honolulu, the road around the island past sugar cane lands and historic old sugar mills, the Mormon Temple at Laie, a brilliant example of landscaping and Egyptian architecture; Haleiwa, and innumerable other beautiful bays and inlets; Schofield Barracks, Uncle Sam's huge military station in the Pacific; Pearl Harbor, a corresponding home for the ships of the American navy; and Moanalua Gardens, one of the most extravagant examples of floral beauty and rare charm to be found anywhere in the world. The average traveler will find sufficient on Oahu, with side trips and exploration into the mountains and out-of-the-way valleys, to keep him well occupied for a week or more.

On the island of Kauai, "the Garden Island," the main attraction is Waimea Canyon, reached via an excellent motor road, recently completed. Another interesting trip on this island is to beautiful Hanalei Bay, inspiration of poets and painters, which is reached by a good road from Lihue extending through magnificent scenic country along the eastern coast of the island.

The principal point of interest on the

Hawaii, "the Big Island," however, has the greatest number of attractions for the motorist. This island, comprising more than two-thirds the land area of the Hawaiian group, has one of the highest snow-capped mountains in the Pacific and possesses endless allurements of a scenic and historical character. Every range of climate, from the mild 70- or 80-degree coastal temperature to below the freezing point on the snow-capped summits of the higher mountains, may be found on the island, while here, there is an abundance of dense foliage and semi-tropic vegetation which is found nowhere else in the group.

Wonderful ditch trails, fertile sugar lands, an abundance of typical Hawaiian scenery and native life, old and new lava flows and their weird formations, hundreds of gorgeous waterfalls, historic caves and cities of refuge and many ancient *heiaus*, or early Hawaii temples, are but a few of the "Big Island's" charms. Hawaii's magnificent tropical forests of tree ferns and giant hardwoods, its thermal springs, its many steaming and dead craters, its remarkable foliage and bird life combine with its good automobile and railroad facilities to make the island the delight of strangers. The people are very hospitable and good hotels and boarding house accommodations are available at strategic points.

Of prime interest to the visitor, of course, is the round-the-island trip, which can be taken in about three days. A week or ten days should be allowed, if at all possible, as the wealth of attractions encountered affords almost endless occupation for the traveler.

From Hilo, one should visit Rainbow Falls, a magnificent rainbow-garlanded spectacle a mile from the town; also the Kaumana Caves, a vast subterranean passage four miles from Hilo. They were formed by a lava flow of the last century and run for many miles and contain fascinating stalactites and lava specimens. About seven miles from Hilo, in a generally northerly direction, the tourist by motor car passes Onomea Arch, a high natural arch at the end of a cliff projecting into the sea. From here the trail

of adventure leads to Akaka Falls, about two and a half miles off the main road. This should not be missed, for the sheet of sparkling silver water, lined against a green tropical setting, falls nearly five hundred feet sheer into the mist-capped pool below.

On up the road around the island, the traveler comes to the little village of Lapaohoe, steeped in the air of legend and lying at the edge of the sea on a "leaf of lava," hence its name. There are many

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47)



The natives of the Islands employ many-pronged spears to capture the finny denizens of the deep. The picture shows an Hawaiian fishing inside the coral reef off the famous Waikiki beach

island of Maui is, of course, Haleakala, gigantic extinct crater above the clouds. Haleakala is inaccessible by motor, the trip being made on horseback from the foot. Iao Valley and the Needle are reached by automobile, however, and in addition there are numerous shorter routes through intensely interesting country. In case one does not desire to ship his car from Honolulu to Maui or Kauai, he will find excellent and reasonable automobile service available for sightseeing on both islands.

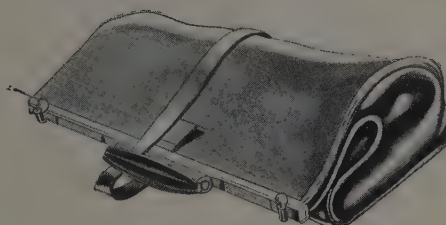
Christmas Gift Suggestions for Motorists



Any man would be delighted with this velvet smoking jacket, which is smart and neat and at the same time "homey" and comfortable. Courtesy Mullen and Bluett



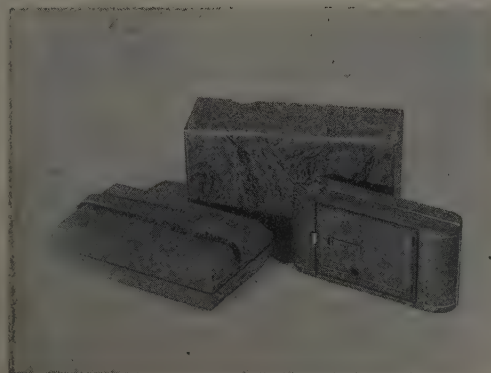
A Day-Nite Mirror is something which fills a long-felt want. One part of it is used in daytime and the other at night, making driving a car less complicated on our busy boulevards. Here also is a stunning chrome nickel Trico Tire Mirror which adds a touch of smartness all its own. Courtesy Western Auto Supply Company



For the man who travels this collapsible leather bag is an ideal gift, for 'tis fashioned without a stiff bottom and can be slipped under the seat or most anywhere and still come up smiling. Courtesy Halbriter's



Impeccably correct for the auto enthusiast is this staunch leather coat with its warm wool lining of brightly hued plaid. This one was sketched at the J. W. Robinson Company, where it is shown in many popular colors



A useful gift in keeping with the modern ensemble idea, is this "Vanity Kodak" which is shown in colors to match the costume. This small Kodak folds up to look like a vanity case and really takes most excellent pictures. Courtesy B. B. Nichols, Inc.



An Out-O-Site ash receiver will please the smoker. This one clamps on the dash and is very useful indeed. Courtesy Western Auto Supply Company

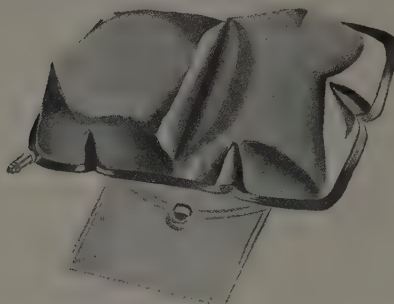


The last word in compactness is this tiny camera, using motion picture film and yet producing sharp, clear photos that may be enlarged many, many times. Courtesy B. B. Nichols, Inc.

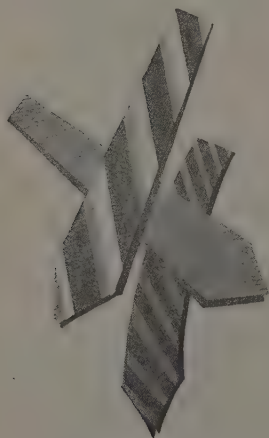


A gift which any automobile owner would greatly appreciate would be a set of "Monocraft" monograms. These are shown in gold and silver and are electroplated to guard against tarnish. Courtesy Western Auto Supply Company

An air pillow such as this would make a most acceptable gift for the man or woman who travels by auto, train or airplane. When not "blown up" and in use, it can be neatly folded in its small case and tucked into an amazingly small space. Courtesy J. W. Robinson Company



"Assist cords" would make a charming gift for the closed car. They come in colors to match any upholstery and are useful, as well as ornamental in the extreme. Western Auto Supply Company



You are not taking any chances in presenting "him" with any one of these stunning neckties, as diagonal group stripes in conservative colors are the very smartest thing in ties. Courtesy Mullen and Bluett



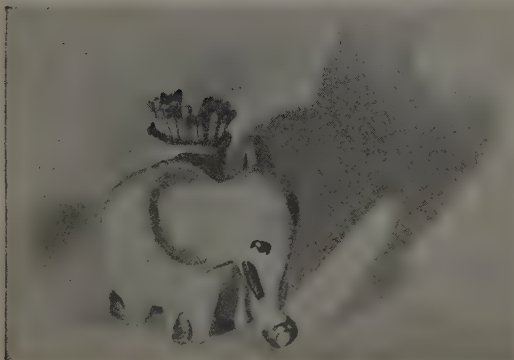
This wood-and-metal cigarette box and quaint pottery match holder will delight and serve the smoker. Shown by Vom Cleff's



A worthy watch dog is this English bulldog, although not as fierce as he looks. One may choose this doorstop in bronze, silver or a color to harmonize with furnishings. Courtesy Tufts-Lyon Arms Company



The "Lazy Elephant," as he is called, is just as cute as he can be, and though he may look "good for nothing," a paper weight is he! Courtesy of Miss Grant's Shop at Western Office Utilities



An animal match safe of imported pottery delicately colored and quaintly designed to resemble an elephant is one of the many animal novelties displayed at Vom Cleff's for the holidays



A suggestion to Santa Claus might magically produce this "Speed-e-Car" for the little boy's Christmas tree. It is non-breakable and is equipped with rubber tires, including a spare tire on the back, and will not mar the furniture no matter how unmanageable it becomes. Shown by Western Auto Supply Company

Cathedrals of the Wilderness

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

level of the valley in the west side of the town of Rosário, the adobe walls are virtually in ruins, in spite of the fact that they were heavily timbered and more than three feet thick. Just below the ruins a new church has been erected within the last ten years, while the two ancient bells, one inscribed "Santa Rosa, 1778"; the other, "Rosário año Dei 173—", hung on a rude campanile in the southeast corner, served this church until it was closed recently by national decree from Mexico City. There is much grazing land near the mission and a large stream flows through the valley. Melons, vegetables and fruits of all kinds, some perhaps first planted by the padres, are raised here even today. A few miles east of Rosário, on the highway to El Mármol, there is a very dilapidated mass of adobe ruins which the natives claim are the remains of the first buildings at Rosário.

In addition to the seven missions named above, the Dominicans founded two others: Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe de la Frontera and Santa Catarina de los Yumas. Guadalupe was established in the mountains of the frontier only a few miles east of Descanso and but seventy-five miles from San Diego. This mission was located in 1795, when an extremely severe pestilence caused the closing of the Jesuit colony of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe ó Huasinapi near the twenty-seventh parallel.

Santa Catarina was founded a year after the hardy explorer, Arriaga, governor of the country, journeyed through the northern part of the peninsula from the Colorado River to San Diego. Arriaga was quick to realize the importance of missions and presidios in the region of the Colorado basin to connect the Sonora, the Baja California and the California missions. He had plans for garrisons and settlements at San Felipe on the gulf, at the mouth of the Colorado in Sonora, and at a place in the rugged sierra southwest of San Felipe. The latter he strongly recommended as being of primary im-

portance. Consequently, designed to be a base of supplies for the northern missions, the starting point of a road into Sonora and practically the keystone of the system, Santa Catarina was founded in 1797 by the bold padres, José Llorente and Tomás Valdellón. However, these well laid plans were not destined for success. The missions of Lower California were beginning to decline. Disease and drought had killed thousands of Indians and left the missionaries without laborers to carry on their work. The fierce Yuma and Cochimi Indians became more aggressive and constantly menaced the failing establishments. The most serious handicap was that Santa Catarina was so far removed, and located among such warlike Indian tribes, that the transportation of food, supplies and building material was practically impossible. Hence, Catarina, which the padres hoped would greatly ameliorate conditions both on the peninsula and in Sonora, failed, and with its failure came the first serious step in the downfall of the reign of the padres, and this mission proved to be the last established in Baja California.

The Dominicans had founded nine missions. In 1797 all but two of the Jesuit establishments were functioning and the entire mission system seemed healthy. Yet it was soon to be shown that the chain was doomed to disintegrate. Petty squabbles took the place of cheerful coöperation; the crops lacked for much-needed attention and the Pious Fund, the only source of income for the friars, was diverted by higher authorities, leaving them penniless as well as practically destitute of food and clothing.

The Franciscans, who succeeded the Jesuits and preceded the Dominicans, founded only one mission during the four years that they were in control. Junipero Serra, the president-general of the California Franciscans, arrived at Loreto with a group of thirteen brother friars in April, 1768, several months after the Jesuits had vacated the missions. The various

padres were assigned to different establishments and the work of maintaining them was taken up. The following year, Don José de Galvez, *visitador-general* to the missions, arrived on the peninsula and shortly established a curacy at the mining town of San Antonio Real. Here a stone chapel was built which is standing today. Within a few months Padre Serra and the famous diarist, Juan Crespi, started northward from Loreto and San Xavier de Vigge, where Crespi was stationed for a time. After visiting the intervening missions the party finally reached Santa María de Los Angeles, the last and most northern Jesuit foundation. From here they turned west and at a pre-arranged place called Velicatá, on May 14, 1769, Padre Serra dedicated the only Franciscan mission in Lower California and named it San Fernando de Velicatá. Thus the frontiers of the padres were pushed a little farther north. Serra, continuing up the peninsula, arrived at San Diego some months later. Here he founded the Alta California mission of San Diego de Alcalá. Apparently realizing that the northern country promised to be a more fertile field for the endeavors of his order, he started negotiations with the Dominicans and, as has been stated, subsequently established the historic boundary between the two Californias.

San Fernando de Velicatá is about forty-two miles due east of Rosário. This site is approximately a mile and a half south of the main highway. Rock- and cactus-covered hills surround the narrow valley in which San Fernando is located. A small stream, flowing through the rock-strewn floor of the valley, is marked by clumps of willows here and there and supplies the precious sweet water which is the prime requisite for life on the waterless plateaus in the waist of the peninsula. Irrigation ditches both ancient and modern can be seen cutting through the fertile fields where small patches of corn and garden vegetables are raised.

The mission buildings consisted of a small adobe church with a rough stone foundation, a spacious building used for living quarters and another low square adobe which was probably the storehouse. All of these are in complete ruins, the only structure standing in a substantial condition being the living quarters. This building contained seven rooms, bounded by walls nearly a yard thick, and was roofed with tules. Beyond the mission is a stone cistern, in which the padres stored water against the drought; a foresight which saved many lives during the existence of this bleak outpost of civilization. There is a tradition concerning both this cistern and the stone aqueduct which shows the resourcefulness of the missionaries. Padre Serra before leaving Velicatá gave instructions for the blasting of rock by heating them as hot as possible with fire and then suddenly cooling them with water. The rapid contraction thus effected caused the rock to burst and in this way the necessary small stones could be procured.

The site of this mission, surrounded as it was by barren wastelands and desolate cactus forests, eloquently attests to the bravery of those early missionaries who endured every hardship and vicissitude in order to convert the Indians and to piece together, link by link, their mission chain.

The Franciscans can be said to have left but few traces on the peninsula during their short occupancy of the missions. However, the missions which they established in New California greatly aided and hastened the foundation of the Dominican missions below San Diego. On several occasions the records show that whole shiploads of food, clothing, blankets and other supplies were sent from the northern Franciscan establishments to their needy sisters in the south.

[The concluding section of this description of the missions of Lower California will appear in an early issue of TOURING TOPICS.—Ed.]

Land of the Lei

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

quaint old Hawaiian stories about this place, which is the site of the ruins of seven great *heiaus*. Waipio Valley, one of the finest scenic points in the islands, is easily reached by automobile in a well worth-while detour before Honokaa is reached. Honokaa, the next important settlement, marks the end of the sugar coast which began at Hilo. From here the road leads through pasture and farm lands to Waimea, sixty-five miles from Hilo. This locale is the headquarters for the huge Parker ranch, and from here many interesting side trips may be taken, including one to Kawaihae landing, about eleven miles

away, where a large *heiau* may be seen. Another such trip takes one to Mahukona landing, twenty-five miles from Waimea. A third such trip is a 50-mile drive through the Kohala district, passing the pineapple and corn sections of the region en route.

From the Parker ranch, with its vast domain of 400,000 acres, the road winds across some of the most wonderful lava flows on the island and thence to historic Kailua, landing place of the first missionaries to Hawaii, and the ancient seat of royalty. The old palace, still preserved as a landmark; the old mission house, still in use; and the old-

time fort are still visible and form a fascinating background to the colorful reminiscences of Kailua's ancient glory. A little further is Kealahukua Bay, the death-place of Captain Cook, discoverer of the islands, the site now being marked by a monument. At Honaunau, a little farther along this western coast, is the best preserved and largest of the cities of refuge, many old temples and burial caves. The place is still a rendezvous for native fishermen.

Through the Kona section, the road passes along thousands of acres of coffee and tobacco lands, thence through South Kona; the

Kau desert, a desolate but interesting expanse of lava flows; skirts Mauna Loa, the semi-active volcano mountain, and then turns inland and upward to the Hawaiian National park and the area of Kilauea Volcano. The Volcano of Kilauea, sometimes active, is, active or dormant, a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Located 4000 feet up the slopes of Mauna Loa, the active crater, reached across fields of old lava flows, is about eight miles in circumference and from 600 to 1500 feet deep. Through all this region are steam cracks and the debris left by old lava flows. It is almost impossible to gain a clear insight into

the marvels of this region in one day's visit. A week can be profitably spent in seeing the crater and the neighboring points of interest, which include the great sulphur banks still in process of formation, the extinct crater of Kilauea-iki, the craters of Keanakakoi, Puhimau, The Devil's Throat, The Twins, Puuhuluhulu, Alea, Makaopuhi and many others, as well as the wonderful lava tubes, formed years ago by the swift outraining of molten lava through underground channels. People can walk through the tubes today in perfect safety. If one is interested in roughing it, the scaling of Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet in elevation; Mauna Kea, 13,825 feet high, and Hualalai, 8269 feet high, offer interesting trips. Hualalai is more easily accessible, being

reached over trails well supplied with water. Several dormant craters are passed on the way, also a blow hole which is known as the bottomless pit.

Following the visit through this region, unparalleled for spectacular display and variety in any similar region in the world, the road leads for thirty miles down the gentle slopes of Mauna Loa to Hilo, the starting point of the drive. There are, in addition, innumerable other trips which may be taken from Hilo. One in particular should not be overlooked, and that is the jaunt down into the Puna district. Beautiful tropical scenery and interesting lava districts abound in this area. Included are lava trees formed by liquid lava flowing through old forests and leaving in

its wake perfect casts of the trees. Green Lake is noted for its peculiar coloring and great natural beauty. There are also numerous old craters and at Kalapana the visitor will find an array of the most fascinating examples of primitive Hawaiian life. A wealth of coconut and pandanus palms provide added scenic attractions. The road from Hilo to Kalapana is good. The black sand beach at Kaimu, also in the Puna district, is another place of interest, and is passed on the road to Kalapana. Bordering the beach is the largest grove of coconut palms in the islands.

Embarkation from this island of variety is made from Hilo and the overnight voyage to Honolulu is much the same as that enjoyed on the down trip, except that the spec-

tacular cliffs of the Molokai coast, passed in full daylight view on the down trip, are not seen on the return voyage.

If one is planning a motor tour of the islands, he should take into account the fact that time is changing them—just as it is changing every other place on earth. A few decades from now Hawaii will still be among the world's garden spots, but there is no doubt but that much of the old primitive appeal will have disappeared. The fascinating combination of the old and the new is still dramatically evident, and for anyone who has the leisure to make a trip now, will provide a natural entertainment in which there is no element of disappointment.

The Valley of the Monuments

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

ily. She busied herself spinning yarn from a mound of soft carded wool. Under the deft motion of her slender fingers the yarn wound itself on the spindle as if by magic. There was a young girl with troubled, curious eyes who staggered into camp carrying a big cloth bag of peaches. These she set down in the dust of the floor regardless of the fact that the crushed lower layers of fruit were seeping through the bag.

The least attractive of the three was evidently the chief of the establishment. For hours she squatted by the coals of the little fire and skillfully dismembered and cooked a sheep which had been recently butchered. There was no waste. Even the sheep's head lay in the embers.

By virtue of her position the cook nibbled and sipped all day long. She kept a continuous supply of hot coffee bubbling in a blackened coffee pot. Manufacturing a large, pale sausage from pure white fat and pure white intestines, she laid it in the coals, but long before it was warmed through she was eating slices of the delectable concoction. This woman, quite naturally, was stolid and over-fat, with dull, unresponsive eyes.

In most hogans the hospitable owner will offer his guest a sheepskin to sit on and the guest, if a so-called civilized one, will accept it, prayerfully hoping that its inhabitants are not of roving dispositions. Here we sat on a canvas army cot and it was not long before we realized that this was only one of the many signs that Leon clung to the refinements of his school days. A cot like that was a foppish luxury in a land where it is customary for the entire family to sleep on sheepskins laid on the dirt floor. Nomads do not accumulate such impedimenta.

When Leon served us watermelon from some distant hidden garden, he produced shining clean spoons to eat it with. These came from a white bag and the bag from his leather suitcase hidden under a pile of blankets and quilts. Of the treasures in that suitcase we had but few glimpses. A fresh tablet of paper was produced when

he wrote, as a keepsake, his name and address in beautifully formed but rather florid script. If there were tragic regrets in the boy's heart he hid them, not under sullen moodiness, but behind a natural mask of sweetness, pride and dignity.

At about noon the little shepherd dismounted long enough for coffee and meat. Some frolicsome youths ate and tussled with one another like puppies. Once in a while one of the camp dogs, moth-eaten, evil-eyed specimens of the canine family, made furtive efforts to enter the hogan only to be sent scampering by a volley of Navajo profanity, which is quite innocuous in meaning but very potent in its effect.

Our anticipation of another restless moonlit evening went sadly awry. Scarcely was dinner over when a sudden breeze came down the draw, laden with red sand-dust. The creamy dunes responded with other whirling layers. Hastily closing the running-board kitchen cabinet we retreated tentward, choking and miserable.

That night the rain came, thudding against the tent. All the next day it continued. We were marooned on our island, the stream banks running full. On the third day the sun came out and in a trice the soil was dried enough to be set in joyous motion by the persistent breeze. The sun disappeared in the stinging haze. Gusts of wind tilted our domicile to perilous angles. Sand filtered through the openings. We ate it, breathed it, seemingly were immersed in it.

Another night and the wind subsided. We awakened to a world scoured clean; space had become almost colorless in its purity; the great red mountains were polished altars of the Infinite. Such a morning expands one out of insignificance into equality with vastness.

The ah-dit-sahi galloped away for one last fling at photography. Once alone, the mood of exaltation passed and I felt very small. The gossiping obelisks and the whispering dunes ignored me and the encircling cliffs offered scant comfort. An early lunch tasted savourless. Nor did courage return when I beheld company approach-

ing. To this great thick-chested young man I tremulously recited my one understandable Navajo sentence.

"The understander is over there," said I, pointing in the direction in which I had seen him disappear.

The Indian nodded and sat down on the ground. Later I learned he was also a stranger to Monument Valley and had ridden so far in satisfying his thirst for travel that his horse was well-nigh dead. That explained his being on foot. He had already met the ah-dit-sahi in quite another part of the valley than I had indicated.

During that interminable afternoon I knew nothing of this and was put to it to entertain my guest. We soon exhausted the amusement of snapping on and off the headlights and camp-light. Each article of our equipment was examined. He smoked a proffered cigarette, squatting on the ground. I sat on the running-board.

Sheep came down to the water-hole.

"Shee—," he said.

"Sheep," I corrected.

Soon he was able to complete the word. There is no use trying to spell the word he gave me for sheep. The sounds are not contained in the English alphabet and cannot be formed by an adult. He must have thought me very stupid, but he was a tireless martinet. The first syllable of the word seemed like a cross between a "shli" and a "chi" and an "umph" and the best I can do now for sheep is "ti-peh." After struggling with the names of domestic animals to the point of exhaustion, my tutor suddenly rose, went to the back of the car, lay down in the narrow strip of shade and was instantly asleep.

I sat motionless on the running-board and meditated on the Navajo language, which I consider a very beautiful and fascinating one, especially on the lips of a shy Indian maiden when all its uncouth gutturals disappear in an accentless flow of musical tones. Then I fell to admiring the sonorous breathing of the stalwart slumberer.

Without warning the Indian sat bolt upright, fully awake, and

pointed to a break in the cliffs far in the distance. The tiny figure of a horseman was visible, galloping toward us.

"Ah-dit-sahi," he boomed, evidencing as much relief and pleasure as I felt.

I've forgotten just when this man took his leave. We decided to break camp and get out to the divide before nightfall. Leon appeared and helped us unobtrusively. As we rolled down into the stream-bed he stood on the little island looking after us for a moment. Then he swung into the saddle of a picturesque spotted pony and rode slowly away.

In the silent gloaming we began our departure. The "Mittens" were black silhouettes against the roseate sky. One more camp we made under the cliffs of the monuments near Brigham's Tomb. The little cedars made friendly walls and shooting stars did spectacular things in the black heavens. They diverted us from anticipating the miles of sand-hills and mud holes.

That was many months ago. Good pavement rolls under the wheels these days. The discomforts of that journey have been forgotten or grown amusing in retrospect. The Land of Enchantment seems never really to have existed. Only Leon Bradley is a poignant reality. On winter nights we think of him in a tight mud-chinked hogan. In the exodus from summer quarters what has become of the canvas cot? Where does he put it in the stuffy crowded hut where all sleep like the spokes of a wheel, feet to the central fire? There is cold and wind and the howling of coyote and wolf through the long winter evenings. There are hours of snow-bound idleness when the chums and possibly a sweetheart of his school days are recalled with pangs of unassuaged loneliness.

What solace will the lad find? There is the glory of his ancestry; the pride of possessions; the content which comes from simple living. Probably he will follow the custom of his people and marry some gazelle-eyed lass whom his father considers eligible. In any event he will be sustained by the inspiring wonder of that magnificent land which is his birthright.

Beauty and the Beast

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

sible on fruit, vegetables and cereals. They consume enormous quantities of water each day, not infrequently as much as two gallons apiece. When the sun is fiercest they retire into the depths of their mine. For three months their existence is a struggle against huge climatic odds. But, like countless others, the spell of the desert is upon them, and they love it.

One of the great enigmas of Death Valley has been why as many travelers have been found dead with an ample supply of water at hand, as have perished without water. The man who ventures into this great natural oven without water, of course, is doomed, but many prospectors have ventured forth with a sufficiency of this precious fluid and still have succumbed. Their bodies are found with canteens, half full of water, slung over their shoulders, or lying near.

The habituated desert traveler believes that this is because the water from desert springs, all of which is mineralized, more or less, forms a chemical reaction with the metal in their canteens and becomes poisonous. For this contingency they have a sovereign remedy. It is a well-known patent medicine, found on the shelves of every medicine closet a generation

ago. Two or three tablespoonsful of this goes into every canteen when the prospector fares forth and a reserve supply is always to be found among his equipment. Trading-posts on the skirts of the wastelands buy it by the gross of bottles and display it as prominently as they do any other commodity.

This is the prospectors' explanation of the mystery and his remedy. Science has another. The temperature of the body is regulated by the circulatory system. In warm climates the pores open, the skin is covered with perspiration and the evaporation of this perspiration reduces the temperature. Perspiration is generated from the water we drink or such water as may be contained in the food we eat. In exceedingly hot and dry climates where perspiration is copious and evaporation rapid, the body is unable to adapt itself to the severe demands put upon it and cannot transfer ingested water to the pores with sufficient rapidity to reduce the body temperature. Delirium and death ensues.

Contrary to popular belief, the wells and springs of the desert are seldom poisonous. There are a few that contain poisons, but usually in such small quantities as to make the water harmless. These are remote from the traveled ways, and

their waters are so repulsive to the sight and so bitter to the taste that were they not marked as poison springs, they would prove unpalatable however thirsty a man might be.

How many men have perished from the heat in Death Valley vicinity can hardly be estimated. The story of one is the story of all. They set out from the settlements with sufficient water to reach a certain water-hole. When they arrive they find it has dried up. They are found plodding along, carrying heavy burdens—worn out boots, frying pans and all manner of useless camp equipment—while a burro proceeds empty. As a rule they are delirious and their dreams are of water. Frequently they are found naked, their fingers torn and bleeding from digging into the sand before a merciful delusion de-thrones reason. Their tongues are swollen and they cannot swallow the water that is proffered. Their eyes are bloodshot and unseeing. Those who perish are given sepulture beneath the cruel sands that tortured them, a rude cross or a mound of stones marking their final resting-place.

The prospector knows the desert's heartlessness. He gambles with Nature, fully cognizant of the terrible penalties she often im-

poses. But the lure is irresistible and he becomes philosophical. Before the Automobile Club of Southern California played the Good Samaritan and erected guide signs on desert roads, and direction signs to the various water-holes, the graves of Death Valley were the traveler's principal guideons. Some years ago, a grizzled veteran was asked the road to a certain spring. He replied:

"The road is plain for ten miles, then you'll find a well about 100 yards to the right; the water is salt but your mules will drink it. Six miles further you'll come to 'Tim Ryan, Aug. 9th, '05' and two and a half miles southeast of him you'll find plenty of good water."

Such is Death Valley in the summer time. During the winter and early spring months, it is a land of infinite charm—of flowers, of color, of form and of line. A delightful tropical balminess permeates the air. The days are warm and delightful, the nights a snappy contrast. Roads to and through Death Valley are excellent desert roads, and the average motorist will make the journey in perfect safety and comfort if he chooses the proper season. Too, he may successfully negotiate the journey in the stifling summer months, and again, he may not.

Voyager Cook

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

was the first American to see the land west of the Rockies. His imagination was fired by the experiences of this voyage, and he determined to win this western territory for the colonies. Though his efforts met with failure so far as his own plans were concerned, they led to the sending out of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

What thoughts filled the minds of these young seamen when New Albion was first sighted on March 7, 1778, is not recorded. There before them lay the coast named by Drake two hundred years earlier because of its supposed resemblance to the white cliffs of old England.

A hurricane from the north drove them out of their path and forced them to turn south for the time being, notwithstanding the fact that Cook's orders had been to strike the coast at about 45° N. in order to avoid any difficulty with the Spanish settlements south of that. The headland first sighted commemorates this tempest in the name Cape Foulweather.

The gales continued and their progress up the coast was necessarily very slow. Kept at a distance from the shore by the lashing tides, they were unable to see any sign of an eastward passage. A close watch was kept for the Straits of Juan de Fuca, but they saw nothing like it, and the tale of the old Greek pilot was put down as a fantastic dream.

The storm-tossed vessels finally

sought harbor in a triangular sound which later was to become the rendezvous of the fur-traders—Nootka. The natives were friendly and their canoes filled the bay. Cook lists the many kinds of skins brought to trade, and speaks of its possibilities as a fur-trading center. He also mentions the totems seen. The inlet was explored,

but no northeast waterway led out of it.

By the end of April the ships had been thoroughly overhauled and in spite of the threatening weather they made a start. Mount St. Elias was sighted on May 4 and two days later they were at Kyak, where Bering had anchored. During the weeks that followed the

two vessels continued their journey up the coast, keeping as close to the shore as they dared. Weather permitting, every inlet that looked as if it could possibly be the beginning of the greatly desired northeast passage was investigated.

A promising estuary was found, lying between Cape Elizabeth and Cape Douglas, which was laboriously explored, but in vain. It offered no passage to Hudson's Bay, but was formed by the union of two rivers, one of which was ironically named Turn-Again, and the other, by order of the Earl of Sandwich, was named for Captain Cook. The entire bay is now called Cook's Inlet.

Cape Prince of Wales, the westernmost point of the North American Continent, was seen on August 9, and the next day they sighted what, from Heydinger's chart, they took to be the eastern end of the Island of Alaska, but which proved to be the eastern extremity of the Asian continent.

All his findings so far vindicated Bering's reports of fifty years earlier. America and Asia were not united. The great ocean north of New Spain was as non-existent as the Southern Continent, and they had been able to find no trace of a northeast passage. Cook determined to settle one other point made by Bering which later geographers had ridiculed. He would find out whether or not Alaska



Natives of Oonalaska (Alaska) which Captain Cook visited in 1778. From an old print

was the island the geographers claimed, or a part of the mainland as declared by Bering. A thorough investigation of Norton Sound, considered the last possibility as a channel, proved conclusively to his mind that Bering was right—that Alaska was not an island.

Cook had decided that to winter in any of the northern ports would mean several months of idleness for the crews, and fixed on the Sandwich Islands as the best place at which to recruit. He intended the following spring to return to the Arctic and resume his sea search for the northern passage, or if that were impossible, to continue the survey of the two coasts and intervening seas.

As the *Resolution* drew into Kealahou Bay, Hawaii, Cook received a most amazing welcome. Hundreds of canoes crowded about the ship until the bay seemed filled with them. Many of the natives flung themselves into the water and began swimming toward the ship, while those on shore prostrated themselves on the ground. When Cook went ashore, he was made the principal figure in some strange

ritual, and the ruler of the island took off his mantle and put it on Cook's shoulders.

The real significance of this welcome is variously interpreted by historians. It is said that some of the earliest written records of the Hawaiians tell of this visit and testify that the natives believed that Cook was their god, Lono. He had left the island, so the legend ran, promising to return again "on an island bearing trees and swine and dogs." When the masts and sails of the *Resolution* were sighted, and when they later saw the animals on board, they were convinced that this was the promised return of Lono, to whom all reverence must be paid. There is nothing in the *Journal* of Cook or in the accounts of any of his men to indicate that they thought divine honors were being paid him, though all bear abundant testimony to the royal welcome received.

This coming of their god was proving an expensive luxury for the natives. The island was being stripped of supplies, and hints were dropped that it would be well for the visitors to move on. The natives were told that the ships were

to leave in two days, on February 3, and King Tereoboo issued a proclamation that his people should bring in supplies so that he might make a great present to the strangers on their departure.

The vessels sailed away, but a great gale arose and the foremost of the *Resolution* was snapped. No other convenient harbor was known, and it was decided to return to Kealahou. So it happened that just a week after their departure, the English vessels reappeared, but where before the bay had been thronged with canoes, now everything was quiet and almost no one was to be seen. A boat was sent ashore, and the men were informed that Tereoboo was absent and that the whole bay had been placed under "tabu."

Though the natives showed none of the friendliness before manifested, things went smoothly enough until the afternoon of February 13, when some of the natives began throwing stones at a party of sailors. During the night a cutter was stolen, and Cook determined that definite action must be taken. The next morning Cook went on shore with the intention of inducing Ter-

eeboe to come on board and then holding him as hostage until the cutter should be returned. The King appeared entirely willing to accompany Cook, but his people became so menacing that the project had to be abandoned. Just at this moment came the news that canoes on the other side of the bay had been fired upon and that one of the chiefs had been killed. The shots had been heard at the village soon after the landing of Cook's party, and the natives were putting on their war mats. The marines were attacked with a volley of stones and at once fired upon the islanders. Before they could reload, the natives rushed upon them, killing four of the seven and wounding the rest. In the melee, Cook was struck on the head, and as he fell forward another native stabbed him in the back. The bodies of all the victims were seized by the islanders.

Once again the Pacific had demanded its toll. Cook had accepted its challenge, and the Pacific seemingly had conquered, but east and west, north and south, its blank spaces were beginning to be mapped and its secrets revealed.

The High Priest of Flora

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

many summers it was his custom to go into the Sierra Nevada with a group of these students. Then came a year when he did not go, and one of the number wrote him: "We missed you. . . . You had seemed so real and present in the mountains. . . . With your leading, it was endlessly interesting; each flower was a sluice through which your knowledge watered our dry ground. . . . I love to be an errand-boy for you and Flora as I should have loved to hold Leonardo's palette. But in Leonardo's absence, why hold the palette? It no longer opens one of the doors to the unknown. Nor is Leonardo there!"

Along the botanical highways and byways of the West this man has passed, garnering into many volumes the wealth of his industrious labors. *The Silva of California*, which Theodore Roosevelt prized and praised; *The Trees of California*, a study which makes every advocate of the city beauti-

ful his debtor; and countless scholarly papers written for scientific journals are among his writings; but his *magnum opus* is *A Flora of California*, on which he has been at work since 1909. When completed it will be in two volumes. The first volume is now nearly finished.

Recognition of Dr. Jepson's service to science has come abundantly. Besides being a member of all the principal botanical societies of the United States, he represents this division in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and is a fellow of the Royal Society of Arts of London. For eleven years he has been president of the California Botanical Society, of which he was one of the founders. But the greatest triumph of the little boy who trudged up California Street in San Francisco with an herbarium forty-eight years ago, came when the California Academy of Sciences made Jepson a life member. And the night his con-

freres thus honored him (so the proceedings show) no one asked him if he was a botanist!

Public recognition of his services to the State came five years ago when California's second largest laurel tree, located on the north side of Crystal Springs Lake in San Mateo County, was given his name. A plaque commemorating the dedication of the Jepson Laurel on April 15, 1923, was set in concrete at the foot of this ancient landmark.

Now turning sixty-one, Dr. Jepson would pass for forty-eight, for though his hair is thinning, he is not yet grey, and he can endure a tedious mountain journey today with as little physical wear and tear as he could thirty years ago. He is an out-door man despite the fact that he has spent upward of thirty-five teaching years in a classroom. Though he is diffident, there is a lot of fun in him, judging by his infectious smile and by the blue

eyes that dance with merriment when he recalls humorous incidents of his travels. He and John Muir were close friends: the two occasionally went on expeditions together, and the elder man, who did not profess to be a scientist, metaphorically took off his hat to Jepson.

What Jepson's natural complexion really is one cannot tell, for the sun of fifty summers has given him a perpetual tan, and the winds of fifty winters have chiseled deep furrows in his face. Seeing him in repose, one senses that he is just the man a sculptor would pounce upon as a model for an epic in bronze. He belongs to that noble brood that has done great things without ostentation; his lineage is that of Audubon and Agassiz and those other interpreters whose rich experience in living has made Nature's world a greater world of marvel and delight for those of us who have eyes but cannot see.

Days - - - and Nights - - - in Old Panamint

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

ners *hors du combat*. Bruce eventually recovered with a crippled arm, but McKinley died three days later. The local paper casually remarked:

"An Unfortunate Affair.—We are pained to record that during an unfortunate affair which occurred at the express office, previous to the departure of the stage three days ago, one of our esteemed citizens was compelled to resort to violent measures to protect his person. His opponent will be buried in the little cemetery in Sour Dough."

The matter was so commonplace that the victim's name was not

mentioned. Customary procedure was followed when the survivor was put to the inconvenience of arrest and examination by the justice of the peace, but was discharged on the grounds of self-defense.

In the days of her prime, Panamint was no mean city. At one time the population approached 3000, which, for the time being, made her the metropolis of Inyo County. But the phenomenal showing of rich ore that had given rise to the hope that this district would yield untold wealth, was soon worked out, and the town rapidly declined. During the past half

century, this one-time "roaring camp" has become little more than a picturesque legend of the romantic days of the mining industry. Mighty cloudbursts have unleashed roaring floods that carried away most of the buildings, and only a small portion of the town remains to bear witness to her former glory. Still, that titanic chasm in the rock-ribbed Panamint Range holds much of historic interest—strange relics that carry the fancy back to the old days when the brooding silence that now holds undisputed sway was broken by ribald songs and pistol shots.

Inventive genius has provided

this generation with motored magic carpets that annihilate distances in a manner undreamed of in the days when plodding mule teams were the only means of transportation to this far outpost of the mining industry. Swift, dependable conveyances have robbed the desert of its menace, and disclosed its wonders to thousands of travelers who seek to learn something of its riddles. Far from the beaten trail, the towering Panamints rise in magnificent isolation, an almost virgin field for exploring motorists; and between the walls of Surprise Canyon winds a road to the ruins of old Panamint—a road to the

romance of yesteryear.

From the greatest city of the Southwest, the route to this mining district penetrates a realm of singular interest, passing through Randsburg, where gold and silver is still mined in great quantities; skirting the edge of Seales Lake, a vast deposit of potash and borax; descending from the crest of the Slate Range to the depths of Panamint Valley, where lies the picturesque ruins of Ballarat, an important mining town of a generation ago. Of this wraith of the desert, little remains to bear witness of the prosperous days; but here dwells the dean of prospectors, Shorty Harris, whose memory of them is undimmed. A narrator of extraordinary ability, Shorty delights in telling of the time when Ballarat had a population of more than a thousand; when her ten saloons were open for business twenty-four hours a day; when the bulion shipments mounted to fabulous figures.

"That old house across the street used to be the highest powered joint in the county," he said, pointing to an ancient adobe structure. "A man could walk in through the front door, and if he played a straight game, he could come out the same way; but if he got tricky, out the back door he would go, a lot faster than he had come in! Right across the street from it, you see the ruins of 'Whiskers' Chambers' saloon. Old 'Whiskers' was a great hand to play solitaire, but it wasn't often that he got the best of the game. One night, while he was entertaining himself that way, he fell from his chair. Several fellows rushed over to him to see what had happened, and they found that he had beaten old Sol. The shock was too much for him,

and Gabriel put out his light. He's out there in the cemetery.

"I sold a lot of claims in these parts when times were good. Some times I got good prices, and then again, it wasn't easy to make a deal. Once I took a man out to see a claim that had shown some real values.

"How much do you want for it?" he asked.

"One million dollars," I said.

"I'll give you five hundred."

"All right, she's yours; what's a million between friends?"

"Another time I went out with a man to look over some of my ground, and he asked me what I'd take for one of the best claims.

"I ain't anxious to sell, but since it's your, I'll let you have it for five thousand."

"That's a lot of money, and I'm afraid that we can't do business," he said.

"How much have you got in your clothes?" I asked him.

"About two hundred dollars."

"Well, it's my money; you've got a mine!"

"He started to move away from me like he didn't want to go on with the deal, and I grabbed a pair of hobbles and ran after him.

"If these don't hold you, I'll hang a bell around your neck!" I said, but he kept the money, and I've still got the mine."

Many times during the last half century, Shorty has basked in the golden smile of fortune; yet his openhanded diffusion of "stakes" returned him time after time to the old burro trails, completely "broke" but sure of acquiring yet another windfall from the gulches and mountains.

A great alluvial fan ascends to meet the entrance of Surprise Canyon—countless millions of tons of

talus that has been cut from gorges by the wild fury of cloudbursts. Over this gentle grade leads the road to Panamint, entering the portal of the chasm four miles from Ballarat. Here the rock masses defining the canyon walls tower to dizzy heights above the old thoroughfare, closing in at the narrows to form a passageway but little wider than an automobile. This was the scene of many serio-comic episodes of Panamint's heyday, in which road-agents played the part of collectors, and the stage passengers were the unwilling though liberal contributors.

Beside a stream of crystal water fringed with grass and willows, the road climbs up an ever-increasing gradient, until it ends at the point where the canyon widens to several hundred feet—the site of old Panamint. Wrecked and ruined by elements and vandals, little remains to indicate the former size and importance of this mining camp. A tall brick chimney rises from an old smelter; several frame houses and tents are scattered over the floor of the canyon, and cling to the slopes; discarded mining machinery lies at the mercy of the elements; huge dumps of ore and tailings bear witness to the labor of hundreds of miners; an aerial tram leads up the mountainside, terminating at a breath-taking height above the smelter. But the most significant remnants of the old camp are found clustered along the bases of the cliffs below the frame buildings—thick stone walls that once housed the roistering merry-makers of half a century ago. The use to which these structures were put is plainly indicated by great heaps of bottles which in some cases are almost as high as the walls themselves.

Two men, Chris Wicks and James Madden, comprise the permanent population of Panamint. Having taken up their abodes here long after the town had sunk into oblivion, they did not witness the stirring events of half a century ago, but they are well versed in the tales told of the camp when she was in her prime. To the visitor they can exhibit interesting mementoes and tell many stories, pointing out the locale of their occurrences. High on a rocky promontory southwest of the town, they say, is an old cabin which to this day is known locally as "Robbers' Roost." It was from there that the road-agents who discovered the mineral wealth of the district scanned the far-flung valleys below for pursuers.

Back of the site of the old town rises a tremendous rampart of living rock that forms a great amphitheatre—a natural stage where, half a century ago, effervescent Panamint had her short but hectic day. Eastward for two miles an old trail winds through juniper and piñon—which flourish at the higher altitudes—to a pass through which prospectors and Indians have traveled for generations. From this point one may gaze upon the floor of Death Valley, 9000 feet below, guarded by two mighty ranges.

This vale of mystery, with its mirages, its sand dunes and its marshes, is a veritable mirror of the ages, eloquent of the infinite forces that make man a feeble pawn, and his works transitory and futile. Contemplating the overwhelming vista below, one cannot but contrast it with the decaying town through which he has just passed, and, under the thrall of the eternal silence, breathe a recession.

Antoine Robidoux

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

the Rocky Mountains by a feasible pass at the southerly extremity of the Sierra de Anahuac range, and found ourselves upon the waters of the Pacific. Six days subsequent, we reached Roubideau's Fort, at the forks of the Uintah, having passed several large streams in our course, as well as the two principal branches which unite to form the Colorado. This being the point of destination, our journey here came to a temporary close."

For some cause or other, Sage makes no mention of the Uncompahgre post, although it is quite probable that the party passed that place on their journey to Uintah.

In discussing the latter fort and its trade, Sage says "Roubideau's Fort is situated on the right bank of the Uintah, in lat. 40° 27' 45" north, long. 109° 56' 42" west. The trade of this post is conducted principally with the trapping parties frequenting the Big Bear, Green, Grand, and Colorado rivers, with their numerous tributaries, in search of fur-bearing game. A small business is also carried on with Snake and Utah Indians, living in the neighborhood of this establishment. The common articles of dealing are horses, with beaver, otter, deer,

sheep, and elk skins, in barter for ammunition, fire-arms, knives, tobacco, beads, awls, etc. The Utahs and Snakes afford some of the largest and best finished sheep and deer skins I ever beheld—a single skin sometimes being amply sufficient for common sized pantaloons. These skins are dressed so neatly as frequently to attain a snowy whiteness, and possess the softness of velvet. They may be purchased for the trifling consideration of eight or ten charges of ammunition each, or two or three awls, or any other thing of proportional value. Skins are very abundant in these parts, as the natives, owing to the scarcity of buffalo, subsist entirely upon small game, which is found in immense quantities. This trade is quite profitable. The articles procured so cheaply, when taken to Santa Fé and the neighboring towns, find a ready cash market at prices ranging from one to two dollars each."

Sage remained at the Uintah post some ten days. While there "a trapping party from the Gila came in . . . bringing with them a rich quantity of beaver, which they had caught during the preceding winter, spring, and summer upon the

affluents of that river and the adjacent mountain streams. They had made a successful hunt, and gave a glowing description of the country visited."

Two years later, Frémont, on his return from Oregon and California, stopped at the Uintah fort, June 3, 1844. He refers to it as "a trading post belonging to Mr. A. Roubideau, on the principal fork of the Uintah River, situated a short distance above the junction of the two branches which make the river." "It has a motley garrison," he says, "of Canadian and Spanish engagés and hunters, with the usual number of Indian women." In a footnote he reports the rumor which later came to his attention to the effect that "this fort was attacked and taken by a band of Utah Indians since we passed it; and the men of the garrison killed, the women carried off. Mr. Roubideau, a trader of St. Louis," he adds, "was absent, and so escaped the fate of the rest."

On the 31st of August, 1844, when at Fort Bridger, James Clyman met Roubidoux whom, he says, was there "from the Arkansas with horses and mules and other articles purposely to catch our trade." It was

some such excursion as this, possibly this very one, which saved his life when his fort on the Uintah was destroyed by the Utes.

According to Mrs. Orral Messmore Robidoux, Antoine Robidoux returned to St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1845. The next year he became interpreter and guide for Kearney in his march to California with the Army of the West. While thus employed he was wounded in the battle of San Pascual on December 6, 1846, by a lance thrust in the spine from which he never fully recovered, and for which during the last few years of his life he received a small pension from the government.

As already stated, it is impossible to give a detailed account of the movements of Robidoux from the time that he first visited the Colorado River basin in the winter of 1824-5 to the time of the destruction of his post in 1844, but enough, perhaps, has been said to indicate that he was one of the principal characters in that trade. Operating the two posts in the Colorado River basin he was looked to as a leader in the trade of that region during that entire period.

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House Near the Frog Pond

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

tion, but they did not always conform to her ideas. When they misbehaved, she wept and prayed over them as she did over her own children.

Doña Ysidora gave half of the Guajome grant to one of her daughters, but later found herself obliged to mortgage the ranch to Richard O'Neill, owner of the great Rancho Santa Margarita north of the San Luis Rey River. Some of the heirs of Colonel Coutts contested his will, and litigation concerning the estate arose.

Desiring to settle matters amicably, Doña Ysidora and her eight children entered into a formal contract in 1886. It was agreed that she should receive the house and 100 acres surrounding it in fee simple, that her daughter should return to her the half previously given, and that the O'Neill mortgage should be paid. The latter clause was not carried out and a large portion of the grant passed into the hands of the O'Neill family, but through Doña Ysidora's foresight the home was retained.

The women of the Bandini family in Doña Ysidora's generation showed considerable intellectual power. The history of the family in the New World indicates that this was a racial characteristic. Her contempt for the squatter class as a whole also reflected the views

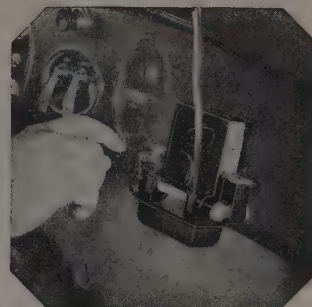
of her father and grandfather.

The family was originally Florentine and the head of the Italian branch, Prince Bandini, lives in Rome. About 1700 a Bandini went to Spain, and Don José Bandini, the founder of the California branch of the family, was probably his son. Don José was a lieutenant in the Spanish navy when Nelson defeated the combined French and Spanish forces at Trafalgar. He was sent to Peru as Spanish ambassador and also bore a commission as admiral of the navy under the rose. In the chapel at Guajome is a painting by a Spanish artist of the Blessed Virgin, of the kind which was blessed by the Archbishop of Madrid and presented by Queen Isabella to navigators in her service in the days of Don Cristóbal Colón. It may have been given to Don José Bandini by his sovereign in the same manner three centuries later when he departed for the New World, or it may be one of those given to an earlier conquistador which in some way came into his possession.

A widower, he remarried in Peru, his wife Doña Manuela Manuolos y Rojas bearing several children. In 1813 the land of the Incas determined to throw off Spanish rule and a period of strife commenced in which San Martín and Bolívar eventually led the revo-

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lutionists to victory. His career in Peru terminated, Don José decided to seek his fortunes in Mexico. From Acapulco he made his way to the coast of California as captain of the *Reina de los Angeles* in 1819 and 1821.

His brother Manuel remained in Peru. Having rebelled against the authority of the Catholic Church in his youth, he repented and entered the priesthood, rising with remarkable rapidity to the position of Archbishop of Peru. For many years he was a prominent prelate and statesman. A number of years ago a priest who in youth had been ordained by Archbishop Bandini visited Guajome and recognized Cave Couts II by his resemblance to his great-uncle.

Don José Bandini wrote the first account, outside the clergy, of the present State of California. It was addressed to an English admiral who was also secretary of a large English commercial company. It gives a beautiful detailed description of the Pacific Coast from Cape San Lucas to the forty-fourth parallel. After describing accurately the physical features of the country, it returns to the subject of Alta California, as the State was then called, and recounts historical events since the Spanish occupation, stating that they are described from hearsay only. It refers to the dense Indian population and speaks enthusiastically of the province as the most favorable part of Mexico for colonization.

There were few natives of Spain in California and of the settlers in general Señor Bandini formed a poor opinion. "The guardhouses (*portillas*) are inhabited each by one barefooted corporal and a half-


dozen barefooted soldiers. They do nothing, and I have yet to find a single person looking for employment. The people are perfectly satisfied with sitting on their haunches, on the shady side of the house when it is hot and on the sunny side when it is cold. It is impossible to expect anything from them, as they are absolutely *nil*."

Returning to Mexico, Captain Bandini found that it had declared its independence. He is said to have been the first ship's captain to raise the Mexican flag on his vessel, and he probably did so more for his own protection than because of any enthusiasm for the *Lew régime*.

Don Juan Bandini, born in Peru in 1800, accompanied his father to San Diego and settled with him there. He inherited many of his father's ideas and inevitably shared the latter's opinion of the settlers. He assisted in the shanghaing of two Mexican governors and was one of the few Spanish *hacendados* who came out openly for the United States during the Mexican War. He gave invaluable aid to Commodore R. F. Stockton when that officer found himself under the necessity of securing food for his men in a sparsely settled, hostile territory. Captain S. J. Hensley was sent to the Bandini ranch near Ensenada for cattle and horses. The family came back to San Diego with him, and the ladies in the party made the first American flag in California from the clothing of the younger children, which was hoisted as the successful expedition neared San Diego. The flag, which Doña Ysidora helped to make, is now a prized item in the collection of the Pioneer Society of

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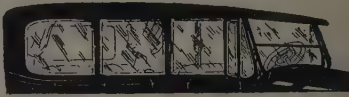
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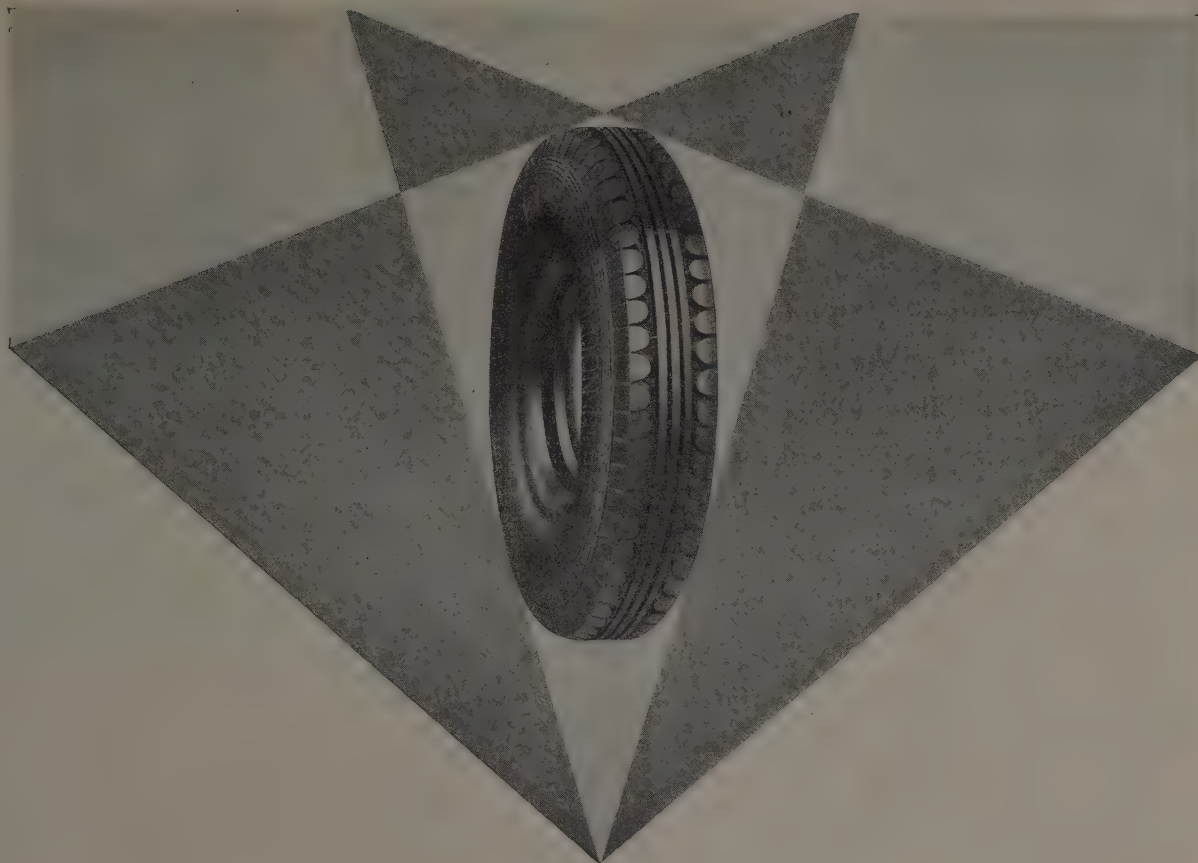
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Phone WESTmore 5296



Appearance and Performance

Today—when you equip your car with Fisk Tires they can be forgotten so far as trouble is concerned—but by their easy riding, easy steering, skid-protecting qualities they constantly call themselves pleasantly to your attention—throughout their long mileage life. Every time you look at your car you realize that Fisk Tires improve not only your car's performance, but also its appearance

FISK TIRES

Washington, D. C.

The greatest disappointment of Juan Bandini's life was the failure of the Padres-Hijar colony in the '30s. As Congressman from California he supported the project and accompanied the colonists. They had been carefully chosen and were superior to any who had come to the coast, but their liberal politics were not acceptable and they were accused of having designs on the mission properties. The Mexican government became suspicious after their departure and despatched a

messenger, who made a spectacular ride from Mexico City to Monterey, and instead of honors the colonists found starvation awaiting them. Assisted by General Vallejo and others, they survived and scattered.

A few of them later rose to prominence. They left a lasting effect on the fashions of California, which had not changed for seventy-five years. They brought the higher combs and fuller skirts of the ladies and the *calzoneras* which supplanted the knee-breeches of the gentlemen.

Your Club's Activities

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

There are a great number of roads in the northern district of Lower California which are not known to the average motorist and on this account are little traveled. Among these is the road leading southeast from Tecate to Agua Hechicera, Rosa de Castilla and Sangre de Cristo. From here the traveler can either turn west to Ensenada or continue south to the mining town of Alamo. Also there are several roads leading to Ensenada which are not generally known. One of these goes east from Tijuana to El Carrizo, winds over the hills to Guadalupe, the

TOURING TOPICS

Russian colony, and then drops down to Ensenada. This road and the coast road are said to form an interesting circle tour. Maps of these trips are being made and information regarding them can be obtained at the Club. Signs will be erected shortly on all these roads. This work is part of an extensive road signing program by the Club in Lower California. All through roads are sign posted at present.

WILSON-BOWEN AUTO WORKS
 EST. 1914
 Sleep in Your Car
 Seat Backs Cut for Sleeping
 BODY AND FENDER REPAIRING
 Phone WEstmor 4585
 1318 South Main St. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

License Frames

For the New 1929 Plates

Special Advertising Frames

Club Frames

E. D. HOFELLER CO.

1242 So. Flower Street

Wind Wings

Step Plates

MILLIGAN-NEWELL CO.

Body, Fender and Top Repairing

AUTHORIZED
 DUCO
 AUTO
 RE-FINISHING
 STATION

SEATS CUT FOR SLEEPING

Phone WEstmore 5937

1365 So. Hope St.

LOS ANGELES

Adapt Cameo Signs to Your Business



Cameo porcelain enamel signs have adapted themselves profitably to almost every type of business and industry.

They can be manufactured in any size, quantity, designs or color combinations. Each "Cameo Sign" is guaranteed not to fade or tarnish for ten years.

All road signs used by the Auto Club of Southern California are Cameo Signs

CALIFORNIA METAL ENAMELING CO.

2151 East 51st Street

LOS ANGELES



Official Garage
 No. 1

Maintenance Specialists on

Chrysler Packard Nash Studebaker Willys-Knight

Woodward Automotive Engineers

1260 South Alvarado at Pico



BEacon 7500



A Worthy Mate

FOR YOUR MOTOR CAR

The trunk that is to complete your car must be correct in line, color and design. Regardless of the make or model of your car, there's a Fey & Krause trunk and rack for it. It will add to your car beyond your belief and the usefulness needs no repeating.

High grade trunks and racks to fulfill all necessities.

Be SURE it's built by

FEY & KRAUSE, INC.

1341 So. Hope St., Los Angeles, Calif.



Federal
 Distributors

WE'RE BEARS FOR SERVICE

Frank W. Dillie
 California Tire & Rim Co.

Phone
 WE. 3258

1422
 COLTRANE AVE

LOS ANGELES

All
 The STANDARD Make
 of TIRES
 at Real Savings

Safety Built In



Concrete Paved Coast Route
Orange County, Calif

DURING construction, three safety factors are built into portland cement concrete pavements—

1 **GRITTY SURFACE**—which affords rubber tires a sure grip, even in wet weather.

2 **PLEASING COLOR**—which at night outlines not only the road but also any object in your path.

3 **LOW CROWN**—which makes the road almost level crosswise and does away with the dangerous "center-of-the-road" driving.

Thru crowded city streets, and open country roads, concrete gives a sense of safety which adds much to the joy of motor travel.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
LOS ANGELES

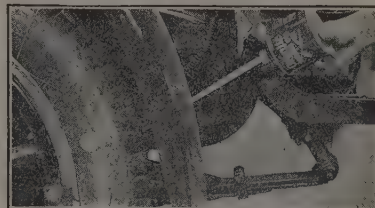
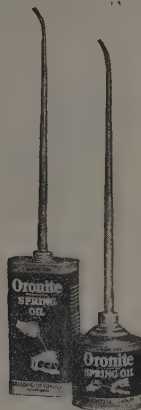
*A National Organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete
Offices in 32 cities*

PORTLAND CEMENT

CONCRETE

FOR PERMANENCE

Ends the Squeaks—Eases the Bumps



Lessen the danger of broken springs—this *new—easy way*

Oronite Spring Oil lessens the danger of broken springs. This *new rapidly* penetrating oil *dissolves rust*—cleans the springs—and leaves a protecting film of oil. Thus reduces shocks and strains—and improves your car's riding qualities.

Also eliminates chassis squeaks. And frees valves stuck with carbon or gummed oil. Oronite Spring Oil is *quick and easy to apply* from its long-spout can that reaches the *underneath* places—*no soiled clothes or hands*.

New
**ORONITE
SPRING OIL**

Sold in pint and quart cans, with convenient 14" spout—also 1- and 5-gallon cans. At Standard Oil Service Stations; at garages, hardware and auto-accessories stores, and other dealers.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

The Martin Incinerator Makes Trash Disposal Easy

A slight pressure on the foot lever lifts the lid, exposing an opening so large as to make the disposal of waste matter just as easy as dumping trash in a barrel. You then light the contents *at the top*, close the lid and forget it.



This Remarkable Incinerator

burns everything burnable and makes it easy to keep your backyard beautiful. It is convenient, portable, attractive. Approved by health, sanitary and fire officials.

For Sale At All
Good Hardware Stores

MARTIN IRON WORKS, Dept. TT,
1222 East 28th St., Los Angeles,
Box 757, Arcade Station, Phone HUmbolt 3407.

Please send me full particulars regarding the MARTIN Incinerator.

Name

Address

Routes and Rules for the Highway Patrol



THE HIGHWAY PATROL SERVICE CARS are not subject to call—they patrol daily the main thoroughfares of Southern California and service is rendered to Club members in distress on the highways when encountered.

¶ Mechanical first aid available for members consists of the following:

¶ Emergency repairs to a car disabled on the highways when it is possible to start same within a reasonable length of time. Patrolmen will not go into garages, private or public, to render service.

¶ Towing a disabled car (without dollies) free of charge to the nearest Official Garage, preferably on the particular route in the direction the patrol car is traveling, if it cannot be started on the road.

¶ In the event that the disabled car must be floated on dollies, patrolmen will arrange with the Club's nearest Official Emergency Road Service Station to tow same without expense to the member. (Refer to regulations printed elsewhere herein for Emergency Road Service.)

¶ Changing spare tires from rack to rim when car is operated by a woman driver unaccompanied by male companion. This service will not be rendered a man physically fit.

¶ Gasoline and oil will be carried by patrol cars and sold without profit to members.

¶ Patrol cars will not be permitted to deviate from their designated routes.

¶ Only competent mechanics, qualified to render mechanical aid, are employed on these cars.

¶ Medical first aid to injured persons consists of applying splints and bandages, and arranging for removal of injured persons from the scene of accident to the nearest hospital. Complete medical kits for emergency use are part of the equipment of each car. The patrol drivers have all undergone special training in Medical First Aid Work.

¶ Members are requested not to tip patrolmen for services rendered. Members are kindly requested to show their Club membership card when service is rendered, and to sign service report.

Where the Patrol Cars Operate

Patrol Car No. 72

This car patrols the highway between El Centro and San Diego daily—and covers the important roads in the Imperial Valley.

Patrol Car No. 64

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the route via Glendale, San Fernando,

Saugus and Santa Paula to Ventura, returning to Los Angeles via Moorpark and Santa Susana Pass.

Patrol Car No. 71

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. via Alvarado Street and Glendale Blvd. to Glendale; Verdugo Canyon to La Canada, Flint-

ridge, Devil's Gate Dam, thence to Pasadena and via Colorado Street to the San Gabriel Blvd., thence south to Downey, Norwalk, Buena Park and Garden Grove into Santa Ana; thence to Balboa and north over the Coast Highway through Huntington Beach, Seal Beach and Long Beach to Los Angeles, returning to Los Angeles via Wilmington and the Harbor Blvd.

Patrol Car No. 63

Leaves Visalia daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Inland Route south via Tulare and Delano to Bakersfield, retraces to Delano, then patrols the highway via Ducor, Porter-ville, Lindsay and Exeter to Visalia.

Patrol Cars Nos. 61 & 69

These two cars patrol the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego. One car leaves Los Angeles and the second leaves San Diego daily at 8 a.m.

Patrol Car No. 73

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Valley Blvd. through El Monte, Puente, Pomona and Ontario to Riverside, then to Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, returning to Los Angeles via Foothill Blvd. and Pasadena.

Patrol Car No. 68

This car patrols the Highway between Los Angeles and Bakersfield—(off each Monday).

Patrol Car No. 70

Leaves San Luis Obispo daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the Coast Highway north through Atascadero, Paso Robles and San Miguel to the Monterey County line. Retraces to San Luis Obispo, then patrols south to Santa Maria and returns to San Luis Obispo.

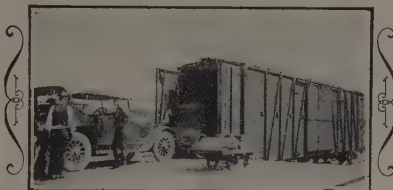
Patrol Car No. 66

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 8 a.m. Patrols the highway via South Figueroa Street, Slauson Avenue, Huntington Park and Long Beach Blvd. to Long Beach; thence to San Pedro, Wilmington and Redondo; returning to Los Angeles via Western Avenue, thence to Venice via West Adams Street, Washington Blvd. and Culver City, thence to Santa Monica, returning to Club Headquarters via Wilshire Blvd., Vermont Avenue and West Adams Street.

Patrol Car No. 67

This car operates on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Maria—(off each Monday).

OFFICIAL CAR FORWARDERS



The following forwarders have been carefully selected and have agreed to receive and distribute automobiles shipped from the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to them and to receive automobiles for shipment in consolidated consignment to the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN

advised to communicate with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA or the appropriate forwarder.

Alabama

MOBILE

Walker Storage Warehouse Co.,
926 Conti Street.

Arizona

PHOENIX

Automobile Club of Arizona,
217 East Adams Street.

TUCSON

Tucson Warehouse & Transfer Co.

California

LOS ANGELES

Automobile Club of So. California,
Adams and Figueroa Sts.

Colorado

DENVER

Weicker Transfer & Storage Co.,
1700 15th St., (and Denver Motor
Club, 1448 Tremont St., for information only).

Florida

JACKSONVILLE

Laney & Delcher Storage Co., Inc.,
657 East Bay Street.

MIAMI

John E. Withers' Transfer & Storage Co.,
1000-1012 N. East First Avenue.

Hawaii, T. H.

HONOLULU

Honolulu Automobile Club

Illinois

CHICAGO

Currier Lee Warehouse Co.,
427 West Erie Street.

PEORIA

Federal Warehouse Co.

Iowa

CEDAR RAPIDS

Cedar Rapids Transfer Co.

DAVENPORT

Ewert & Richter Exp. & Storage Co.

DES MOINES

Merchants Transfer & Storage Co.

FORT DODGE

Brady Transfer & Storage Co.,
Central at Sixteenth Sts.

SIoux CITY

Dougherty Storage & Van Co.,
409 Douglas Street.

WATERLOO

Iowa Warehouse Co.

Additional forwarders are being constantly added.

Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS

Indiana Terminal Warehouse Co.,
230 So. Pennsylvania St.

Kansas

WICHITA

Bryan Transfer & Storage Co.

Kentucky

LOUISVILLE

O. K. Storage & Transfer Co.,
801 West Main Street.

Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS

Importers' Bonded Warehouse Co.,
340 Bienville Street.

Massachusetts

BOSTON

Quincy Market Cold Storage Warehouse Co.,
178 Atlantic Avenue.

Michigan

DETROIT

Michigan Terminal Warehouse Co.,
Brandt Ave. and Wyoming Road.

Minnesota

DULUTH

Duluth Van & Storage Co.

MINNEAPOLIS

Great Northern Warehouse Co.,
714 Washington Ave., North.

Missouri

KANSAS CITY

Southwest Warehouse Corporation,
Nineteenth and Campbell Streets.

ST. LOUIS

Automobile Club of Missouri,
4228 Lindell Boulevard.

Nebraska

OMAHA

Terminal Warehouse Co.,
702 South Tenth Street.

New York

BUFFALO

Larkin Co., Inc.,
630 Seneca Avenue.

NEW YORK CITY

Tooker Storage & Forwarding Co.,
281 Eleventh Avenue.

SYRACUSE

Great Northern Warehouse, Inc.,
350-360 West Fayette Street.

Ohio

AKRON

W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

CINCINNATI

E. J. Robben, 954 West Fifth St. (and Cincinnati Automobile Club, 8th and Race Sts., for information only).

CLEVELAND

Interstate Terminal Warehouse, Inc.,
1200 West Ninth Street.

COLUMBUS

W. Lee Cotter Warehouse Co.

Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA CITY

O. K. Transfer & Storage Co.

TULSA

Tulsa Transfer & Storage Co.

Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA

Union Shipping & Forwarding Co.,
356 Drexel Bldg. (and Keystone Automobile Club, 250 S. Broad St., Keystone-Shubert Bldg., for information only).

PITTSBURGH

Keystone Storage & Warehouse Co.,
600 Second Avenue.

Texas

DALLAS

Dallas Transfer & Terminal Warehouse Co.

EL PASO

El Paso Fireproof Storage Co.

FT. WORTH

Binyon O'Keefe Firep. Storage Co.,
Eighth and Calhoun.

HOUSTON

Westheimer Transfer Co.

SAN ANTONIO

Scobey Fireproof Warehouse Co.
(Receiving only).

Utah

SALT LAKE CITY

Jennings Cornwall Warehouse Co.,
337 West Second South St.

Washington

SEATTLE

Automobile Club of Washington,
1109 Pine Street.

OFFICIAL



HOTELS

The Hotels listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices. Members are advised

to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show cards. (A) American Plan. (E) European Plan.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
LOS ANGELES			
Alexandria Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Chelsea Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 4.00	
Coliseum Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	
Westlake Olympic Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel Rosslyn	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel St. Paul	(E)	Single 3.00 up	Double 4.00 up
Hotel Savoy	(E)		
Outside Room with Bath, 1 person		\$3.00	
Outside Room with Bath, 2 persons		\$4 to \$5	
Stillwell Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	
Hotel Stowell	(E)	2.00	
Hotel St. Regis	(E)	2.00 to 3.00, single	3.00 to 4.00, double
Ambassador	(E)		
Outside Room with Bath, 1 person		\$5.00 up	
Outside room with bath 2 persons		7.00 up	
Hotel Trinity	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	
Van Nuys Hotel	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	

HOLLYWOOD			
Hotel Christie	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Gilbert	(E)	2.00 to 4.00	
Hollywood Plaza Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	
Village Inn	(E)	2.00 to 4.00 per day	
HUNTINGTON PARK			
La Honda Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50
PASADENA			
Hotel Constance	(E)	4.00 up, Single	5.00 up, Double
MT. WILSON			
Mt. Wilson Hotel	(A)	4.00	1.50 up
GLENDALE			
Hotel Brand	(E)	1.50	1.00
SANTA MONICA			
Hotel Windermere	(A)	7.50	6.00
Miramar Hotel	(E)	4.50 up	3.00 up

Inland Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

BAKERSFIELD			
Hotel El Tejon	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
Hotel Euclid	(E)	2.00	1.00 up
Hotel Moronet	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Tegeer Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50
Hotel Biford	(E)	2.00 up	1.25 up
Hotel Willis	(E)	1.50 up	
DELANO			
Hotel Kern	(E)	2.50	1.50
LEBEC			
Hotel Lebec (Elev. 3850 ft.)	(E)	3.00 to 5.00	2.00
PORTERVILLE			
Hotel Porterville	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN FERNANDO			
Porter Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
TULARE			
Hotel Tulare		2.50	1.50
GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK			
Giant Forest Lodge		(Opens May 15, '29)	
Giant Forest Winter Camp	(A)	4.50	
VISALIA			
Hotel Johnson	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	2.00 to 2.50

Coast Route, Los Angeles—San Francisco

ATASCADERO			
New Atascadero Inn	(A)	6.00 up	2.50 up
BUELLTON			
Buell Tavern	(A)	3.50 per day up	1.50 per day up
Hotel Bueltmore	(E)	2.50 up	
LOS OLIVOS			
Mattei's Tavern	(A)	6.00 up	4.00 up
OJAI			
El Roblar Hotel	(A)	6.00 per day up	
Pierpont Cottages	(A)	6.50 up	
PASO ROBLES			
Hotel Taylor	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel	(A)	6.50 up	5.00 up
PISMO			
Hotel Olsen	(E)	2.50 to 3.00	1.50 to 2.00
SAN LUIS OBISPO			
Anderson Hotel	(E)	2.50 per day up	
Hotel Andrews	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Hotel Blackstone	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Hotel Inn	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
SANTA BARBARA			
The Samarkand	(A)	10.00 up	
El Encanto	(A)	12.00 up	
Hotel Barbara	(E)	3.00 to 6.00	2.00 to 4.00
Margaret Baylor Inn	(E)	2.00 & 3.00	1.50 & 2.00
Upham Hotel	(E)	4.00 to 5.00	2.50 to 4.00
Hotel Virginia	(E)	2.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA MARIA			
Santa Maria Inn	(A)	7.00 to 8.00	
Hotel Massy	(E)	1.75 to 2.00	
Hotel Bradley	(E)	2.50 up	1.25 to 1.50
Hotel California	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 up
SANTA PAULA			
Glen Tavern	(A)	4.00 to 6.00	3.00 to 2.00
VENTURA			
Hotel Baldwin	(E)	2.50	1.50 and 2.00
Hotel Fosnough	(E)	2.50	

Los Angeles—San Diego, Coast Route

CARDIFF-BY-THE-SEA			
Beacon Inn	(A)	8.50	5.50
DEL MAR			
Hotel Del Mar	(A)	7.00 up	6.00 up
LA JOLLA			
Hotel Cabrillo	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
Casa De Manana	(A)	10.00 up	
Colonial Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
OCEANSIDE			
Hotel Keisker	(E)	2.50 up	2.00
ORANGE			
Sunshine Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
SANTA ANA			
St. Ann's Inn	(E)	2.50 to 5.00	2.00
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO			
Hotel Capistrano	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
SAN DIEGO			
Admiral Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
El Cortez Hotel	(E)	5.00 up	
Albany Hotel	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
U. S. Grant Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	
Hotel Churchill	(E)	3.00 to 4.00	
Hotel Knickerbocker	(E)	1.50 to 3.00 per day	
Hotel Sanford	(E)	3.50 to 8	2 to 3.50
Hotel St. James	(E)	2.00 to 6.00	
San Diego Hotel	(E)	1.00 to 4.00 per day	
Maryland Hotel	(E)	2.00 to 3.00	1.50 up
Hotel Cecil	(E)	1.50 to 2.50	
King George Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 up
CORONADO			
Hotel Del Coronado	(A)	10.00 up	8.00 up

Los Angeles—San Diego, Inland Route

EL SINORE			
Amsbury Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50
GLEN IVY			
Glen Ivy Mineral Hot Springs	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
ONTARIO			
Ontario Hotel	(E)	2.50 to 4.00	1.50 to 3.00
RIVERSIDE			
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
VISTA			
Vista Inn	(A)	6.00	5.00

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

CLAREMONT			
Ye Claremont Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up
FONTANA			
Fontana Farms Inn	(A)	5.00 up	4.50 up
GLENN RANCH, CAL.			
Glenn Ranch Resort	(E)	2.50	1.25 up
Housekeeping Camping			1.50 up
MONROVIA			
Leven Oaks Hotel	(A)	5.50 to 7.50	4.50 to 5.50
SAN BERNARDINO			
Antlers Hotel	(E)	2.50	1.50

San Bernardino Mountain Resorts (Rim of the World)

LAKE ARROWHEAD			
Village Inn	(E)		3.50 up
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Pine Knot Lodge			(Closed for Season)

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
BIG BEAR LAKE, PINE KNOT P. O.			
Big Bear Lake Tavern	(A)	6.00 up	5.00 up
Highlander Hotel	(E)	3.00 up	2.00 up
FOREST HOME P. O.			
Big Falls Lodge	(E)	6.50	6.00

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO			
Monkbridge Manor	(A)	5.00	4.50
AMBOY	(E)	2.50	2.00
Amboy Hotel	(E)	1.50 up	
BARSTOW			
Hotel Melrose and Annex	(E)	2.50	1.50 up
KINGMAN, ARIZ.			
Hotel Beale	(E)	2.50 up	1.00 to 2.00
Commercial Hotel	(E)	2.00	1 to 1.50
LUDLOW			
Hotel Oasis	(E)	2.00 up	1.00 up
NEEDLES			
California Hotel	(E)	3.00	2.00
SOCORRO, N. M.			
Hotel Val Verde	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
VICTORVILLE			
Hotel Smith	(A)	5.00 up	4.00 up
Stewart Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

BRIDGEPORT			
Bridgeport Hotel	(A)	1.50	
BISHOP			
Kittie Lee Inn	(E)	4.50	
INDEPENDENCE			
Winnemah Hotel	(E)	3.00	2.00
JUNE LAKE (BISHOP P. O.)			
June Lodge	(E)	2.50	1.50
Housekeeping Gull Lake Lodge	(A)	8.00	4.00
LANCASTER			
Lancaster Inn	(A)	2.00	2.00
LONE PINE			
Dow Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
MONO LAKE			
Tioga Lodge	(A)	6.25	
MOJAVE			
Hotel Alton	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley

(Salton Sea Route)
Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix.

BANNING			
San Geronimo Inn	(A)	5.50 to 6.00	4.50 to 5.00
	(E)	3.00 to 3.50	2.00 to 2.50
BRAWLEY			
Planters Hotel	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
Hotel Dunlack	(E)	2.50 up	
		(Air cooled and fireproof)	
COLTON			
Anderson Hotel	(A)	5.00	3.50
	(E)	2.00	1.50
INDIO			
Hotel Indio	(E)	2.50 up	2.00 up
The La Quinta	(A)	15.00	
		All Rooms with Bath	
PALM SPRINGS			
Desert Inn	(A)	10.00 up	
El Mirador	(A)	10.00 up	
The Oasis	(A)	9.00 to 15.00	
RIVERSIDE			
Hotel Reynolds	(E)	2.00 up	1.50 up
Mission Inn	(A)	9.00 up	8.00 up
REDLANDS			
Casa Loma Hotel	(A)	4.50 up	4.00 up
	(E)	2.00 up	1.50

San Jacinto Mountain Resorts

IDYLLWILD			
Idyllwild Inn	(A)	5.00 to 6.00	4.00 up

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway

(Borderland Route)

San Diego—El Paso and Points East.

Hotel	Plan	Rate per day with Bath	Rate per day without Bath
THE WILLOWS, SAN DIEGO CO.			
The Willows		5.00 up	4.00 up
DESCANSO			
Hulburd Grove Inn	(A)	5.50	4.50
	(E)	2.50	1.50
Housekeeping Cottages		15.00 per week up	
PINE VALLEY, SAN DIEGO CO.			
Pine Valley Hotel	(A)	5.75 up	5.25 up
	(E)	3.00 up	2.50 up
(All modern conveniences)		Housekeeping Cottages.	
EL CENTRO			
Hotel Barbara Worth	(E)	2.50 to 5	2 to 3.50
CALEXICO			
Hotel Reeder	(E)	2.50 up	1.50 up
EL PASO, TEXAS			
Hotel Sheldon	(E)	2.50 to 3.50	1.50 to 2.00
TACNA, ARIZONA			
Hotel Cecil	(E)		1.00
YUMA, ARIZ.			
Hotel Del Ming	(E)	3.50 up	2.50 up

Miscellaneous Hotels and Resorts

TEHACHAPI			
Juanita Hotel	(E)	1.50 per day up	
HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS			
Alexander Young Hotel	(E)	3.50 to 8.00	2.50 up
LONG BEACH			
Hotel Schuyler	(E)	2.50	1.50
RAMONA			
Kenilworth Inn	(A)		3.50
RYAN			
Death Valley View Hotel	(A)	7.00 to 9.00	5.00 to 7.50
DEATH VALLEY			
Furnace Creek Inn	(A)	All Rooms with Bath	
		1 person 10.00 to 15.00	
		2 persons 17.00 to 25.00	

District Offices of the California State Automobile Association

When touring in Northern California members of the Automobile Club of Southern California are cordially invited to call at any office of the California State Automobile Association for service. Reciprocal arrangements between California's two great motoring organizations assure members of either Club of state-wide service.

GENERAL OFFICES: 150 VAN NESS AVE., SAN FRANCISCO

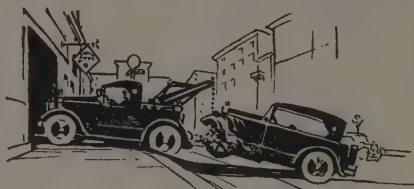
AUBURN—934 Lincoln Way, Nevada, Placer and Sierra counties.
CHICO—Second and Salem Sts., Butte County.
EUREKA—608 Fourth St., Humboldt and Del Norte counties.
FRESNO—660 Van Ness Ave., Fresno County.
HANFORD—316 N. Irwin St., Kings County.
HOLLISTER—379 Fourth St., San Benito County.
MADERA—114 North F St., Madera County.
MARTINEZ—407 Ferry St., Contra Costa County.
MARYSVILLE—1015 Fifth St., Yuba and Sutter counties.
MERCED—El Capitan Hotel Bldg., Merced and Mariposa counties.
MODESTO—Ninth and "Eye" St., Stanislaus County.
NAPA—1017 Third St., Napa County.
OAKLAND—399 Grand Ave., Alameda County.
PLACERVILLE—Main St., El Dorado County.
RED BLUFF—608 Main St., Tehama County.
REDDING—313 Yuba St., Shasta, Trinity and Modoc counties.

SACRAMENTO—1416 K St., Sacramento County.
SALINAS—334 Main St., Monterey County.
SAN JOSE—1034 The Alameda, Santa Clara County.
SAN MATEO—100 El Camino Real, San Mateo County.
SAN RAFAEL—401 Fourth St., Marin County.
SANTA CRUZ—21 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz County.
SANTA ROSA—544 Mendocino Ave., Sonoma County.
STOCKTON—929 North El Dorado St., San Joaquin, Amador, Calaveras, Alpine and Tuolumne counties.
SUSANVILLE—Mt. Lassen Hotel Bldg., Plumas and Lassen counties.
UKIAH—415 S. State St., Mendocino and Lake counties.
VALLEJO—501 Georgia St., Solano County.
WILLOWS—249 Tehama St., Glenn and Colusa counties.
WOODLAND—818 Main St., Yolo County.
YOSEMITE VALLEY—Touring Bureau (May 1 to Oct. 15)—Park Supt. Office.
YREKA—Main near Miner St., Siskiyou County.

Official Garages and State-wide Emergency Road Service

for Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California and the California State Automobile Association

The Garages listed below have contracted with the AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA to give the members prompt, courteous and efficient service at reasonable prices.



Members are advised to patronize these establishments. Any discourtesy or inattention should be immediately reported to the Secretary. It is suggested that members show their cards

How to Obtain Free Emergency Road Service

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Southern California
are designated by star and phone number

MEMBERS with their disabled cars on the road outside of Los Angeles are requested to call the nearest Emergency Road Service Station—listed here and in each issue of TOURING TOPICS. In or near Los Angeles City call Club headquarters, BEacon 8600—always open.

☛ Give your name, address, membership card number, make of car, license number, location, and nature of trouble.

☛ The mechanics on arrival will either start your car in 30 minutes mechanical labor or tow car to the Official Garage. (Elsewhere at your expense.)

☛ This is an emergency service only for members whose cars are disabled on the highways. Calls cannot be answered at the Club's expense to start cars in garages.

☛ Service cannot apply to employees or friends of members who do not belong—even when such employees or friends are operating the member's cars, as Club service follows the member and not the car.

☛ Be sure to carry your membership card. No free service will be extended to persons who fail to carry paid-up membership cards.

☛ The service will be extended to owners of firm or commercial cars only when the drivers thereof can produce a Club member-

ship card in their own names. This service does not apply to trucks of any make.

☛ This service is for emergencies when disabled while actually on the road, and does not apply on mechanical or repair work at garages, nor include supplies or parts.

☛ Tire service—changing spare tires from rack to rim—will be extended when car is operated by a woman member unaccompanied by male companion, or a man physically unable to change tires.

☛ Carry the current issue of the Club magazine, TOURING TOPICS, containing list of appointed garages in your car.

☛ The Club's Emergency Road Service, as above outlined, applies only to the territory embraced by the thirteen Southern Counties of California. As a member of our organization, however, you are entitled to Emergency Road Service in Central and Northern California through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association (Northern Club) in accordance with rules and regulations established by them for their own members.

☛ Members cannot be reimbursed for services secured from garages not under contract with the Club as Emergency Road Service Stations.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NOTE: This list is complete to date of publication. A revised list will be published monthly in Touring Topics. Carry the latest list in your car so it may always be available.)

Los Angeles

*A-1 Auto Sheet Metal Works, 3701 Moneta Ave., (Call Club, BEacon 8600)

Arrow Garage, 1016 W. Vernon Ave.

Auto Centre Garage, 746 South Hope Street

Bernard & Johnson Garage, 1317 Wilshire Blvd.

*Beverly Drive Garage, 439 Beverly Drive, (Call Club, BEacon 8600)

Biltmore Garage, 525 West 5th St.

Bonnie Brae Garage, 2317 W. 11th St.

Bozzani Motor Car Co., Cor. Sunset Blvd. and Broadway

Buick Garage, 1000 West Washington St.

Burlington Garage, 517 South Burlington St.

Clark-Wall Garage, 634 Wall St.

Clinton L. Clark Garage, 2219 West Pico St.

Clippinger Garage, 708 Merchant St.

Eddy's Fireproof Garage, 816 So. Grand Ave.

Ellsworth Cadillac Service, 1105 West Pico St.

Fifth Street Garage, 221 East 5th St.

Fenn-Shelton Super Service Station, 1832-50 Santa Monica Blvd.,

Beverly Hills, Cal.

*Gagen's Motor Service, 218 North Virgil, (Call Club, BEacon 8600)

C. W. Giles' Garage, 2828 Whittier Blvd.

*Gold Arrow Auto Works, 2714 South Figueroa St., (Call Club, BEacon 8600)

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Granada Garage, 526 S. Western Ave.
 *Grand-Adams Garage, 2525 S. Grand Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Heller's Garage, 4165 Beverly Blvd.
 Hotel Clark Garage, 4th and Olive Sts.
 H. & S. Garage, 2415 South Vermont Ave.
 *Herdina Garage, 12518 South Main St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Jack McArley's Garage, 4421 South Western Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Lloy's Garage, 3412 West Pico St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 L. A. Motor Service Garage, 2524 South Hill St.
 *Larchmont Garage, 241-243 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Love & Love Garage, No. 2, 232 So. Figueroa St.
 Manhattan Wilshire Garage, 606 S. Manhattan Place
 Master Service Co., 811 So. Whittier St.
 The May Co.'s Patrons Garage, 9th & Hill Streets
 *Montclair Garage, 4321 W. Adams, (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Ready-Go Service Garage, 2701 South Figueroa St.
 *Reliable Mechanical Works, 320 Venice Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Schuler Auto Service Garage, 4708 W. Washington St.
 *Security Garage, 430 South Los Angeles St.
 Snyder's Garage, 241-243 West 23rd St., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Sonoma Motor Sales Co., 636 Maple Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Speer-Dodge Works, 1827 South Hope St.
 *Square Deal Garage, 619 S. Eastlake Ave., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 *Stewart's Garage, 4917 Whittier Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 260 So. Vermont Super Service Station, 260 South Vermont Ave.
 Robert Thompson Garage, 1015 So. Grand Ave.
 Victor Garage, 905 S. Vermont
 Washington Park Garage, 18th and Grand Ave.
 *Welcome Garage, 329 Glendale Blvd., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Western Avenue Garage, 226 South Western Ave.
 Witmer Garage, 528 Columbia Avenue
 *Woodward Garage, Pico and Alvarado Sts., (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 Wilshire Garage, 6th and Kenmore
 Wolsey Auto Works, 1825 E. 1st St.

Los Angeles—San Diego Coast Route

*ANAHEIM—Frahm's Garage. Phone: 799 (Day) 703-R (Night)
 *CORONADO—Guarantee Garage. Phone: Coronado 518
 *CORONADO—Pioneer Garage. Phone: Coronado 56
 *CORONADO—Hotel Del Coronado Garage
 *CARLSBAD—Standard Garage. Phone: 12-J-1
 *CYPRESS—Cypress Garage. Phone: Anaheim 8711-R-4 (Day) 941-W (Night)
 *DEL MAR—Hotel Del Mar Garage. Phone: Del Mar 88
 *DOWNEY—Faulkner's Garage, Mach. Shop. Phone: Downey 432-60
 *ENCINITAS—Spex Myers Garage. Phone: Encinitas 4
 *FULLERTON—Lillian Yeager Garage. Phone: Fullerton 115 or 114
 *LAGUNA BEACH—Coast Garage. Phone: Laguna Beach 52
 *LA HABRA—Missouri Garage. Phone: La Habra 8-176
 *LA JOLLA—Pacific Garage. Phone: La Jolla 768
 *MONTEBELLO—B. & H. Garage. Phone: Montebello 345
 *NATIONAL CITY—Tutwiler's Garage. Phone: National 528 (Day) Randolph 3922 (Night)
 *NORWALK—Central Garage. Phone: 5582 (Day) 5361 (Night)
 *OCEANSIDE—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 27-J
 *OCEANSIDE—Herb Schwarz Garage. Phone: 123
 *ORANGE—Acme Garage & Machine Shop. Phone: Orange 80
 SAN DIEGO—Savoy Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Sixth Street Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Adair's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Elite Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Dupree's Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Hi-Ho Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Miller Super Service Station.
 SAN DIEGO—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5101
 SAN DIEGO—Price Motor Car Co.
 SAN DIEGO—White Front Garage. Phone: Hillcrest 2562
 SAN DIEGO—San Diego Garage. Phone: Franklin 1622
 SAN DIEGO—Crescent Garage.
 SAN DIEGO—Universal Repair & Service Garage.
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Congdon Motor Car Co. Phone: 131
 *SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—White Garage. Phone: 4
 *SANTA ANA—Grand Central Garage. Phone: 2457
 *SOLANO BEACH—Cochran & Weiss Garage. Phone: Del Mar 93-J
 *TUSTIN—Tustin Garage. Phone: Tustin 11-J (Day) Tustin 155-R or 155-M (Night)
 WHITTIER—J. W. Cox Motor Sales Co.
 *WHITTIER—Ternquist & Olson. Phone: Whittier 423-249
 *YORBA LINDA—Liberty Garage. Phone: Placentia 8705-R-1

Los Angeles—San Diego Inland Route

*BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Shop Garage. Phone: Covina 64853
 *EL MONTE—Rhoades & Ort Garage. Phone: El Monte (Day) 37; (Night) 259-J
 *ELMONTE—Graham & Graham Garage. Phone: 72 (Day) 162 (Night)
 *ESCONDIDO—Escondido Garage. Phone: 406 and 157
 *ESCONDIDO—Guarantee Garage. Phone 68
 *FALLBROOK—Fallbrook Garage. Phone: Fallbrook 11-W
 *ONTARIO—Dietz Garage. Phone: 818 (Day) 1052 (Night)
 *POMONA—Elsberry-Reynolds, Jr. Inc.
 *POMONA—Wurts Garage. Phone: 1424
 *PUENTE—Puebleto Garage. Phone: 532-21 (Garage) 554-91 (Residence)
 *PUENTE—Service Garage. Phone: 532-33
 *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
 *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
 *VISTA—Vista Garage. Phone: Vista 10W

Los Angeles—San Francisco Coast Route

*ARROYO GRANDE—Barcellos & Morgan Garage. Phone: 15
 *ATASCADERO—Ward's Garage. Phone: 136
 *BUELLTON—Buellton Garage. Phone: 31-F-13
 *CALABASAS—Calabasas Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 115-R-5 (Day) 115-J2 (Night)
 *CAMARILLO—Knob Hill Garage. Phone: 956-M-2
 *CAMBRIA—Service Garage. Phone: Cambria 11-F-2
 *CARPINTERIA—Rincon Garage. Phone: 20-W
 *CAYUCOS—Cayucos Garage. Phone: Cayucos 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)
 *CHATSWORTH—Alamo Garage. Phone: Owensmouth 121-R-4 (Day) 262 (Night)

*ENCINO—Encino Garage. Phone: Van Nuys 428-J
 *HOLLYWOOD—East Hollywood Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 HOLLYWOOD—Claude Garage, 1262 No. Western Ave.
 *HOLLYWOOD—Mission Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
 HOLLYWOOD—Sierra Vista Garage.
 HOLLYWOOD—Southern Garage, 5731 Sunset Blvd.
 HOLLYWOOD—Fred R. Winnett Garage.
 HOLLYWOOD—Wilcox Garage, 1925 Wilcox Ave.
 *LOMPOC—Ruffner & Ruffner Garage. Phone: 74 (Day) 41-R or 169-W (Night)
 *LOS ALAMOS—T. & T. Garage. Phone: 27
 *MOORPARK—Mission Garage. Phone: 20
 *NORTH HOLLYWOOD—Huffaker Garage. Phone: Lankershim 290
 *ORAI—City Garage. Phone: 4
 *ORCUTT—Orcutt Garage. Phone: 593-J-2
 *OXNARD—Carner's Garage. Phone: 73 or 285
 *OXNARD—Buick Garage.
 *PASO ROBLES—Pioneer Garage. Phone: 247
 *PISMO BEACH—Pismo Garage & Mach. Shop. Phone: 6-W
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Berkemeyer Garage. Phone: 3
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Studebaker Service Garage. Phone: 601
 *SAN LUIS OBISPO—Kamm's San Luis Garage. Phone: 162
 *SAN MIGUEL—Tucker's Super Service. Phone: San Miguel 6-W
 *SANTA BARBARA—Huff's Garage. Phone: 5111 or 7530
 *SANTA BARBARA—Johnson's Garage. Phone: 3054 or 3252
 *SANTA BARBARA—Carrillo Hotel Garage. Phone: 3900
 *SANTA MARIA—California Garage.
 *SANTA MARIA—Automotive Garage. Phone: 3
 *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage. Phone: 233
 *SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage. Phone: 85
 *SATICOY—Satcoy Garage. Phone: 41
 *VAN NUYS—J. R. Wardlaw Super Service Station. Phone: Van Nuys 150
 *VENTURA—Neiderhauser Garage. Phone: 620-W
 *VENTURA—Ventura Garage. Phone: 1142
 *VENTURA—Reid's Garage. Phone: 176 (Day) 642 (Night)
 *VENTURA—Union Garage.

Los Angeles—San Francisco Inland Route

*BAKERSFIELD—Class A Motor Company. Phone: 133
 *BAKERSFIELD—John R. Huff Company. Phone: 3322
 *BAKERSFIELD—Chester Avenue Garage.
 *BAKERSFIELD—East Side Garage. Phone: 990
 *BAKERSFIELD—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: 702 or 703
 *BAKERSFIELD—California Garage. Phone: 621
 *BURBANK—Patterson's Garage. Phone: Burbank 268
 *DELANO—Geo. Haberfelde, Inc. Phone: Delano 1
 *DINUBA—Biswell, McDonald & Biswell. Phone: 12 (Day) 307 (Night & Sun.)
 *KETER—Square Deal Garage. Phone: Exeter 46-R (Day) Exeter 27-W (Night)
 *FELLOWS—Roy's Garage. Phone: Blue 522 (Day) Red 442 (Night)
 *FILMORE—Rudkin Motor Service. Phone: 42 or 15
 *GLENDALE—Pellegrini Garage. Phone: Douglas 5080
 *GLENDALE—Dotson's Super Service Station.
 *LEMON COVE—Lemon Cove Garage. Phone: Lemon Cove Garage
 *LINDSAY—Cate & Woollores Garage. Phone: Lindsay 60
 *MARICOPA—Maricopa Garage. Phone: B-463
 *MCFARLAND—King Garage. Phone: McFarland 13 (Day) 4-F-3 (Night)
 *MCKITTRICK—McKittrick Auto Supply Co. Phone: Main 61
 *MCKLEY—Swang—Howard Motor Co., Phone: 17-J (Day) 17-W (Night)
 *PORTERVILLE—Dick's Automotive Service. Phone: 574 (Day) 414-R & 574 (Night)
 *RIDGE ROUTE—Ridge Road Garage, 15 miles from Saugus on Ridge. (Saugus P.O.)
 *SANDBERG—Sandberg's Garage. Phone: Sandberg Toll Station.
 *SAN FERNANDO—Cascade Garage. Phone: Main 184
 *SAN FERNANDO—Willis A. Rowe Auto Supply House. Phone: Main 41
 *SAUGUS—Midway Garage. Phone: Newhall 28-J-2
 *SHAFTER—Miller Bros. Garage. Phone: 4-W
 *TAFT—H. B. Kane Garage. Phone: 230-J (Day) 109-W (Night)
 *TIPTON—Stebbins-Beck Co., Phone: Tipton 17
 *TULARE—Central Garage. Phone: Tulare 102
 *TULARE—Graham's Department Store Garage. Phone: 15
 *VISALIA—Main Garage. Phone: Visalia 980
 *VISALIA—Studebaker Garage.
 *WASCO—Wasco Garage. Phone: 12

Foothill and Valley Boulevards

ALHAMBRA—Eagle Garage.
 *ALHAMBRA—Harry T. Moore Garage. Phone: Alhambra 242 (Day) 3027-J (Night) and 419-J
 *ALHAMBRA—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 4386 (Night)
 *CLAREMONT—Foothill Garage. Phone: Claremont 4961
 *COLTON—Taylor's Electric Service Garage. Phone: 90
 *COVINA—Webber Garage. Phone: Covina 12111
 *FONTANA—Fontana Garage. Phone: Fontana 257
 *GLENDALE—Rowe Motor Service Garage. Phone: Covina 42004
 *HIGHLAND—Coy & Sewell Garage. Phone: 35
 *MONROVIA—Ruechel Garage. Phone: Green 70 (Day) Black 389 (Nights, Sun. and Holidays)
 *RIALTO—Boulevard Garage. Phone: 7 (Day) 170 (Night)
 *SAN GABRIEL—E. C. Woodard Garage. Phone: 1956 (Day) 2197-R or 1956 (Night, Sundays and Holidays)
 *EAST SAN GABRIEL—Barlow's Automotor Service.
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Central Garage. Phone: 271-82
 *SAN BERNARDINO—Draper's Garage. Phone: 271-63
 *SAN BERNARDINO—California Garage.
 *UPLANDS—Waterman Garage. Phone: 116

National Old Trails (East of San Bernardino)

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Central Garage & Machine Works.
 ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Oden Buick Co.
 *AMBOY—Amboy Garage. No Phone.
 *BARSTOW—Barstow Garage. Phone: 26-M.
 FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—E. D. Babbitt Motor Co.
 KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Kingman Motor Co.
 KINGMAN, ARIZ.—Osterman Bros. Motor Co.
 *LUDLOW—Murphy Bros. Tourist Garage.
 *MAGDALENA, New Mexico—Stendel's Garage.
 *NEEDLES—Old Trails Garage. Phone: Main 28
 *SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Becker's Transcontinental Garage.
 *VICTORVILLE—Victorville Garage. Phone: 8-J
 *WINSLOW, ARIZ.—Bazel Motor Co.

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

San Diego—Imperial Valley Bankhead National Highway (Borderland Route)

- *ALPINE—Alpine Garage. Phone: El Cajon 342-3
- BOSTONIA—Bostonia Garage
- *EL CAJON—J. R. Dall Motor Co. Phone: 101 (Day and Night)
- *EL CENTRO—C. E. Coggins Garage. Phone: El Centro 166
- *EL CENTRO—Barbara Worth Garage
- *JACUMBA—J. R. Fowble Garage. Phone: Fowble Garage, Jacumba.
- *LA MESA—R. & W. Garage. Phone: La Mesa 291
- TACNA, ARIZ.—Noah & Son Garage.
- YUMA, ARIZ.—Super Service Garage.

Midland Trail and Lincoln Highway

- *BISHOP—Smith Auto. Co. Phone: Bishop 81 (Day) Bishop 91-J (Night)
- *BISHOP—Bishop Auto Service Garage. Phone: 48-R (Day) 69 W (Night)
- BISHOP—Nolke Brothers' Garage.
- *BIG PINE—Glacier Garage. Phone: 121
- *BRIDGEPORT—Bridgeport Garage. Phone: Bridgeport Store
- *INDEPENDENCE—Independence Garage. Phone: Bishop 25-4
- *LANCASTER—Inn Garage. Phone: 1001
- *LONE PINE—Mt. Whitney Garage & Livery Co. Phone: Bishop 21-1
- *LONE PINE—Square Deal Garage. Phone: 11-1 Ring.
- *MINT CANYON—Balestier's Garage. No phone.
- *MOJAVE—Andy Smith's Garage. Phone: 221
- MOJAVE—Paul's Garage.
- *MONO LAKE—Tioga Lodge Garage. Phone: Tioga Lodge
- *PALMDALE—Mission Garage. Phone: 17-W

Los Angeles—Imperial Valley Including Mecca—Blythe Route to Phoenix

- *BANNING—Dickinson Motor Car Co. Phone: 96 (Day) Main 82 (Night)
- *BLYTHE—Valley Garage. Phone: 20
- *BEAUMONT—Brown & Sons Garage. Phone: 774
- *BEAUMONT—Beaumont Garage. Phone: Beaumont 782
- *BLOOMINGTON—Bloomington Garage. Phone: 8715-R-2
- *BRAWLEY—Plaza Garage. Phone: 31 (Day) 709 (Night)
- BRAWLEY—White Garage.
- *COACHELLA—Union Garage. Phone: 138
- *INDIO—MacKenzie Motor Co. Phone: Indio 531
- *PALM SPRINGS—Bunker's Garage. Phone: Bunker's Garage.
- *PALM SPRINGS—Garage El Mirador. Phone: 3351
- *REDLANDS—T. N. Gibson Garage. Phone: Main 909
- *REDLANDS—Mission Garage. Phone: Main 5
- *RIVERSIDE—Central Garage. Phone: 1000
- *RIVERSIDE—California Garage. Phone: 3870
- *WESTMORELAND—W. E. Gullett's Garage. Phone: Brawley 1099 F-3

For Emergency Road Service use only garages designated by stars.

Official Stations for Emergency Road Service in Northern California

CALIFORNIA STATE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

(NOTE: Members of the Automobile Club of Southern California when touring in Northern California are advised to get in touch with the nearest office of the California State Automobile Association for their rules and regulations pertaining to this service.)

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ADIN	Adin Garage	Adin Exchange	BRIDGEPORT	Bridgeport Garage	Bridgeport, Mariposa Exch
ALAMEDA	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office, or Park St. Garage	Glencourt 4400		(Mariposa Co. 4 miles west of Mariposa)	
ALBANY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400	BUCK MEADOWS	Buck Meadows Garage	Buck Meadows
ALBION	Johnson & Larson	Albion 1-F-3 or 10-F-32	BURLINGAME	Hillbrand and Caldwell	(Day) Sun Mateo 164; after
ALDER POINT	Alder Point Garage	Call Alder Point Garage		San Mateo	6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031
ALTAMONT	Summit Garage	Altamont Toll Station	BURLINGAME	Pattison's Garage, San Mateo	(Day) San Mateo 619; after
ALTURAS	Modoc Machine Shop	(Day) Red 272			10 p.m. 895 or 673-W
ALVARADO	Alvarado Garage	(Night) Black 622	BURLINGAME	El Camino Garage	Burlingame 4480
ANDERSON	Jeff's Machine Shop	Alvarado 28-W	BURNEY	Tourist Garage	Tourist Garage
ANGELS CAMP	Central Garage	24; after 8 p.m. send word	BYRON	Byron Garage	(Day) Byron 11 (Night) 18
		(Day) Angels Camp 32	CALISTOGA	Wilber R. Snow Elec. Garage	Calistoga 50
ANGWIN	College Garage	(Night) Angels Camp Exc.	CAMP MIDDINES	Camp Middines Garage	(Day) Mariposa 12-F-4
ANTIOCH	W. A. Christiansen	St. Helena 79-F-5	CARL INN	Carl Inn Garage	Carl Inn
ARBUCKLE	Airan Garage	Antioch 123	CARMEL	Carmel Garage	(Day) Carmel 112
		(Day) Arbuckle 4-K			(Night) 568 or 570
ARCATA	Sacchi Service Station	(Night) 28-W	CASCADA	Solomon Garage	Rangers Station at Big
		(Day) Arcata 88(Night) 363,			Creek
ASPEN VALLEY	Aspen Valley Garage	148-J, 164 or 245-J	CEDARVILLE	Western Garage	Cedarville Exchange
	(Tioga Pass)	Yosemite National Park	CHICO	Service Garage	Chico 311-W
AUBERRY	Auberry Garage	Auberry Hotel	CHOWCHILLA	Chowchilla Garage	Day & Night Chowchilla 4
AUBURN	R. & D. Service Shop	(Day) Auburn 220	CLEMENTS	Service Garage	Clements Exchange
		(Night) 296	CLOVERDALE	Tire Shop Garage	(Day) Cloverdale 41
AUBURN	White's Garage, Newcastle	(Day) Newcastle 110			(Night) Cloverdale 118-J
		(Night) 118	CLOVIS	H. B. Owens Garage	(Day) Clovis 4
BASS LAKE	The Pines Garage	1 long, 2 short rings, (Gov-			(Night) Residence 31-W
		ernment line); or Shaw line,	COALINGA	V. F. Oyster Auto & Mach.	(Day) Coalinga 165
		1 long, 1 short ring		Shop	(Night) 326-J
BAY POINT	Bay Point Garage	Bay Point 22	COLFAX	McCleary Garage	Main 20
BECKWITH	Sierra Valley Garage	10-W	COLMA	Bill's Garage, Daly City	Randolph 940
BEGUM	Begum Garage	Begum Garage	COLUSA	Universal Garage	Colusa 53-W
BELMONT	Belmont Garage	Belmont 6	CONCORD	Concord Auto Service Co.	Concord 87; after 9 p. m.
BELVEDERE	Belvedere Garage	Belvedere 37-J			call 315
BENICIA	Enterisore Garage	Benicia 214-W	CORCORAN	Corcoran Garage	Corcoran 441
BEN LOMOND	Ben Lomond Garage	Ben Lomond 23; after 9 p.m.	CORNING	The Corning Garage	Corning 75
		Ben Lomond 4-W	CORTE MADERA	Community Garage	(Day) Corte Madera 305
BERKELEY	C.S.A.A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400			(Night) 147 or 395
BIERER	Oak's Garage	Bieber Exchange	COTATI	Fox Garage	Cotati 20-F-11
BIG CREEK	Solomon Garage	Rangers station at Big	COTTONWOOD	Cottonwood Garage	(Day) Cottonwood 7-J
		Creek, Bigelow Line			After 8 p.m. send word
BIOLA	Biola Machine Shop & Garage	Biola 234	COURTLAND	Herzog's Garage	Courtland 457
BLAIRSDEN	Mohawk Valley Garage	Blairsdan 4	COVELO	Conelo Garage	Covelo 8-F-21
BLUE LAKE	Blue Lake Garage	13-J (Day only)	COYOTE	Kruse's Garage	Ballard 119-J-1
	(Humboldt Co.)		CRESCENT CITY	Crescent City Garage & Mach.	
BLUFF CREEK	Cephar Bros. (Via Weitchpec)	1 long, 2 short & 1 longring		Works	Crescent City 441
BODEGA	Bodega Coast Garage	Bodega Pay Station	CRESCENT MILLS	Crescent Mills Garage	Crescent Mills Exchange
BOLINAS	Bolinas Garage	Bolinas 3-W. If no answer,	CROCKETT	Community Garage	Crockett 326, 206-W or
		call Bolinas 12.			206-J
BOONVILLE	Live Oak Garage	Phone 8; after 8 p.m. send	CUMMINGS	Empire Garage	Laytonville 3-F-4
		word		(2 miles south of Cummings)	
			DAILY CITY	Bill's Garage	Randolph 940

Miscellaneous

- *ARLINGTON—Arlington Garage. Phone: 9008 W (Day) 9315 W (Night)
- BALDWIN PARK—The Auto Stop Garage. Phone: Corona 648-53
- BELLFLOWER—Bellflower Garage.
- *BIG BEAR LAKE—Jack Preston's Garage. Pine Knot P. O. Phone: Bear Valley 41
- *BULLA VISTA—C. V. Brown's Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 35 (Day) 34-W & 79 (Night)
- *BULLA VISTA—Helm Bros. Garage. Phone: Chula Vista 319-J (Day) 231-J (Night)
- *CULVER CITY—Walker's Complete Auto Works. Phone: Empire 2072 (Day)
- Culver City 2555 (Night)
- *COMPTON—National Garage. Phone: 491
- *CORONA—Mission Garage. Phone: 2024 (Day) 1312-R-2 (Night)
- *CORONA—Coplen Motor Co.
- *CRESTLINE P. O. (Crest of Waterman Canyon) Crest Garage. Phone 3 or San Bernardino 29200
- *EAGLE ROCK—Dahlia Motor Service Co. Phone: Garfield 5291; (Night) Albany 3995 or Albany 2948
- FILMORE—Rudkin's Motor Service. Phone: 42 or 15
- *HEMET—Monte Vista Garage. Phone: 1030 (Day) 497 (Night)
- *HIGHLAND PARK—Highland Auto Works. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *HUNTINGTON BEACH—Security Garage. Phone: 2391
- *HUNTINGTON PARK—Owl Garage. (Call Club, Beacon 8600)
- *HYNES—Schillings Garage. Phone: 2332
- *INGLEWOOD—Honaker-Nash Motor Co. Phone: 339
- *JULIAN—Julian Garage. Phone: Julian 1-J
- *LONG BEACH—Park Garage. Phone: 322-62
- LONG BEACH—K. & S. Garage.
- LONG BEACH—El Camino Garage.
- *LONG BEACH—Loynes Garage. Phone: 652-76
- LONG BEACH—Long Beach Motor Sales.
- LONG BEACH—Forbes-Curtis & Warren Garage.
- *PASADENA—Eddie Motor Works. Phone: Terrace 1745
- *PASADENA—Paramount Garage. Phone: Terrace 8787
- PASADENA—Pasadena Storage Garage.
- *RAMONA—Ramona Garage. Phone: 35
- REDONDO BEACH—Redondo Auto Works & Garage.
- *REDONDO BEACH—Pacific Garage. Phone: Redondo 152-1
- *SAN JACINTO—Record Garage. Phone: 120
- *SANTA PAULA—Mission Garage. Phone: 233
- *SANTA PAULA—Fulwiler Garage. Phone: 85
- *SOUTH PASADENA—Mission Garage. Phone: Elliott 2661 (Day) Sterling 7618 (Night)
- *SAN PEDRO—William Lever Garage. Phone: 478 (Day) 946-W or 1648-J (Night)
- *SANTA MONICA—Santa Monica Garage. Phone: 21523
- *SAWTELLE—Slater's Garage. Phone: Sawtelle 31452 (Day) 31222 (Night)
- *SIERRA MADRE—Sierra Madre Garage. Phone: Main 110
- *TEHACHA—Bartlett's Garage. Phone: 55-W
- *TORRANCE—Ed's Service Garage. Phone: Torrance 161
- WILMINGTON—Wilmington Garage.
- *WILMINGTON—Rex Garage. Phone: 567-M
- YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK—Call Yosemite Park & Curry Co. Garage; pay for service; ask for member's service receipt; send receipt to Auto Club of Southern California. Los Angeles, for reimbursement.

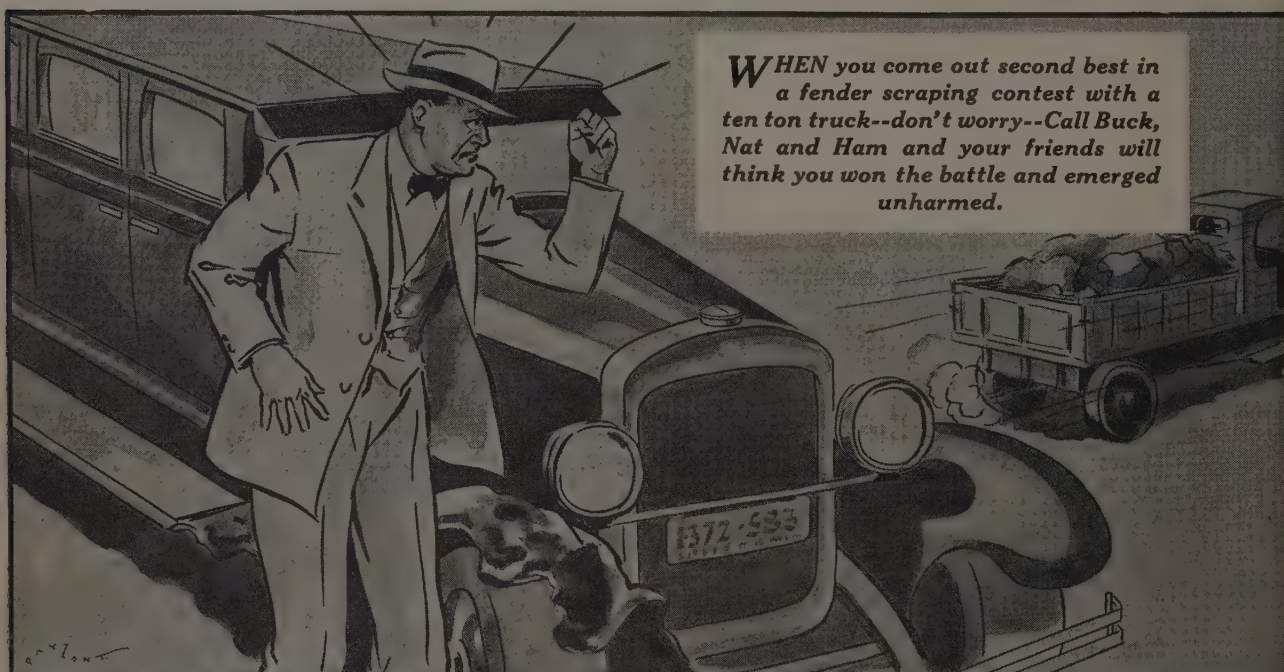
OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
DANVILLE	Olson's Garage	Danville 10-J	LOWER LAKE	Loose Nut Garage	Farmer's Line. Night, send word—Residence next door to garage.
DAVIS	Davis Garage	(Day) Davis 50			(Day) Main 1-J (Night) 1-W
DELTA	Vollmer's Garage	(Night) 50-W	LOYALTON	White Garage	Clear Lake Beach Co.
DIAMOND SPRINGS	Diamond Springs Garage	Vollmer's Ranch	LUCERNE	Country Club Garage	(After 9 p.m. send word)
DIXON	Rossi Bros.	332-F-4			1 long ring
		(Day) Dixon 115	MACDOEL	Macdoel Garage	Madera 240
DORRIS	Dorris Garage	(Night) 141-R		Standard Garage	(Day) 585 (Night) 136-W
DOS PALOS	Ford Garage	(Day) Dorris Exchange	MANTECA	Manteca Garage	(Day) Martinez 395
		(Night) send word	MARTINEZ	Allen's Garage	(Night) 748-W
DOWNIEVILLE	Downieville Garage	(Day) Dos Palos 63	MARYSVILLE	M. & K. Garage	Marysville 468
DUBLIN	Hansen Bros.	(Night) 4405	MARYSVILLE	Sutter Garage, Yuba City	(Day) Yuba City 1165
DUNSMUIR	Commercial Garage	Downieville J			(Night) Yuba City 891-W
DUNSMUIR	Dunsmuir Service Station	Pleasanton 82-F-2			and 628-J
		306	MAXWELL	Ware's Garage	Maxwell 18 (Day & Night)
DURHAM	Highway Garage	(Day) Dunsmuir 177			(Residence) 3X
		(Night) Dunsmuir 54	MCARTHUR	Highway Garage	McArthur Exchange
		Durham 865-W-4	MCCLOUD	McCloud Garage	McCloud Garage
ELK	Matson & Dearing	(Day & Night)	MENDOCINO CITY	S. & E. Garage	Mendocino City 14-J
ELK GROVE	Macks Garage	Elk 5-F-2	MENDOTA	Mendota Garage & Mach. Shop	Mendota 5-J
EMERYVILLE	C. S. A. A. Oakland Office	Elk Grove 62-F-3	MERCED	Lounsbury's Garage	Merced 107
ESCALON	Jess A. Seaman Garage	Glencourt 4400	MERCED FALLS	Barrett's Garage	0
		(Day) Escalon 44	MERCIDIAN	River Garage	Kent Exchange (Day only)
		(Night) 49	MIDDLTOWN	Herrick Garage	(Day) Middletown 8
ESPARTO	Central Garage	Esparto 5-W			(None after 10 p.m.)
EUREKA	Eureka Garage and Service Sta.	Eureka 2300	MILL VALLEY	Eveready Garage & Elec. Co.	(Day) Mill Valley 407
FAIRFIELD	Solano Garage	(Day) Fairfield 227			(Night) 155-J
FAIR OAKS	Fair Oaks Garage	(Night) 147-W, 147-J	MILLVILLE	Fawcett & Bartell	Central at Millville
		(Day) Fair Oaks 15	MINERAL	Mineral Garage	Mineral
FALL RIVER MILLS	Pioneer Garage	(Night) 21-R	MODESTO	Silva Motor Car Co.	Modesto 1130
FERNDALE	Peterson's Service Station	Pioneer Garage	MOCKELMUNE HILL	Mockelmune Hill Garage	(Day) 10-W; (Night) 3-W
		(Day) Ferndale 102-W	MONTEREY	Monterey Garage	Monterey 224 and 225
FIREBAUGH	Valley Garage	(Night) 72-R	MONTGOMERY CREEK	Young's Garage	Bass Telephone Line
		Firebaugh 1-J	MORGAN HILL	Jos. J. Verge Garage	Morgan Hill 291. If no answer call Coyote North or San Martin South.
FOLSOM	People's Garage	(Night) send word			Stockton 27-R-1
		(Day) Main 49	MOSSDALE	Moore Bros. Garage	(Day) Mt. Shasta City 16-W
FORESTVILLE	Forestville Garage	(Night) Main 1187	MT. SHASTA CITY	Northern California Garage	(Night) 4-F-3
FORT BIDWELL	Fort Bidwell Garage	Forestville 8-F-2			(Day) Napa 202
FORT BRAGG	Pacific Garage	No Phone	NAPA	Hugo A. Zeller	(Night) 683-R, 950-W
FORT JONES	Scott Valley Garage	(Day) 174 (Night) 264-M			and 362-R
FORTUNA	Fortuna Garage	122	NAVARRO	Navarro Garage	No phone
FOWLER	Fortuna Garage	Fortuna 22-W	NEVADA CITY	Nevada City Garage	Nevada City 133
FRESNO	Baxter Bros. Garage	Day and Night 711	NEVADA CITY	Kneebone Motor Sales Co.,	Grass Valley 119
FRESNO	Auditorium Garage	Fresno 2-7614		Grass Valley	(Day) Newark 6-W
GALT	Service Garage	Galt 21-J	NEWARK	Newark Garage	(Night) Send Word
GARBERVILLE	Redwood Garage	Redwood Inn			(Day) Newcastle 110
GAZELLE	Gazelle Garage	(Day) Gazelle 18	NEWCASTLE	White's Garage	(Night) 118
		(Night) Call Res.			(Day) Auburn 220
GERBER	Chapman's Garage	Gerber 24	NEWCASTLE	R. & D. Service Shop, Auburn	(Night) Auburn 296
GEYSERVILLE	Lampson's Garage	(Day) Geyserville 25-W	NEWMAN	Patchett's & Carstensen, Inc.	Newman 6 and 7
		(Night) 12	NEWMAN	Jensen Bros. Garage, Gustine	(No Night Phone)
GILROY	Pacheco Pass Garage & Super Service Station	(Night) 12			(Day) Gustine 6
		Gilroy 32	NILES	American Garage	(Night) Gustine 60-J
GOLD RUN	Pine Grove Service Station	Paystation, Gold Run	NORTH FORK	Brownie's Auto Repair Shop	Niles 67
GONZALES	Johnson's Garage	Gonzales 41-W	NORTH SACRAMENTO	Carlson's Garage	10x3
GRASS VALLEY	Kneebone Motor Sales Co.	Grass Valley 119	NOVATO	Anderson Motor Co.	(Day) Main 3240
GRASS VALLEY	Nevada City Garage,	Nevada City 133			(Night) Main 5350-W
	Nevada City	Greenfield 8	OAKDALE	Pederson's Garage	(Day) Novato 302
GREENFIELD	Greenfield Garage	Standard Garage	OAKHURST	Oakhurst Garage	(Night) 72 & 433
GREENVILLE	Standard Garage	Elk 5-F-2	OAKLAND	C. S. A. A. District Office	194
GREENWOOD	Matson and Dearing	(Day) Gridley 211	OCCIDENTAL	Occidental Garage	Call Oakhurst Garage
GRIDLEY	Vance's Garage	(Night) 223	ORANGE COVE	Orange Cove Motor Company	Glencourt 4400
		11			6
GROVELAND	Sierra Garage & Service Station	Guerneville 15-J	ORICK	Pickwick Garage	(Day) Orange Cove 8
GUERNEVILLE	Guerneville Garage	Brooks Exchange	ORINDA	Orinda Parke Garage	(Night) 28 & 44-J-4
GUINDA	Guinda Garage	(Day) Gustine 6			Call Orick Operator
GUSTINE	Jensen Bros. Garage	(Night) Gustine 60-J	ORLAND	Nock Auto Company	(Day) Berkeley 9415-R-2
		(Day) Newman 6 & 7			(Night) 9417-R-4
GUSTINE	Patchett's & Carstensen, Inc.	(No Night Phone)	ORLAND	Bradley Auto Works	(Day) Orland 89
	Newman	Half Moon Bay 9-W	OROVILLE	Pacific Grove Garage	(Night) 194-A
HALF MOON BAY	Isadore Garage	Hanford 400; If no answer, call 492 or 939	PACIFIC GROVE	Davison Motor Sales	(Day and Night) 162
HANFORD	Erwin Motor Co.	Hayfork	PALO ALTO	Paradise Super Station	Pacific Grove 6
		Hayward 26	PARADISE	Patterson Garage	Palo Alto 2820
HAYFORK	Hayfork Garage	(Day) 41; (Night) 112-294-J	PATTERSON		Paradise 9F-12
HAYWARD	Dohner & Galbraith	Fresno 2-J-3			(Day) Patterson 45
HEALDSBURG	Standard Machine Works	15-W and 15-J	PESCADERO	Pescadero Garage	(Night) 133
		Hollister 143	PETALUMA	Hill Plaza Garage	Pescadero 7-J
HELM	Helm Garage	Hopland 21	PETROLIA	Shell Service Station	Petaluma 55
HILT	Hilt Garage	(Night) Ione 41 (Night) 7			
HOLLISTER	Tiffany Motor Co.	(Night) Send Word	PIEDMONT	C. S. A. A. Oakland Office	Glencourt 4400
HOPLAND	Central Garage	Ison 258	PITTSBURG	W. & W. Garage	Pittsburg 150
IONE	Toni's Garage	(Night) Sonora 221	PLACERVILLE	Placerville Garage	(Day) Placerville 153
IRVINGTON	Corey's Garage	(Night) Sonora 16-W			(Night) 250
		1223	PLEASANTON	Hanson Bros. Garage	(Day) Pleasanton 108
ISLETON	Owl Garage	King City 31	PLYMOUTH	Alpine Garage and Mach. Shop	(Night) 203 or 82-F-2
JAMESTOWN	J. L. O'Neil's Garage	(Day) Kingsburg 71	POINT ARENA	Point Arena Garage	(Day) Plymouth 21
		(Night) 249	POINT REYES STA.	Cheda's Garage	(Night) 18-J
JANESVILLE	Janesville Garage	34-M			Point Arena 41-W
KELSEYVILLE	Waite & Vass	Call Lakeport 25	POPE VALLEY	Pope Valley Garage	Point Reyes Station 4-J;
KENWOOD	Meads Garage	(Day) Laton 37	PORTOLA	Portola Garage	after 8 p.m. send word
KERMAN	Service Garage	(Night) 34	QUINCY	Erwin's Garage	St. Helena 4-F-3
		(Night) 25	RED BLUFF	Paul's Garage	Portola 7-W
KING CITY	El Camino Garage	Laytonville 10-J			(Day) Quincy 99 (Night) 77
KINGSBURG	Wilton & Sherling	Le Grand 11			(Day) Red Bluff 186
		Lemoore 223			(Night) 128-A and 245-M
KNIGHT'S LANDING	Knight's Landing Garage	Likely 34	REDDING	Hersey's Garage	Redding 45
LAKEPORT	Dunbar Chevrolet Co.	Litchfield 502	REDDWOOD CITY	Service Garage	Redwood 516
LATON	Laton Garage	(Day) Livermore 106	REEDLEY	Osborn Bros. Garage	(Day) Reedley 1681
		(Night) 197 or 241			(Night) 732 or 783
LAYTONVILLE	Tilford's Garage	(Day) 25 or 33	REQUA	Ocean View Garage	Requa
LE GRAND	Jones Garage	(Night) 91 & 21-R	(1 Mi. So. of New Klamath River Bridge)	Richmond 841	Richmond 841
LEMOORE	Sillano Motor Co.	(Day) 13-J	RICHMOND	Seventh Street Garage	(Day) Rio Vista 45
LIKELY	Likely Garage	(Night) Send Word	RIO VISTA	Sidwell's Garage	(Night) 51-J
LINCOLN	Saugstad Garage	Lodi 155	RIPON	Madsen's Garage	(Day) San Joaquin 28-W
LITCHFIELD	R. Q. Deal Garage	(Day) Loomis 32			(Night) 49-W
LIVERMORE	Valley Garage	(Night) 61-F-4	RIVERDALE	L. H. Byron's Garage	(Day) Riverdale 7
		(Day) Los Altos 12			(Night) 42
LIVINGSTON	Shaffer Motor Co.	(Night) 175	RODEO	Rodeo Garage	Crockett 801-F-2
		Los Banos 85	ROSEVILLE	Saugstad Bros.	Roseville 203
LOCKFORD	Central Garage	Los Banos 271	SACRAMENTO	Union Garage	Capitol 3140
		Los Molinos 30	SACRAMENTO	Central Garage	(Day) Main 9290
LODI	Tourist Garage				(Night) Capitol 765-R
LOOMIS	Loomis Motor Co.				
LOS ALTOS	Depot Garage				
LOS BANOS	Kaljian Garage				
LOS GATOS	Gateway Garage				
LOS MOLINOS	Los Molinos Garage				

OFFICIAL EMERGENCY ROAD SERVICE STATIONS -

Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number	Town	Name of Garage	Phone Number
ST. HELENA	<i>Wheeler's Garage</i>	(Day) St. Helena 13 (Night) 185	SUTTER CREEK	<i>Oneto Bros. Garage</i>	(Day) Sutter Creek 59 (Night) 52
SALINAS	<i>Highway Garage</i>	Salinas 490	TAHOE CITY	<i>Tavern Garage</i>	Tahoe City 100
SAN ANDREAS	<i>Mother Lode Garage</i>	(Day) San Andreas 40-W (Night) Sheriff's Office	TAHOMA	<i>Tahoma Garage</i>	Tahoma Garage
SAN ANSELMO	<i>Durham Garage</i>	(Day) San Anselmo 3133 or San Rafael 944	THORNTON	<i>New Hope Garage</i>	Thornton 13
SAN BRUNO	<i>C-win Garage</i>	(Day) San Bruno 160 (Night) 650-R	TOMALES	<i>Tomales Garage & Mach. Wks.</i>	Tomales 3-W
SAN FRANCISCO	<i>C.S.A.A. General Office</i>	Hemlock 3400	TRACY	<i>Central Garage</i>	Tracy 11
SANGER	<i>William Eggs</i>	Sanger 163	TRANQUILLITY	<i>Benkeri Garage</i>	Tranquillity 147
SAN JOAQUIN	<i>Chevrolet Garage</i>	(Day) Fresno 63 (Night) 118	TRINIDAD	<i>McConnaha and Spinas Garage</i>	Trinidad 1
SAN JOSE	<i>San Jose Buick Co.</i>	Ballard 6600	TRUCKEE	<i>Truckee Garage</i>	(Day) Placer 123 (Night) 122-W
SAN JUAN	<i>Mission Garage</i>	3-W	TUDOR	<i>Brander Bros.</i>	38-J-31
SAN LEANDRO	<i>Palace Garage, San Leandro</i>	San Leandro 930 or C. S. A.A. Office, Glencourt 4400	TUOLUMNE	<i>Blair Garage</i>	(Day) 11-F. After 8 p. m. call Sonora 4-6-F
SAN MARTIN	<i>Hall's Garage</i>	Main 1	TURLOCK	<i>Howard M. Tripp Garage</i>	Turlock 1440
SAN MATEO	<i>Pattison's Garage</i>	(Day) San Mateo 619; after 10 p. m. 895-M or 673-W	UKIAH	<i>E. Neuhaus Garage</i>	(Day) Ukiah 604 (Night) 126
SAN MATEO	<i>Hildebrand and Caldwell</i>	(Day) San Mateo 164; after 6:30 p.m. 457-W or 2031	UPPER LAKE	<i>Upper Lake Garage</i>	Upper Lake Exchange
SAN RAFAEL	<i>Cebalo Garage</i>	(Day) San Rafael 268 (Night) San Anselmo 2851	VACAVILLE	<i>Vaca Auto Supply Co.</i>	(Day & Night) Vacaville 2
SANTA CLARA	<i>San Jose Buick Co., San Jose</i>	San Jose 6600	VALLEJO	<i>Lewis Garage</i>	Vallejo 232
SANTA CRUZ	<i>Markis & Leonard</i>	Santa Cruz 357	VALLEY SPRINGS	<i>Valley Springs Garage</i>	Valley Springs 8
SANTA ROSA	<i>Central Garage</i>	Santa Rosa 518	VINA	<i>Wood Brothers Garage</i>	Vina Long Distance
SARATOGA	<i>G. E. Tarlton</i>	(Day) Saratoga 133 (Night) 136-R	VOLLMER'S	<i>Vollmer's Garage</i>	Vollmer's Ranch
SATTLEY	<i>Yuba Pass Garage</i>	Sattley Pay Station	WALNUT CREEK	<i>L. G. Lawrence Garage and Service Station</i>	(Day) Walnut Creek 19 (Night) 146
SAUSALITO	<i>Rosa's Auto Repair Shop</i>	(Day) Sausalito 408 (Night) 368-R	WATERFORD	<i>Kammeyer & Crowell</i>	Courtland 272
SCOTIA	<i>Scotia Garage</i>	Scotia Operator	WATSONVILLE	<i>Booth Motor Company</i>	1-W
SEBASTOPOL	<i>Tough Bros. Garage</i>	Sebastopol 188	WEAVERVILLE	<i>Appleton Garage</i>	164
SELMA	<i>Eugene H. Mayer Garage</i>	(Day) 20-W (Night) 20-R or 432 3Y	WEED	<i>Day's Garage</i>	Black 43
SIERRA CITY	<i>Service Garage</i>	Silver Fork	WEED	<i>Wm. Fraser Service Station</i>	(Day) Weed 9 (Night) 129
SILVER FORK	<i>Silver Fork Garage</i>	Smith's River 171	WESTWOOD	<i>Westwood Garage</i>	Weott Exchange
SMITH'S RIVER	<i>Buckner's Garage</i>	Soledad 17-W	WHEATLAND	<i>P. M. Ready</i>	Westwood 212
SOLEDAD	<i>Johnson's Garage</i>	(Day) Sonoma 30-J (Night) 142	WILLIAMS	<i>Central Garage</i>	Wheatland 31-J
SONOMA	<i>Gary Garage</i>	(Day) Sonoma 221 (Night) 16-W or 397	WILLITS	<i>Stuels Machine Works</i>	Williams 8 (Day) Willits 71-J (Night) 167
SONORA	<i>J. L. O'Neil Garage</i>	(Day) So. City 118-W (Night) 765-W	WILLOWS	<i>Willows Motor Sales Co.</i>	Willows 96
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO	<i>Service Garage and Mach. Shop</i>	Toll Station	WINTERS	<i>Winters Garage</i>	Main 2
STIRLING CITY	<i>C. G. Wolohen Garage</i>	Stockton 398 and 7121	WOODLAND	<i>Electric Garage Co.</i>	Woodland 123
STOCKTON	<i>Oranges Bros. Garage</i>	Stockton 124	WOODSIDE	<i>Woodside Garage</i>	Redwood 1378-W (Day and Night)
SUNNYVALE	<i>Tourist Garage</i>	Sunnyvale 150			
SUNOL	<i>Temple Garage</i>	3-W, after 10 p.m. send word			
SUSANVILLE	<i>Smith Auto Co.</i>	332-B			

WHEN you come out second best in a fender scraping contest with a ten ton truck--don't worry--Call Buck, Nat and Ham and your friends will think you won the battle and emerged unharmed.



Western Mechanical Works

Buck-Nat-Ham-Proprietors

3221 S. Figueroa St.

LOS ANGELES

HUmbolt 4155

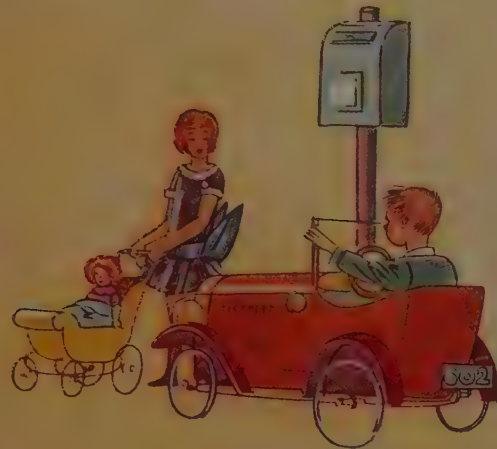
A Merry Christmas

to you . . .



and you . . .

and you !



The "DRY" GAS



NO HARD CARBON

For Merrie Winter Driving



NEW WINTER
RED CROWN
anti-knock GASOLINE

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

